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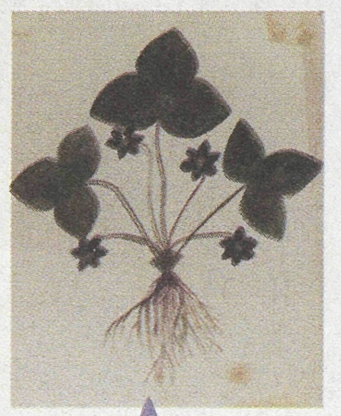


The Birth of the University of Michigan Medical School

GRAVE SUBJECTS

By Linda Robinson Walker

All it took to be a doctor in the 1830s was a potent concoction with a scientific-sounding name like Dr. Folger's Olosconium, Spooner's Patent Hygeian Medicines or Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue, and a long list of the ills and ailments—from pimples to cancer—that it would instantly cure. But even the well-meaning physicians, as well as the charlatans, practiced unclean surgery and resorted to magic nostrums, bleedings, cold dung plasters and exclusive reliance on a favorite herb or two.

For those who wanted to study medicine as an empirical science and distinguish what helped from what harmed, the options were few. Medical schools existed in the East and in Europe, but for most aspiring doctors, especially those in Michigan and other recently settled states, the only local option was to study privately with a physician-preceptor.

But things were beginning to change. In 1839, Dr. Zina Pitcher, then 42, began teaching students and practicing medicine at St. Mary's Hospital in Detroit. Although he had no medical degree himself, the custom of the day entitled him to be called "Doctor," in acknowledgment of his private medical studies. Pitcher was a prominent man; not only was he mayor of Detroit several times in the 1840s, he also served as a Regent of the University of Michigan from the time the board was created in 1837 through 1851 when he retired.

Zina Pitcher

The state twice passed laws to create the institution that became the University of Michigan, first in 1817 and again in 1837. On both occasions the Legislature charged the institution to include a department of medicine as well as a literary college. When U-M opened its doors to students in 1841, however, a medical department was still not even in the planning stages.

A petition from several prominent physicians in Ann Arbor and the strong support of Zina Pitcher placed the issue firmly on the agenda of the Regents' January 1847 meeting. Nevertheless, the Board put off the issue, thereby "blasting the hopes" of many young Michiganders who wanted to study medicine in their home state, like the diarist George Pray, a member of the University of Michigan's first graduating class in 1845. (See "The First-Class Diary of George Washington Pray," Summer 1999, *Michigan Today*.)

The reason for the Regents' reluctance was clear to Pray, then studying privately with doctors Silas Douglass, Abram Sager and Moses Gunn in Ann Arbor. Pray complained in his diary:

> ... *It is maintained by some of them* [the Regents] *that the study of medicine tends to infidelity and immorality. It may be so. But one thing is probably true, that there is far more damnable hypocrisy among theologians than among medical men.*

He went on to express exasperation that he and his fellow medical school students were considered "immoral," "infidel" and "resurrectional." The term "resurrectionist" began its life meaning one who brings something to light, or believes in resurrection, until the late 1770s when it became a term denoting a person who digs up bodies for dissection.

Pitcher kept up pressure for University medical instruction, invoking the "confessedly low condition of the profession in the West," as Andrew Ten Brook, a professor in the literary depart-

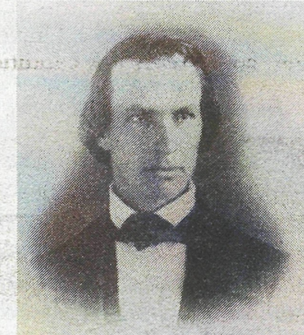
Rembrandt's 'The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp.' The painting shows Tulp demonstrating the muscles of the forearm to other physicians. Oil on canvas, 1632, Mauritshuis, The Hague.

ment, recounted. Pitcher pointed out "the fact that something like one hundred young men from Michigan were at that time pursuing medical studies in other states."

The Regents gave in, and the Medical Department received its first students on October 3, 1850. In those early days of private schools or of public institutions like the new U-M Medical Department, along with the opportunities for learning medicine came ethical dilemmas that involved teacher and student alike. The experiences of four Michigan men reveal the underbelly of medical education and the compromises that the high calling of saving lives made them heir to.

Edmund Andrews and the Body Snatchers

Scientific medical education begins with anatomy. Understanding the body's structure, systems and disease states requires poking about in one. Because there was no legal way to obtain a body for study in the 1840s, there was no recourse but to plunder the graves of the newly dead. This troubled physicians and the public alike, since removing a body from its resting-place has offended religions and violated civil law and custom in virtually every society. It also meant dealing with lowlifes and criminals.



Edmund Andrews

Edmund Andrews was the president of the U-M class of 1849. After graduation, he studied medicine in Detroit with Zina Pitcher. Forty years later, after having built a career as professor of anatomy at Chicago's Rush Memorial Hospital and then of surgery at the Chicago Medical College, Andrews wrote his reminiscences for a memorial book of his class. In that 1889 work, Andrews described his duties as a "resurrectionist," when he got bodies for Pitcher's classes:

> *We hired a wicked man to dig up a dead soldier from the "Potter's Field," and over this subject the first anatomical lectures ever given in Detroit were delivered to us by Dr. Pitcher and Dr. Tripler in an upper room on Woodward Avenue near Congress Street.*
>
> *Before we got through, a constable got after us, with intent to impede the anatomical science. He and the Sheriff held a solemn consultation on the matter, but as an election was just pending, they concluded that it was an inconvenient time to alienate the votes and influence of the whole medical profession and so they concluded to "lay the subject on the table."*

In 1850, Andrews entered the U-M Medical Department's first class. One of his anatomy instructors was Robert C. Kedzie, who later wrote of a raid on a graveyard near Ann Arbor. When the disturbed plot was discovered, "A mob gathered in the evening with the avowed purpose of burning the medical building." The medical school was protected, Kedzie continued, by "a guard of one hundred armed medics" who patrolled the grounds until the mob dispersed.

The turmoil must have been behind the Regents' 1851 decree:

> *[N]o anatomical subject shall be introduced into the Medical Building or brought upon the grounds of the University except through the agency of the Professor of Anatomy, and any student of the University violating this rule shall be expelled.*

In that same year, Andrews became the "demonstrator," or assistant instructor, of anatomy under Prof. Moses Gunn. Although protected from expulsion by the Regents' decree, Andrews saw his legal position as posing a dilemma:

> *In those days the duties of a Demonstrator were, first and most important, to obtain cadavers for the dissecting room, and then, if he had any time left, to give instructions on the same. I found myself authorized and required by the great State of Michigan to buy, steal or in any other manner procure subjects for dissection, and to give instructions thereon with a provision in the statues that if I did this faithfully, I should serve out a term in the State's Prison at Jackson.*

In addition to the potters' fields, the best places to obtain cadavers were remote churchyards where recent burials could be found. In his reminiscence, Andrews laid out his general principles of prudent graverobbing:

> *My plan was simple and consisted mainly in two points.*
> *1. I kept the people on the receiving point quiet and good-natured by never getting any supplies in Ann Arbor.*
> *2. I sternly forbade my agents to touch anything but the bodies of the friendless paupers, for which no one cared and for the recovery of which no one would spend money.*

Andrews did his shopping in the area, employing "the sexton of the potter's field in Detroit," and "Dr.____, of the almshouse at Wayne, to notify me of all specimens buried there, and sent after them by teams hired from the sheriff of Washtenaw County, who kept the livery stable." The constable and sheriff who had two years earlier chased Andrews down in Detroit apparently were not the only officials who turned a blind eye.

Getting all these bodies "was pretty hard work at first," Andrews admitted, "and I had to get up thirteen cadavers with my own hands the first winter." The techniques were simple and universal. The body had to be fresh (a cadaver was useless unless pickled within a week), and it didn't take much to fetch one–a wagon, a bunch of common tools and a couple of strong men. In the dark of night they made their way to new graves where the soil was still loose and shoveled aside enough to open the head of the coffin.

With a hook or rope, they grasped the body under the head or armpits and slid it out and stole off into the night. Any amateurs in the trade quickly learned refinements such as leaving clothes and other identifying items in the grave. It was in barrels marked "pickles" that most of the bodies arrived in Ann Arbor, shipped from all over the country to nonexistent companies that would end up in general delivery at the train station where they could be picked up by the demonstrator's agents.

Alger B. Crandell, who recounted the city's early history in *Ann's Amazing Arbor*, reports the story of a man who, as a child in 1910, saw a wagon of pickles rolling

Photos courtesy of U-M's Bentley Historical Library

Corydon Ford

through town on a hot summer day. After swelling and swelling, a barrel burst open and, as brine poured out, "the heads and bare shoulders of the bodies of two men popped up."

Bribery was required down the line, making the purchase of bodies a major expense for medical schools. In the academic year 1861-62, a bill for bodies cropped up in the Regents' budget–the only time that was allowed to happen; the cost of "procuring 45 anatomical subjects–$1,367.46," or $30 a body.

The laws in America changed slowly. Beginning in the East, state by state required bodies buried at public expense to be given over to medical schools. Those laws were of little help to U-M, however, for they attached large penalties to the sale or shipment of bodies out of state. It wasn't until 1881 that the Michigan Legislature required the bodies of indigents who would otherwise be buried by the state, to be turned over to U-M, with sufficient penalties to ensure that it was done. In 1958, Michigan passed legislation allowing for the donation of bodies to medical schools.

Moses Gunn, Corydon Ford and the Clandestine Cargoes

In 1846 medical education came to Ann Arbor in the person of Dr. Moses Gunn, a 23-year-old graduate of the Geneva Medical School in Upstate New York. Gunn was remembered in memorial essays by his wife,

Jane, as "handsome and hearty," and by his long-time U-M colleague Dr. J. Adams Allen as having a "robust and powerful physique."

Gunn studied under Corydon Ford at Geneva, but they were both young enough to build "air-castles," Ford wrote later, which included a mutual hope that "in the not too distant future we might be associated in some medical college."

"As an illustration of his [Gunn's] enterprise," Ford continued, "he received his diploma on Tuesday, left his home on the Monday following the day of his graduation and started for Michigan; and in two weeks from the day he left, he had made arrangements and commenced a course of lectures on anatomy in Ann Arbor."

A gifted surgeon, Gunn had a "wonderfully minute and accurate acquaintance with anatomy," his colleague Allen remembered, "with exquisite powers of diagnosis, a cool head, steady muscles and great mechanical genius."

Gunn advertised "lectures upon practical anatomy illustrated by dissections upon the recent subject." The *True Democratic Weekly* urged citizens to take Gunn's course:

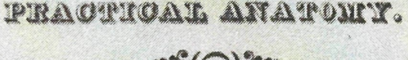
> *We would call the attention of the public to these lectures now being delivered at the Lecture Room in Mundy's block. We do think the public mind is not sufficiently awake to the importance of a proper knowledge of anatomy.*

The subject of his first series of anatomy classes in February was the "cadaver of a huge African," wrote Allen, which Gunn had brought with him from New York. He had hidden it in "one of his very innocent-looking trunks" and smuggled it aboard a stagecoach and railway train on his journey to Ann Arbor.

