

Michigan Today

Jeff Flocken '91

ANIMAL MAN

(See story on page 12)

Photo by Jessie Pettit

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Photo by Linda Robinson Walker

Otto Roethke's galoshes on the back porch. Otto danced Ted around the kitchen, the son standing on his father's feet:

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself
.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

From "My Papa's Waltz"

Theodore Roethke

Michigan's

Poet

By Linda Robinson Walker



Theodore Roethke in 1962, a year before his death.

Courtesy of U-M Bentley Historical Library

The sense of loss at Roethke's death was compounded by the deaths of other poets who died in 1963: William Carlos Williams, Robert Frost and the Irish poet Louis MacNiece; E. E. Cummings had died in 1962. Isabella Gardiner resented all creatures given longer lives than Roethke and the others, especially the alligators "able to thrash and lash and grin at sixty-eight."

The Large Poet of the Small

The 22 poems in tribute to Roethke depict a man who was larger than life in both talent and, at 6' 2" and around 200 pounds, in stature as well. Ciardi's isn't the only memorialist whose vocabulary runs to the loud and Bunyonesque. Others use words like "roaring" and "raving," "hulked" and "lumbered," and most often liken him to a "bear," sometimes a "wise one," sometimes an "old Michigan" one.

Roethke was remembered as a "mountainous" or "bulbous" man who walked with "an uneasy swaying effect" and "sad laboriousness." Allan Seager said he had an "immense torso with slender legs" that made him look like "an anvil on two sticks" or, to another man, "an ostrich." Roethke's next-door cousin Violet remembered him as a sickly boy who suffered severe hay fever and sneezing fits as a child and slept with his head completely wrapped.

The tribute poems are set in the open air, invoking as Lewis Turco did "the chip of the prairie dogs," "the moon's wake," "ponds of silence." John Berryman lamented, "The Garden Master's gone." All honor what Donald Hall, speaking of Roethke on a 1965 WUOM program, called his "poetry of nature." Not a "poetry of large land masses, mountains and hills, as of tiny things. As he was always saying, 'the small, the small.' He'd love a blade of grass and he'd love a bit of root. He'd love a tiny bird, a little worm crawling along."

Roethke baffled his friends and fellow poets by the seemingly irreconcilable poles of his nature. He was a carousing, crude giant who paraded an invented

At the time of his death Theodore Roethke '29, '36 MA, '62 D Lit (Hon) had won about as many prizes as a poet could, rivaling or surpassing other American poets such as Robert Frost (who was 34 years older), William Carlos Williams, Robert Lowell and E. E. Cummings.

Roethke's death at 55 in 1963 shocked his fellow poets into tributes that they might have toned down for a slower, later death. John Ciardi, for instance, in the *Michigan Quarterly Review's* 1967 collection of tributes, penned these lines: "Ted Roethke was a tearing man,/ a slam-bang wham-damn tantrum O/ from Saginaw in Michigan...a roaring man,/ a ring-tailed whing-ding yippee O./ He could outyell all Michigan/and half the Mississippi O."

The homages his friends wrote are the stunned reactions to a man cut down in mid-stride: He died after mixing some drinks, putting them in the fridge and plunging into a neighbor's pool for a swim. Roethke (pronounced "Rett-key") had a heart attack and drowned. "All that night you wallowed through my sleep," wrote Robert Lowell, "then in the morning you were lost."

intimacy with gangsters, Stutz Bearcats, football triumphs as a “scat back” and other vita enhancers. And he was a poet whose delicately chosen words display in the miniatures of nature the inward search of a man Robert Lowell called a “helpless, elemental creature.” In the poem “Otto” (his father’s name), Roethke wrote, “Who loves the small can be both saint and boor.”

Saginaw Soil

The greenhouses are gone now, the ones young Ted and his father, Otto, fought to save from destruction during a storm so ferocious that it emptied the Saginaw River of its water. In the poem “Big Blow,” Roethke wrote of working “all night,/ Stuffing the holes with burlap;/ in the rose-house,/ Where the worst wind was,/ Creaking the cypress window-frames,/ Cracking so much thin glass.” The Roethke nurseries were about the most famous in Michigan—more than 25 acres, with 250,000 square feet under glass. A significant number of Roethke’s poems were rooted in those gardens.

Otto Roethke was a baby in 1872 when his father, Wilhelm (later William), the former chief for-ester to German C h a n c e l l o r Bismarck’s sister in East Prussia, left with his wife, Bertha, and five children for Saginaw



Otto and Helen Huebner Roethke

and established the Wm. Roethke Floral Co. Two of the sons, Karl (later Charles) and Otto, joined the business and built houses nearby.

Otto was the plantsman, the one who worked with his hands; Charles, who lived next door, was the bookkeeper and manager. In 1906, when Otto was 34, he married Saginaw native Helen Huebner, 25. On May 25, 1908, Theodore Huebner Roethke (who was always called Ted) was born and, five years later, his sister Helen June. June would become one of the poet’s mainstays as he returned to Saginaw over and over again to regain strength, to live cheaply or to appropriate her typing skills. Because June, who became a 9th grade English teacher, never married and lived in the family house until her death in 1997, Ted was always able to go home again.

Otto and Helen had the children baptized privately at home when they were 11 and 6, but not in the Lutheran church, just as they did not teach their children to speak German. They chose a Presbyterian church, whose minister, Henry W. Fischer, was one of the two references Roethke used as a student in Michigan. It is not surprising that Roethke’s poetry displays a technician’s knowledge of horticulture and focuses as much on the work required to raise them as on the flowers themselves. Allan Seager ’28, who was a U-M English professor and Roethke’s principal biographer (*The Glass House*, 1968; reissued by U-M Press, 1991) recounted the time that Roethke scoured a Vermont mountain to get a flower not because it was pretty, but because it was of professional interest.

Indeed, a poem like “Root Cellar” dashes flowery sen-



Photo courtesy Joyce Eurich

The caption for Roethke’s 1925 high school yearbook picture read: *‘He arouses the envy of numerous girls/ When their eyes alight on his golden curls.’*

timent: “And what a congress of stinks!—/ Roots ripe as old bait,/ Pulpy stems, rank, silo-rich,/ Leaf-mold, manure, lime, piled against slippery planks.”

Roethke told the *Saginaw News* during a visit in 1949 that he had been lucky to come from Saginaw, where he could draw on “a whole field of imagery which has not been worked over” and, explaining the persistent motif of his father’s greenhouses, said, “Any serious writer uses the imagery he saw and heard and felt about him as a youth. This is the imagery most vivid to him. It becomes symbolic.”

The Face Lost in a Maze of Water

On April 29, 1923, less than a month before Ted’s 15th birthday, his father died at 52. Otto had first sickened in October 1922, shortly after he and his brother Charles had a falling out and sold the greenhouses that month for between \$50,000 and \$100,000. On January 25, 1923, Charles Roethke fatally shot himself. Otto, finally diagnosed with cancer, died painfully and horribly, with Ted and June hovering in the hallway.

Roethke wrote over and over again about losing his father, remembering in “The Premonition,” for instance, the river throwing back his father’s reflection: “But when he stood up, that face/ Was lost in a maze of water.” As a high school sophomore, Roethke had in six months lost the greenhouses, his uncle and his father. Seager said that he didn’t grieve outwardly, but on the night of the funeral, “he took his father’s place at the head of the table and he sat there from that day on.”

What was Otto Roethke like? Above all he was an iconoclast. His son wrote that Otto had hated the Prussian “poop-arse aristocrats” who “fed their families into the army.” It was to spare his sons the draft that Otto’s father had fled Prussia. Roethke depicted his father as stern and short-tempered, but also a teacher whose sometimes-slow pupil, Ted himself, may have annoyed him. Some poems express the agony of a son bereft of a father whom he’d often been angry with and whose authority intimidated him. A son who felt that death had come before father and son could forgive each other. A son regretful that his father hadn’t lived long enough to approve the man he’d become.

A Grade School Phenom

But at least Otto was alive when a speech on the duty to help poorer nations his son wrote in grade school and delivered for the Junior Red Cross was picked up nationally and became a phenomenon. Eventually it was translated into 26 languages. As a freshman in high school, he was more widely translated than he was as an adult poet!

When he was 15 or 16 Ted joined the Canoe Club in Saginaw to seek glory in his new passion for tennis. Winning became everything to him, and he raged over wrong

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Photo by Linda Robinson Walker

Childhood home, built c. 1909, preserved thanks to the efforts of cousin Mary Ellen Roethke, Annie Ransford ‘67 MA (in photo) and other Saginaw residents.



When the Roethke home was put up for sale in 1998, his cousin Mary Ellen Roethke (l.), and Annie Ransford stepped in and bought it, allowing the Friends of Theodore Roethke Foundation to begin to raise money to purchase and restore it. The house is the center for a variety of readings, tours, poetry workshops and other cultural activities. Tax-deductible contributions can be made to the Friends of Theodore Roethke Foundation, 1805 Gratiot Ave., Saginaw, MI 48602, 517-846-6435.

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shots and would resort to stratagems like limping onto the court before a game to psych out his opponent. He became good enough to win a city tournament.

At Arthur Hill High School, Roethke was placed in an advanced class for 9th and 10th graders. He joined the debate team, the school newspaper, sat on student councils and once was class secretary. He was in a class of 137 graduates in June 1925; 31 went on to college, and Roethke was one of the two who enrolled at the University of Michigan.

Arrival in Ann Arbor

After a summer working at a pickle factory, Roethke arrived in Ann Arbor in September 1925 and stood in lines at Waterman Gym to register for classes as a Lit-Law major. Roethke marched into a physical exam with all the other incoming men (40 percent required medical treatment for nose and throat or eye problems) and attended a mandatory series of six lectures on personal health.

Roethke pledged Chi Phi social fraternity and moved into the house at 725 Haven (the building and street have disappeared). As a pledge he was at the beck and call of any active member, and in addition, as a freshman he was required to don a beanie, called a "pot," that marked him as a plaything of upperclassmen. He had to doff it in their presence and at their whim could be made to turn his coat inside out, fold his cuffs above his socks and gaiters, or to sing, dance and do acrobatic stunts.

Seager said this was a lot to endure for a sensitive boy who "couldn't go around without letting everything brush him and hurt him." How did Roethke respond? He bought a \$400 coonskin coat—and literally acquired a thick skin. The coat was still hanging in his Saginaw home at the time of his last visit in 1962.

Whatever confidence Roethke had gained in high school seemed to abandon him at Michigan. His freshman Rhetoric professor, Carlton Wells, described him to Seager as a diffident, unhappy, uninterested, friendless, passive student who didn't participate in class discussions but on impromptu papers, did "brilliantly."

Also in 1925, Clarence Cook Little arrived from Maine to become president of a university of about 10,000 students.



Schoolmate Seager, shown here in 1953, was a short story writer, teacher and Roethke's biographer.

Roethke's tuition was \$93 a year. The more than 70 fraternities and 20 sororities held dances, teas and dinners; this socializing was augmented by Michigan Union-sponsored men's activities, like the freshman smokers where cigars and cigarettes were handed round along with cider and donuts, while the men listened to inspirational talks from the likes of football coach Fielding Yost. The Father-Son weekend drew hundreds each year.

Roethke didn't fit in. In high school he'd begun the drinking that would play havoc with his health throughout his life. At Michigan, he seems to have relished drinking because it was illegal, banned during Prohibition. He found solace for his loneliness in acquiring new guises, especially the tough-talking gangster intimate with criminals. He dropped the name "Huebner" from his signature on his registration cards, resorting first to an "X," and then, for the next three years, to a huge exaggerated check mark that could also pass as a "V." And that is how, according to the tag on his senior picture in the *Michiganensian* yearbook, he became "Theodore V. Roethke."

'I Was Odious in a Fairly Literate Way'

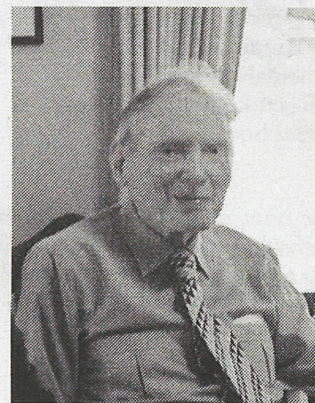
Years later, Roethke wrote about his freshman year in his notebooks, with just the kind of grandiose contemptuousness that he tried to acquire at 17. "And I was odious in a fairly literate way: a money-snob, a woman snob, a food snob. I looked rich—I really did—the bench-made suits, the soon-to-be-inevitable fur coat, the booze, the sexy dames, the rich heels, the roaring boys who were at least funny. I was fat, overfed, unhappy and looked 235 pounds. A conventional story? I daresay. But I had been translated into 26 languages."

The one joy in his life seems to have been tennis—it was at least rewarding enough that he kept playing in competitions throughout college. In 1927 he finished second in intramural singles. As a senior, he was on one of the 74 teams to play for the doubles championship and made it to the semi-finals. That year, he earned free board and room by becoming the steward in Chi Phi's new house at 1530 Washtenaw, buying food and liquor for the fraternity.

As his senior year drew to a close, the glory that had eluded Roethke came pouring down. He was listed as among those who had got straight A's in the fall term, one of 82 seniors named to Phi Beta Kappa and one of 76 named to Phi Kappa Phi, an honorary fraternity that stressed "activities outside the classroom as well as intellectual performance." On June 17, he graduated with high distinction in a class of 2,000.

The Reluctant Poet

It took law school to make a poet out of Theodore Roethke. Although he had checked "Law-Lit" at freshman registration, he never took the courses a fledgling law student would take. There were the two history and two political science courses—but the Polish and Sanskrit



Childhood friend and U-M classmate Eugene S. Huff.

Photo by Linda Robinson Walker

literature in translation classes?—the five Rhetoric and 12 English lit courses? By his senior year, when he checked "Lit-General," it was an acknowledgment of a developing trend.

Nonetheless, in the fall of 1929, still living in the Chi Phi house, he entered the U-M Law School, taking only one course, "Criminal Law." His Saginaw friend and classmate Eugene Huff had been admitted after his junior year and was living

in the Lawyers' Club. Every month Roethke got a different question, a case, for instance, on inheritance law. "To my surprise," Huff recounted, sitting in an easy chair in the Saginaw home where he has lived since his birth in 1909, "Ted wasn't doing well. I tried to help him. He gave me the question and gave me an answer. I said, 'Was the guy guilty? And why?' Ted got a D in the course."

But the semester turned out to be invaluable. For a man who hid his sensitive nature behind a facade of gangster—"roaring boy"—bear-athlete, law school gave the perfect cover, and he began to write poetry seriously. His undergraduate papers reveal some unpublished works but now he broke into print with three poems in the May-June 1930 issue of *The Harp*. "Method" was just two lines long: "Sweep up the broken dreams of youth! (The broom to use is utter truth)."

At the end of the fall semester, Roethke moved to 1108 Willard (lost to East Quad), enrolled in the Graduate School in the English department, studying Victorian, Restoration, American and Russian (in translation) literature and the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and D. H. Lawrence. He found a room in Trigon fraternity at 1617 Washtenaw for the summer term.

Seager said that on the whole, Roethke had hated his studies at both Michigan and Harvard. Roethke kept photos of Otto Graf and other U-M teachers he liked, had kind words to say about Peter Munro Jack, Louis Strauss and Warner G. Rice, but picked out for special opprobrium Fred Newton Scott's writing courses. He avoided the literary crowd surrounding *The Inlander*, a student literary magazine founded by Scott and the philosopher John Dewey. By cutting himself off from the self-declared literary types, Roethke missed out on meeting a galaxy of famous American poets who visited campus during his U-M years, including Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Noyes, Carl Sandberg, Zona Gale, Louis Untermeyer and Robert Frost.

Many writers have made note of Roethke's distinctive

voice. The poet and former U-M professor Donald Hall said in 1965 that “at a time when the most prominent poets, the winners of the prizes, were delineating the small details of American life, writing poems about drugstores and Buicks, Roethke was engaged much more in an internal search, an inward quality.” But Roethke might not have written as he did, had he become part of the circle and fallen under the influence of both the famous and the academic poets. Instead, Hall said, Roethke “opened the way” to new poetic territory by exploring the “unconscious mind.”

A Teaching Career Begins

The Great Depression had settled over America when Roethke left for Harvard in the fall of 1930 to continue his graduate studies, but he needed to support himself and dropped out and went home to Saginaw in the summer of 1931, establishing a pattern of returning to live with his mother and sister. That fall he began teaching at Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania, and remained there four years. In 1935, he tried to land a job at Michigan, the first of several failed efforts to return to his alma mater. Louis Strauss, the chair, wanted to hire him, but Roethke’s application came too late, so Roethke went off to Michigan State. Late that fall, he suffered the first of several mental breakdowns.

Roethke’s sufferings are difficult to analyze. Seager points to drinking, to manic phases and depressed ones. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch’s* obituary quoted Roethke’s ambiguous lament, “The loneliest thing I know is my own mind at play.” Roethke made the following poignant introduction to his reading of the four sections of “The Lost Son,” (1948) on the 1965 WUOM tape:

“The Flight” is just what it says it is, a running away, a terrified running away. In part of the poem, the protagonist, as I keep calling him, rather manneredly, perhaps, sort of hangs in the balance between the rational and the irrational, between the human and the subhuman. He goes down into a period of depression and the pit, and then in the next section he jabbars away and his obsessions start coming through. He goes back in time in “The Return.”

