

The Raymond A. Whitwer Tilden Public Library is hosting the Museum on Mainstreet Smithsonian Exhibit: *Between Fences* from May 21 to June 30. This unusual exhibit portrays actual and cultural fences and how they affect our lives. Visit the following link to get an up close view of what this exhibit entails.

http://www.museumonmainstreet.org/exhibs_fences/fences.htm

Elkhorn Valley School art students have been working on projects with a fence theme. These projects will be part of the local exhibit. The community has been encouraged to share any pictures, stories, tools-just anything connected with fences, that can be part of the local exhibit. We already have an original poem. It is included at the end of this article.

On May 21 there will be an opening reception from 2:00 – 8:00 p.m. with Warren Rodgers of the Nebraska Humanities Council Speakers Bureau giving his presentation: *Fencing, the Windmill and the Steel Plow*.

June 22 at 7:00 p.m., Anthony Shutz, Nebraska's *Between Fences* scholar will do a presentation on water. Did you ever think of water as a fence?

There is a closing program scheduled for June 28. Details about it will be announced at a later date.

Between Fences has been made possible in the Raymond A. Whitwer Tilden Public Library by the Nebraska Humanities Council. *Between Fences* is part of Museum on Main Street, a collaboration between the Smithsonian Institution and the Federation of State Humanities Councils. Support of Museum on Main Street has been provided by the United States Congress, the John S. And James L. Knight Foundation, and The Hearst Foundation.

Fences

by Jeanmarie Shermer 4-4-8

A leaning post
For a neighborly chat
A perch of safety for
A bird from a cat
The place to hang proudly
A family name
Or to run a stick over
As a noisy game
An obstacle to jump
snatched apple in hand
A divider separating
Parcels of land
A fence can be welcoming
With an open gate
Or a warning of trespass
With an ominous fate
Some fences keep things out

While others keep them in
Many are pristine and white
 others rusty and dim
Fences can be a metaphor
A hurdle to conquer each day
A personal victory we scale
 When they get in our way
 A wall made of people
linking arms to take a stand
 Or wounds we mend when
We've wronged our fellow man
 Its something we're on
When things are hard to decide
 And often we're jealous of
 What's on the other side
 No matter what the purpose
Or where and when they're found
A fence consists of more than
Merely posts stuck in the ground