Gunn was on the Medical Department faculty when it opened in 1850, and his ambition and combativeness put him in conflict with the Regents more than once. According to Ten Brook's memoir, Gunn wanted to move the medical school to Detroit, and moved there himself in 1854, although he continued to be professor of anatomy in Ann Arbor until 1867. The Regents adamantly opposed a move, chiefly because of the cost of building a new campus in Detroit, and especially of duplicating the chemical laboratory.

Undeterred, Gunn started a medical journal, The Medical Independent, using it to lobby for the move to Detroit and tilting with the University, writing at the height of the conflict that the Medical Department was "at present organized as the greatest of all shams." The Regents retaliated by censuring him and requiring all professors to live in Ann Arbor when school was in session.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY.



Dr. Gunn will commence a course of Twenty Lectures upon Practical Anatomy, illustrated by dissections upon the recent subject, on Monday, February 16th, to be repeated daily, at such hour as may best please the class. Tickets for the course, $5.

Ann Arbor, February 10, 1846.

Ticket to Gunn's first course in anatomy.

Moses Gunn

Meanwhile, the competition for bodies between medical schools aroused venom in those whose hard-won cadavers slipped away from them. After Gunn came to Ann Arbor, his friend Corydon Ford went on to teach at Buffalo Medical College in New York. In 1854, their dream of being colleagues came true when Gunn became professor of surgery and Ford joined Michigan as professor of anatomy. They shared a need for cadavers, and Ford seems to have continued to acquire them from Buffalo's turf, where he was now viewed as a poacher.

At a September 1856 meeting, the Buffalo faculty fired off a letter to U-M's medical school "remonstrating against the attempt to procure material provided by the laws made especially for the benefit of New York schools." The vague reply they received in October did not please them: "We deem it due to the importance of the subject that the Faculty of the University of Michigan should distinctly declare their future intentions in relation to this matter."

In America bodysnatching took an ugly twist. Robert L. Blakely and Judith M. Harrington note in their book *Bones in the Basement*, "Grave robbers in the South regularly shipped the bodies of Southern Blacks to Northern medical schools." The years following the Civil War ushered in a particularly egregious period. Partly this was due to the exploding population of medical school students. In 1860, medical school enrollment at Michigan was 242; by 1866, it was 525. As U-M historian Prof. Nicholas H. Steneck reported in the May 1995 *Ann Arbor Observer*, at the end of the war the school needed about 100 cadavers a year, at a price of $30 to $40 each.

By 1866, William Lewitt, Gunn's last demonstrator, was having increasing trouble finding bodies. Corydon Ford took it upon himself to write one of the Regents complaining of the cost of obtaining bodies. The school now needed 125 to 140 cadavers a year, Ford said, and Lewitt traveled more than a thousand miles in four months in his search of them. To bribe as many as 30 agents and pay for transportation, Lewitt himself often paid well over the $40 allotted for that purpose from student fees.

Moreover, the need for bodies and the competition it created between schools came at a time of great civil turmoil. After President Lincoln's 1863 Emancipation Proclamation outlawing slavery and the end of the war in 1865, African Americans found themselves neither slaves nor yet, even in the North, full citizens. Their anomalous and unprotected situation made them especially vulnerable to cruel and intimidating assaults in Ann Arbor as well as in the rest of the nation.

The Peninsular Courier and Family Visitant editorialized about an incident in 1867 about the disappearance of the corpse of an African American well-digger who had died in a cave-in:

> *"We have been informed that some person or persons have, since the burial, robbed the grave of the body of the deceased. We would simply say here that in all probability this community will not suffer things of this kind to be done with impunity even upon colored subjects. The depredation, whether just or unjust, would, of course, be thrown upon students; and the walls of the building where such bodies were supposed to be would not hinder their return, if found, to their rightful resting place. ... The grave must be considered sacred."*

Both Steneck and Donald F. Huelke, professor of anatomy and cell biology, emeritus, in his 1961 history of the Department of Anatomy, suggest that Ford's 1866 letter complaining about the cost and offensiveness of grave robbing helped bring about a change in the laws.

In 1867, Moses Gunn finally got his wish to teach in an urban medical school when Rush Medical College in Chicago hired him and his demonstrator, Lewitt. He was still up for a final fight with the Regents, however. Accounts of Gunn's last stand differ. In 1895, Professor Ten Brook, offered the more moderate:

> *The professor caused to be shipped for Chicago the bodies then on hand with reference to the opening of the coming year's work, said to have been about forty in number. The janitor of the Medical College was found locked up in a room bound & muffled to prevent his raising an alarm. The Regents, on learning the facts, were assembled; the professor [Gunn] claimed that they would not dare proceed against them [Gunn and Lewitt], because this would reveal the measure by which they obtained their subjects. They [the Regents] replied that they had justified the use of no illegal means for obtaining subjects & that if the demonstrator of anatomy had employed such, they could not be held responsible, but the result of the inquisition was never made public, except as it passed from mouth to mouth.*

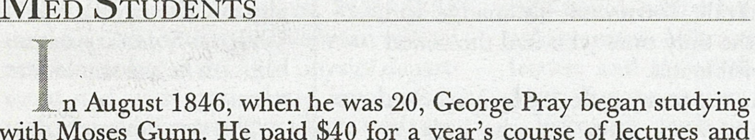
In 1904, a participant in the fracas, J.C. Watts, gave the *Detroit Free Press* a story that omitted Gunn and the Regents. Watts said that the soon-to-depart Lewitt had $2,000

invested in bodies for which the U-M refused payment. So Lewitt, Watts wrote, "said that in such an event he would remove the bodies" and recruited a raiding party:

The party, numbering 15, repaired to the Medical Building one Saturday night with several teams. They routed out the janitor, John Nagle. One of the young men presented a revolver and ordered Nagle to say nothing. The bodies, 41 of them, were then loaded into the wagons and the students drove away. The bodies were then taken to his house and taken to the cellar. To divert suspicion as to their location, the windows of Dr. Lewitt's barn were boarded up, as if to indicate that there was the place of hiding. The Monday evening following, the bodies were place two in a barrel, with the odd one in a box, and were taken to Ypsilanti. There they were loaded into a freight car and shipped to Chicago.

While we may never know what actually occurred, one thing is certain: Gunn and Lewitt got the bodies.

Ann Arbor's *Peninsular Courier* reported in 1867: "Two colored men were caught in Chicago on the night of the 15th with a wagon in which were five dead bodies, which they had taken from the cemetery. They claim to have been employed by the authority of Rush Medical College."



George Pray and the 'Wild, Rude Set' of Med Students

In August 1846, when he was 20, George Pray began studying with Moses Gunn. He paid $40 for a year's course of lectures and demonstrations in chemistry, anatomy with dissection, physiology, materia medica, surgery and practice, not much less than the $53 tuition he paid at Western Reserve where he obtained his medical degree in 1849.

Two more doctors, attracted by Gunn's ambition and success, joined his practice and taught in his school. Silas H. Douglass, 30, and Abram Sager, 36, had taught Pray chemistry and botany when he was an undergraduate at the U-M. The trio hoped their private school would eventually become the nucleus of the medical department at U-M, which is exactly what happened.

Pray was uneasy with Gunn. What Allen, Gunn's colleague, saw as an "air distingué," was snobbery to Pray. When Gunn held forth on the "want of gentility" among common people as opposed to the virtues of "select" society, Pray wrote: "I want nothing to do with gentility or with Dr. Gunn. I say down with low-lived, mean, aristocratic pride in this democratic land." He also wanted nothing to do with what he called "that great curse, slavery," and had a long-standing commitment to abolition and attended several anti-slavery meetings during the time he studied with Gunn.

The decorous and teetotaling Pray formed close bonds with many of his fellow students, but as an aggregate, their "crude behavior" appalled him:

Today I took my books and went to [Gunn's] office and tried to study–but to do so was impossible on account of the uproar which the chaps there kept up. There is a wild, rude set of fellows there–whose aim seems to be rather to crack jokes, smoke &c. than to study. These fellows are soon to be let loose on society to kill or cure. Disease and death will undoubtedly have a prosperous time under their supervision.

As much as their riotous behavior, Pray was offended by their moral crudeness. He lamented the effect of medical education that took:

the thoughtful student who would stand aghast at the first sight of a human skeleton, and who would at least while before it be serious, as if before something sacred, and perhaps think of the vanity of life and of death, and perhaps even of what would be his state after death. But he soon becomes familiar with the sight and can just as well belch forth the obscene jest or horrid oath in the presence of that which before struck him with terror ....

George Pray

Perhaps it was because Gunn was only in his early 20s that he did little to supervise the behavior and morals of the students. He seems to have opened his office–which doubled as his rooms–for the students day and night, studying and carousing, sober and drunk. Pray vividly summed up the aftermath of one of their "sprees" when he found "the boys drunk, rolled in their own vomit."

The lack of discipline among the students led to outright rebellion against their teachers. "This evening," Pray wrote, "we finished up physiology and are told to go into the diseases of women next. *Mirabile dictu!* We are determined to protest against any such proceeding."

Despite Sager's exotic collection of "minute preserved foetuses" and "several organs of generation, etc.," the students kept up their protest, and a few days later Pray reported in triumph, "We remonstrated against studying the diseases of women and were told to [buy] Pereira's *Materia Medica*, and so I purchased a copy $6." Sager went on, nonetheless, to become the professor of obstetrics and the diseases of women and children at the U-M.

It was a volatile mix: a roistering group of students and a laissez-faire faculty. When dissection began in late November 1846, Pray reported, "Today our subject, a poor Negro girl, was brought up. Poor despised and disregarded African, degraded and despised in life you are to be made a spectacle and subject of ridicule and obscene jest even in death."

Gunn made the first incision to a packed audience. "The lecture room was crowded," Pray wrote, "and before them lay stretched in the stillness of death the body of one who not long since was a living being possessed of all the feelings, desires, hopes, aspirations and passion which influence us–a sad proof of the vanity of life."

"The external organs of generation formed the subject for this evening's lecture," Pray continued. And the dissection showed that "although as much as 16 years old or more, her hymen was nearly perfect–showing that she had never been entered–which although not an anomaly is somewhat singular for one so abandoned as she probably was–or even for any girl of her age."

Throughout this time, Pray was sharing many of his evenings with his future wife, Deidamia H. Pope, then 18 or 19, who lived with her sister and brother-in-law, Frances and Earl Gardiner and their 12-year-old daughter. On December 2, Pray noted that the anatomy class had studied the neck. He went on to recount an obscene jest of his own: "In the evening had a great train [prank] with the girls with 'a piece of dead nigar.' Frightened them almost to death."

In another setting a year later, at Western Reserve–a full-fledged medical school with more than 70 students–Pray behaved quite differently. A special dissection room was set aside, he noted, for "10 or 12 headless bodies stretched out there to be jeered at and carved up by a careless gang."

