

COPY

## Thoughts on moving . . . almost.

By Jean Penn Loerke



How could you ever leave that beautiful home, I can hear you ask. And yet, I very nearly did, recently, to a modern, seven year old raised-ranch nestled into a six acre wooded hillside of the Kettle Moraine.

The reasons for even considering a move were several: first and foremost, the area around us is becoming developed into three and five acre parcels. After not seeing another house in any direction for more than 16 years (although we can see several barns), such encroachment is not looked forward to. I was also frankly a little tired of living in a fishbowl, for a historic landmark such as the Ahira Hinkley house draws considerable attention, like it or not. And while we enjoy people, we have also always valued our privacy.

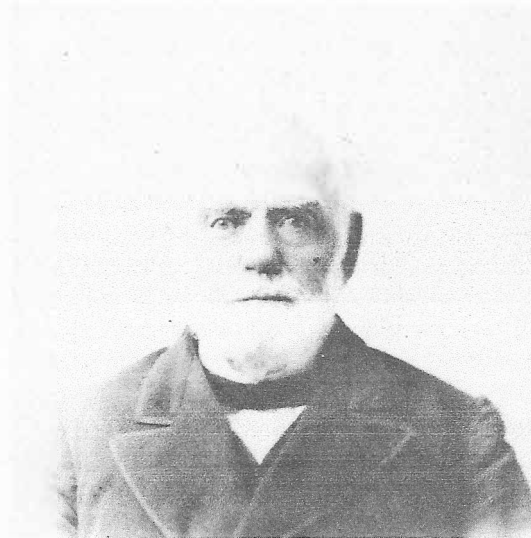
A large, 3 1/2 acre lawn is not too much of a chore now, but for how many more years will I feel up to this task? Finally, \$800 per year oil heating bills really take a toll and we have done about all the insulating we can and keep thermostats at a modest 64° day and night.

The modern home had much to offer: although by no means Wrightian in style, the cedar and limestone (good Waukesha County limestone) construction was compatible with its setting in such a way that Mr. Wright would not have found it unworthy, I think. The ad said "five mile view" and it was a beauty. With the site wooded, boasting wild grapes and raspberries, and surrounded by Kettle Moraine State Forest, the fear of subdivisions would never exist. And the \$450 yearly gas bills were not only for heating, but also for water heating, cooking and washing and drying clothes!! Indeed an attractive feature. Six hundred less square feet also were desirable for only two people.

The offer was drawn, ready to be signed, but we were waiting for another previous offer to be acted upon. In the interim, I had time to go home again - to walk through the rooms which flowed one into the next instead of being lined up on opposite sides of a long hall. I valued my deep window sills which furnished space for interesting accessories (except in my ten year old's room where they served as a handy place for anything and everything!). I appreciated my first floor utility room and the fact that I didn't have to juggle grocery bags up stairs or laundry down as I would have to in the raised ranch.

And views!! From upstairs windows, I, too, can see miles - now farmland and admittedly perhaps in the not too distant future, houses, but still open and tree nestled in many instances. Because our property is situated east and west, we see, and will continue to see unless they build skyscrapers around us, gorgeous sunrises and magnificent sunsets. This we would never do in the wooded setting where the one open view faces north.

We also see a panorama of star-studded sky at night; unfortunately this will probably diminish with the coming of homes and their seemingly universal mercury lights. I would abolish them all and re-instate switch yard lights to be turned on only when need be. Do people not know the wonders of the night sky they miss with the mercuries turned on?



Ahira Rockwell Hinkley

All of this made me reflect a bit on Ahira Hinkley, the man who built our home. Occupation: farmer. Or was he? Surely, but more, he must have also been an engineer and landscape architect of sorts. The siting of the house on high ground never permits water in the basement; bedrooms are located on the south side for warmth in winter and cool breezes in summer. A tree break shelters the house on the north from the winter wind.

The house is situated far from the road so that highway noise is rarely a problem. And the barn, in turn, is placed a good distance behind and to the east of the house with a tree break in-between, so that in the days of dairy farming, barnyard odors never reached the house during summer months of open windows with prevailing southerly and westerly winds. Hinkley gave much thought to his farmstead layout.

Often in the summer, I have silently thanked him for the air conditioner he so thoughtfully provided for the entire north wing of the house - a towering cottonwood. I have seen pictures reportedly taken in 1884 when Hinkley was already 74 and the tree was quite small; surely he realized he was planting for posterity and would not live to see the tree reach its maturity and intended purpose. We have planted sugar maples

Landmark  
Autumn-Winter 1977

(3)

Hinkley House

nearly so that hopefully by the time this stately tree must come down, the maples will be grown enough to take up the challenge for the next generation.

In the fading evening light, I watched my son bike up the farm path he enjoys so much and although I realized that it may not be a farm path indefinitely, I also came to the full realization that even with the threat of encroaching development and high fuel bills, this place we call home was still right for us. We can, and will, plant along our south lot line for privacy come spring (there is already the tree break to the north and the seven acres are so long as to make anything east or west of us not bothersome.). As for the fuel bills, we can still do some more caulking and even if that doesn't help much, what price can you put on sunrises and sunsets that make one rejoice in their beauty?

Our offer was not signed - we are here to stay for a while longer - at least.

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## American Library Association Convention held in Waukesha, Wis. July 3 to 16, 1901

by William Fuchs



As medal collecting is one of my hobbies, I came into possession of a convention medal issued for the American Library Association National Convention held in the city of Waukesha, Wis., July 3 - 16, 1901. Having not the slightest idea that Waukesha ever promoted a convention of this magnitude, I became interested enough to do quite a bit of research of this great event, finding some doings most interesting.

This was the first convention held in the middle west since the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago, it was said.

### Should It Be Closed?

A member of the Wisconsin Library Commission who paid a visit to the local city library expressed pronounced disappointment at what she found and declared it was a disgrace to the city, and ought to be kept locked at the time of the convention of the American Library Association, to be held here in July. Other members of the state Commission had likewise given expression (but perhaps less pronounced) to their regrets that Waukesha would have nothing better to present as evidence that it was up to date with regards to library affairs.

Chagrined had marked the expressions of many of our city along the same lines, but there were no indications that the general public was inclined to move toward bettering things with sufficient speed to overcome the situation before next July.