His sister, June, and two friends arranged for him to be admitted to Mercywood, a private hospital on Jackson Road in Ann Arbor, where he recovered and returned to Saginaw to recuperate through the spring and summer of 1936. Again Strauss tried to arrange for Roethke to teach at Michigan, but it fell through. Roethke waited till the beginning of the 1936 fall term (after completing papers he needed to earn his MA from Michigan) before attempting to return to Michigan State. However they didn’t want him back. Instead, he found a home at Penn State, where he was also tennis coach.

‘I May Look Like a Beer Salesman...’

In 1943, after a third miss at a U-M job, Roethke left Penn State for Bennington College in Vermont—telling the interviewer in a classic Roethke moment, “I may look like a beer salesman, but I’m a poet.”

In 1946, perhaps encouraged by the U-M Press’s publication of 10 of his poems in *New Michigan Verse* (the first of his poems to be published in book form), Roethke applied for a job at U-M for the fourth time, according to Seager, with whom Roethke was staying at the time. But English department chair Louis Bredvold, knowing of the poet’s stay in Mercywood, and perhaps aware of his subsequent 4F military classification as well, thought him too “unstable” to hire.

Roethke was recovering from another crisis in his mental health at the end of 1945. This time, instead of the gentle treatment he had found at Mercywood, he received shock treatment that terrified him. Once again he withdrew to Saginaw, staying there through 1946, choosing to take a Guggenheim at home and work on “The Lost Son” rather than to travel. He taught the spring 1947 term back at Penn State, then moved to the University of Washington in Seattle where he would stay for the rest of his life—excepting the summers, which often found him back in the house in Saginaw.

When Roethke married at 44, in 1953, he discontinued his Saginaw retreats. He had met his wife, Beatrice Heath O’Connell from Winchester, Virginia, when she was a student at Bennington. “I met him in 1943, and took courses from him for two and a half years,” his widow, now Beatrice Lushington of Hastings, East Sussex, England, recalled in a telephone interview. Later, when Beatrice, an artist, was completing a teacher’s certificate at Columbia and teaching in Harlem, they met again. W. H. Auden and Louise Bogan stood up with them at their January 3 wedding.

In 1957, Warner G. Rice, the chair of U-M’s English department, tried to hire Roethke, but again, for the fifth and last time, there was no meeting of minds. (Three years later, he came to campus to give a Hopwood Awards lecture, and he was back in Ann Arbor in 1962 to receive his honorary doctorate, along with Robert Frost, Cantinflas and Robert McNamara.)

Everyone is ‘Instinctively Poetic’

Teaching was a profession Roethke had not prepared for but fallen into as a necessary means of support, yet Seager called Roethke “the greatest teacher of poetry that this country’s ever seen.” Roethke’s techniques were rooted in the assumption that creativity was universal. When he was staying in Saginaw in 1949, he told an interviewer that in teaching verse, all he needed to do was “help a student recover the creative instinct lost sometime in childhood.” He contended that “every man is instinctively poetic—in that he is interested in the relations of things to other things, in similarities and dissimilarities—the stuff of which poetry is woven.”

“He was a quite impressive teacher,” Roethke’s widow remembers, “a lot of us fell in love with him.” Seager recalled that when he and Roethke were at Bennington, he asked his students, “How does it come you write such good lyrics for Ted and you write such lousy stories for me?” One of them said, ‘I’m afraid he’ll hit me.’ Well, it was this tough guy manner again,” but underneath, the students could sense “his transparent sincerity.”

Roethke was not above a little showmanship. Teaching a class in a room surrounded by windows, Seager wrote, Roethke said, “Now I want you to describe accurately what I do for the next five minutes.’ So he climbed out of one of the windows and walked around the room on the outside of the ledge about 40 feet above the ground and came back in the window. You see, this is a striking teacher. You don’t forget something like that.”

Robert Hass, poet laureate of the United States from 1995-1997, and professor of English at Berkeley, wrote about Roethke to support the efforts of the people of Saginaw to preserve his childhood home. “Our early poets were English and Puritan by background,” he wrote, while Roethke represents the “democratization and spread of our poetic genius from the old centers of culture to the rest of the country.”

When he visited U-M in 1998, Hass thought about what he knew of the “landscape of Michigan, its natural and cultural history, and thought immediately of two sources through which I and everyone else in the country knew of it, the Michigan stories of Hemingway and the poems of Roethke. He’s one of our great nature poets among other things, one of the first to think about nature in twentieth century terms and to think about it in relation to human psychology.”

As for Roethke’s assessment of himself: In its obituary the *Wall Street Journal* quoted his statement: “I think of myself as a poet of love, a poet of praise, and I wish to be read aloud.”

‘Crazy for Blake’

At the University of Washington, Theodore Roethke always came to the classroom late, usually in a blue-and-white seersucker suit, his thinning hair gray-blond and slicked to his head. He took his place at a long table where 12 students waited. Among them was William Bolcom, the Pulitzer-prize winning composer and U-M professor of music, who took “Introduction to Poetry” from Roethke in 1956-57 when Bolcom was a 19-year-old graduate student.

“You didn’t take his course for a grade,” Bolcom told *Michigan Today*. “I knew I’d never write poetry, but I knew I was going to work with it all my life, and I decided, if I was going to study poetry, I’d study with somebody who wrote it. I got a B. I remember him saying, ‘I gave B’s to ones I liked and A’s to the ones I was afraid of.’



Composer Bolcom studied with Roethke in the 1950s.

“He was very organized and taught bit by bit by bit. The students wrote poems and read them in class. I remember one time when he said, ‘Yeah, but where’s the poem?’ His language was astute and well-chosen, as if he were saying, ‘I care about language and what I say.’ He knew

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poetry, had an encyclopedic knowledge, but he didn't teach the whole damn business—the history of poetry—but what he wanted. He had definite tastes—the 17th century poets Donne, Davies, Herbert.” And both teacher and student were “crazy for Blake,” added Bolcom, who later set Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* to music.

“At the end of the quarter,” Bolcom continued, “he'd take the whole class out for beer—even if we were underage. He paid for the first hour; we sat there for three or four hours. It was kind of wonderful. He was a tender person with a great sweetness about him. He wanted to talk like George Raft and said he'd been a rumrunner. He'd sashay like Raft, while looking like Sidney Greenstreet! He was bear-like, not much grace. I remember him trying to dance; it was comical but you wouldn't laugh at him. He had a great sense of humor but he didn't crack smiles. His wife was a raving beauty, a trained Powers model, quite a lady.

“He was musical, but I didn't know he played the piano. We studied different lengths of lines; he'd tell us to find one we really liked, or he'd tell us to write a few tetrameter lines. He'd sit with his right elbow on the table, and as we were looking at poetic feet, when he got to the downbeat of the foot, he'd throw his hand down to the table and bring it back really fast.”

As a student, Bolcom set Roethke's “The Sloth” to music, and Roethke heard it and took an interest in Bolcom, whom he called “Billy.” After Roethke's death Bolcom got help from Beatrice Roethke Lushington to use the poem “The Rose” (from the posthumous collection *The Far Field* of 1964) as a movement in his *Symphony #4: The Rose* (on CD with Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano, St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, New World NW356-2 CD, 1987).

“I liked ‘The Rose’ a lot,” Bolcom said. “I had the feeling it was a symphony. It's one of the greatest poems ever. It builds in a special way: it starts busy then reaches a Zen transcendence that Roethke never experienced in life. The poem is like Mahler, as if he were saying that he would love to be a believer but knows better. His spirituality was in tension with what he was.”—LRW.

... this rose, this rose in the sea wind,

Stays,

Stays in its true place,

Flowering out of the dark,

Widening at high noon, face upward,

A single wild rose, struggling out of the white embrace of the morning-glory,

Out of the briary hedge, the tangle of matted underbrush,

Beyond the clover, the ragged hay,

Beyond the sea pine, the oak, the wind-tipped madrona,

Moving with the waves, the undulating driftwood,

Where the slow creek winds down to the black sands of the shore

With its thick grassy scum and crabs scuttling back into their

glistening craters.

From “The Rose”

Roethke's Poetry

I dream of journeys repeatedly:

Of flying like a bat deep into a narrowing tunnel,

Of driving alone, without luggage, out a long

peninsula,

The road lined with snow-laden second growth,

A fine dry snow ticking the windshield,

Alternate snow and sleet, no on-coming traffic,

And no lights behind, in the blurred side mirror,

The road changing from glazed tarface to a

rubble of stone,

Ending at last in a hopeless sand-rut,

Where the car stalls,

Churning in a snowdrift

Until the headlights darken.

From “The Far Field”

However circuitous his path, Roethke became one of the most honored poets in America. Three of his collections, *Open House* (1941), *The Lost Son*, (1948) and *Praise to the End*, (1951), published together as *The Waking*, won the 1954 Pulitzer Prize. *Words for the Wind* won his first National Book Award in 1958, and *The Far Field* won his second in 1964. In between were the Bollingen and Levinson prizes (among many others), two Guggenheims and a Ford Foundation grant.

“I think that I will always prefer his more irrational poems, the ones more in free verse, the more subjective ones, to his more English ones,” Donald Hall said in 1965. “This part of him, this subjectivity, is the part that's most valuable to me. ‘I knew a Woman Lovely in her Bones’—marvelous love poem, I don't know that anybody's written a better one in our century.”

Even while fleeing his obsessions and hanging between health and illness, Roethke kept on writing. “He never takes a vacation from his writing,” wrote a Saginaw reporter when Roethke was living at home in 1949. “One corner of his mother's living room is reserved for his pages of penciled notes.”

Roethke wrote on bits of paper that cluttered his pockets even when his biographer, Allan Seager, met him in Ann Arbor where Roethke had come to receive an honorary doctorate in 1962. These bits of paper were transferred to notebooks; Seager found 200 notebooks, including 1,200 poems by others he copied into them, among Roethke's papers at the University of Washington. David Wagoner has edited the notebooks.



Hall

‘All his intensity is from Michigan’

“Nobody has written quite like him,” said Lawrence Joseph '70, '75 JD, an alumnus-poet with a deep, rather than a Roethkian, interest in the law (See “Poet of Detroit,” December 1989 issue, and “Lawyerland,” Summer 1997 issue).

Joseph, a professor of law at St. John's Law School in New York City, is widely known as a legal scholar, but even more so as a poet and prose writer. He feels a special affinity with Roethke as a Michigan-born U-M honors graduate. “I got interested in him when I was younger,” he said in a telephone interview. “I got one of his books for my birthday and read him a lot as an undergraduate. All his intensity is from Michigan—from that Saginaw world between 1908 and 1925, a rural landscape, a pre-Detroit and auto world—his mind was a mind coming out of the 19th century.

“His ethnic group, the Germans, who were the largest ethnic group to settle the country then; his father, a Prussian, dancing with him in ‘My Papa's Waltz’; the violin and the dancing, the child smelling the animal smell. It's his father but not his father.

“He never turned his back on Michigan, and there's lots of biography in his poetry; much of it is a journey in to the interior. There's a ferocity to his poetry; it's physical and primal. Like Yeats he was a romantic in the way he dealt with nature and love, but he's not in a school. He wasn't a modernist but was innovative and idiosyncratic—but sometimes orthodox, too. He wasn't a moralizer, not indignant, although there was always a ferocity against God and nature. But then his children's poems, “I am! Says the Lamb,” are fairy-tale like, dark and funny, and his poems to his young wife [Beatrice] are astonishingly beautiful.

“Roethke had complex relationships, but what matters is his imagination. I think he'll do well when his competitiveness and illness are forgotten. It's the poems that count.”—LRW.



Joseph

Six are honored at Commencement '01

By Britt Halvorson

The University awarded approximately 6,000 degrees this spring at undergraduate and graduate ceremonies. Six persons received honorary doctorates at the April 28 Commencement in Michigan Stadium. They were: William Davidson '47 BBA, chairman, president and CEO of Guardian Industries; Ruth Bader Ginsburg, associate justice of the US Supreme Court; Bill Ivey '66, chair of the National Endowment for the Arts; Adam Michnik, a founder of Poland's Solidarity movement; Robert Pinsky, former US poet laureate and professor of English at Boston University, and Marshall Sahlins '51, '52 MA, the Charles F. Grey Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus in Anthropology at the University of Chicago.

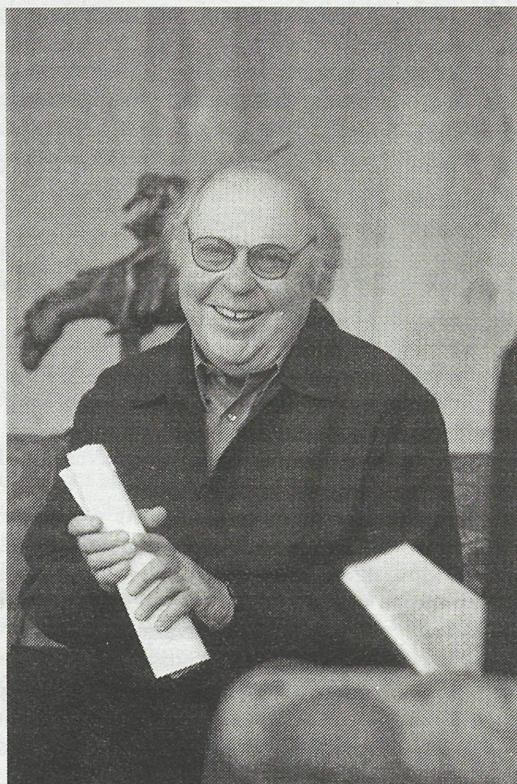
Pinsky addressed the undergraduate ceremony for the Class of 2001. On the previous day, Sahlins delivered the address at Graduate Commencement.

Sahlins, who retired in 1997 but continues to teach periodically, was a U-M faculty member in 1957-74. Well-known as a theoretician and researcher, Sahlins' body of work spans the world, from Turkey to Polynesia. He is also credited with inventing the country's first teach-in, held at U-M in 1965, in protest of the US role in the Vietnam War.

In his entertaining address Sahlins drew on the teach-in to describe how individuals in certain circumstances become historical agents. Using these experiences to advise the graduates "how to live," he said, "If you find yourself in a position to do something different—locally or nationally, politically or academically—do something interestingly different. If you go with the flow, no one'll know. If you surrender to the social trend, the society will be the historical subject."

Sahlins was interviewed for *Michigan Today* on the morning of his graduate commencement address.

MT: What most interests you in anthropology today and how does that differ from when you first started in anthropology?



Sahlins

Photo by Martin Vloet

MS: I think what most interests me is a whole set of new cultural formations that have developed in the last 15 or 20 years, starting with the novel form of cultural self-consciousness which is sometimes called the "invention of culture." In the last 15-20 years people all around the world—Australian Aboriginals, Eskimo, Tibetans—have discovered they have a "culture." They use this word, "culture," or some local equivalent, to talk about their life, its value and distinctiveness from other forms of existence. More important, they recycle elements of their traditional existence in the construction of their own indigenous versions of modernity. It's interesting that this cultural self-consciousness repeats the origin of the notion of culture in the West, which was developed in Germany and Russia as an ideological defense against the encroachment of the Industrial Revolution from the West, from France and England.

So it sounds like you think the concept of culture will continue to be relevant. Is that true?

Well, it was at the University of Michigan that I learned my understanding of the concept of culture as a distinctively human and symbolic capacity. I mean the unique human way of symbolically organizing the physical world and so constructing human existence as meaningful existence. As my old teacher here, Leslie White, used to put it in a nutshell, the difference between apes and humans is that apes can't tell the difference between holy water and distilled water because there isn't any difference, chemically. Culture as a specific kind of human activity is what distinguishes the species. In that sense it is not going away. It's only anthropologists who are concerned about the "disappearance of culture." Pretty soon everyone will have a "culture" and only anthropologists will deny it.

The interaction of global and local is what anthropologists must now come to grips with. Sometimes this requires new methods. You've seen the book that James Watson did on the McDonaldization of Asia; studying McDonald's in various local contexts. Anthropologists are trying to invent methods for dealing with these phenomena.

What most interests you in anthropology today, in terms of research topics?

I'm working on an endless history of a war in the Fiji Islands in the middle of the 19th century, which I call the Polynesian War because of its resonance with Thucydides' account of the Peloponnesian War. I'm trying to do a critique of Western historiography by adding an anthropological complement of culture, a sense of cultural difference that has generally been lacking in our inherited historic methods and concepts. So, I'm in the modest business of correcting the way history has been written in the West since the 5th Century BC! It's a work of great detail and great length and many volumes. It's taken me 17 years already, and I have about 10 to go.

A central issue in anthropology today is the discussion of difference, in thought process and in worldview, between anthropologists and the people under study. In a society that is concerned with political correctness, how do anthropologists handle the difference between them and "the other" without seeming to equate difference with inequality, or inferiority, as some people see it?

It's an American problem that equality and identity have been confused. It's a characteristic of American democracy that you can't be equal and different. The two concepts have no necessary link, but they have [a relationship] in American ideology and political institutions, especially American nationalism. That's our problem—it's a serious problem, but it hasn't got to do with the nature of the anthropological endeavor.

Anthropologists don't have to make the same supposition. The fact that you're talking about differences doesn't mean that you're treating people as unequal or that you are "incarcerating them in their difference." Their lives are organized by themselves and for themselves. They are organized neither to our standards nor for our purposes. I'm not making the so-called cultural relativist point that all peoples are as good as we are—if not better! I'm saying that in order to understand their cultures and histories, we have to suspend our political and moral judgments. We have to consider their distinctive modes of existence in the context of the specific conditions that gave rise to them. Above all, these peoples do not live and die just to solve the problems that have been troubling us lately—problems of gender, capitalist consumerism, racism or whatever. They have constructed their lives of and for themselves, and so we must understand them. Bring on the cultural differences! Anthropologists should be the last ones to be afraid to talk about them. *Vivent les differences!*

You have such a wide range and great depth of work. Can you think of one accomplishment that you're most proud of?