He wrote that after two evenings of dissection he became "quite unwell." In a letter to his brother Joseph that Christmas of 1847, he confessed that "I tried to dissect some and did so for a while but it was too much for me and made me quite sick for a while, and I had to give it up. I have all the privileges of the dissecting room yet–but I am not healthy enough to dissect. I go to their quizzes and dissections so that is just as good."

From his writings it seems probable that Pray never found the poise in medical school to dissect at all. MT

Linda Robinson Walker '66 MSW is an Ann Arbor writer.

What About Now?

We asked William E. Burkel, professor of anatomy and cell biology and director of the Anatomical Donations Program, University of Michigan Medical School, about the current policy governing the provision of cadavers for medical research. He reported the following:

Up until the late 1950s most cadavers came from institutions. Since 1958, most cadavers have come from donations governed by the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act, passed that year.

We receive about 250 bodies per year, of which about 60 percent of the people have made arrangements beforehand to donate to the University. The next of kin donate another 35 percent or so after the death of the individual, and around 5 percent are unclaimed individuals from hospitals and morgues. Of the bodies donated, 60 to 70 percent are used for various undergraduate, graduate and postgraduate teaching and the remainder are used for research.

Careful records are kept of all individuals, and all remains are individually cremated when studies are done. About 80 percent of the ashes are returned to the next of kin. The remainder are buried in the U-M burial plot at Washtenong Memorial Park north of Ann Arbor. We hold an annual memorial service at Washtenong for all donors, with relatives and friends of the deceased invited. More than 600 persons attended our most recent memorial this Sept. 22.

The State Anatomy Board, made up of representatives of the three Michigan medical schools—U-M, Wayne State and Michigan State—and of the University of Detroit Mercy, oversee all donations, as mandated by state law.—
W. E. Burkel.

around campus

Cool BLUE Website

Michigan Today will alert readers to some of the many fascinating Web sites created by U-M faculty, students and staff. We kickoff this feature with *Spy Letters of the American Revolution*, located at http://www.si.umich.edu/spies/index-about.html. The site was created by Kate Foster, Cynthia Ghering, Michelle Light and Melissa McCollum for the U-M's Clements Library.

Among the many historical episodes described in the letters in the Clements's Sir Henry Clinton Collection are the activities of the Culper Gang. In 1778, at Washington's orders, Benjamin Tallmadge organized a spy network in New York City, the heart of the British forces. The ring was so secret that Washington did not even know who the operatives in the ring were. Robert Townsend, Aaron Woodhull, Austin Roe, Anna Strong, and Caleb Brewster made up this ring, and the code name for it was Samuel Culper.

The central figure, Robert Townsend, code name Culper Junior, was a society reporter for an American newspaper and the owner of a small dry goods store in New York City. The newspaper gave him access to social functions all over town, where he could talk to British soldiers without arousing undue superstition. The dry goods store gave him access to people in and outside the city, some of whom could be the source or carriers of useful information.

As Townsend gathered intelligence about the British soldiers in New York, Austin Roe would drop by the store every once in a while to shop for residents of Long Island. At the store, he would put in a request in writing from a John Bolton. Bolton was the code name for Tallmadge.

Townsend would give Roe the requested goods and Roe would leave. Then Townsend would sneak out back when no one was looking and run up to his small room close to the shop. There he would read what Tallmadge had written and answer the letter. Roe would show up again at Townsend's room and take the letter back with the answers.

Hiding the letter within the package, Roe, a courageous man not afraid of riding great distances, would travel on horseback as fast as he could the 110 miles to Setauket, New York, to a field he had rented to tend his cattle. While doing his chores, he would place the letter in a prearranged drop box in the field.

After Roe had gone, Aaron Woodhull, code name Culper Senior, would enter the field, which was right next to his house, and pick up the letter.

Woodhull would add his own information to the letter, and then look across the bay to see if Anna Strong had placed her black petticoat on the line. That signal let Woodhull know that Caleb Brewster had arrived in his whaleboat to take the letter across the bay. The number of handkerchiefs on the clothesline would tell Woodhull exactly where Brewster was hiding, or which cove he was in along the shore. Under cover of darkness, Woodhull would sneak to the cove and give Brewster the message.

Brewster would row back across Devil's Belt to Fairfield, Connecticut, and give the letter to Benjamin Tallmadge, who would be waiting on his horse on the other side.

Finally, the letter would be handed off to a series of mounted dragoons posted every 15 miles until it reached General Washington in New Windsor, New York.

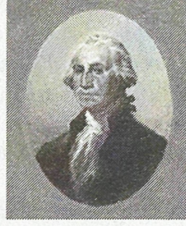
Although the scheme worked well most of the time, the letter excerpted below wound up in British Headquarters. British troops attacked Tallmadge and 90 other Revolutionary troops on the way from Washington's headquarters one morning, and Tallmadge lost his horse and secret papers, including the letter to the Culpers.

The "private letter" mentions the spies only by codename, fortunately not revealing their true identity, which no one knew but Tallmadge. After this incident, Tallmadge added a few more security measures to the letters by including invisible ink and coded texts. Woodhull, Townsend, Tallmadge and Washington were the only ones who had the coded dictionary and invisible ink.

The letter was among many collected by Maj. Gen Henry Clinton, a neurotic pack rat who kept or copied almost every scrap of paper that came into his hands.

In the early 1920s, Clinton's great-great-granddaughter placed the family papers on sale. The Clements acquired them, and the collection consists of 80 linear feet (approx. 16,500 separate documents) of materials and includes letters and papers received by the British Army Headquarters. It is an invaluable resource to historians.

TIRED HORSES



Gen. George Washington focused on two subjects in this letter to Benjamin Tallmadge seized by the British: the importance of good hiding places for American spies and the condition of the spy ring's horses. Here is what the general had to say on the latter point:

New Windsor June 27th, 1779

Sir, I observe you say respecting your position at Bedford—and the fatigue of the horse.... With respect to the second matter I have only to add that I do not wish to have the horse unnecessarily exposed, or fatigued, but if in the discharge of duties they should get worn down, there is no help for it.... The inclosed contains matter for our knowledge only.—I am Sir—Your Mo. Respect. Geo. Washington

After the war Tallmadge, who had been a school teacher before the conflict, was elected to eight terms in the House of Representatives.

The full letter may be seen at http://www.si.umich.edu/spies/index-about.html/

Memorial Window of Senators' private dining room in US Senate by Maria Herndl.

New Leader For 'M' Club

Pollick

Marissa W. Pollick '78, '81 JD, an attorney in the Ann Arbor office of the Butzel Long law firm, is the first female president of the University of Michigan's "M" Club, an honorary organization of varsity letter winners.

"I'm very honored to be elected to this position," said Pollick, a two-time co-captain of the women's tennis team, in a statement to the press. "This recognition is significant for past, present and future women athletes at U of M. It is symbolic for women athletes to gain the recognition that we have worked so hard to achieve."

Pollick, an expert in business litigation and construction law, was among the first women to receive an athletic scholarship from U-M and also among the first to win a varsity letter.

The 86-year-old club has more than 2,000 members, fewer than 10 percent of whom are women. The club said in announcing Pollick's election that its purpose is to support the "growth and development of University of Michigan athletic programs."

Professor emeritus wins Nobel Prize in physics

By Sally Pobojewski

Veltman on campus in October.
Photo by Paul Jaronski

Martinus J.G. Veltman, the John D. MacArthur Professor Emeritus of Physics at the University of Michigan, has been awarded the 1999 Nobel Prize in physics. Veltman joined the U-M physics faculty in 1981 after 15 years as a professor of physics at the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands where he completed the pioneering mathematical work cited by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences in today's Nobel Prize announcement. From 1981 until his 1997 retirement, Veltman was an active member of the U-M physics department and was particularly involved in teaching and mentoring graduate students.

"Richard Sands, our former department chair, had the wisdom to convince Professor Veltman to spend the remainder of his professional career here at Michigan," said Ctirad Uher, U-M professor of physics and current department chair. "Veltman's stature as a world-class authority in high-energy particle theory attracted many post-doctoral students and research scientists to U-M. He was a gentle man who held strong opinions on many subjects and never hesitated to exercise those opinions."

"This is an extraordinary moment for Dr. Veltman and we congratulate him on this recognition of his definitive contributions to theoretical particle physics," said Lee C. Bollinger, U-M president. "He brings great honor to the University of Michigan and we take pride in his association with us."

Veltman shares this year's Nobel Prize in physics with his former graduate student Gerardus 't Hooft, who is now a professor of physics at the University of Utrecht. They received the prize for work done in the 1960s and '70s that made it possible for physicists to mathematically predict properties of the subatomic particles that make up all matter in the universe and the forces that hold these particles together.

As *Michigan Today* went to press, Veltman had accepted President Bollinger's invitation to come to campus for several days in October so that the University community could honor him in person for his achievement. Veltman delivered a public lecture and tossed the coin to start the football game against Illinois.

Veltman's work was vital to the 1995 discovery of the top quark, which was observed for the first time during experiments conducted at the FermiLab particle accelerator near Chicago. Homer A. Neal, U-M professor of physics and emeritus interim president of the University, was one of several U-M faculty members who participated in experiments at FermiLab that confirmed the existence of the top quark.

"Without Veltman's and 't Hooft's work, discovery of the top quark would have been impossible," Neal said. "While the concepts behind the Standard Mode–the theory that describes the elementary particles and forces in the universe–were well-known in the physics community, their work gave us a way to apply the theory to real-world events. It was of monumental importance to advances of modern physics."

Neal and other U-M physicists currently are involved in a search for the Higgs boson–another particle Veltman predicted to explain the origin of mass. These experiments will take place at the European Laboratory for Particle Physics (CERN) in Geneva, Switzerland.

Ratindranath Akhoury, a U-M professor of physics, described Veltman as a teacher who wanted his students to be independent. "He would help, but only so much," Akhoury added. "He always said that five years from now, you're going to be on your own and no one will be there to help you. He truly was my mentor."

Code of conduct for vendors of U-M-licensed goods

University of Michigan administrators believe that the code of conduct to which U-M holds all manufacturers of apparel and other merchandise with official U-M logos is one of the firmest in the nation.

In July, a letter signed by Athletic Director Tom Goss went out to all manufacturers licensed to use U-M logos on their goods, requiring them to disclose the location of each site at which those goods are produced. The requirement is part of the University's Anti-Sweatshop/Human Rights Policy released in March. The disclosure requirement is also a principle in the code of conduct drafted by a task force, facilitated by the Collegiate Licensing Company (CLC), that included U-M and 12 other universities that use the CLC as their licensing agency.

The letter states that the requirement to disclose manufacturing sites will be added to all licensing agreements effective no later than Jan. 1, 2000.

The action follows the appointment in June of an Anti-Sweatshop Advisory Committee, also called for in the U-M's human rights policy statement. The committee, made up of 10 representatives of faculty, students and staff, is chaired by John Chamberlin, professor of public policy.

The committee's charge from President Lee C. Bollinger includes guidelines for holding licensees accountable for the fair and humane treatment of workers.

Marvin Krislov, vice-president and general counsel, said that the U-M code differs from other codes in that it calls for full disclosure of manufacturing sites. It also declares a commitment to studying the concept of a "living wage" and to implement that idea once defined, he noted.

Krislov also said the U-M's code specifically addresses the rights of women who make up the majority of workers in the plants the code covers.

"We believe firmly that workers in this country and abroad who help produce licensed goods bearing the insignia or name of the University of Michigan should be treated humanely and fairly and should work under healthy and safe conditions," the code states.

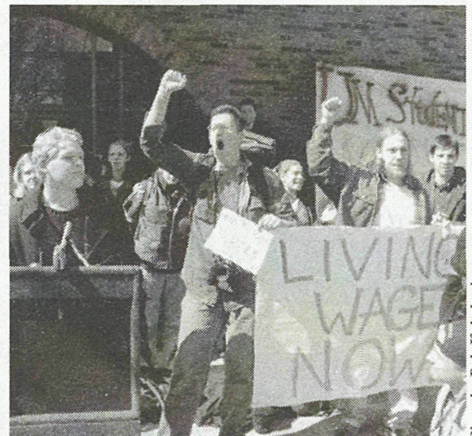
Much of the impetus for an anti-sweatshop policy nationwide resulted from educational and activist efforts of students in SOLE (Students Organizing for Labor and Economic Equity), which held a sit-in in President Bollinger's office last term and later met with him.

"As part of a nationwide student group, United Students Against Sweatshops, SOLE is working to end these sweatshops and provide a livable life for those who toil for starvation earnings in these hidden factories," said SOLE member Joe Sexauer '00 of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Bollinger said the far-reaching, comprehensive code would serve as "a national model for ensuring ethical business practices."

"We believe that workers should receive wages that at least meet their basic needs and respect their basic human rights," the U-M president added. "Human rights is a concept that we highly value as an institution."

Among the schools that publicly report royalty sales, the U-M is one of the top sellers of licensed goods in the country. Royalty revenues were $5.7 million in 1997-98, the year that the U-M won national championships in football and hockey.



Students rally in Diag to call for a strong anti-sweat shop code.
Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Prof. Donald Brown helps students discover their families' history

Why Grandpa Went to War

By Katie Williams

"Do you know what happened on August 6, 1945?" Prof. Donald R. Brown asked me.

"I, well, I'm an English major, and I haven't really had a history class since high school." I'd been sitting in his office for about half an hour, and Professor Brown had been firing questions about World War II at me the entire time. Of course, I knew nothing.

"Come on," he said, smiling, his voice sharp with playful daring, "this is an easy one."

"Um, well," I tugged on my sleeve and called up the memory of my weasel-like high school world history teacher with a gentle comb-over. I didn't remember him teaching about World War II, so I tried to make a good guess. "Was that the bombing of Hiroshima?"

"Yes." Professor Brown sat back and nodded, like he'd confirmed something about me.

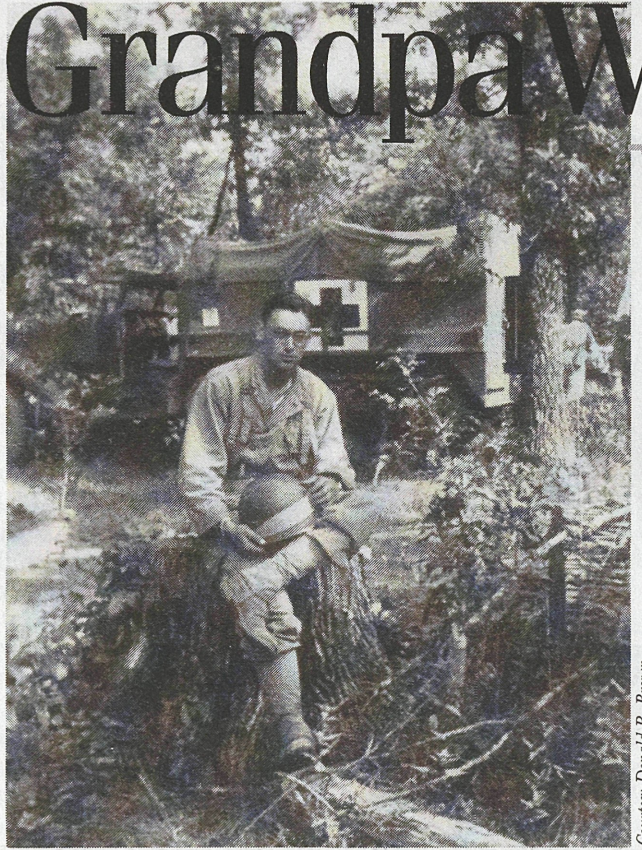
The truth was, I was the one who had confirmed something about me. Professor Brown had been telling me about his experience as a soldier in World War II, an experience that must still quiver with pain, and I knew nothing about the war. What's more, I didn't even know if my own grandfather had fought in it. There was this huge war not so long ago that had irrevocably changed millions of peoples' lives, had indirectly affected my own life, and all I knew about it was what I'd seen in *Schindler's List*.

I thought of my own grandpa, with his sweet disposition and countless bad (I mean, really bad) jokes, who had attended birthday parties and Christmas celebrations for my entire life, and I didn't even know if he'd been a soldier in World War II. It was a problem.

My incompetence, of course, was exactly what Professor Brown was talking about, exactly why he'd decided, even though he has retired, to teach a freshman seminar, "Why Grandpa Went to War."

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Brown and Glenn.


Courtesy Donald R. Brown

Brown as a teen-age soldier in World War II.

Professor Brown is long on anecdotes and opinions and, of course, experiences. He is a professor emeritus in the Department of Psychology who came out of retirement to teach 20 freshmen each year about World War II. The seminar, which was filled to its limit last winter and will be taught again this winter term, has an agenda; Brown uses videos, guest speakers, as well as the students own grandparents, to "make history come alive."

The class works a little differently from most. Research isn't done by wandering through library stacks but by listening to the stories of the people who really lived during World War II and reading a number of histories and memoirs. Brown also invites a series of guest speakers from the area. A retired University faculty member talks about volunteering to fight in the Spanish Civil War. Another scholar recalls his childhood in Ethiopia, watching his parents and grandparents try to fend off Mussolini's army with only spears clenched in their fists.

The course begins with the political events and national tensions following World War I. Brown wants his students to understand that WWI was "an unnecessary war that people stumbled into; World War II came about because World War I was never properly resolved." He teaches them how resentment between countries can build, how overlooked skirmishes and small takeovers can soon become a national emergency in which innocent people die in droves. When asked if he thinks a war like World War II could happen again, he nods and says emphatically, "Yes. It could happen again."

Photo by Donald R. Brown

Brown took this photo when he and fellow US Army troops liberated the Dachau concentration camp.

As the class focus moves from the loose ends of WWI to the beginning of WWII, Brown speaks to his students not of the battle summaries and death counts found in text books, but of his own experience as an 18-year-old soldier fighting for the United States. He told part of that story to me.

Brown shipped out for training after only one year at Harvard. He soon sneaked away from base and caught his first glimpse of his wife of 55 years, a sorority girl at Indiana University. He talked about going to battle. He pointed to a statement of gratitude on the wall, for it was his troop that liberated the concentration camp, Dachau. But what was most striking about Brown's story was the undercurrent of urgency to his voice. I felt that he wanted so much for me to understand just how lonely and scary it was to be fighting a war at 18, and how strongly he hoped that that would never happen to anyone again.

Through his class about wars and infantry, Brown builds a type of army of his own. Halfway through the term, at spring break, he deploys 20 freshmen, armed with the desire to find their own grandparents' truths. Their objective: an interview and paper based on conversations with an older relative about his or her experience during World War II, writing a personal account of what it was like "when grandpa went to war."

The results are amazing. Brown had the final papers stacked carefully in a cardboard box; most were 20 pages long, some spanned to 30 and 40. All had carefully crafted cover sheets or title pages. Many of them had pictures and graphics. Many had family photos taken from home of grandparents and grandchildren together.

The reason the students spend so much effort on this project is that they realize "they didn't really know their

grandparents other than as nice old people who give them presents," Brown says. "Then they talk with them and discover that, one, their grandpas were a bunch of 18-year-olds, and then, what they did was go fight a war, which they can't imagine themselves doing. They see grandpa as a person and can empathize, because he's [talking about being] 18 years old."

Brown's students echo his words, talking about the emotional and personal impact the interviews with their grandparents had on them. Sophomore political science major Steven Lezell of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, recalls that "focusing on questions dealing with the War and the Depression eliminated the stereotypical 'When I was your age...' talk and opened the door to a room filled with stories, experiences, loves and tragedies. My grandfather and I have been closer ever since. Each day we see one another, I am reminded of his struggles and his accomplishments. Each day I admire him just a little bit more."

History major Jenni Glenn '02 of Midland, Michigan, had a similar experience. "I begged Professor Brown to let me into the class after it filled up because my grandfather has been ill on and off again for the past two years. I thought that this could be one of my last chances to hear about his experiences. It changed my relationship with my grandfather during the last six months, which I'm especially grateful for since my grandfather had a stroke two weeks ago. That was just another reminder for me that I don't know how much longer we will be able to spend together. Thanks to Professor Brown, I know however long that is, it will be quality time."

I was on the phone with my mother two nights ago, and I asked her if Grandpa had fought in World War II. "Well, I don't know," she said. "He was in the service and he's 83, but I don't know if he fought."

Jenni Glenn learned that her grandfather, Martin Breslau of Philadelphia, was 19 when he fought in the Battle of the Bulge. He was imprisoned by the Germans and held until the end of the war.

Photo courtesy Jenni Glenn

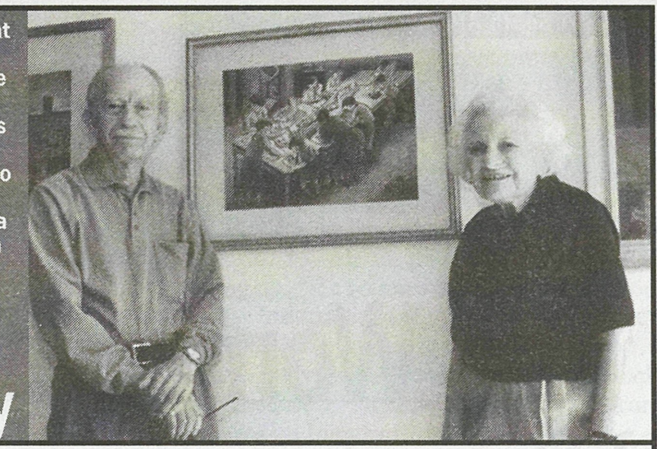
It isn't often that a class becomes more than facts to be learned. It isn't often that a class talks about 18-year-olds marching off to kill and be killed. It isn't often that a class faces up to the pictures of Dachau's slaughter, pictures so complete that all words become understatement. It isn't often that a class causes grandfathers to cry and grandchildren to listen. And it isn't very long before this class stops being a class and starts being a very, very important experience.

"Never forget" is the watch cry of those who braved the concentration camps, and this class is part of that, part of that remembering and learning and healing. MT

Katie Williams '00 of Okemos, Michigan, is Michigan Today*'s 1999-2000 student intern.*

By John Woodford

WWII-era cartoonist is honored by Grad Library



The Yomens at home. The painting in the background dates from his New Deal job teaching art to boys in the basement of a Czech church in New York City.