My honorary degree from Michigan tomorrow. I finally get to achieve glory on the football field of the Michigan Stadium. I have been playing middle linebacker and running back vicariously for 53 years!

How will you feel tomorrow?

Just give me the ball! Give me the ball!

MT

Britt Halvorson, former assistant editor for the University Record, recently enrolled in the Department of Anthropology's PhD program.

An Interview with Lee C. Bollinger

The Engaged University

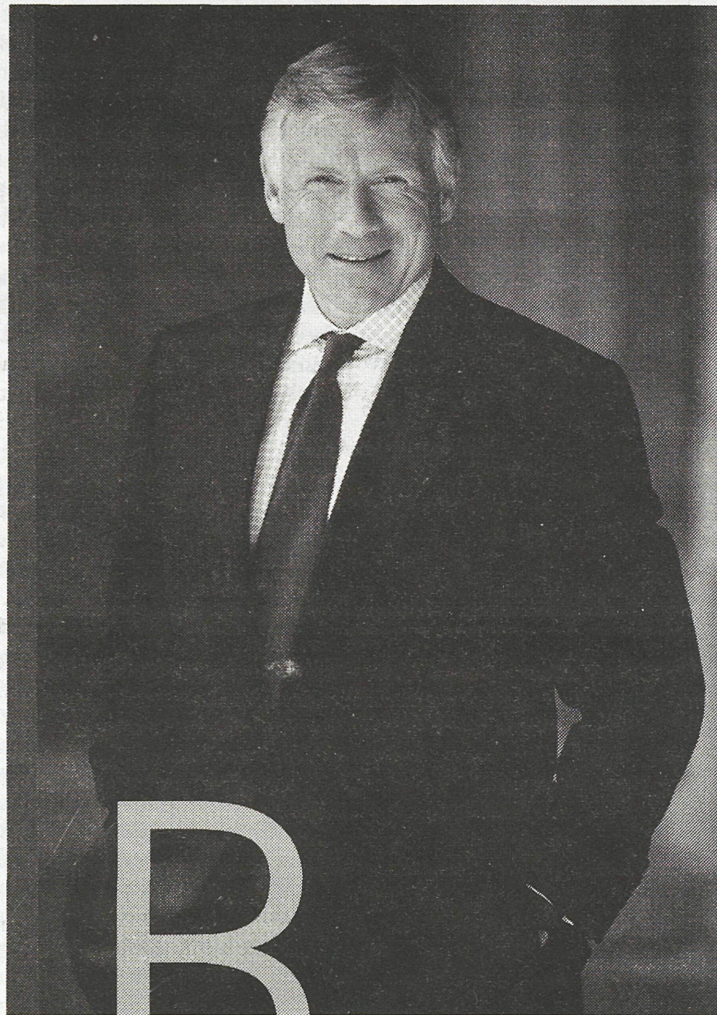


Photo by Bill Wood

'A University policy that is of absolute critical importance is maintaining an atmosphere of openness and engagement and suspension of belief and crossing sensibilities, all these somewhat vague terms that we use to account for an important reality that we live every day.'

Books, journals and papers crowd the surface of the credenza and surrounding floor behind Lee C. Bollinger's desk in the University's Fleming Administration Building. Stacked on a corner of his desk are reader's proofs for a forthcoming edition of essays on First Amendment freedoms that he co-edited with Geoffrey Stone, provost of the University of Chicago. On frequent evenings Bollinger is here working on his latest book, a study of public cultural institutions in America.

But the space is hardly a scholar's sanctuary. Bollinger carries out the day-to-day business of running a major research university in this office. "It's one of the reasons I love the position," Bollinger says of his job. "Because it does stand as a kind of border with the broader public life, and yet clearly has to approach that border from the values and the character of the academic life. It's a wonderful tension to experience."

Bollinger seeks a similar role—and a similar stimulating “tension”—not only for Michigan but also for the nation's universities at large. He believes they should be at once engaged in and removed from the larger political community. “The contemporary university is inextricably entwined in the political and moral issues of the day,” he has written. But at its core, he says, the university is a place where freedom of thought and speech must flourish, a place whose “defining characteristic” ought to be the “*extraordinary* degree to which it is open to ideas.”

In his book in progress, Bollinger extends this concept by considering the university's role in the cultural life of the broader American community. In an interview with *Michigan Today* in April, Bollinger spoke with Leslie Stainton about his book, his vision of the university as a public cultural institution and the ways he hopes to realize that vision at the University of Michigan.

Michigan Today: You've been at work for several years on a book about America's "public cultural institutions." What do you mean by that term?

Lee Bollinger: It's a category we don't tend to use that much in this country, although it's very common in Europe. It's those institutions that have as their primary responsibility the preservation and enhancement of culture of some form. To be concrete, what I have in mind are universities, museums, public broadcasting, the national endowments for the arts and humanities, public libraries, even to some extent national parks. These are all public institutions that share a mission of preservation, whether it's knowledge or art or natural landscape, and a mission of communicating or engaging with the public about what's being preserved. And then *adding* to it—in the case of universities, adding knowledge.

With respect to these institutions, what specific issues most concern you?

There are three major questions. The first is, why should there be any public support at all? Many people don't even think about that issue. But on the other hand, there are people in society who say that while these may be worthy enterprises, it is wrong in democratic theory, and in social and political theory, to tax citizens and use those funds to support these sorts of activities.

The second major issue that has come up—especially in the past two decades—is, assuming that there should be some public support, or that it's legitimate, to what extent do these institutions have a recognized autonomy from public control, from government control? Those who want to control the institutions typically make the argument, which certainly has some force to it, that this is public money, you don't have to take it if you don't want it. But if you do take it you must take it with these restrictions on it. On the other hand, as a matter of public policy as well as constitutional law—First Amendment law, in particular—we should have grave concerns about the government-as-patron turning into the government-as-censor of culture.

The third major issue is an internal one for these organizations: What do we mean when we say that we have become politicized? What are our obligations, what are our principles for organizing our courses and programming and the like? What are the standards by which we decide what to teach, and what are our obligations in terms of the range of viewpoints and ideas that we believe should be presented? This takes us into the areas of political correctness and multiculturalism.

Although it seems perfectly reasonable to think of universities as public cultural institutions, this is a new—or at least an expanded—role for universities, isn't it?

The idea is to try to understand universities not simply as engaged in the search for truth and the establishment of knowledge, but really involved with creating an atmosphere in which certain human capacities are developed that are needed as a counterpoint in public life, or the political sphere. In simple form, universities have an emphasis toward openness and suspension of belief, and public life has a pressure towards commitment and closure, and the two usefully play off of each other.

You've suggested elsewhere that universities are to the rest of society what wilderness is to urbanized life.

I'm intrigued by the ways in which we divide up life and the ways in which those divisions can usefully serve as counterbalances. I've sometimes referred to freedom of speech as the wilderness for an urban society. We take speech, which is just one form of human behavior, and we create essentially a wilderness environment—where there are no regulations, and speech is uninhibited by government action—as a counterbalance to the rest of behavior, which is subject to democratically arrived-at controls. We know there are biases that human nature brings to the social regulation of behavior, and this wilderness of speech is our opportunity to play with and to check bad impulses.

Although you're working with these issues intellectually and theoretically in your book, you're also implementing them realistically at this university, with your very visible support of culture. In a way, you're straddling the wilderness and urban spheres.

That's true. There are many implications of this for university policy. One that is of absolute critical importance is maintaining an atmosphere of openness and engagement and suspension of belief and crossing sensibilities, all these somewhat vague terms that we use to account for an important reality that we live every day. In the public sphere, our lives are defined by conflict, commitment to beliefs, engagement—but it's where real matters will be decided. And that generates a particular set of human reactions and a certain type of intellectual character that is inevitable, to some extent desirable, and yet also highly dangerous. If there is one thing we have learned from the last century, it is the dangers of ideology, and where that can take the human character.

But don't you risk promoting particular ideologies when you choose to give university support to certain cultural activities and not others?

I think that's a risk, but I don't accept the idea that it is, in fact, the situation. I think that universities are places that have deep commitments to risk-taking in the form of intellectual and artistic activity or pursuits. We're not always perfect in this by any means, and our history is also blemished, but we know the virtues of human creativity—the instinct for creation, where people are struggling to say something meaningful and new and transformative.

How do you envision the university's role in the country's larger cultural life?

As patrons—in the best sense, hopefully, of the term patron. We should be natural allies with the broader cultural environment. Whether it's presenting poetry readings or commissioning the work of Bill T. Jones and Jessye Norman, or bringing in major performances, like the Berlin Philharmonic, this is increasingly a role of universities. We are changing from presenters to participants in the creative process, and we're serving the broader community. We have moved more to a model of engagement with contemporary work.

In what specific ways are you trying to institutionalize this kind of engagement at Michigan?

I'm struggling to think this through, but I believe the outlines might look something like this: We should have regular commissioning of new works, where artists and people who are engaged in creative activity are brought to the campus, are given the opportunity to reside here for some period of time—whether it's for a few days, weeks, months or years—and in this environment, to develop new works. Certainly an endowment for the commissioning of such works makes enormous sense. But I think also the residency concept is extremely important. I could imagine at some point in the future a center with all the related things you need for that—housing and work areas and the like—being part of our campus. Some institutions have created centers for humanities or

Continued on page 10

THE ENGAGED UNIVERSITY: Imagining America

When university scholars collaborate with their off-campus neighbors on cultural projects and programs, something curious happens, says Julie Ellison, professor of English: "The scholars get changed." In fact, Ellison adds, "I think the people who almost have the most to learn are higher-education people."

Ellison directs Imagining America, a national network of individuals and institutions engaged in public cultural work that links campuses and communities. Founded at a White House conference in 1999, Imagining America is based at U-M and officially allied with the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, the Federation of State Humanities Councils and the National Assembly of State Arts Agencies. The motto of the now-disbanded White House Millennium Council, "honor the past, imagine the future," captures the network's most basic aim.

"You hear a lot about culture wars, but not about cultural consensus," Ellison says. As universities increasingly pursue civic engagement, however, "consensus" best describes what's taking place across town-gown borders throughout the country.

Driven by mutual interests and a "startling degree of cultural consensus about what matters," Ellison says, artists and humanists are working at the intersection of higher education and community life to understand and create American culture. The big ideas—citizenship, migration, justice, identity, civil society, place and geography, history and memory, health and the body—are shared, Ellison notes.

The program's key building blocks, individual projects, involve such cultural undertakings as the performance of plays, the examination of church records, the development of curricula or the creation of Internet

archives. The best projects, Ellison maintains, serve four missions: teaching, research, public engagement and creative activity.

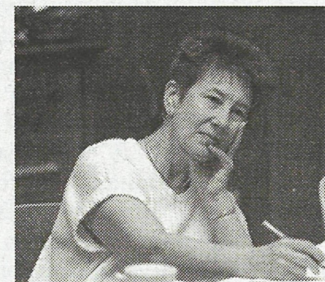
Through the U-M's Arts of Citizenship Program, Ellison herself is coordinating one such project, the "Poetry of Everyday Life," a town-gown collaboration with students in a U-M honors English course this coming fall. She is also working with School of Music Dean Karen Wolff and other U-M deans interested in exploring the relationship between cultural policy and cultural practice.

Nineteen presidents from leading American colleges and universities have formed an Imagining America Presidents Council. Michigan President Lee Bollinger recently invited some 200 additional university presidents to join a formal Imagining America consortium.

The program currently sponsors a web site, newsletter and an annual conference—activities Ellison intends to expand. At least half the nation's 50 states have one or more organizations in Imagining America, with many receiving grants from the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation.

"What happens with these kinds of collaborations is that there really is a gradual but profound change," says Julia Lupton, professor of English and comparative literature and founding director of the Humanities Out There (HOT) project at the University of California—Irvine, an Imagining America affiliate. "Faculty and students become involved in community

projects that are directly tied to their academic work, and it changes how we perceive our scholarship, our relationship to the community and the urgency of certain issues. All that begins to shift."—LS.



Ellison

THE ENGAGED UNIVERSITY: Arts and Culture in Action

Lee C. Bollinger

Continued from page 9

social sciences, and I could see that for us in the arts.

What happens when the work you've commissioned or supported in some way is offensive—deeply offensive—to some of the public?

First of all, you need to figure out in advance what your process is going to be for selection, and then you need to support that process. We have experience with this; we're not starting from scratch. The concept of peer review is a fundamental starting point. You ask people who are in the field, as well as people who are not—but principally people who are in the field—to identify who has promise and what looks interesting, and then you live with those decisions. To continually second-guess that process inevitably creates such inhibition that it becomes a kind of cancer within an institution. It's a very big question, because you're always going to have controversy, and even though the right decision is not to give in to it, you still have to deal with it.

At the same time, how do you avoid simply perpetuating the status quo by having the same artists recommend the same artists?

Every system of decision-making or choice has the risk that it may be impervious to new and truly exciting work. But what's the alternative? The alternative is no engagement, because you might become stultified. I think that's unacceptable. You have to treat it as a risk, have a means of trying to address it over time, and go from there.

MT

Leslie Stainton is an editor for the School of Public Health and a frequent writer on the arts. Her biography of the Spanish writer Federico Garcia Lorca (Lorca: A Dream of Life, 1999, Farrar Strauss and Giroux) was featured in our Spring 1999 issue.

There's a practical side to the preservation and making of culture. Museums need storage space. Archives require organizational systems. Performers need room to rehearse. "Rehearsal space in New York is as expensive as hotel rooms," says the German-based American composer Benjamin Bagby, who conducts much of his career on the road.

Like a growing number of artists, writers and performers, Bagby finds himself spending more and more time on the campuses of American universities. In the first three months of 2001, he gave his celebrated solo recitation of *Beowulf*—which premiered in 1997 at the Lincoln Center Festival of New Works—at the University of Illinois, Indiana University and Colorado College.

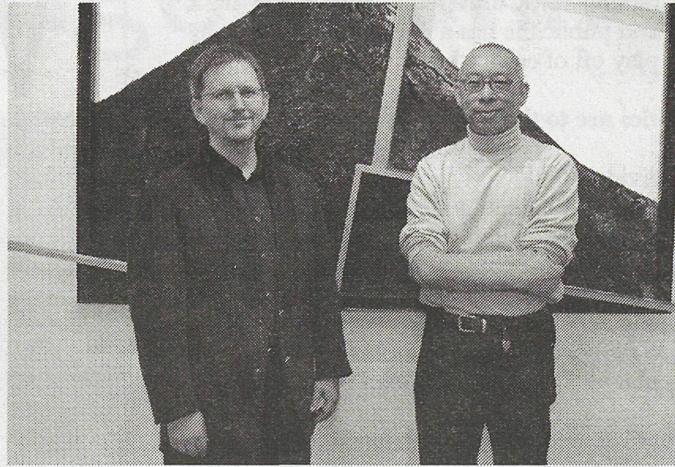
In April, Bagby brought his medieval music ensemble, *Sequentia*, to U-M for a month's residency in collaboration with the American theater artist Ping Chong. During their stay, Bagby and Chong rehearsed and premiered a new adaptation of the Icelandic *Edda* saga, a work they'll perform at the Lincoln Center Festival this July.

"The most important thing is to have two quiet, undisturbed weeks of rehearsal; that's a gift from heaven," Bagby said at the start of his Michigan residency, which included a week as a visiting fellow at the Institute for the Humanities and almost three weeks of public lectures, rehearsals and performances. Nearly as beneficial, though, were the many scheduled and unscheduled opportunities to meet faculty and students from a range of disciplines. "It feeds my work," Bagby says. "Especially to have contact with people from non-musical traditions."

Through presenting organizations such as Michigan's University Musical Society (UMS), which co-commissioned *Edda* with the Lincoln Center Festival, American universities are playing a burgeoning role in the creation and presentation of new works of art.

Last year, President Lee Bollinger committed University funds so that UMS could bring singer Jessye Norman and choreographer Bill T. Jones to Ann Arbor for a week of uninterrupted work on a project for the Lincoln Center. The two made no public appearances during their stay. Norman said afterward that she accomplished more in a week in Ann Arbor than she could have in three months in New York.

The United States has "no organized national system of support" for artists, notes Holly Sidford, a Ford Foundation consultant and former program director for the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Foundation. Sidford, who is currently conducting a study on support systems for individual American artists, believes responsibility must "be held locally if we want artists in our communities. It's not just a matter of handing over a fellowship or grant, it's giving shelter—space, time, the opportunity to create and share. And it's not that expensive." Universities, she



Bagby (l) and Chong

Photo by Bill Wood

points out, are uniquely suited to be active agents in this process.

Since the start of his tenure at Michigan, Bollinger has made the arts and culture a focal point of his administration. He believes that major performances such as *Edda* or the RSC's history cycle not only enrich campus life but also serve as "an entry point for a broader community to experience the special artistic and intellectual atmosphere of a university."

He has made a significant commitment, both to artists (through funds and in-kind resources like space, equipment, housing and staff) and to the physical space necessary for the creation of art. He is building an Arthur Miller Theater, part of a larger Walgreen Drama Center, and has announced plans to create a Robert Frost Poetry House. He and the University's executive officers recently authorized a 30,000-square-foot expansion of the U-M Museum of Art (UMMA), which has long struggled to present top-quality visual art in quarters originally meant to house alumni activities at the turn of the last century. Additionally, Bollinger has increased the museum's operating budget by more than 40 percent and redeployed an interdisciplinary graduate program in museum studies.