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

During WW II, the labor cartoonist Ben Yomen created *Congressman Dripp* to lampoon US politicians whom he saw as weak on the war effort and soft on Hitler. The cartoon ran from 1943-55 in the Federated Press labor news service and in 200 union publications nationally and helped Yomen get voted the most popular labor cartoonist in an AFL-CIO poll in the 1940s.

Dripp and other cartoons are among Yomen's original drawings in the exhibit "Artist for the Worker" devoted to his work at the U-M's Harlan Hatcher Graduate Library throughout the remainder of this year.

"I'm glad the exhibit was organized and especially appreciate the efforts of Lew Morrissey to make it happen," Yomen says. (Morrissey, director of state outreach in the Office of University Relations, met the Yomens on a U-M Alumni Association cruise.) "I'm hoping some of this will rub off on students so they will carry on the fight. Several have called me because they're studying the cartoons and this period. Unions are getting attacked today as if they are a foreign invasion."

Yomen decided to be "an artist or cartoonist when I was 9, copying *Maggie and Jiggs* and *Barney Google*. I worked hard at both, but became more successful as a cartoonist."

Yomen joined the Federated Press in 1939, when "unions were thriving and were behind the war effort.

Ben Yomen, 1944

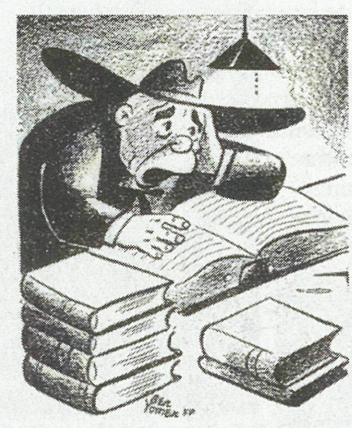
Editors would call me to pitch ideas for cartoons. Besides the two a week I did for Federated, I did cartoons for other union publications. I was so busy drawing them I wished I had two right hands."

Yomen began to focus on the labor movement following a harrowing experience in March 1932 during an organized "job march" to the Ford Motor Company River Rouge plant. The marchers had been met with tear gas and bullets. Hundreds were injured, many others jailed and four young men were killed.

Yomen and two of his artist friends went to the scene to make sketches, but before they could touch pencil to paper, they were arrested and thrown in jail as "suspects." As a result of this experience, he began drawing cartoons and caricatures lampooning the bosses.

A year later Yomen left for New York City with $50 in his pocket. He managed to make a living by doing everything from sign painting to caricaturing patrons in bars and nightclubs. In 1935, he married fellow Detroiter and Michigan alumna Rose Rosenfeld '32, a chemistry and biology major who worked for a number of years as a medical research librarian.

The Yomens returned to Detroit in 1945, when Ben became art director of the UAW publication *Ammunition* and the union's Education Department. They are now retired and live in Ann Arbor. MT



Congressman Dripp

"But there must be some way of showing workers that higher wages hurt them."

U-M South African Initiative

Some Key Facts:
Durban Metro Population: 2.3 million
Durban Metro Racial Breakdown: 58% Black; 26% Indian; 13% White; 3% Coloured.
Durban Metro Housing Statistic: Over half of Black population lives in substantial housing.
Projected length of time to eliminate Durban Metro housing deficit: 20 years.
Sources: A Strategic Housing Framework for the Durban Metropolitan Area, December 1998.

By Leoneda Inge-Barry

The Women of Cato Manor

Photos by Leoneda Inge-Barry

Cato Manor has both shanties and upgraded dwellings with water and electricity

Driving through the lush hills of Durban, you can't help but notice the immaculately sculptured parks, gardens and the Indian Ocean down below. It is also hard to miss the large number of magnificent homes tucked away in this tropical paradise. But almost a decade after South Africa's apartheid policy that separated the population into categories of Blacks, Whites, Coloureds and Indians were repealed, housing remains very much segregated.

Many Whites who had been allocated prime urban land near the city center still live in those magnificent homes, and many people of color live on the periphery, in overcrowded downtown flats or wherever they can find space to build a shack.

One housing development in Durban that leaves visitors speechless, with its massive squatter settlements, is Cato Manor. That's where two other U-M graduate students and I spent much of our time this summer, assessing the quality of life and housing needs of women living there. Brendie Vega, a School of Architecture and Urban Planning MA student in the Urban and Regional Planning program, has read about "shanty towns" worldwide and visited similar sites in her native Mexico; nevertheless, the expanse of Cato Manor amazed her.

"I was surprised by its size and proximity to a major road, a road people used every day to travel to the beautiful neighborhoods near the University of Durban-Westville," Vega said.

We knew this road well, taking "kombi" taxis back and forth to the university and Cato Manor. The development can almost be described as a third world city within a first world city. Standing near the curb, you could easily see a Mercedes Benz or Audi driver chatting on a cell phone to your left, and a group of women and young girls carrying 25 liter jugs of water on their heads to your right.

'Hello, American Girls'

In a very small way, our research team could relate to some of the struggles of those we were probing. Our housing accommodations fell through days before leaving Ann Arbor for South Africa. So our first nights were spent in a downtown YMCA. We soon decided that the "Y" would remain our summer home. Being centrally located, with easy access to transportation, banks to exchange money and nearby agency offices to conduct research, was more important than having a softer bed, carpet, hot water with every shower and quiet suburban evenings. We learned to respect our surroundings and live with our neighbors, some of them homeless. And they got used to us, too, shouting, "Hello, American girls" as we walked by.

L-R: Vega, Cato Manor development assistant Thandi Memela, Inge-Barry and Supuwood.

Housing is a major tool used around the world to measure a country's economic growth and the quality of life of its residents. In South Africa, housing and, more important, land, was used to capture social and economic power. Laws limited less than 15 percent of the country's land to nearly 90 percent of the population, which is mostly Black.

After Nelson Mandela and the African National Congress gained power in the country's first democratic elections, the government's Reconstruction and Development Program built hundreds of thousands of homes for the majority poor, Black population. But depite the continuing effort, many Blacks, mostly women and children, remain in squatter settlements.

Internationally, researchers use the status of "poor Black women" as an indicator or gauge of development, since in most countries where they live, women of color are the most impoverished. Furthermore, there are more single women head of households in Africa than anywhere else in the world. Knowing this, our research team member Kiabe Supuwood, a School of Public Health MA student in the Environmental and Industrial Health–Toxicology prgoram, said she could tell right away that gender research in Cato Manor would be a valuable project with international relevance.

"Given that so many women of color all over the world are suffering, it becomes increasingly important to share their struggles in hopes that some form of aid will come to assist them," said Supuwood. "I've taken both a personal and research interest in these women."

Michigan Prof. Hemalata Dandekar, chairman of International Planning in the College of Architecture and Urban Planning and an expert on socioeconomic issues affecting women worldwide, advises our research team and visited us in Durban.

"Women around the world have the triple burden of income earning, family sustenance and reproduction," Dandekar noted. "A home of one's own is a very valuable asset. It allows for value-adding, income-generating activities while looking after the kids and provides access to urban locations where earning an income is possible."

Cato Manor

Cato Manor is a prime area for economic development in Durban, covering almost 5,000 acres with 2,200 acres suitable for building. The community of 170,000 is named after Durban's first mayor, George Cato, who acquired the land in 1845. The early 1900s saw the property transferred primarily to Indian market gardeners. Even during this time, Africans wanting to live closer to the city center built shacks on part of the land, which is walking distance, though a long one, to downtown Durban.

When the city of 2.3 million incorporated the area, "squatting" became illegal, since laws forbade Africans from owning land or building homes in an urban area.

By the 1950s, 50,000 Blacks lived in shacks in Cato Manor. Under national policy most were relocated, often forcibly. After years of non-occupation, the land was designated as a site for housing for Indians. But in the early 1990s, around the time Mandela was released from prison. Africans surged onto the property and put up shacks in much of the buildable space. In a way, Blacks were sending the "old" South Africa a "new" message of freedom–freedom to live where they pleased. Government got the message, allowing, in part, most of the temporary homes to stay.

Today, the Durban Metropolitan Area includes Cato Manor in its strategic housing plan. The Cato Manor Development Association has organized ongoing housing upgrades and construction in the area.Our trio of U-M researchers spoke to women living in several different levels of housing in Cato Manor–some houses made of mud, bamboo and cardboard with outhouses nearby and others recently built, including electricity and water.

Our goal is to provide new data on women and housing in South Africa and encourage dialogue on women's housing needs in the Durban Metro area and nationally. Gender equality is a major area of focus in the new South African government, but implementing such strategies has been difficult, especially in the area of land reform. Constraints range from a reluctance to tackle traditional patriarchal attitudes to the absence of a significant women's grassroots movement.

We plan to present our findings at an international conference in Johannesburg next summer. MT

Leoneda-Inge-Barry is in the MA program in the School of Natural Resources and Environment. She was a Michigan Journalism Fellow in 1995-96.

The things going bump in the night could well be hippos

Conflict in the Park

By Lisa Klopfer

One day this summer Catherine Picard found herself face to face with a community rebel wanted by the police. Another day she was splattered with hippo guts when she got too close while photographing butchers. And every day she talked with people who ranged from outspoken racists to ingratiatingly hospitable, to just plain hungry. Projects for master's degree students at the U-M School of Natural Resources can have challenges, but Picard has had more than her share.

Catherine Picard

Photo by Lee Schlesinger

As a Moody Fellow funded by a Ford Foundation grant through the U-M's Center for Afro-American and African Studies, Picard spent the summer living in a cabin in a game reserve in South Africa's Greater St. Lucia Wetland Park, researching communities in conflict over conservation. The park, which protects five separate ecosystems within approximately 645,000 noncontiguous acres, exists in an uneasy balance between three residential communities, the South African Parks Board and commercial mining interests.

On the day of her arrival, in the dead of night, a park ranger drove Picard to her cabin in a Land Rover. "He called the next day to say he'd totaled the vehicle after hitting a hippo in the road. It turns out hippos' eyes don't reflect light the way a cat's or deer's eyes do. They're just a big black blob. This hippo was the size of a Honda Accord, he said. It bounced right back up after the collision and ran off into the darkness."

The park is roughly 160 miles from Durban, making it one of the closest pristine beach and game areas for urban vacationers. "I am trying to get a grasp on how local communities perceive and benefit from the Greater St. Lucia Wetland Park," Picard says. "I have focused on three very different socioeconomic communities, which are adjacent to one another, yet they share very different realities regarding this Park.

"One community is the town of St. Lucia, which is populated by White South Africans who run tourist related businesses, and the other two are Zulu communities about three miles away, with obviously significantly lower levels of income generation, employment and education. These diverse communities are all dependent upon the park, so how do their perceptions and benefits of the park differ?"

St. Lucia relies heavily upon both South African fisherman and ecotourists visiting the park. Fishing is seasonal, nicely complementing the growing tourist trade. However, as the fishery continues to decline, St. Lucians increasingly rely on tourism for revenue. They run guesthouses, fishing and snorkeling excursions, game drives, restaurants, shops and other services. Their community has paved roads, gas stations, banks and all the other amenities associated with a small resort.

The irony of Whites now battling to protect the remaining wetlands is not lost on Black residents, whose way of life on the margins of the park is coming under increasing scrutiny and control. The two Black communities' relationship with the park is based on subsistence agriculture and the hope for jobs. One Black community, Dukuduku North, is a recognized settlement. The people who live there agreed to be relocated from more sensitive areas in or near the park, and in exchange they received assistance with housing, schools and other such amenities. Their neighborhoods are still muddy, many of the homes tiny. Chicken and cattle roam the dirt roads. But the people of Dukuduku North are eager to move up in the world, to purchase cars, build larger houses, buy more televisions, refrigerators, even send the kids to college. For the people of Dukuduku North, they expect the park to offer jobs. Perhaps due to lack of experience, they do not think of having their own businesses, as the Whites do. "What every person wants is a salary," Picard observes.

A Legal Haze

In contrast, the people of Dukuduku South live in a legal haze, and often a literal one too, as they burn hidden areas for crops, and threaten the small remaining tracts of the rare coastal lowland forest. No one is sure how many people live along the muddy tracks and paths that reach as far as a dozen miles from the road. Estimates set the populations of Dukuduku North at 10,000 people, Dukuduku South at 12,000 to 30,000, and St. Lucia registers fewer than 2,000 permanent residents.

Dukuduku South residents earn money selling agricultural products and woodcarvings from roadside stands. They claim to know and love the forest better than anyone else, and argue that the parks board harasses them and that the Whites limit their movement and their access to economic opportunities in sugar, forestry, fisheries, mining and so on. With more freedom, they say, they would live in harmony with the park and their neighbors.

Thanks to a course taught by Crisca Bierwert, assistant professor of anthropology, and another seminar that Picard, herself, helped organize on parks and people, Picard had an idea of what to expect. But courses couldn't prepare her for the emotional drain of shuttling between the communities in tension.

In the all-White community of St. Lucia, civilization ends at the security gate guarding their neighborhood. "I love South Africa, but this area is fraught with some of the greatest racial tension I have ever witnessed" says Picard, a University of California-Berkeley graduate who lived in Rwanda, Senegal, Swaziland, Namibia and South Africa while growing up. "It's so hard to interview someone who feels this way; but understanding their perspective is important. Everyone has significant roots and ties to this place. People have grown up here and have firm beliefs, and reconciling these issues of race and identity are complicated and will take a long time. Unfortunately, this often results in blame being placed upon local Zulu communities for destroying the nearby forest and discouraging ecotourism."

'Freaked Out About Their Future'

And it is the forest–or rather tourism based on the forest, the wetland park and seasonal fishing–that provides the Whites their livelihood. "Young White South Africans are freaked out about their future," Picard says. They are fearful of the ANC–led government, which, they believe, gives preferences to Blacks. And they are mistrustful of Picard and her ties with Blacks and the Parks Board.

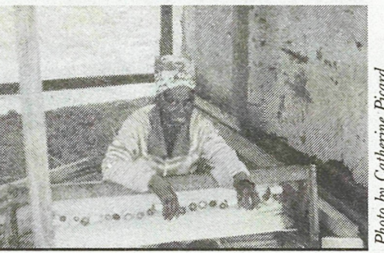
Recently, a conflict arose over the right to harvest a particular grass used to make mats, and irate members of Dukuduku South blockaded the road for a few days, strangling off the tourist trade on which most St. Lucia residents survive. "Communication between the communities is growing, although much remains to be reconciled," Picard says.

Picard's research should be far more useful than the attitudinal surveys that prevailed in the 1980s. Knowing attitudes, particularly around polarizing issues, doesn't help solve anything, Picard points out. Her research is designed to help the groups come to understand where they might have common ground, "particularly regarding the potential benefits of community-based conservation and joint ecotourism projects."

The park also is meaningful to Picard beyond her research subjects. "The first week I was here I just realized I was in paradise. This *is* paradise. In one day you can traverse five different ecosystems, body surf, snorkel, take a game walk." She doesn't have to look far for wildlife. Little vervet monkeys steal food from her kitchen. "I'll be writing out my notes, and a huge nyala or kudu [antelopes] will cruise right by." A bearded stork sometimes stops in, and she hears bush pigs in the nearby woods. One day a young leopard stared out at her as it crossed the road.

Sometimes she explores a new path or beach. And at night she ventured forth on "a whole new type of hiking. You hear something, but often you can't see a thing–what an adrenaline rush." Just to be safe, she takes her cell phone with her. MT

U-M South African Initiative



Minnah, an elderly pensioner, weaves a mat made of a strong grass that grows only within the park. The mats are used in traditional wedding ceremonies. Women who have obtained a governmental permit come from hundreds of miles to harvest ncema grass in a two-week period. They sell the mats to Zulu families.

Photo by Catherine Picard

U-M South African Initiative

A U-M archivist looks at the challenges facing South Africa

The Trials of Reconciliation

By Lisa Klopfer

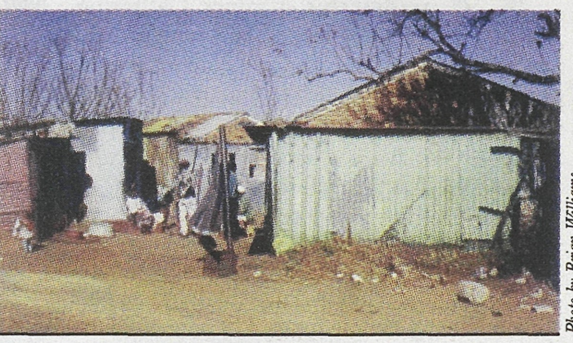


Photo by Brian Williams

Soweto, site of a violent uprising in Johannesberg.

Lisa Klopfer left a medical social work position for a two-year master's degree program at the U-M School of Information (SI), specializing in contemporary library and archives practice. This summer she and eight other U-M students joined an SI project to help the University of Fort Hare arrange and describe materials for the African National Congress and other archives being set up there.

"The project," Klopfer explains, "brings together a lot of my interests, including the history of political struggle, the difficulty of documenting informal (in this case, exiled and suppressed) organizations, the whole problem of memory and history in times of violence, and of course just the wonders of different places, different languages, different people."

Funded by the Kellogg Foundation, the SI project at Fort Hare is designed to help build archives of the anti-apartheid movement. It provides a combination of consulting, training and hands-on work. Last year, the students focused entirely on getting the papers arranged and described. This summer, Klopfer's group continued processing the records and also consulted on policy issues, program planning, feasibility of an oral history project and a Website for the archives, including a virtual exhibit for the African art collection.

Throughout her stay, Klopfer wrote a diary in letter form to keep family and friends up to date about her activities and impressions; those writings served as her notes for this *Michigan Today* feature story.—Ed.

After flying from Amsterdam to Johannesburg, we took a one-hour flight to East London on South Africa's east coast. From East London we traveled due west to Alice, a little town in what used to be the rural Black "homeland" of Siskei. Alice is made up of a few blocks of shops, two gas stations and a post office. Right next to Alice is the University of Fort Hare, a landmark for Black education and the liberation struggle in South Africa.

We were to stay in a White enclave known as Hogsback in the bluffs about 18 miles north of Alice. Our road from East London began as a two-lane highway; it dwindled to one-lane on the way to Alice, and when we turned north from Alice to Hogsback, the road became more and more narrow, eventually crumbling into gravel.

We passed a number of laboring trailer trucks and small mini-vans full of people. A lot of people were hitchhiking or just walking alongside the highway, including groups of kids returning home from school. Considering the distance to the nearest visible settlements, they would be walking more than a few miles. The land was mostly golden grasses, dotted with darker acacia and other shrubs; a little was cultivated with corn, while six-strand barbed wire fences contained large, horned cattle, filthy sheep or motley goats.

Photo by David Wallace

Lisa Klopfer (r) with friend Vuyiswa Bokisa, a woman from Alice who befriended Klopfer and helped her learn a bit of the Xhosa language. They keep up their contact by letter.

The villages did not line the road, but were scattered along low rises in the valley and along the lower flanks of the mountains. They were odd to American eyes, because they had no central place, whether marked by trees, plaza, church, temple or mosque. Instead there was simply a sprinkling of small rectangular houses, each having a yard or twig-fenced corral for animals and sometimes a vegetable garden. The houses ranged in size from as large as a two-car garage to as small as a tool shed. They were built of mud brick or wood and mud, then plastered with dung or stucco, and sometimes painted in pastels or Mediterranean blue. They had corrugated metal roofs, or more rarely, tile. Some people also had rondavels, which are small round houses built in the same manner, but reflecting older architectural styles. Barbed-wire fences were everywhere, keeping livestock out of gardens. They do not function to keep animals enclosed, however–we met so many horses, donkeys and cattle wandering loose on the road, that we invented a little game: the person who correctly predicted the next animal on the road would get a free beer.

We were staying at King's Lodge, a rustic luxury resort. The words "rustic" and "luxury" are rarely used to describe the same noun, but in this case, they apply. On the rustic side, we had small, unheated, slightly moldy-smelling cabins with broken glass in the bathroom windows. A troop of small monkeys and three crowned hornbills hung around the hotel, adding a sense of the exotic. The monkeys were wild and would urinate on you if you approached too closely. The hornbills, however, shamelessly begged for crumbs of toast. On the luxury side, in the main lodge we enjoyed hand and foot service, the coziest of fireside lounges, and astounding gourmet meals complete with exquisite South African

Photo by Brian Williams

Center for Cultural Studies Building, University of Fort Hare.

wines. The staff slipped hot water bottles into our beds each night and did their best to provide every possible comfort.

For example, a five-course dinner one evening consisted of smoked trout, cream of asparagus soup, incredibly delicious buttered crayfish, a dish of farm-fresh chicken breast and vegetables with a light cheese sauce, and homemade ice cream with sauce, all followed with coffee, tea or port.

From Hogsback we could take lovely hikes into the mountains or even hire horses for trail rides on the weekends. But we were in South Africa to work, not indulge, and except for evenings and weekends, we did just that. Each morning we piled into our two minivans and drove to the University of Fort Hare (UFH).

UFH is the second-oldest Black university in Africa, and the oldest in Southern Africa. In 1846, Scottish missionaries set up near Alice a school for Africans and, soon thereafter, the Lovedale Bible College, a prep school for Blacks interested in going to seminary. In 1916, the University of Fort Hare was officially established, accepting all non-Whites (a few Whites ended up studying there as well).

All this changed when apartheid ("apart-ness" or "segregation" in Afrikaans) was increasingly imposed on South Africa. Apartheid was not one law, but a whole system of laws that relegated Blacks to only unskilled work and banned them from areas where Whites desired to settle. The exclusion of Africans from their own lands was justified by the creation of "homelands" to which Africans were supposed to "return" and farm.

Under apartheid UFH was designated as a homeland university, serving only the Xhosa ethnic group. Although severely depleted of resources and run by Whites and colluding homeland leaders, Fort Hare educated many of the activists and leaders who struggled against apartheid, including Nelson Mandela.