"The only reason I took this job was my perception that the central administration really wanted to finally have the visual arts here live up to their potential," says James Steward, director of the Museum of Art since 1998. In the fall of 2003, UMMA will exhibit more than 100 works from the Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg, part of a semester-long, campus-wide "festival" of public programs and special classes.

The arts and culture are one of five priorities Bollinger's administration has identified for U-M's upcoming capital campaign—a fact Steward terms "unprecedented." Among Bollinger's expressed fundraising aims (see interview) is the creation of an endowment fund to underwrite cultural programming at the university.

That was good news for Ping Chong, who spent his first week on campus as the Paula and Edwin Sidman Fellow in the Arts at the Institute for the Humanities. In the past two decades, government funding for the arts has dwindled, and what support remains typically comes with unpalatable strings. Foundation, corporate and private grants often impose similarly restrictive guidelines. With commercial productions, "the goal is money, not the product," says Chong, and the result is frequently "work of the lowest common denominator."

Universities are different, Chong insists. "Unless you can get a commission by a university, there are just some projects you can't get funded anymore," he says. "It's really important to the future of living art that universities play a more active role in supporting art. It's that simple."—LS.

Tom Grace '84, '86 M Arch

Architect makes Quantum leap into fiction

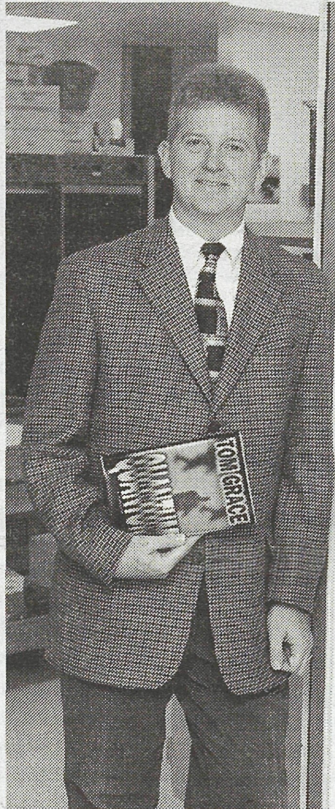
By Kurt Anthony Krug

Thriller-author Tom Grace finds it easy to make the transition between architect and novelist. "Both disciplines work very well together," says Grace, 38, author of *Spyder Web* and *Quantum*. First of all, he does both for fun. Second, architects are project oriented, and the habit of making well-defined and orderly progress over a given time span helps him schedule and construct his novels.

A native of Detroit, Grace received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in architecture from Michigan in 1984 and 1986. During his career as an architect, he worked for the U-M Medical Center, designing the world's first gene therapy lab there. He also wrote computer-assisted drafting (CAD) software, acted as the master planner for the renewal of London's wharves and consulted on the National Corvette Museum in Louisville.

"My training as an architect is a problem-solving process and in order to design something—a gene therapy lab—you have to understand what the scientists are going to do in the lab. You have to be able to choreograph movement," Grace explains. "I do storyboards for my scenes, design the rooms my characters are in to make sure I can move them around because there's a lot of physical action. My books are very visual, so you have to understand the movement of people. Designing buildings is like designing scenes and I work the process out."

In fact, designing high-tech research facilities is where Grace learned from his clients that intellectual property must be guarded from industrial spies. While designing CAD software for a computer company in Chicago, Grace learned the building directly across the street was his client's chief competitor. Taking protective measures, a special black room was designed with special cards to grant the authorized personnel access, and all the windows were painted black so nobody could take photographs any of the CAD software or the computers. It was this knowledge that inspired his first novel, *Spyder Web*, which takes place on the U-M campus. He self-published it in 1997, but Warner Books picked it up in 1999. Reviewers praised him for being "a storyteller along the lines of Tom Clancy, Ken Follett and Clive Cussler."



Grace got the idea for industrial-spy thrillers while working on architectural projects like the Human Applications Lab in U-M Hospitals' Clinical Research Center.

Heroic alter-ego

As a "great nexus for technology and development of new technology," Grace says, the University makes a great setting for his specialty of high-tech thrillers. He created a hero, Nolan Kilkenny, ex-Navy SEAL turned computer specialist, and placed him in a "commercial and economic landscape because that's where I have experience." Kilkenny's love interest, Kelsey, is modeled after Kathy Grace, his wife of 15 years. (They live in Dexter, Michigan, with their three children, Marcia, 10; Kathleen, 8; and Keely, 2, with a fourth expected this summer.)

It took Grace six years and eight drafts to finish *Spyder Web*. He self-published 25,000 copies; within five weeks he'd sold 12,500 copies, and in June 1997, while attending the Book Expo America in Chicago, he caught the attention of a Warner Books agent. In the week that followed, he signed a \$1 million dollar contract with Warner Books for a three-book cyber-thriller series, which includes a revised *Spyder Web* and last year's *Quantum*. He was in Greenland this spring researching the last of the trilogy.

Grace was inspired by two actual events while writing *Quantum*. In 1992, he worked on a connector between two physics buildings. The construction site was located on the Diag, and during excavation, workers dug up human remains. Tests established that the body parts were those of medical cadavers buried during the late 19th century in the cellar of a medical school building demolished in 1902.

Mystery loves coincidence

"I found this situation so intriguing that I knew I could wrap a story around it," the author explains. "There's always a certain level of coincidence inside a mystery novel because you have to find ways to pull things together."

The second event that inspired the author was very personal. Grace dedicated *Quantum* and based a character on his friend and fellow U-M alumnus, John Rosowski, who died in 1984. Grace met Rosowski in the fall of 1977

at Catholic Central High School in Detroit. "He's one of the brightest guys I ever knew," Grace says. "This is the kind of guy I expected to be running IBM."

After graduating from U-M in 1984 with an undergraduate degree in electrical engineering, Rosowski moved to New York and, fittingly enough, started working for IBM, while Grace went on to U-M's College of Architecture and Urban Planning. On the night of Sept. 28, 1984, Grace recalls dreaming about Rosowski. In it, his friend told him his life was going very well and no one should worry about him. Grace soon learned, however, that on that very night John Rosowski died, the victim of a drunk driving accident.

A dream; a funeral

"I could not figure out for the life of me—I hadn't seen him in several months—as to why I'd suddenly have a dream about him," Grace says. "A week later I get a call that John had been buried the day before. I missed his funeral; I didn't know he had died. That always bothered me. It was a tragic waste that someone with that kind of potential was just wiped out by a 19-year old drunk. I always wondered what the world has lost."

When plotting *Quantum*, Grace came up with the idea of a lost genius. He wondered what would have happened to Albert Einstein had he died before making his great discoveries. Would it take 100 years before humankind learned that out $E = mc^2$ if Einstein hadn't worked it out when he did? Working with that concept, Grace created Dr. Johann Wolff, a German émigré whose work was a step beyond Einstein's.

Wolff's character and his link with Nazi scientists resonate throughout the novel, and as Grace wrote it, he looked forward to the day he would send a copy to Rosowski's parents, Bob and Kathy.

In January 2000, Grace was asked to help organize his 20th high school reunion, which was slated for that August, around the time of *Quantum's* release. As part of the festivities, Grace planned to sell copies of the novel at the reunion and donate the proceeds to the John Rosowski Memorial Scholarship fund created by John's parents. The alumni association took this idea one step further and offered the novel to all its alumni and to the families of current Catholic Central students.

Grace called Bob Rosowski and asked if he and his wife would meet him for dinner to discuss his plans for their son's memorial. When he presented them with a copy of *Quantum*, "Kathy Rosowski started shaking," Grace recalls. "They opened it, saw the dedication, and just lost it. They were floored."

Kathy Rosowski read the release date of *Quantum* and told the author how John had forgot her birthday a month before he died. Seeing the release date brought everything full circle for her: *Quantum* was to be released on her birthday, Aug. 15.

Grace gave the coincidence a novelist's reading: "It turns out, as fate would have it, 16 years later, she's receiving a birthday gift from her lost son." **MT**

Kurt Anthony Krug is a free-lancer who lives in Dearborn, Michigan.



Rosowski

Photo courtesy Tom Grace

Stalking Tigers, spying on amorous giraffes and saving koalas;
being attacked by army ants, poisoned by kerosene and accosted by baboons:
It's all in a day's work for animal man Jeff Flocken '91

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CAUTIOUSLY OPTIMISTIC ENDANGERED SPECIES CONSERVATIONIST

By Jeffrey Flocken

The high point of my career so far would have to be April 27, 1996. I had been working on a tiger documentary with a production team from the TBS network. We had been in the jungles of India for two weeks, searching for tigers with nothing more than a couple of close calls to show for our efforts. Our guide, who hadn't seen a wild tiger on the reserve for over 28 days, was becoming increasingly pessimistic about our chances of spotting any before we packed up our gear and flew home.

The director was preoccupied, planning how he was going to provide the network with a documentary on tigers with no new footage of the elusive cat. The film actress narrator was laggard and visibly bored after ten days touring the Ranthambhore jungle via an open-roofed Range Rover in a baking 110 degrees with only occasional sightings of monkeys, wild boars and peacocks. The as-



While shooting a TV documentary in the Ranthambhore reserve in India, we suddenly came upon a family of tigers. I would do anything to help keep these animals where they belong.



Citizens and conservationists are encouraging the Australian government to take stronger measures to save the rapidly dwindling koala population. This koala lives in the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary in Brisbane.

Photo by Mary Crimmings

sistant producer was frustrated and ready to wrap a sound-boom pole around the head of the next person who asked her if anyone had seen a tiger yet.

As for me, I was 13 pounds lighter, having recently spent 20 hours in a New Delhi hotel bathroom sick from food poisoning. After numerous days consuming only boiled water, I was now considering solid foods again, covered in mosquito bites, sun-burnt and had a heat rash spreading towards

some sensitive areas at an alarming pace. On top of all this, I was desperately trying to think of ways to logically integrate messages about the startling decline of wild tiger populations between scenes of the young actress tossing her hair in the sunlight and looking vacantly into the jungle. And even with all this, I was about to have one of those amazing days in life that rarely come along.

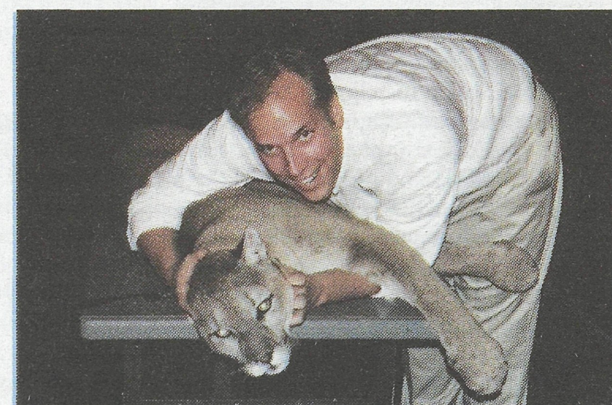
I had broken from the group with a guide to search a new area, when we received an urgent message over the walkie-talkie that the other jeep had just had a harrowing encounter and to hurry over. Apparently, after another eventful morning combing the jungle, the actress, a cam-

eraman and the guide had broken the cardinal rule of staying in the jeep and walked to a nearby stream. As they were cooling off, the jungle came alive with screaming monkeys and screeching birds. Suddenly, a tigress and her two cubs rounded the corner right down the stream. The director frantically yelled, "Run!" which was completely unnecessary, as the three were already bee-lining back to the trucks and diving in the back head-first. By the time I arrived everyone was calming down, and the realization was sinking in that we were looking at three beautiful wild tigers right in front of us. And all I could think is that I would do anything to help keep these amazing animals out there—wild, graceful and belonging in the jungle.

In the early and mid 1990s, wild tiger populations—having recently made a comeback from earlier declines resulting from habitat loss, as well as hunting for sport and pelts—were once again sliding toward extinction. Relentless poaching of the tiger to supply the Asian traditional medicinal trade with its body parts, believed by some to have special healing properties, was causing a plummet in all remaining wild tiger populations. It was a slaughter the extent of which the world was just beginning to comprehend.

In Ranthambhore, long considered the crown jewel of India's tiger reserves, there were only 14 tigers left of the 50 that had been there just a few years back. Before our documentary crew left the reserve, a young male tiger was found with its paw caught in a poacher's snare. We received word two days later that it died from the wound. This happened in a protected area with full-time staff and monitoring. The documentary, along with the many other efforts by conservationists to educate and inspire the public on behalf of the tiger, have resulted in commitments from private and government groups to help save the tiger. And luckily, tigers have shown a remarkable ability to rebound their population numbers if left alone with adequate habitat.

But the tiger is just one of many endangered species whose existence has reached a critical juncture, and other



This mountain lion was part of a live animal education show. An orphan, it was raised as an educational animal in a captive setting. While some regional North American mountain lion populations are stable, other wild populations have disappeared.

Photo by Rebecca Harrison

species may have more difficulty assimilating in a planet with a swelling human population hungry for land, food and resources.

Species like mountain gorillas, pandas, orangutans and grizzly bears have been pushed into fragmented corners of their former ranges, crowded out by urban sprawl, mineral and timber exploitation and paved roads dividing once pristine stretches of habitat into broken patches that can barely sustain threshold populations of wildlife.

Species like the Canada lynx and the desert tortoise not only find themselves living on land designated for development, agriculture and grazing, but also competing for their lives with invasive species introduced by humans to areas with no natural competitors or population limiting controls.

Additionally, exploitation for the pet trade has almost eliminated species like the Lear's macaw from the wild, and the killing of bears for Chinese medicines has crashed bear populations throughout the Eastern hemisphere. In other regions, animals like duikers, peccaries and tapirs are being killed at a staggering rate to supply the illegal commercial bushmeat trade.

Of course, it's not only the charismatic mammals and birds that are under pressure. Species like Atlantic salmon, the Karner blue butterfly, the Western Prairie fringed orchid, and the Houston toad are edging closer to extinction, too. And some species that are considered to be doing well, such as the Western cougar and the black-tailed prairie dog, have in actuality already been extirpated from most of their original ranges.

These trends are not a shock to anyone. Experts have been talking about the increasing rate of biodiversity loss for decades – longer even than global warming warnings have been around. These days, no scientist would dispute the unnaturally high rate of species loss, despite the loud voices of economic interests and denial drowning out legitimate attempts to recognize and address the problems.

I took a nontraditional route into the world of endangered species. When I applied Michigan, I chose to enter into the school of LS&A and stack my course load with classes from the School of Natural Resources. In my sophomore year I received a scholarship to do a summer of field research on giraffes and study wildlife management and biology in Kenya.

During my stay in the Serengeti I was attacked by African army ants while using a make-shift jungle outhouse,



This armadillo is part of a captive zoo population. Its natural home is the African savannah—a dwindling ecosystem as a result of desertification brought on by drought and conversion of land for grazing and agriculture.

Photo by Green Stoughton

poisoned in the mountains—days from a hospital—when I accidentally drank kerosene put into a mis-marked water jug, and accosted by a troop of angry baboons eager to steal our belongings.

But even more traumatic than all this, was the realization of how fragile the wildlife of Africa's final hold was on the continent. Drought had left miles devoid of life, local men shot zebras for fun, ostriches lay along the roadside killed by

trucks, and tourist in safari vans chased down cheetahs that were trying to find a meal. If this was how poorly the best-known wildlife on the planet was faring, I could only imagine how lesser valued species were suffering. I returned to Michigan the next year with a new determination to devote my life to saving species.

I switched from science to a communications and literature focus in the hope of getting into law school, and from there, acquiring an environmental policy position. After law school, an internship with Greenpeace's general counsel, and a year doing water-toxics policy work in Chicago, I was offered a position on the endangered species team at the National Wildlife Federation in Washington, DC. Following two years of legislative and grassroots oriented work, a colleague and I created the Federation's leading national endangered species campaign. The campaign combined advocacy, education, policy and on-the-ground conservation work to aid a set of 25 endangered species or classes of endangered species. This work put me in contact with the close-knit endangered species community, ultimately resulting in opportunities like co-starring in the tiger documentary for TBS, touring the Peruvian Amazon River and giving live-animal education presentations to large crowds on both US coasts.

Such opportunities have given me the chance to travel to amazing regions of the world to see first-hand the wonderful wildlife we are losing. They have also allowed me to broadcast the

plight of endangered species.

People Are Still the Priority

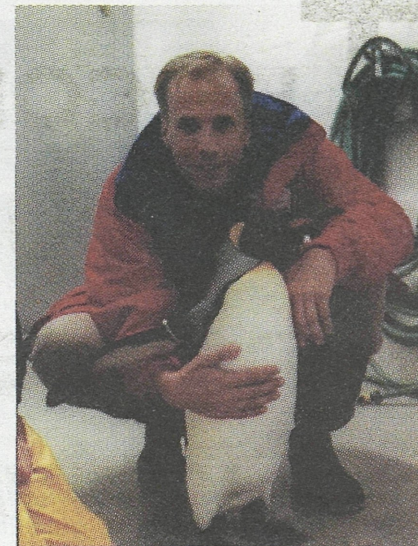
I am one of the first to admit that legitimate concerns of people need to be taken into consideration when they fear loss of their livelihood or lifestyle due to an endangered species protection. But in many cases the species in question is just an indicator of a compromised and failing ecosystem, or a scapegoat for a variety of factors that are causing concern in the region.

In the case of the much-demonized spotted owl, the federal government proposed imposing logging restrictions in the Pacific Northwest to help the bird and other species in the disappearing forests; however, a massive campaign was launched blaming the owl for industry cutbacks and layoffs. What did not make big news were the practices of unsustainable clear-cutting and new timber technologies that denuded the forests at a faster rate and replaced human workers.