While apartheid officially ended about 10 years ago, its effects will probably linger for decades. With the dramatic political changes in the 1990s, the apartheid leadership resigned. Subsequently, the school's new Black leadership was suspended, pending investigation into various corruption charges. Emergency loans recently rescued Fort Hare from financial collapse, but its future is imperiled. People sympathetic to UFH complain that no one investigated similar corruption when it was practiced under the apartheid regime.

The School of Information projects at UFH were divided between two institutions on campus. On the one side of campus was the University Library, which holds, in addition to the usual lending and reference collections for students, the archives of the African National Congress (now the country's governing party), the Somafco (a training school for exiled South Africans), and papers of some famous freedom fighters and activists. On the other side of campus was the National Heritage and Cultural Studies Center (NAHECS), a post-apartheid institution set up to promote African-focused study, particularly the history of the liberation struggle. The Center has its own small library, the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC) archives (the PAC was a rival group to the ANC–in contrast to the ANC it was intensely anti-Communist, rejected cooperation with non-Blacks, and waged a much more violent campaign based on assassination and intimidation, instead of ANC's emphasis on sabotage) and an African art collection that included both traditional crafts and modern works.

A rural community near the University of Fort Hare.

Photo by Katherine Montgomery

Our group finessed the tensions between the various institutions by breaking down into small work groups that facilitated cooperation between them. A major accomplishment!

Racism is a difficult subject for Americans, and we had to be careful, given our own American past, not to assume we understood how racism worked in South Africa. One day, when I was meeting with a couple of students and the museum head, the latter brought out a photo album from the 1930s made by one Mrs. Fred Clarke. The subjects were identified as "Kaffirs" (a derogatory term for Blacks), and although some labels took an ethnographic tone, noting kinds of dress, kinds of work, kinds of tools, etc., others raised the hair on my neck. One, for example, showed a group of Black men clustered in front of a White man. One of the Blacks was bending his head over the extended hand of the White, as if kissing it. The label read "Paying Obeisance." Another showed a group of little children on the beach. Five small Black children were lying in a circle in the sand, looking up at an equally small White boy standing in the middle of the circle. All were nude. The title: "Hero Worship."

Looking at these images, the students and museum head, all Blacks, began to laugh and repeat the labels. I did not know how to react, and I think my discomfort showed. At least they did not try to make me feel better. The images fit well with my reading at the time, a painfully detailed chronicle, starting in the 19th century, of one African family's struggle to find success in farming as the country's laws made it more and more impossible to do so. The book is Charles Van Onselen's *The Seed Is Mine*, and I recommend it to anyone who wants to see how apartheid affected African farmers.

Eastern Cape landscape at sunset.

Photo by Kristine Palmquist

One Sunday I joined a small group of SI people in the van for a drive back to the city of East London, where we had flown in only two weeks ago. We were going to pick up one of our professors, Derrick Cogburn, from the airport, and also planned to take advantage of the trip to see some sights in the area, including the local museum.

The museum was a pleasant surprise. It was much larger than I expected and well laid-out. Its displays included one on the national election three days away (June 2). South Africans held their first democratic elections ever just five years ago and voted the African National Congress, led by Nelson Mandela, into power. This second time around, the excitement is more muted. In the five years of new government, many elements of apartheid have been broken down, but the basic problems of huge unemployment and grossly unfair distribution of land and wealth have not improved much. In addition, urban crime has gotten worse, and there are rumors about increasing corruption of some people in the ANC.

Most people did not bring up the subject of the election with us. I don't know why, whether it was too sensitive or perhaps because they figured we were not interested. I spent the entire election day, notebook in hand, talking to people about their hopes and fears for the future. The extreme fears and hopes at the time of the first election have faded. Neither the violent backlash feared by some Whites, nor the redistribution of jobs and land hoped for

U-M group on safari at Double Drift Preserve.

Photo by Brian Williams

by some non-Whites, has come to pass. Instead, there has been a slow, steady shift to a new form of government and new relations among groups of people.

This time, the big question was whether the ANC would achieve a two-thirds majority, enough to vote for changes to the Constitution without the cooperation of any other party. The many other parties vied among themselves for the role of opposition party in Parliament.

The queue of voters in Alice stretched far down the street. I estimated 700 people within the area the officials allowed me to wander, and perhaps an equal number in the controlled area. Despite mid-day dust and glare, the mood was friendly. One older woman told me she had been in line since 6 a.m. "because it is my vote I must give."

Many of the people in this queue did not speak much English, so when I settled in the shade with a group of women, one of them summoned her college-student daughter to talk to me. This young woman came from an isolated hilly area, and was training to be a teacher. "But I sit here and ask myself, where will I have a job next year? With no job I must stay home–and marry." Her lips twisted in distaste at this prospect.

Unemployment in South Africa is an increasingly urgent problem, and nowhere more so than in the rural areas. The young woman was not optimistic. "It will not get better. No. It will be worse." She would vote with the others, she said, but with no illusions. "You must only hope in God," she said.

In Hogsback the tone was also sober. One after another, Whites told me that no matter what party one chose, above all ANC should not be allowed to get a two-thirds majority. If that were to occur, said one Afrikaner, "what good will a court be then? They will just change the laws. They'll have a President for Life, just like the rest of Africa–and then there will be trouble."

As it turned out, the ANC finished just barely short of their goal, but still comfortably in control.

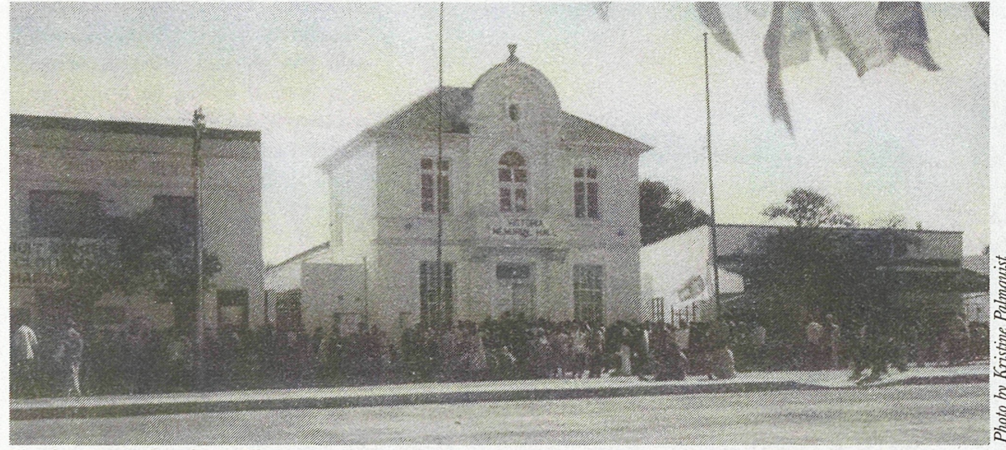
Staying out in the countryside, we had no expectation of seeing any of South Africa's national leaders. One day, however, luck was with me. There was to be a large funeral on campus. Under apartheid, funerals were often the safest way for people to gather, comfort and strengthen each other. They were sometimes overtly political events, particularly in the cases of women and men who had died at the hands of security forces. The funeral to be held that day was for the 22-year-old son of the region's newly elected premier.

Curious to see an ANC funeral, I hitched a ride down to campus and then walked in fresh, bright sunshine across the campus towards the Sports Center, where the event was to be held. As I reached the soccer fields, a military helicopter began a slow descent. I quickened my pace to a trot, and just as I approached, about 10 female students came running from the other direction, screaming, ululating and waving their arms in the air. I heard them shouting "Madiba!" and my excitement expanded. Madiba is a title by which Xhosa people address Nelson Mandela. But how could it be Mandela–wouldn't there be hundreds of people to greet him, and dignitaries, banners, music? I slipped into the crowd of 20 to 30 students who had clustered up to a line of police at the edge of a soccer field.

The helicopter door slid open and yes, as the ululating started up again, I saw it was Nelson Mandela! He walked directly up to our small group and stood some two or three yards away from me. The girls hushed down and he spoke a few sentences, very quietly, in Xhosa. Everyone cheered. He looked pale and blew his nose a few times. As he turned away, he faltered slightly. Security men ushered him into a waiting white Mercedes. The armored vehicles started up, one in front and one behind the Mercedes, and they moved off. I followed on foot, and by the time I reached the Sports Center, he was already visible through the windows, seated in the first row. I stood outside on the steps by the open entrance doors for 20 minutes, observing security men patting down each arriver. When the guests had slowed to a trickle and the service had begun, I went inside, accepted a program from an usher and settled in the back bleachers.

The service had begun with hymns, one in English and one in Xhosa, led by a powerful choir. Then some prayers and more Xhosa hymns. The obituary, which had been printed in the program in English, was read out, and then a woman described as a "community speaker" addressed the crowd. I was still in the process of being searched and reaching my seat, and so did not hear what she said. Next came tributes to the deceased by four peers. The speakers shifted back and forth between Xhosa and English, often leaving me baffled. A young woman described her lost friend (he had died in a car accident) as extroverted, naughty, vain, given to excess in all things and in love with stylishness. These traits seem to have been considered positive, at least for the son of a prominent man.

The next speaker, a young man, depicted the deceased as reckless, playful and eager to be the center of attention. As the third speaker was approaching the podium, a man offstage began a rasping, growling shout. At first I thought some crazy man was making a commotion. Then a man with an animal skin on his shoulder leapt up to the podium and proclaimed a breathtaking poem, sculpting out his words in breath and tone in a language I didn't understand. I realized I was hearing a royal praise-singer, a bard who memorizes royal family trees and orates poetry. He was introducing a royal personage, in this case a young prince, friend of the deceased.



Election Day voting site in Alice.

Photo by Kristine Palmquist

Soon Mandela was asked to speak. He too was preceded by a praise singer, female this time, but I don't know if he rated a singer because of his ties to a royal family or simply because he was the president. He walked to the podium, a mild old man, and spoke for around 15 minutes entirely in Xhosa. The only words I understood were "matriculation" and "University of Fort Hare." Mandela was expelled from UFH for rejecting the undemocratic manner in which the student council was selected. Perhaps he was mentioning that.

After more singing and prayers, the coffin was lifted up and carried out, the family trailing behind, and then the dignitaries, including Mandela. I made my way out slowly behind the large crowd, thrilled to have seen the man who lead South Africa into democracy.

Most of my work at UFH centered on training students and building the Collections' Website. In our last week, however, I had the opportunity to visit, for the first time, yet another archive there. The Federal Theological Seminary (FTS) records, entirely unprocessed, were stuffed into misshapen cardboard boxes and piled in a small room near the women's studies office.

The FTS, a product of and a victim of apartheid, would be a wonderful subject for a history dissertation. The new apartheid laws in the 1960s forced all of South Africa's multi-ethnic seminaries either to submit to "Bantu education" (as Fort Hare did) or close down. At least 10 seminaries or church schools in the Eastern Cape resolved their theological and political differences enough to found a combined seminary on the property of what had been the Lovedale Bible College, right next to UFH. The federated seminary opened its doors in 1963. Not surprisingly, the apartheid-era leaders at Fort Hare did not enjoy having an independent, racially and tribally integrated college flaunting its freedoms on what was practically the same campus. Students at UFH were aware of this refuge as well. When chased by the police during anti-apartheid protests, they would escape to the immunity of the FTS buildings.