On the other hand, endangered species protections can come with a cost, and for that reason, conservationists must consider creative options that involve communities and local stakeholders in the decision-making. Luckily, this has been a developing trend in the conservation community, and now an increasing number of organizations and government agencies purchase land outright or provide incentives for conservation initiatives on private lands.

Recently, I had the honor

Continued on next page



A penguin born and raised in captivity. Many scientists believe penguin populations may be adversely affected by climate changes resulting from atmospheric pollution.

Photo by Elizabeth Murrack

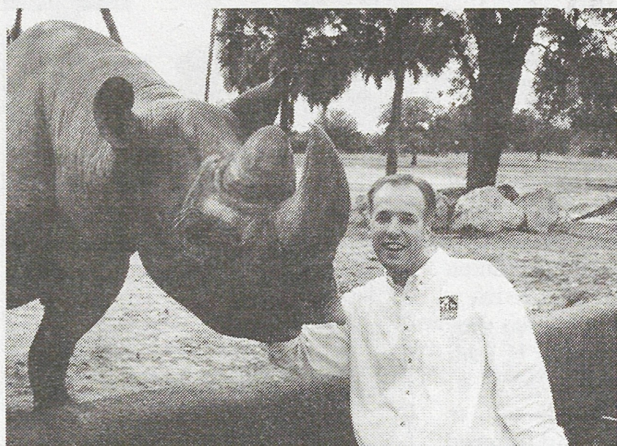


A kangaroo resident of Australia's Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary. The United States listed gray and red kangaroos as threatened international species in the 1970s, but they were down-listed in 1995 after wild populations began to recover.

Photo by Mary Crummings

ENDANGERED SPECIES

Continued from page 13



Wild rhinos are killed for their horn, believed by some cultures to have medicinal properties. This black rhino lives in a zoo.

Photo by Rebecca Harrison

to be one of four Americans invited by the Australian Koala Foundation to join 15 Australians in a groundbreaking summit for koala conservation. The purpose of the meeting was to draft a package of legislative protections for the koala, a species suffering from urban sprawl and loss of habitat due to land clearing. The koalas' trees of choice are found in areas with rich, fertile soil on Australia's eastern coast. These same areas are the best regions for farming, timber and mineral extraction, and urban development. As a result, the koala population and other species that share their habitat are rapidly dwindling.

The summit was designed to look at this issue and offer innovative options for addressing the problem. The meeting went further than including the usual posse of scientists, policy-makers and conservationists. It also included representatives from local and federal government, development interests, and economists. As a result, the protection package we created for the koala may actually be to everyone's liking—something rare in this field—as it includes landowner incentives for conservation, regulatory protections for saving critical populations and acknowledgement of human needs in the formula for saving wildlife. And not only do the proposed protections help koalas, they are also designed to benefit other key species in Australia—those listed as endangered and those not yet identified as imperiled.

Groups in the United States are taking similar inclusive approaches. Conservation International (CI) in Washington, DC, where I now serve as director of education and outreach, spe-

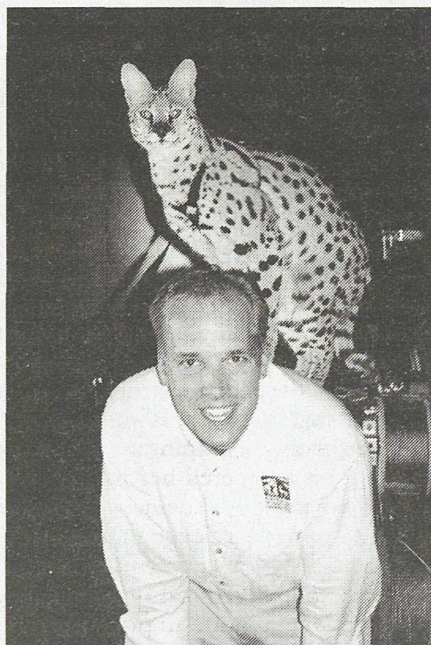
cializes in protecting Earth's biologically richest areas while helping the people who live there improve their quality of life. CI's focus is on Earth's biodiversity hotspots—the 25 places with the most densely packed biodiversity and the highest threats to them. The hotspots harbor 60 percent of all biodiversity, yet their combined land area totals just 1.4 percent of Earth's land surface.

Groups like CI are powerless, however, without the active support of the public. Not only do conservation organizations rely on citizens for financial support, they must have committed individuals to work as advocates on behalf of the environment and endangered species, telling governments that they must invest now in conserving and preserving our remaining wilderness areas. We have learned from past experience that trying to bring back exterminated populations of species like gray wolves and black-footed ferrets is more costly and difficult after the animal is already gone from the wild. And although captive breeding and laboratory efforts on endangered species might play a role in saving species, there is no substitute for preserving existing wild populations in healthy ecosystems.

Americans must pressure our government, one of the wealthiest in the world, to invest in saving the global treasure of natural biodiversity. Our government's conservation efforts domestically and abroad are consistently considered a low priority and severely under-funded. Even those efforts are now being undercut and gutted even further. Americans have the power to change this by demanding that our government representatives recognize the value of the planet's wildlife with meaningful protections and sincere efforts to conserve biodiversity.

Opportunities to help wildlife can also be found by supporting or volunteering with local, national and international conservation groups. Donations to these organizations may support applied conservation research, education initiatives and direct advocacy to decision-makers on behalf of imperiled wildlife. Support from private corporations must also play a large role in saving species. Private foundations and business organizations have a rich history in supporting conservation efforts, and will be needed for future initiatives. But a strong political will to make a difference is vital to helping protect species now, and that will only happen as a reflection of citizen sentiment through letters, phone calls, media coverage and loud voices that support protecting imperiled wildlife.

I will continue to do whatever I can as a professional conservationist. I believe I have made small differences in bringing awareness to, and protections for, amazing species



Most servals live in central Africa. This one was born and raised in captivity and is used in a live-animal education show. Servals are one of many African species that are losing habitat.

Photo by Rebecca Harrison

such as humpback whales, Kemp's ridley sea turtles and golden-cheeked warblers. But there are many imperiled species I have not been able to help on any level yet—chimpanzees, lemurs, tree-kangaroos, kiwis, okapis, rhinos. They are all facing staggering odds against their survival. But if enough people can commit to helping them, they can, without a doubt, be saved.

Future generations have a right to experience the joy of sharing our planet with these animals and to know that they could have the chance to catch a glimpse of them in the wild.

The second highpoint of my career occurred this past April. Before starting my koala work, my wife and I flew out to Australia a few weeks early and spent some time traveling. During a night safari in the Daintree rainforest we were treated to a rare view of two cassowaries running out of the woods and bolting by the front of our jeep. The cassowary—a dangerous and rare bird about the size of an ostrich—has been rapidly disappearing from Australia due to rainforest habitat loss and fragmentation, as well as automobile collisions and attacks on chicks by domestic dogs. Biologists estimate there could be as few as 1,300 individuals left in the wilds of Australia. These were animals that our guide had told us we would not see as he suspected they were almost gone from the region.

The first bird we saw was an adult male. He was amazing. Huge, with a striking blue trademark neck and black plumage. But even more encouraging was the second cassowary, a juvenile on long, spindly legs, running quickly behind its father. Our sighting proved that cassowaries were still there, and still breeding in that part of the country. Their presence was only a small-scale triumph in the face of incredible obstacles toward survival. But small-scale victories are proof of the tenacity of animals to hang on. And as long as they are willing to keep trying to survive, I am willing to keep working to save them.

Days like that are what have kept me going in the intense and often disheartening world of endangered species conservation. The battles are inherently defensive in nature, the questions are complex, the hours are long, and the pay hasn't made much of a dent in my school loans. But I still wake up most days thinking I have one of the best jobs on the planet.

MT

Jeff Flocken '91 grew up in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and is the director of education and outreach for Conservation International in Washington, DC.

ABOUT OUR COVER: This red-ruffed lemur is used in live-animal education shows. Wild lemurs are found only on the island of Madagascar. They are endangered by loss of habitat and by poaching.



This sloth is an educational animal born and raised in captivity. Its species is found in the Amazonian River Basin—a region being deforested at an alarming rate.

Photo by Elizabeth Mardock

Margie Levine '85, '87 MCE

Valley Woman! (Silicon, that is)

By Aviva L. Brandt

M

Margie Levine didn't set out to become a role model, one of the rare women who have achieved top-level positions in the Silicon Valley without leaving the highly technical side of engineering and moving into management or marketing. In fact, she didn't even set out to be an engineer.

Levine, who grew up in Evanston, Illinois, arrived at Michigan in 1981 intending to major in philosophy or political science. It wasn't until she began dating a computer science major that she became interested in how computers worked.

"I struggled because I had never worked on a computer. I didn't know the basic tenets of programming, like for-loops and if-then-else's [*see Glossary-Ed.*], and it was difficult for me at first," Levine says. "But gradually, I got kind of addicted to it. We'd be with a group of friends and we'd spend these late nights in the computer lab working until 5 a.m. trying to figure out this program or another. I used (computer punch) cards my first year - we didn't even use a terminal!"

The camaraderie with her fellow students during those late nights in the computer lab was the high point of her education, Levine says. "It was just a fun way to work together with people—you were all working together to solve a problem, all doing the same thing and all suffering and struggling. I really think that's what got me focused on computers. And that's actually what I still like about it."

Spinning off from SGI

Levine may have found computer programming a struggle in the beginning, but she definitely found her niche as a software architect. She's currently chief technology officer (CTO) and director of software of ReShape Inc. in Mountain View, California (on the Web at <http://www.reshape.com/>). At ReShape, she has helped create a fully automated design flow that gives chip designers the flexibility to choose a variety of design flow parameters. Based on a combination of commercial and proprietary elec-



Levine

Photo by Will Woodford

tronic design automation tools, this flow enables ReShape to provide semiconductor companies with fast, cost-effective solutions for a wide range of tasks, Levine says.

Levine and chip designer Paul Rodman founded ReShape in 1997 with the rights to automation technology they had developed while working together at nearby Silicon Graphics Inc. In the high-tech world, such spin-offs are not unusual.

The company has created a "meta-tool" (see glossary) that can automatically schedule and launch thousands of individual steps in the design process, speeding the time it takes to design a computer chip from months down to a matter of weeks.

They leaped before they looked

Levine, 37, says co-founding a company and learning how to run it has been exciting. "We didn't know what we were doing," Levine admits, describing how she and Rodman started the company without even creating a business plan. "We decided on a whim to do it on our own. We were fairly naive. I think others must do it differently—research it before they jump in."

When they failed to garner venture capital funding initially, they didn't give up. Instead, they took on contracting jobs, adding new people as the jobs got bigger while keeping the rights to the software they developed. ReShape operated for three years without venture capital funding before receiving \$7 million last year. The privately held company has grown to include 15 employees.

Unlike many software directors who focus solely on manage-

ment issues, Levine tries to maintain a deep understanding of the technical problems her team is trying to solve. "I wear two hats," she says. "When I'm wearing the software director hat, I have to deal with schedules, hiring and team dynamics. But the real fun is in wearing the CTO hat, which lets me participate in technical debates and help figure out solutions to problems. I'd love still to be able to go program the solutions to those problems, but generally time doesn't permit that anymore. Fortunately, there's still enough of my old code around that sometimes I get to dive in and fix a bug or two."

Her code encompasses a variety of programs, each represent a piece of the design puzzle as well as the "infrastructure" code which ties these programs together in an automated and individualizeable manner.

Curious About Artificial Intelligence

During her undergraduate days, Michigan's computer classes were part of the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, not the College of Engineering as is the case today. "I probably wouldn't have ended up an engineer had computer science not been part of Liberal Arts," she says. "I'm sure I never would have thought then to join the Engineering College!"

Her undergraduate work focused on artificial intelligence, which was the hot topic at the time. "That was interesting, but it's very far away from the computer," she says. It wasn't until she took an assembly language programming class during her senior year that she discovered her passion for highly technical work.

Levine, who received her bachelor's degree in computer science in 1985 and a master's degree in computer engineering in 1987, says she got an excellent, well-rounded education at Michigan, but most useful was the foundation in problem-solving that she got during her computer classes. She cites as an example having to write a program that figured out how six city buses could get from the bus station to their destinations on different routes and back in a minimum amount of time.

Continued on next page

Valley Woman!

Continued from page 15

'Everyone needs to have someone pushing them to attain a little more than what is easy and comfortable.'

Her first response to such assignments was always the same: "You'd look at it and go, 'I have no idea!'" But as she learned to program, she learned a way of thinking and breaking down large tasks into manageable pieces, a skill she uses every day on the job.

Women's Place in High-Tech

The research is overwhelmingly troubling: Despite efforts to encourage more young girls to succeed in math and science classes, relatively few will go on to major in a technology-related subject in college, and fewer still will enter tech-related careers.

Early this year, two new studies were released showing how little progress has been made:

- A study by the University of California-Los Angeles found that female college freshmen were as computer-literate as men, but men were twice as likely to rate their skills as "above average."

- An Arthur Anderson Growth and Retention of Women Project study showed high school girls were five times less likely than boys to consider technology-related studies in college or technology-related careers despite being equally computer literate.

Levine, the mother of an 18-month-old daughter, believes that one of the reasons behind girls' lack of interest in engineering and other high-tech careers is the scarcity of prominent female role models. She was the lone young woman in most of her computer and engineering classes, and since entering the work force, she has met few female peers among her co-workers and even fewer female superiors. Only 9 percent of employed engineers are women, according to the Engineering Workforce Commission of the American Association of Engineering Societies.

But things are changing. Last year, 20.6 percent of the bachelor's degrees in engineering went to women, up from 9.6 percent in 1980 and 15.4 percent in 1990, according to the commission's data. (Cinda-Sue Davis, director of U-M's Women in Science and Engineering program, says that 28 percent of College of Engineering undergraduate engineering degrees went to women this year, among the

highest figures in the nation.—Ed.)

The key to creating more female engineers is encouraging young girls to embrace science and math, Levine says. For Levine, it was an advanced chemistry/physics teacher at Evanston Township High School who made the difference by encouraging her to keep trying even when she found the problems overwhelmingly difficult.

"Everyone needs to have someone pushing them to attain a little more than what is easy and comfortable," Levine says. "It's really important to have teachers and advisors who say, 'Just stick with it and it'll make sense,' to encourage girls not to give up if they don't immediately understand the subject."

The College of Engineering's Cooperative Education Program gave Levine the chance to test her skills and her passion for working with computers. In between the two years of her master's studies, the program matched Levine with IBM on a project in Maryland revising the Federal Aviation Administration air traffic control program.

"That was a really great real-world experience," the first time she put her classroom knowledge to practical use, she says. She now wishes she'd participated in an internship program during her undergraduate studies also, and

hopes her young company will one day bring in student interns. "We should put something into the next generation coming out of school because these students are going to be our workforce in just a few years," she says.

The Motherhood Balancing Act

Giving birth to Lila in December 1999 has forced Levine to put more balance into her life. She envisions eventually leaving the company — although not for at least several years — and possibly moving into philanthropy. "I'm looking forward to the unknown after ReShape makes it. I feel like I've done computers now — it's fun to think I'll go back to school, find a new niche," she says.

Before becoming a mother Levine would "get so obsessed with a bug that sometimes I'd go back to work at 11 p.m. and stay until 6 a.m. I think you have to be forced not to work like that." Now, she makes herself leave work

at 5 p.m. each day, even if it means leaving during a meeting or cutting a conversation short. Even software bugs, she has learned, can wait a day.

"It's frantic, I have to say," she says, describing cramming what she used to spend at least 12 hours a day doing into no more than eight. "I've stopped answering my phone, I've stopped answering email sometimes. People are like, 'You're never there. I can never reach you.' I tell them, 'Nope, no time to answer the phone. I'll call you when I'm in my car.' I make extensive use of my cell phone," she says, laughing. She's not kidding, either. Our half-hour trip between her home in Menlo Park and ReShape headquarters in Mountain View was filled almost non-stop with telephone conversations with friends, family members and colleagues. But leaving at 5 is worth it, she says, because "in the end, your work is your work. It's your family, your friends, who are going to be there for you."

What's Ahead for Lila?

When she hears the statistics about girls and science, Margie Levine hopes the current pattern won't be an issue as Lila grows up. But Levine may have her work cut out for her in teaching Lila to love computers and the Internet. By 14 months old, Lila had already learned that the computer could be competition for her parents' attention. Levine says she and her husband, Krist Roginski, who consults in the electronic design automation field, quickly learned not to work from home while Lila is awake.

"She hates the computer; she sees me sit down at it, and she tugs on the cord that attaches me to the Internet," Levine says, chuckling before getting more serious. "It's very difficult. You feel sort of torn. You're in the middle of maybe responding to someone or fixing a bug, and here's your kid now, and she's crying and wants your attention. So when I'm here with her, I'm focused on her." **MT**

Aviva L. Brandt is a free-lance writer based in Portland, Oregon.

Engineering's Co-op Program

The College of Engineering's Cooperative Education Program falls under the Engineering Career Resource Center. Center Director Cynthia Redwine said that in the 1999-2000 academic year about 175 students participated in the cooperative program.

"The cooperative program differs from an internship," Redwine explains. "Cooperative students are enrolled, but are assigned for up to two consecutive semesters at a paying job site, where they work at least 30 hours a week. Internships are less structured, and students aren't registered while on internship."

Co-op students receive no academic credit, but a supervisor who is an engineer evaluates them, and the student evaluates the relationship from his or her perspective. U-M engineering students may take up to three co-op assignments during their undergrad career. "They frequently return once or twice to the same employer," Redwine says. "The biggest advantage is they are likely to graduate with a great job."

For more information, contact Redwine at redwine@umich.edu

Glossary

For-loops and if-then-else's: Both are types of loops, which are a series of instructions that repeat until a certain condition is met. Loops are one of the most basic programming concepts.

Computer Punch Cards: Ancestor of the floppy disk. Early computers were huge machines operated by cards on which data had been punched in. Each card had a physical limit of 80 characters, and was numbered and stored in numerical sequence.

Physical design: The process of laying down and connecting the transistors and wires that make up a chip, in such a way that the chip meets its target specifications.

Meta-tool: Computer software that allows the user to use multiple software tools—e.g., word-processing software, a spreadsheet, a database, time-management software and presentation software—from the same starting point.

Assembly Language Programming: Assembly language is the computer programming language closest to the machine language (the binary code of just ones and zeros) that a computer can execute. Each assembly-language statement corresponds to one machine-language statement, but assembly language statements are written in a symbolic code that is easier for humans to read. People rarely write computer programs in machine language; instead, they use a programming language that the computer translates into machine language.

Automation technology: This technology commonly ties together a series of steps that would otherwise be executed by a human. Since humans often rely on their own memory to recall which step to do when, this series of steps is typically quite error prone if not automated.

Processor: The brains of a computer. The processor is where most calculations take place.

Letters

Miller, Wallenberg et al.

YOUR STORY about Arthur Miller ("Larger Than Life" by Leslie Stainton) reminded me of the late 1930s in Ann Arbor. Have you done one on Harry Carver? He was a full professor of math and/or statistics. I once heard he resigned from the University to join the Marines as a private at the outbreak of WW II. Among the tales current was his offer of an "A" to any of his students who beat him in a footrace.

Edward S. Weiss
Montgomery Village, Maryland

We would be pleased to hear of other information about Prof. Harry Carver (18??-19??) We should add that our report on the gift of Charles Walgreen Jr. '28, '51 MS (Hon.), '92 Doctor of Humane Letters (Hon.) was only half right. The Walgreens' \$5 million gift to the Walgreen Drama Center, which will house the Arthur Miller Theater, supplemented an earlier gift of \$5 million, also made in 2000, making the total \$10 million. The Center will contain several smaller theaters as well. Another \$3 million Walgreen gift supports four schools: LSA, Music, Pharmacy and Education.—Ed.

PLAYWRIGHT Arthur Miller and television personality Mike Wallace are numbered among Michigan's more prominent alumni. And well they should be. Presumably this is why readers of *Michigan Today* (most recently Winter 2001), *The Alumnus* and *LSA Magazine* can count on regular updates telling of their comings and goings off and on campus.

But, alas, what are the editors going to do for copy at such time as life's final curtain falls for Mr. Miller and TV cameras fade to black one last time for Mr. Wallace?

Though there is always the possibility they can be "Wallenberged" and given another 50 years in print after death, would it not be time to scan our alma mater's roster of almost 400,000 living alumni to identify not just a pair but scores of suitable replacements to fill the editorial space so amply afforded Messrs. Miller and Wallace by U-M publications over, lo, these many years?

Robert Trost '58, '60 MA
Grand Rapids, Michigan

WHAT KIND of person was Raoul Wallenberg? Sandor Ardai (one of Wallenberg's drivers): "I've never heard Wallenberg speak an unnecessary word....never a complaint, even if he could not sleep more than a few hours for several days."

Tom Veres (Wallenberg's photographer): "My idol, to me he didn't seem human." Shalom Schwartz (worked at the Swiss legation): "He was filled with such patience it was just unbelievable."

Per Anger (a fellow diplomat): "He kept telling me he was afraid, and I thought that only a man who can admit that is probably genuinely courageous."

He once told an aide: "I like this dangerous game. I love this dangerous game."

Wallenberg would constantly risk his life to save others and was never satisfied with his accomplishments. When he was about to leave for Debresen to meet with the Russians, some of his colleagues warned him about possible dangers, but those who had seen him handle the Nazis were certain he could handle the Russians; they were allies not enemies—so what could go wrong?

Roy Euker '58 Arch
New York

'Ann Arbor opened my eyes'

I WOULD like to respond to the letter written by G.M. Freeman in the Winter 2001 issue. The fact that you list your personal interactions with specific non-white nationalities proves that affirmative action is still needed in our society. The day that your eyes do not separate by race except in a sign of respect and eagerness to learn more about that person is the day it is no longer needed. The day that a student in the US can get a comparable education from a rural farming area with no college-prep courses vs. an affluent suburban community with deep pocket books, so that students are evaluated on an equal ground, is the day that affirmative action is irrelevant. The day that it is the most natural thing in the world for people to embrace cultures outside of our comfort zone is when it is no longer required.

In regards to your eating at an expensive restaurant and that a majority of the diners were white: first of all, money does not define success to everyone as it obviously does to yourself. Maybe there is a non-white billionaire that does not need to bother eating at expensive restaurants because they have their own private cooking staff. You took one isolated incident in your life and formed your opinion. That is fine because it is your opinion. It is just shocking to me that you decided to broadcast this isolated view to the people that read this magazine. You made a sweeping generalization that all expensive restaurants in this country have mostly white patrons. That idea is ignorant and is a true example of why affirmative action is still

needed. Who knows? Maybe there was a better expensive restaurant in the area that all the non-white people go to and you just don't know about it. Maybe all the white people in that area are bad cooks and are forced to eat elsewhere to sustain themselves! Maybe the fare at that particular restaurant was so bland that it is ignored by the rest of the non-white population in the area. You cannot assume the circumstances that led to the mix of people in that restaurant on that particular day.

I, personally, am extremely grateful to the diversity that I was exposed to in my years at U-M. I come from a suburban town that is probably over 95% Caucasian upper-middle class, and living in Ann Arbor opened my eyes very quickly. I would much rather have gone through that awkward stage of learning to accept others different from myself in a college situation than in the professional world where my job, and potentially my career, is on the line. College is where you learn to work and live with others of all races and cultures, and you can take that knowledge to the workplace after graduation.

Heather McKee '99 BSE, Mechanical
Engineering
Farmington Hills, Michigan

I WAS surprised to read, in the new issue of *Michigan Today* that arrived yesterday, that someone "had been writing about science in Africa while interred in a Missouri prison" (page 19, top of third column). I suppose his work was published by an underground press.

Andreas Blass
(Mathematics Department)

It should have been "interned." Or was this an instance in which the pen was mightier than the sword?—Ed.

LOOKING BACK over the fascinating (as usual!) Fall 2000 issue of MICHIGAN TODAY, I was struck by a certain contrast between the fate of Natalie and Chandler Davis, Mark Nickerson, and Clement Markert, some of whom lost their academic positions in the USA in the early fifties for their left-wing sympathies (2 long articles, pp. 16-18), and the fate of Raoul Wallenberg, who was apparently put to death in the USSR for (suspected) "non-left-wing" sympathies (letter from Roy Euker, p. 20).

I'm happy for the Davises and for the children of Prof. Markert and Prof. Nickerson, that, after a (brief) loss of employment, all of those fired academics "went on to distinguished academic careers." Pity that Mr. Wallenberg did not survive to enjoy the same sort of relatively quick and total "rehabilitation."

This raises an interesting question for Profs. Natalie and Chandler Davis. When

you were preparing "Operation Mind" back in 1952, how many paragraphs in your pamphlet did you devote to the unknown but worrisome fate of UM alumnus Raoul Wallenberg, who was already known to have suffered some sort of restriction of his "academic (or non-academic) freedom" and of his "civil liberties"?

I hope that your just concerns over the persecution of intellectuals on political grounds in the USA were extended equally to people in the Soviet bloc, like Wallenberg, Gabrilovich, and Markish...?

Prof. Steven P. Hill, '58 MA, '65PhD,
Dept. of Slavic Languages
Univ. of Illinois at Urbana

I WANTED to write to agree with Mr. Euker about the renaming of the College of Architecture and Urban Planning to honor Mr. Taubman. The decision was shortsighted and antithetical to the ideology of the school. Beside which, Taubman already has a name-sake on the Michigan campus—the medical library, right?

When I first received the news in the mail about the name change I was disgusted. Why did the school choose to rename itself in honor of a person for donating money but not actually having any significant impact on the profession of architecture itself? It seemed sleazy to me, frankly. Also, why did no one ever open the possibility for change up for discussion? As a graduate, I felt that my opinion should have been invited at least, even if they were going to ignore it. Finally, if the school was so eager to change its name, why didn't we change it to the Tom Monaghan School of Architecture back when it seemed the school was sucking up to him several years ago? He at least wanted to be an architect before he made his money elsewhere.

I would like to second the nomination for Raoul Wallenberg or any other illustrious graduate. My sentimental alternative would be Dr. Emmanuel-George Vakalo—a much loved and major influence on many of the school's graduates. Vakalo's love of education, mentoring, and philosophy were more in line with the school's reason for being than Taubman's, I'm sure.

Lisa S. Rowe '93 Arch
Chandler, Arizona

ANOTHER wonderful issue from *MT*. A colleague of mine in Michigan graduate English study and I were delighted with the story on Ralph Williams in particular. Ralph meant very much to my own study of poetry at the University.

Nan Sweet '60, '93 PhD
St. Louis

I FOUND your article "A smash in the world of table tennis" [by Joel Seguire in the spring '01 issue—Ed.] and the accomplishments of Ashoo Jain of particular interest. I suppose it is in antiquity now, but back in 1955 U of M was the proud winner of the US Collegiate Table Tennis tournament. We captured several trophies and the large silver cup that rotated to the winning school each year.

The final round was memorable. By some manipulation the opposing team (I seem to recall it was Ohio State) was able to switch their #1 and #3 players. The #3 player was an Asian playing with the recently introduced sponge-covered paddle. As the #1 player on the Michigan team, I barely won my match, struggling with the strange spins produced by my opponent's sponge paddle. This left the score at 2 to 2 with the final match between their #1 player, who held a national ranking and our #3 player who was playing in his first national tournament.

It seemed our opponents' ploy had worked. We were resigned to winning second place. Amazingly, after losing the first game our player—who was a fighter—battled back to win the second game. Everybody was on edge as the score went to several deuces in the final game, and we jumped and shouted for joy when Michigan's player won! I don't know if the trophies are still in the trophy case in the athletic building, being undoubtedly superseded by others, but those were exciting times for Table Tennis at Michigan.

Alvin M. Ring '58 MD
Email

THANK YOU for including the article featuring Luke Bergmann's research, "What is childhood in a postindustrial, rust belt city?" in the Winter 2001 issue of *Michigan Today*. Social Work is an undervalued profession in our society, largely because we serve populations that society would oftentimes rather forget about. As a '96 graduate of the School of Social Work, I appreciate that *Michigan Today* has given us a little limelight.

I too have worked the streets of Detroit, as well as Boston and San Francisco, providing direct services to high-risk families. I laud Bergmann's task is to conduct research, in the process of forming positive relationships with youth and showing an interest in their lives, he is most certainly making a difference on an individual level as well. Kudos to him for furthering our understanding of an extremely marginalized subculture.

Michelle Avery Ferguson
San Francisco, California

Rust Belt researcher

I WAS impressed with Luke Bergmann's accomplishment connecting with the juvenile drug trade in Detroit. I was born in Detroit and grew up in nearby Farmington. We got

"downtown" quite often for shopping, the opera, library, Briggs stadium, amusement parks, boat rides and such. My dad taught at Mackenzie High. It became increasingly difficult for him as the school became all Black. Once a gang took over the school and held the teachers hostage. There were student murders and general violence at the school. One of the Black teachers preached race hatred when he was supposed to be teaching physics. We pleaded with my dad to transfer to a less dangerous school or to retire, but he kept at it, working additional hours in night school and summer school. Salaries were low, but he managed to put my sister and me through college. My mother did occasional substitute teaching in Farmington.

I appreciated, too, Mr. Bergmann's scholarly detachment on the institutionalization of the drug trade and the role of the justice system. It saddens me to realize that nearly everyone now accepts the drug culture as a permanent part of American city life. The kids want to become cops or lawyers. I wonder if they realize that a drug arrest record will deny them scholarships and other advantages in life that the rest of us take for granted. I hope Mr. Bergmann and others will use some of their discoveries about the system to find a way to break it.

Richard E. Schreiber
Email

Donne to death

I DON'T want to beat this "catch a falling star" thing to death. But I do find it odd that the references to the poem never got to its point. Or perhaps not so odd in these days of PC and Women's Lib. Donne is considered by some to be the greatest love poet in the English language. Yet his list of impossibilities continues:

*If thou beest born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee
Thou, when thou return'st wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair...*

For the record, I found the complete poem in a textbook from an English class I took at Michigan more than 50 years ago. I cannot tell you the name of the book because its cover is long gone. But I keep its pages, yellowed and worn, wrapped in plastic near my desk. I still use it to jog my memory and refresh my mind.

Allan B. Clamage '50
Email

AT THE RISK of having the fundraising department read this and then unleash a

flood of letters telling how I can leave my money to the University of Michigan, I want to compliment the editor and staff of *Michigan Today*. For years, I have read this well-written publication, enjoyed the wide array of subjects, and discarded it without once thanking those who are responsible for the high quality. So, accept my apologies and thanks. I'll be looking forward to every issue.

Al Traugott.
Email

SO WE'RE going to charge an additional \$5 "premium" for the Ohio State game [see article on football ticket prices, Spring 2001 issue—Ed.], presumably because that school has been known, on occasion, to field a competitive football team. Why stop there? Some suggestions:

- Purdue. Anyone who has seen the last 40 or so Golden Girls, and who has the sense to bring binoculars, knows that she is worth at least an extra 3 or 4 bucks.

- Indiana. Its team is almost always weak, but its band invariably outnumbers the football squad, and IU is inarguably the best music school in the Big 10.

- Northwestern. "For its pretty girls," as the old song goes. Just its cheerleaders alone beat any Broadway show.

One could go on, but the point is made: Ours is a conference of equal educational institutions—distinctions are out of place and tasteless.

George Walsh '49, '52L
New York City

RIGHT ON, R.A.K.! (re Roy Euker's letter in our last issue—Ed.). You are absolutely correct (though I wish you had more than "reservations" about renaming the architecture college). It's bad enough when mere buildings are renamed after subsequent donors, but to rename the entire college after Taubman is unconscionable and inexcusable. The college had been in existence for many decades before Taubman came along with his millions. What was the Administration thinking of?

As I wrote the college at the time, they obviously don't need my paltry annual contribution any more, and will never receive it again—at least if the college remains named after Taubman or any other Big Donor. Buildings may be named after the donors who make them possible, but to rename a college? Fough! The original college name should be restored.

At the time of the original letter, Taubman was only implicated in the Justice Department investigation of alleged crimes at Sotheby's. Now he's been indicted. Even if he is tried and found not guilty, the college name should be restored. If he is found guilty by trial or pleading, the college name is forever tarnished by this association based on receipt of tainted gains.

When a suitably eminent person (professor, graduate) has gone to eternal rest, then is the time to consider renamings. Even then, based on the incessant push to name or rename places and things after US presidents (JFK and Reagan, who is still among the living), it can be carried to extremes and may be fraught with peril!

Pamela W. Ritter '52 Arch
Fairfield, Connecticut

I FIND it interesting that an article on writing has a word created by a mistake. The writer wrote, but the editor didn't edit. Perhaps you need to publish an article on guidelines for editing. (You are right. We printed "anextensive vocabulary" instead of "an extensive" in our article on the Sweetland Writing Center. Thank you.—Ed.)

Alice Herben
Rackham '60

UPDATE YOUR RESUMES

The Career Planning & Placement (CPP) office is conducting its regular review of reference letter files that have been inactive for ten years. Files that have not been used since 1991 must now be updated by July 31, 2001, to remain active. After that date, all inactive files will be deactivated and destroyed. File deactivation affects only reference letters. Transcripts and other academic material will not be affected by deactivation of reference letter files.

To maintain an active file, students or alumni/ae must have conducted one or more of the following transactions since 1991:

- (1) requested to send reference letters as part of an admission or employment process;
- (2) added new letters to the file; or
- (3) submitted updated personal data in writing (e.g. current address, telephone or newly acquired degree).

Any U-M graduate or current student may start or update a file, free of charge, through letter (address below) or through the CPP Website, at www.cpp.umich.edu. Link to the Student or Alumni/ae section, and then the Reference Letter Center section, to find the necessary information and forms to maintain an active file.

If you have any questions, please contact the Reference Letter Center at: Career Planning & Placement, 3200 Student Activities Building, 515 East Jefferson Street, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1316. Phone: (734) 764-7459. Fax (734) 763-4917. E-mail: cp&p@umich.edu.

A JEWISH STUDENT FROM NEW JERSEY, HAROLD HERMAN WROTE HOME OFTEN, AND HIS LETTERS REFLECT CAMPUS LIFE IN THE WORLD WAR I ERA.

Bayonne Boy

By Joan Elmouchi

In the autumn of 1917 a small group of young men journeyed halfway across the country from Bayonne, New Jersey to Ann Arbor to begin college life at the University of Michigan. They called themselves the "Bayonne Boys." Among them was my grandfather, Harold Herman.

Harold was a prodigious letter-writer, penning detailed letters to his father and stepmother back in New Jersey. He told them everything about his new life, from the cost and menus of his meals to descriptions of the clothes he wore. He was often pleading for money, complaining about the high cost of living in Ann Arbor. His first surviving letter, from October of 1917, is twelve pages long. Harold's revealing letters leave an invaluable and fascinating record of Jewish student life during the early part of the century.

Harold was the son of Abraham Herman, who manufactured and sold cloth caps and hats. His mother, Anna Gold Herman, died when Harold was only three. With his father traveling extensively for business, Harold was raised by his Aunt Bertha and Uncle Henry Schindler, who had no children of their own. When Harold was 13 his father married Clara Loeb; their union produced two daughters.

Arriving in Ann Arbor, Harold found lodgings in Mrs. Wilson's boarding house, sharing a room with his Bayonne friend Rippis. Extremely close to his family despite his unusual upbringing, in his first surviving letter home the homesick freshman wrote:

I have a little complaint to make and that is that the letters I receive from home are not near as equal to those I send you. I tell you everything and that takes about two hours. Just as you are anxious to know all about me, I am doubly anxious to know all about you and the family. So far I received only one letter that I call



Aunt Bertha Schindler, who raised Harold from the age of 3 to 12, when Harold's widowed father remarried.



Harold as a boy with his father, Abraham Herman.

satisfactory. I sent postals to friends and the whole family. Not one answer have I received and I feel pretty sore about it too.

Although his family soon began to correspond in kind, Harold's entreaties for long, newsy letters continued throughout his four years at Michigan.

Harold's initial financial arrangement called for a stipend of \$10 a week for room and board, books, clothing and all other incidentals. He quickly found this insufficient, although his friends from Bayonne thought it qualified him as "a rich man's son." Rapidly running out of funds, Harold explained:

The only thing that is different from the other boys and myself is the price of eating. I pay \$5.60 for 14 meals and an average of \$7.00 for 21 meals a week, while they pay \$3.25 to \$3.50 a week for 14 meals. The difference is I eat kosher and they eat trief [non-Kosher food]. I am the only Bayonne boy eating "kosher" at the college.

Laundry posed another problem. In his first letter home, an unprepared Harold wrote, "Write me what to do with my laundry as it is collecting rapidly. Many students send theirs home in special cases which are sold here." Indeed, Harold continued to send some of his dirty laundry all the way to New Jersey for his stepmother to wash!

In his first semester Harold took 15 hours of class work: a history lecture and recitation, geology excursions and laboratory, and seven and a half hours of military training.

All together I have 27 hours a week of work that I have to report to and can't be absent from. If absent from these hours—well, the idea is that you can't be absent without losing credit and being marked down and losing some work. This



Harold accompanies his father, perhaps on a sales trip. Abraham manufactured and sold cloth caps and hats.

Photos courtesy of Joan Elmouchi

is college and not high school. So far I wasn't late nor absent (knock wood). No one tells you to come—no one pushes you or threatens you. But it's peculiar, you come yourself and you hurry about it too.

If the academic discipline of college was a revelation, there was still more to come:

The question is, how much home study is required for these 15 college hours. The general rule that exists in the university among the faculty and students is for every hour of college work there should be at least two hours home study. That makes it thirty hours a week. But how about if you don't get your work completed in thirty hours? Well, the only thing to do is to work until you do get it even if it takes you the whole day and night. The professors expect the work done and if you haven't got it that's your fault. This is the greatest point where high school and college differ.

Papa pops in; Harold cleans up

Abe Herman traveled throughout the country procuring accounts for his hat business, and when possible he visited Harold in Ann Arbor. Knowing his father would be in Ohio, in October 1917 he urged him to "try and make it November 10, the day of the great Cornell game." On October 27 he wrote, "Yea Michigan! Yea Michigan! We beat Cornell in football yesterday 42-0. Some game! Was very sorry papa could not attend."

Harold was unprepared when his father did visit in November of 1917. Abe was apparently not pleased with what he found, for an apologetic Harold wrote:

I am attending to all things you spoke about in your letter. I took a haircut and shave. If I see a good pair of shoes in Detroit I get them tomorrow. Today I cleaned up the room and it looks spic and span. Your letter indeed is meant well but you must consider you caught me just at a time when my mind was only on examinations. I know that had you come after the exams or a few weeks before you would have found things the way you desired them. So bear in mind that the unsettled room and the things not in their proper places was due to my not

Continued on next page

Bayonne Boy

Continued from page 19



Harold Herman's senior picture, June 1921.

having my mind on those things at that time. If you came today you would have seen the difference. First, I feel better, have a smile on me, my room clean, everything in its place.

One of Harold's Bayonne friends, Dave Racoosin, had family in Detroit who welcomed visits from the Bayonne Boys. In early December of 1917 Harold traveled to Detroit to visit his Uncle Meyer, who was staying at the Ponchartrain Hotel:

After I left Uncle I went to Racoosin's house where I had a wonderful dinner of steak and other good eats. I certainly did enjoy that meal. ... After supper I attended a dance

given by the YMHA [Young Men's Hebrew Association] of Detroit at the Shaarey Zedek. I met many Detroit Jewish boys and girls. This was the first time I danced since I left Bayonne. I slept at Racoosin's and next a.m. we woke up at 5 o'clock and we came back in time for our 7:30 classes. That was a good little enjoyment for me. It ought to keep me until Christmas.

Harold's first winter in Ann Arbor was an eye-opener. On January 14, 1918, he wrote:

Friday night we had a snowstorm and believe me, some storm! The snow was about fourteen inches high, the temperature all day on Saturday was 22 degrees below zero and the wind blew at 40 miles an hour. All traffic and communication was stopped because everything was snowbound. Our room was very warm as our landlady kept putting more and more coal on the fire. We have enough coal to last the winter.

By February 4th he didn't sound as confident:

The weather in Ann Arbor as well as other places is frigid. We have enough snow. Today we have a wonderful day, the sun is shining at its best but it is as cold as the North Pole. Coal is as scarce as diamonds. However our landlady has a supply that will last the winter—we hope. It was so cold today at the examination that the professor excused us from answering the whole test. The University is only opened during the daytime. Certain parts of buildings are closed entirely. This is because the University, which has enough coal, is helping out the city, which is without any at all. The closing rules are very strictly observed. Today all stores are closed.

A perspective on low grades

In December of his freshman year Harold wrote his father that he received his exam grades in rhetoric. "In the first I got a C+ and in the second, B. Since the others in the class got low marks, mine are among the best in the class. It is therefore I feel good in spirit." However, in Janu-

ary he was dismayed to learn that the University had notified Abe that his work was below par:

I was unaware that you had been notified or were to be notified. I had a conference with the Dean, and he treated me well and told me that my marks in geology and Spanish are not satisfactory. He told me to brace up and see my professors.

Always anxious to please and impress his father, Harold used his letters as a means of winning Abe's respect. He wrote often about his social and academic achievements, his patriotism and especially his adherence to Orthodox Jewish observance and tradition. He was sick with worry upon discovering that U-M had sent his father a negative report, but was reassured after Abe sent him encouraging words:

Your letter acted as an inspirator. Your kind, friendly and instructive words I am thinking about constantly. It gives me encouragement to know that you believe in me and have faith in me. It is needless to tell you that I am working hard at my studies. I did not feel any too good due to the notice, but now I feel much better.

On February 4 Harold wrote about a special event:

Teddy Roosevelt is speaking in Detroit this week and a great parade will take place. The University has called all those who wish to hear him to go in a body, which will be 1,000 men led by the famous Michigan band and faculty. Ripps, myself and Racoosin, also some of the other Bayonne boys, are going since we have no school and can hear Teddy—but most of all because a couple of good meals are awaiting us at Mrs. Racoosin's.

By the end of March 1918, the deep freeze ended and Harold wrote that "the weather is wonderful. Bright, sunny, warm—lovely weather." He was looking forward to March 24, when he would be in "as a guest of Temple Beth-El. Eleven o'clock we will have divine services in the Temple. One o'clock we have home hospitality—that means some members of the swell Temple Beth-El bunch will have me as their dinner guest. Swell stuff."

A lonely Spring Break—then war!

On April 5, 1918, Harold wrote a poignant letter home:

This a.m. I have finished my classes and am now on my spring vacation which I wish was rather the end than the start. I suppose it is foolish of me to say this but it is exactly how I feel, when the day is bright and sunny and the streets of Ann Arbor are filled with smiles and yelling of goodbyes and shaking friends' hands and wishing them a pleasant and enjoyable vacation. They leave for the depot with suitcase in hand and I return to my room and sit down to write this letter and make the best of ten days in a college town on a vacation, which is worse than living in isolation. Even the movies close up, store keepers also close and the thing you do is wish school opens again so the town will lay off its resemblance to a cemetery. So is life in Ann Arbor and such am I now about to

embark into for 10 days. If you want to feel blue come to Ann Arbor and see a mob of students leave on the day previous to a vacation when you are not among them.

The next day, the United States entered World War I. U-M enthusiastically supported the war effort, and Harold was wildly patriotic. In his first letter home he wrote:

I desire that you make some arrangement whereby you can forward me fifty dollars of my own money so I can purchase a Liberty Bond. In the first campaign I neglected to purchase one. In this one I insist upon having one. A college campaign is going on and I desire to subscribe from the standpoint of a University student.

Until World War I, the training of military officers was a haphazard affair at best. The advent of World War I's modern weapons and tactics made the need for a reliable source of trained officers critical. So in 1916 the National Defense Act established the army ROTC program. For ROTC's first two years it was known as the Student Army Training Corps (SATC), and Harold was part of Michigan's very first SATC class of 1,800 students. He was enamored with the idea of being a soldier and even enthusiastic about military drills. "The students are a patriotic bunch, all right," he had written the previous November.

He was especially excited about wearing a uniform, informing his father that regulation shirts cost \$3.50, while army shoes would be "\$6.50 a pair retail. The shoes we are getting are being partly paid by the State of Michigan and our part is 80¢. Pretty cheap, eh?"

"Our uniforms are in Ann Arbor," he wrote excitedly two months before the US declared war, "and will be given out the week of February 11. They are heavy woolen and keep one exceedingly warm." In March he wrote:

In military drill we now drill in the field and it looks fine to see all the boys in their uniforms marching about the town and campus. I have been detailed as a guide. That means a temporary promotion and is one of the highest non-commissioned offices in the company.

Harold's enthusiasm worried his family, who feared he would leave college to enlist. On March 22 he tried to reassure them:

Yesterday we had a special lecture by the dean and he read a letter from Presidents Wilson, Baker and Daniels requesting that college men not enlist unless they are of draft age. He urged that they devote their time to college and try to complete



Harold and his lifelong friend, Bayonne Boy 'Red' Samuels, in Red's Stinger in 1919.



Detail from photo of U-M's first Student Army Training Corps (SATC) class, which was bound for Waco, Texas, in 1918. SATC was replaced by the ROTC program during the war.

it in a shorter time. I wrote you before that the camp is not open to freshmen. So don't worry about me signing up. The government has not sent us bullets so we drill with guns minus bullets.

Onslaught of the flu

But when Harold returned to Michigan in the fall of 1918 for his sophomore year, he plunged right into military life. The war was now a top priority, with 2,700 U-M students enrolled in the SATC. Also of growing concern was the great influenza epidemic, which reached its peak in 1918 and 1919; 500,000 Americans and 20 million people worldwide died of this devastating illness. In his letters of 1917 and early 1918 Harold constantly reassured his family that he was in good health. This became no casual matter as his sophomore year began. On October 8, 1918, he wrote:

At present everything is quarantined here, all the movies, churches and public places are closed. The men all wear influenza masks. Out of our company we have five men in the hospital with bad grippe, while in the barracks we have seventeen men with lesser grippe and colds. Every day doctors come to the barracks and spray our noses with a certain medicine.

Harold made his feeling clear in the same letter, writing, "As to school work I have not attended a single class. We are in the real US Army and not at school. No man thinks of school." Because the flu had decimated the supply of regular army officers, Harold began to rise in the ranks almost as soon as his career began. Within two days he was appointed top sergeant, the highest noncommissioned officer next to the lieutenant.

*Yesterday the officers called me in, asked me several military questions and then asked me if I want to go to an officer's training camp. You know the answer. Then he asked me my exact age and that spoiled my joy. "You're too godd***ed young, Sgt. Herman," he said. "You got time in another three months." So you can picture how I feel. Only two other men got recommendations that were asked. They were 20 years old.*

Harold was in direct charge of 180 men, "all older than myself. They consist of engineers, law students and pharmacists." He was liaison between the regular officers and the student soldiers. "I believe I answer 300 questions a day, about 200 of them foolish ones. Before a private can speak to an officer he must receive permission from me." It was heady stuff for a young man just starting his second year of college. Harold boasted that he had his own desk, a semi-private room and a clothes closet all to himself. "My room is swept out by privates. I have four heavy army blankets and I feel warm. The house I live in [at 1617 Washtenaw] belongs to one of the best frats. It is wonderful." Still, Harold strove to earn the respect of his men:

I try hard to do the right thing by the men and I believe I have succeeded. I am strict but still not hard. If I was rotten I would have heard and perhaps been busted out of my job. Ripps, who is a duty sergeant under me in my company, tells me I am doing good and that the men like me. I pass jokes in the proper place and time. When an error takes place I take the blame where I am wrong. I give them all a fair chance. It's a hard job to keep your authority over men to a certain point where you don't begin to dominate them. The men in my company are all juniors, and here I am a last year's freshman giving them commands.

In spite of his age, less than a week later Harold got his wish and was among the first 63 men in the SATC to be sent to an officer's training camp at Camp McArthur in Waco, Texas.

Combating 'Immorality'

In a letter of unusual frankness, Abe Herman wrote his son concerning morality and, more specifically, the specter of venereal disease. Harold replied confidentially, in a letter that he said was not to be read by his stepmother, and explained in detail the physical inspections and other measures that the army took to protect the soldiers (as well as the local female population) from fraternization and possible disease. "If a man gets a disease he is court-martialed," he said.

"The army does all in its power to prevent immorality. But it's up to the men themselves."

Not only did the army forbid dating a "girl who does not look just right to the officer," it also told soldiers not to discuss the issue of peace with civilians. "You asked me a question about peace," Harold wrote, "about which we have definite instructions not to speak or write about." He then proceeded to write about it in detail:

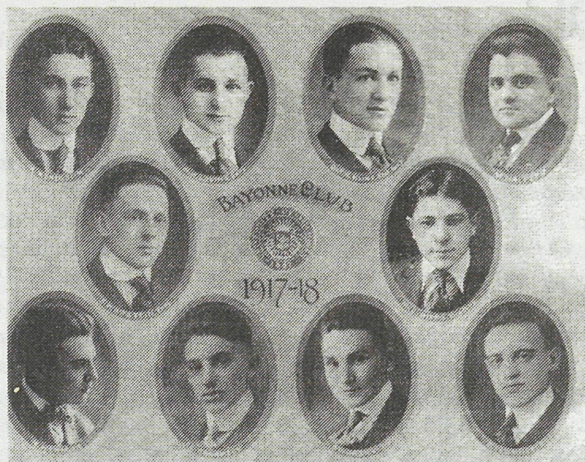
Don't get rattled with this Peace talk. It's all newspaper talk. Peace is far off yet. The war is not over and won't be until our allied armies get to Berlin. That is the only Peace a true-blooded American citizen should want. Now is the time to hit and hit hard and our peace will come by victory, which will crush Kaiserism from the earth forever.

How could the war be ending, he wondered, when 1,500 new men were scheduled to arrive in camp, when 6,000 drafted troops had come in the week before and thousands were being sent to France, "train load after train load were sent out. Don't look as if the army authorities are taking a chance on this peace talk, does it?"

Two days after Harold wrote those words, the armistice ending the war was signed, on November 11, 1918. He had been eager to receive his commission and be sent overseas as an officer, and was sorely disappointed that he wasn't to have his opportunity for glory.

When the official announcement came from Washington some of us felt sore, from a personal standpoint and happy because we stopped Germany and the killing ceased. We did not get the news until the buglers played Sherman's Victory March one morning.

With the announcement of the armistice came confusion, and "rumor after rumor was around the camp." Finally "all the student officers were brought together and the General of the camp and the Colonel in charge of the school gave us a talk. This talk was straight dope and cut out all rumor for the time being." The camp was to continue, all classes would graduate and "the men will be commissioned and most of them will see service abroad." A large standing army was needed, and the General was "confident that many of us will be Lieuts. and have charge of the important work of reconstructing Europe, especially Russia."



The original Bayonne Boys. Top (l-r) A. Kenigson, N.H. Lavine, B.M.A. Kline, M. Halperin. Middle: S.P. Epstein, M.L. Ripps. Bottom: H. Herman, J.L. Abramson, S. Swersky, P. Slomovitz. (Re: Phil Slomovitz, see 'The Little Giant,' by John Woodford, Dec. 1993 issue). By 1921 the club had 26 members.

A couple of days later Harold received his options: an honorable discharge, a commission as second lieutenant in the Reserves with seven years of service or remaining in the SATC and continuing college at the government's expense. In spite of his earlier enthusiasm, and no doubt with pressure from his family, Harold chose "being discharged and being my own boss again. I am proud to know I made a slight sacrifice and furthermore that I was ready and willing to do all that I could for my country."

Back to college life

Harold was mustered out of the service and returned to Ann Arbor in February, where he resumed his studies. He quickly fell from being a leader of men to a lowly sophomore, once again finding himself in

the embarrassing position of begging his family for money. In May 1919, he argued over a military insurance policy that Abraham wanted to cancel, unable to afford the \$18 needed to retain the policy.

It is, of course, no enjoyment or pleasure for me to hear that business is bad. I hope that things will pick up. However people in all lines and from all parts of the country are complaining that things are rotten.

"On Saturday we had the spring games in which I took part," Harold wrote on May 19, referring to an annual student tug-of-war. "We were victorious and I did not get pulled into the river but helped pull the freshmen in. Again we paraded the street with the rope on our shoulders. I feel a little sore from the strenuous exercise but I would not have missed it for anything."

Harold ended his sophomore year on a high note academically, as he was the first student asked to lecture before his class of 100 sociology students. Reading his thesis about the Americanization of immigrants in his hometown of Bayonne, Harold was "happy to know that the hard work I put in preparing my thesis is bearing good results. So far all my work has been better than I expected."

Writing home for more money

The postwar economic depression and Abe's business woes led to an unwelcome surprise when Harold returned to Ann Arbor in the fall of 1919 for his junior year. After receiving his first check from home he wrote home saying he could not live on the increase of his allowance to \$12.50 a week from the previous year's \$12. Apparently tiring of his son's constant requests for money (and with money troubles of his own), Abe wrote Harold a scathing letter in the fall of 1919. The criticism hit Harold hard, and he responded with an eight-page letter:

The tenor of your letter leads me to believe that you doubt my sincerity and assume me to be sailing under false colors. If this is true, then my purpose thus far in life has been lived in vain and my future must be guided accordingly. I only hope that your letter was the result of hasty and undeliberate thought and judgment. ... Your refusal was not so bad but that letter with those few words was more than the worst beating I could

Continued on next page

Bayonne Boy

Continued from page 21

have received from my pugilistic superior. Before I left home I acquainted you with the fact that I would need more than \$12 per week. Hearing no opposition I thought the matter settled. But with Friday's letter it appears that I was not understood. Under the present allowance it becomes impossible for me to finish a week as I am now living.

As for Abe's suggestion that Harold find a job was not met with enthusiasm:

You refer to work in a biting, sarcastic vein. Among all the Bayonne boys only three are working. Jobs cannot be gotten. Again I must emphasize the fact that I came to school as a student to study. My schoolwork does not permit me to work during the week. I have a hard time doing my schoolwork, it requiring all of my time. I have tried for a job on the violin for Saturday nights but as yet none has materialized.

The remark do as other boys do is a distinct reflection on my character and would lead one to believe one is an idle, lazy, good-for-nothing college boy—the kind you read about in the cheap novels and see portrayed in moving pictures. I may be wrong, but yet I do not think you think of me as the above.

The usually respectful Harold was angry enough to write sarcastically. His father, he said, seemed to think he was enjoying a "hilarious time." Perhaps his father referred to "the time I went to the movies last week on Sunday," or perhaps the expenses incurred in Detroit for Yom Kippur, when I returned home on Saturday night after supper because I did not wish to pay more for a hotel room while the other boys with me remained over until Sunday, which was just another example of a spendthrift doling out money for a good time. The irony of it is just too much.

In an October 15, 1919, letter he was also disgruntled about his clothing, which hadn't yet arrived from home. Dress suits were worn daily to classes, and "you can imagine how my suit looks, having worn it for one month straight."

On the whole, however, Harold enjoyed his junior year in Ann Arbor. An assistantship to sociology professor Arthur E. Wood paid him \$200, which helped out financially, and Harold picked up jobs playing the violin whenever possible. His family had made it through the worst of the influenza epidemic, but business was still slow for his father and Uncle Schindler. "Uncle wrote me a letter telling me that they have not sold any hats and are overstocked," he wrote in June 1920, "I hope your business will pick up from now on."

Expecting to return home for the summer, Harold tried without success to line up a summer job. "It seems that I can't connect with a job and that seems to worry me. I'm worried because I see no prospect of making money this summer. I am now in the midst of my exams. Busy studying and worrying as usual."



Harold's cousin and future wife, Rosalie Gold, a pharmacist.

In the fall of 1920 Harold returned to Ann Arbor for his senior year. To save money, he moved to cheaper rooms at 203 S. Ingalls Street. In his first letter home he once again complained about Ann Arbor's prices, saying that room and board had risen even though the cost of staples had dropped nationally. Determined to graduate with his class in June, Harold carried eight classes his first semester:

2 courses in philosophy, which are intensely difficult, 3 courses in sociology of a very high nature, 1 course in world politics, 1 course in American history during the Civil War and Reconstruction of the South, and 1 course in economics. This being my last year I am trying to make it a banner one in all my endeavors, both scholastically and socially. I intend to attend all the worthwhile lectures and concerts, meet all the people possible and collect worthwhile remembrances.

A new rule stating that student teaching assistants could take no more than 12 hours of coursework threatened Harold's extra income. "If I won't be allowed to take my full school work, they better look for a new assistant as I won't sacrifice my own work for the \$200 a year. Of course it will be hard to get along, but I'll manage to if I don't get the job. One thing I am sure, I won't sacrifice year of school work for \$200." But with Harold's usual bravado he stated:

I can afford to be independent as there is no one equipped to take the job. They must meet my demands or I won't work for them. Wood is trying to pull strings in my favor because he told me he can't do without my help.

Professor Wood appointed Harold as his reading assistant in November. In addition to his heavy coursework, Harold taught criminology to a class of 50 students once a week. Arthur E. Wood remained in the U-M sociology department for 35 years and became a noted criminologist, preparing the plan that reorganized the Michigan penal system in 1937. He was impressed with Harold, and "asked if I would consider taking up sociology as my life's

work. A position was offered me but I refused, because teaching sociology is only my avocation and not my life's ambition." Harold now had another goal in mind: Harvard Law School.

"I have seriously talked the matter over with both Prof. Wood and Prof. Scharfman," he wrote. "They both advise me to go to Harvard if I got to bum, borrow or steal." Money, however, proved a huge deterrent as the postwar depression continued. In December 1920, Harold wrote:

There is no possibility of my working this vacation as there is no kind of work to be gotten. Detroit has more people out of work than she can take care of. It grieves me to learn that business matters with us are so distressing. I can see myself how stores are empty, with people looking in from the outside, not buying. Well, these times were bound to come after war, and they sure did come.

The rituals of graduation

As the spring of 1921 approached, Harold immersed himself in the rituals of graduation:

Last night was cap-night and the seniors marched in their caps and gowns while the freshmen threw their grey caps into the fire. The freshman sang, "Where oh where are the verdant freshmen—safe now in the sophomore class." Then the seniors sang, "Where oh where are the grand old seniors—safe now in the wide wide world." This ceremony marks the passing of the classes from seniors to alumni—out of college into the wide, wide world.

This part of college life is very impressive. There are many customs, traditions and ceremonies which we go through during these next few weeks. On Sat. and Sundays and whenever there is any athletic or social function, we carry our canes. On Mondays and Thursdays and on other solemn occasions we wear the dignified caps and gowns. And on Thursday evenings we gather on the campus in academic robes to sing our college songs. It's the real college life and its memories become revered.

Harold begged his father to travel to Ann Arbor to attend graduation ceremonies on June 30, 1921. "I would very much like you to be present at this time. My telephone number is 903 M." He became "morose and dejected" over the thought of leaving Ann Arbor, the campus that spring seeming "prettier than it ever has appeared to me." He wrote reflectively, "My stay has been a happy one and thus far successful. A poor and uneasy start but a successful and dynamic finish."

Fittingly, Harold Herman's last remaining communication from Ann Arbor is a Western Union telegram to his father on June 29, 1921:

Must be in Ann Arbor Thursday 9 AM in order to be present at the awarding of degrees. Come without fail as I am looking forward to having you present at the graduation exercises. Wire whether I can expect you. Let this matter take precedence over other business.

Abraham Herman was there.

POSTSCRIPT

Harold Herman did attend Harvard Law School, obtaining his degree in 1925. He married his first cousin, Rosalie Gold, a pharmacist and graduate of Barnard College.

Herman's law career was short-lived. An early job as director of the New Rochelle, New York, Community Center led him to the Newark YMHA, where he worked for 20 years, serving as executive director from 1938 until 1946. Later, along with his wife, he ran a drugstore on the Boardwalk in Asbury Park, New Jersey. After fire claimed the store, Herman embarked on a third career as public information director for the Monmouth County Board of Social Services, a position he retained for 16 years.

Herman worked full time up until his death in 1980 at the age of 80. In tribute, the Board of Social Services named its library for him, honoring him for his "life-long knack of bettering whatever corner of the world he happened to be in."

MT

Joan Elmouchi '76 AMLS of Southfield, Michigan, is the daughter of Harold and Rosalie Herman's daughter Ann, Class of '49. She is director of the Garden City Public Library. She and her husband, Robert, are authors of Beach Freaks Guide to Michigan's Best Beaches, published last year by Glovebox Guidebooks.

Condo complex opens for faculty, staff, alumni 55 or older



DeMuth surveys his dream come true: The University Commons condominiums.

With 52 of 92 units filled several months before official opening day, Dr. George R. DeMuth, professor emeritus of pediatrics and communicable diseases, was close to seeing a 15-year dream come true this summer: The University Commons condominium complex for active seniors 55 or older who are U-M faculty, staff or graduates, working or retired.

In 1986, De Muth said in an interview at the construction site, he, former graduate school dean Alfred S. Sussman, their wives and a few other faculty couples thought it would be good for U-M to undertake such a project. Several other universities had already built similar residences, DeMuth added.

After years of planning and discussions, the Board of Regents ultimately decided not to carry out such a project, said DeMuth, who is president of the University Condominium Association (UCA). But the Board did agree in 1996 to sell the UCA the large wooded parcel off Huron Parkway, and also helped the group obtain funding, and Blue Hill Development of Ann Arbor took over the project.

The complex is adjacent to U-M's North Campus, and provides easy access to outdoor paths, shopping areas, Gallup Park and facilities of the University, DeMuth noted. The buildings—two apartment buildings with 30 units apiece, 20 townhouses and 12 villas—are sited in a central area occupying less than 40 percent of the 18-acre site surrounded by park and woodland preservation areas,” he said.

The U-M Information Technology Division recently included University Commons in its high-speed campus wide computer network, providing residents with “state-of-the-art communications technology for voice, fax, data and cable television,” DeMuth said.

The UCA and the home-owners group are administratively separate and both are independent of the University. Several U-M units have relationships with the condo, however, including the Turner Geriatric Clinic, the architecture school, Learning in Retirement, and the School of Music, which will use UCA's 17,000-square-foot Houghton Hall as an official concert venue.

For more information, contact principal developer Jack Baker at Blue Hill Development at (734) 663-2500, or write him at 516 E. Washington St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104. Website: <http://www.bluehilldevelopment.com/>



DeMuth and developer Jack Baker '78 at University Commons senior housing complex in Ann Arbor.

Photos by Martin Vloet

Wolverine Stuff

Wolverines are extremely rare, even in stuffed form. But leave it to the peripatetic Bob LaPlante '48, author of *The Ten Million Mile Man* (Rutledge Books, 1999, see our Spring 2000 issue), to find a taxidermal gem for the U-M Athletic Campus.

LaPlante, a retired diplomatic courier who has visited 197 countries, drove down from Manistique, Michigan, in the Upper Peninsula to present a stuffed Alaskan wolverine, Wolfie, to Athletic Director Bill Martin '65 MBA. The May 3 ceremony took place in Gus Stager Hall of the Canham Natatorium on the Athletic Campus.

“I am presenting this sleek, mature male, truly a noble beast, to the University on behalf of some loyal Maize and Blue fans in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan,” LaPlante orated in turning Wolfie over to Martin.

Martin said he was delighted to receive the gift, and especially so because it was from loyal fans who live not far south of his camp in the UP's Keewauwan Peninsula. Martin said Wolfie would probably join the collection of the sports museum in Stager Hall.

The wolverine—known for its viciousness and gluttony—is extinct in Michigan, LaPlante noted, and in fact may never have inhabited the Lower Peninsula. The state got its nickname, he said, because 18th-century fur-trappers who were heading to Canada passed through Sault Ste. Marie and referred to the region as the home of the fierce and voracious local animal.

Others say Ohioans gave Michigan the nickname around 1835 because Michiganders were so vicious in their border dispute that became known as the Toledo War and resulted in the state's gaining the UP.

The wolverine's second characteristic, gluttony (indeed, the animal is also known as the glutton—also as the carcajou, also the skunk bear) takes the lead in another account of the nickname's origin. In this version, Native Americans in the 1830s compared Michigan settlers' seizures of land to the eating manners of the wolverine, hence the Wolverines.

Bill Martin noted that the wolverine's closest relative, the fisher, still inhabits the UP, but he announced no plan to change the athletic teams' nickname to the Fishers to be more zoologically up to date. That raises another renaming speculation, however, since the fisher is a variety of marten.—JW.



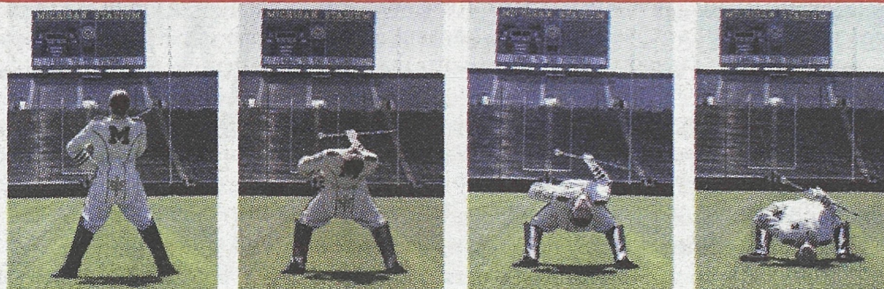
Three Wolverines: AD Bill Martin, Wolfie and Bob LaPlante.

Photo by Paul Jaronski

Karen England '02

She's the Leader of the Band

By Joanne Nesbit
U-M News and Information Services



Rigorous training prepares England for the backbends and high kicks demanded of the drum major.

Photos by Marsha Leaford



In the 100-year plus history of the Michigan Marching Band (MMB) the "man up front" has led the ensemble through the tunnel into Michigan Stadium. This year a female will answer the call "Baaaand, take the field!" to lead the high-stepping musicians in a burst from the tunnel to the roar, eyes and expectations of 110,000 fans.

After auditioning for the coveted title for three years, Karen England '02 of Greenville,

Michigan, was elected by her fellow band members as drum major, a first for the ensemble that made its initial appearance on a football field in 1898 and didn't admit women to its ranks until 1972.

"I wanted this more than anything in the world," England says. "Over the last few years I knew I was going to have to make the band my number one priority. That preparation will help me this fall in working with the Marching Band students and staff, some of the finest leaders on campus. I am so fortunate to work with and for these people."

Leadership is nothing new to the 22-year-old astronomy and astrophysics major, who hopes to become an astronaut. She also led her high school band for two years before donning the Maize and Blue as a clarinetist. In her junior high years England was a member of the Greenville Young Astronauts, led by a teacher who had worked for NASA. Together they joined hundreds of other youngsters at Space Camp in Huntsville, Alabama. England was one of only two campers to receive the "Right Stuff Award" signifying who demonstrated the "right stuff" to become an astronaut.

"One of the reasons I chose U-M was because of the opportunities I would have here as opposed to any other school," England says. Her years at U-M haven't been easy. Without a solid background in upper-level physics she really started from scratch. "During my intro courses, I was encouraged by many people to switch majors," she says, "but this is really what I want to do with my life. It's what I really believe in. Even though my classes have been so hard, Michigan has offered me the chance to stay involved in Space Science."

England took advantage of U-M's Space Grant Consortium, an outreach project funded by NASA and designed for university students to teach younger students about space through workshops on gliders, wind tunnels, rockets and problem-solving exercises. Last year, she joined a team that participated in the NASA Reduced Gravity Student Flight Opportunities Program. She learned about the project through the Michigan Students for Exploration and Development of Space.

The team traveled to Johnson Space Center in Houston for two weeks, where they "hung out" with astronauts and sat in on talks.

While some of the team tested their experiments in reduced gravity aboard NASA'S KC-135 a/k/a the "vomit comet," England remained grounded. "I did not go because I spent the first half of the year when the team was working on the experiment working with the band," she says. Contrary to the image of the drum major as just a figurehead, many responsibilities come with leading one of the nation's premiere marching bands.

England, as past drum major

s have, instructs section leaders in the fundamentals of marching in the U-M tradition and this year hopes to involve more physical training measures in the program. She is especially concerned that members are fit, that their feet and ankle muscles have been strengthened to endure the high-stepping marching techniques and that the band's members adhere to nutritional regimens that will keep their energy level high and their bodies well hydrated.

Proper hydration is particularly important during the early part of the performance season, England says, when temperatures in Michigan Stadium are high and the band is clad in its wool uniforms.

"I am always in excellent shape for the season," England says, "but it never fails. That first pre-game in September with the uniform on, the hat on my head, the sun beating down on us, and all my air going into an instrument, got me every time." England's own fitness regimen includes running the stairs of Michigan Stadium, lifting weights every other day, strength training and a series of stretching exercises that enable her to perform the deep backbends and high kicks that are so much a part of the band's tradition.

Fitness doesn't stop with physical conditioning. Mental fitness is important to members of the MMB, too. England, and the other band members, visualize the entire show before each performance. "I feel I was most prepared for tryouts this year as opposed to any other year because I had prepared mentally as well as physically," she says.

Honored and proud that the MMB acknowledged her skills as a marching band member and her leadership qualities, England realizes that she has become a role model for young women who aspire to succeed in areas that have previously been male-dominated.

Her advice to young women who approach any challenge comes from a quote her mother gave her—one she reads every day: "First ask yourself what you want; then you have to do it."

"I truly believe it can be that simple," she says. "You use the 'goal' quote as a mental tool. If you acknowledge what you want to do and put your mind to it, you can reach that goal. Don't let those who came before you, or what's generally accepted, prevent you from following your dreams. If you want something, do it to the best of your ability. Do it for you and let others worry about the politics." **MT**

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