After years of harassment failed to shut down the seminary, the government simply annexed the Lovedale property to the university and told FTS to leave. Unable to find an alternative location in South Africa, the school closed in 1976. That is the sorry story. The records, as yet unprocessed, promise wonderful insight into the painful history of church and state under apartheid.

At the end of our six weeks at UFH, I rented a car, picked up my visiting husband, and took off to see other parts of the country. From Fort Hare we drove towards Cape Town, stopping at the English settlement of Grahamstown along the way. The road traversed the rather scrawny Fish River and cut through steep valleys. This area, which seemed barren to me, was the site of a

number of bloody battles between the British and Xhosa. After defending themselves impressively at first, the Xhosa succumbed rather strangely. Already mostly refugees in the mountains and various hideouts, they had suffered from British-borne diseases, including a cattle plague, all of which severely cut into their ability to plow their fields.

Then in the 1850s, a millenarian movement started up, based on the prophecy that if the Xhosa destroyed all their cattle, their ancestors would feed them and lead them to victory over the British. Huge numbers of animals were killed. The disbelieving were pressured into going along, under the argument that if they did not, everyone would lose. As it turned out, everyone did lose. With no cattle, the Xhosa could not plant enough crops. Thousands starved. They moved under the protection of other tribes for a while and never recovered their lands. This story was told at the Grahamstown history museum in an effective regional history gallery, a rarity in South Africa, where much of the history is still told from the English or Afrikaner point of view.

SI Students Ed Staples, Stephanie Pryor and Kathy Wolters arrange the ANC archives.

Photo by Kristine Palmquist

Cape Town, which we reached just after dark, offered more indescribable scenery. The city laps around the huge mass of upturned rock known as Table Mountain. Photographs just cannot show how the cliffs and the outsize clouds that often spread across them like foggy quilts alter the scale. Cape Town felt very distant from the world of cattle and farming that otherwise dominates southern South Africa. Cape Town is focused on its ports for industry, tourism and immigration. Of course Cape Town has its all-White suburbs, Black townships, Muslim and Colored quarters, but it seems more jumbled together. Unlike British towns such as East London or Grahamstown, Cape Town started out as a mixed settlement. The port has always been home to multiple languages and colors; even the downtown government area cuddles right up to an old Muslim quarter.

This polyglot nature of Cape Town was epitomized by an area known as District Six, which had been a slummy area of houses mostly owned by Jewish and Indian landlords and occupied by the poor or newly arrived of all hues and faiths. Hindu, Muslim, Jew and Christian had packed into shabby rooms, belonged to the same street gangs, gone to the same bars and the same shops. The only settings not widely shared were the places of worship and the jails.

In 1966, District Six was declared a White area by the apartheid regime, which was determined to stop the vibrant intermingling of peoples that this community represented. People protested, resisted, were arrested or otherwise removed. The place was bulldozed in the late 1970s but had become such a sore spot that until now most of it remains rubble. A nostalgic romance has developed around this place, which is now remembered less for its poverty and crime and more for its characters, crafts and lively street life. Novels, poems, paintings, plays and so forth have been created in memory of District Six, along with some aspect of Cape Town life that people seem to feel has been lost. In addition, there is now a small museum run by former residents that gathers and displays photographs, artifacts and personal memories in a variety of forms.

When I was applying to join the UFH project, I wondered what I might learn about how South Africans felt, thought and spoke about their past. At UFH I had the chance to talk with people who were active in the struggle, and then in Cape Town we visited not only the District Six museum but also a museum dedicated to the Cape Muslims, and Robben Island. Robben Island, about four miles off the coast, is the site of the prison that confined South Africa's major political prisoners. Nelson Mandela spent most of his 27 years of imprisonment there. It was uncomfortable to visit a former prison as a tourist, but as I watched South African tourists in the group with me, I saw how important it was to do something like this. White South Africans, perhaps other South Africans too, have an odd way of treating apartheid as if it were some sort of natural disaster, not an active program built up and sustained by particular people. The Robben Island guides, who were former prisoners, repeated Bishop Desmond Tutu's refrain: we will forgive but never forget. About revenge, they shake their heads and say, "No. At the end of the day, we all are human beings." At the District Six Museum they chose nostalgia, without naming enemies other than "the apartheid regime" or "Pretoria."

I was puzzled by this quick turn to nostalgia in the public presentation of recent history. In the Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings, people wept, and some stated that they would never be able to forgive, no matter what apologies were offered. But to the tourists and interested supporters there is only gentleness and sorrow. I wondered how it could be that something once lived almost like a war is now memorialized as if it were a natural disaster, with no perpetrators?

Many Afrikaners I met seemed equally puzzled. They expected revenge. In her book *The Country of My Skull*, Antjie Krog explores the Afrikaner sense of loss, not only of their place, but of their dignity, as they are forced to see that what they believed to have been honorable action of upright men "defending" family and culture, had been in fact perversion, terror, simple criminality, often manipulated by more powerful men for their own purposes. When Afrikaners want to say our equivalent of "too bad" or "what bad luck," they say, "Oh, shame." I couldn't help thinking that this choice of words marks something about how they measure loss, not as something sad, but instead as humbling; not unfair but unseemly.

The Afrikaners are frightened because they do expect revenge, a fear based perhaps on how they themselves would act to regain honor. But the people who were imprisoned, tortured, denied jobs, education and land, they mourn and then they say, "At the end of the day, we are all human beings." Perhaps this is because, as someone at Fort Hare suggested to me, victims of torture learn in the worst way how human they are, and this awakens their compassion, while perpetrators must block out all their compassion in order to do their task, and so they are left with no understanding of forgiveness. The person who told me this went on to say that there cannot be true reconciliation between torturer and tortured, because were the torturer to regain enough fellow-feeling to be able to reconcile, he would be so pained by his acts that he would have to kill himself.

I also do not know how to fit the supposed forgiving reaction of Blacks in South Africa to the increased street crime in the townships, including beatings, murders and rapes of their own neighbors. A man from Soweto said to me that youth crime and gang crime in the townships is an indirect result of the liberation struggle. "Kids dropped out of school, took up weapons and shoved aside adult authority along with the authority of the state," he argued. "So now there is no discipline, no respect, and the boys are naughty, as boys will be."

I couldn't imagine, however, that gang rape and organized car hijacking schemes are natural boyish naughtiness. Perhaps some sense of helplessness or rage is being expressed here? Or the inverse of Afrikaner shame–the humiliated pride of those whose loss has been recognized but can never be redressed?

Brian Allen Williams, an associate archivist at the U-M's Bentley Historical Library, served as consulting professional archivist for the School of Information's UFH project. Upon his return he spoke to an honorary society for history students at Hope College in Holland, Michigan, about careers in archives as well as about the School of Information's project at Fort Hare. He ended his talk with a troubling memory:

"One incident still stands out in my mind. After a long day of work at Fort Hare, we had returned to Hogsback. I stopped in the bar for a drink and was joined by three White South Africans vacationing from Cape Town. Noticing my Michigan sweatshirt they engaged me in conversation. The talk ranged from their views on Clinton (Americans were too prudish about the Lewinsky affair) to the costs of goods in America versus South Africa.

"A woman in the group mentioned that she had lived in Grand Rapids for three years so we talked about things in Western Michigan. When she asked me what I was doing in South Africa, I described the project and the material we were working on. Her tone changed, and she coolly ended the conversation by stating, 'Hitler had the right idea, just the wrong race.'

"I'd like to think that was an anomaly, but similar discussions suggest that it will take generations before the scars of apartheid are fully healed." MT

Websites of Interest

Lisa Klopfer recommends the following Websites for readers with access to the www:

University of Fort Hare Library, www.lib.ufh.ac.za/library/lib-page.htm
Cultural Center at Fort Hare, www.si.umich.edu/fort-hare/nahecs.htm
African National Congress, www.anc.org.za/
Pan Africanist Congress, www.paca.org.za/
South African Embassy, http://www.southafrica.net/
Truth and Reconciliation Commission, http://www.truth.org.za/
The Guardian newspaper, http://www.mg.co.za/mg/
Museums online, http://www.museums.org.za/
Some Afrikaner efforts at "self-determination", http://www.volkstaatraad.co.za/
District Six Museum http://www.districtsix.co.za/text/index.htm
Robben Island http://robben-island.org.za/index.htm
In a few weeks the new Fort Hare collections site created by U-M School of Information students will be at www.lib.ufh.ac.za/library/lib-page.htm

U-M South African Initiative, continued

The South Africa Initiatives Office

Since 1993, when the U-M's South Africa Initiatives Office (SAIO) was founded under Charles D. Moody, emeritus professor of education, the University has sent 40 to 45 undergraduate and graduate students and a dozen or so faculty and staff to South Africa each academic year.

U-M's formal contacts with South Africa began in 1991 when Moody, who was then vice president for minority affairs, led a U-M delegation that bestowed on Nelson Mandela the honorary doctorate the Regents awarded him in absentia in 1990.

Mandela thanked the U-M for weakening apartheid through its participation in the international divestment campaign that brought economic and moral pressure on the White minority regime. Thereafter, in 1994, he won the first democratic presidential election in South Africa and this year stepped down. He was succeeded by Thabo Mbeki.

During that 1991 visit both parties noted parallels in the problems faced by South Africa and the United States as a result of their common histories of racial separation and discrimination. They proposed that U-M pursue extensive two-way linkages with South African academic and governmental institutions.

Since 1993, the SAIO has coordinated ongoing U-M-South African ties in the fields of social research, art and architecture, business, law, social work, public health, engineering, anthropology, music, political science, information technology, natural resources, nursing, education and archiving.

Just before his retirement in 1996, Moody obtained the US Information Agency grant that funded the School of Information's archival project at the University of Fort Hare.

Oscar Barbarin III succeeded Moody at the SAIO's helm. In September, Professor Barbarin returned to teaching and research in psychology and social work, and SAIO moved from within the Office of the Vice President for Research to the Center for Afro-American and African Studies (CAAS).

CAAS Director James S. Jackson, the Daniel Katz Distinguished University Professor of Psychology, said that SAIO would retain its identity and mission within the U-M's newly formed Michigan African Studies Initiative.

Student Exchange Fund

The U-M's Charles D. and Christella D. Moody South Africa Initiative Fund supports student exchanges between the United States and South Africa. Contributions to the fund may be sent to SAIO, U-M Center for Afroamerican and African Studies, 200 West Hall, Ann Arbor, MI, 48109-1092. Phone: (734) 764-5513.

LETTERS

The Pray Diary

I READ "The Diary of George Pray" with interest and due care. We all should be thankful that George Pray took the pains to keep a diary. What a change in life-styles from today in 1999!

I did my undergraduate work at Eastern Michigan University (1933-37), majoring in history. At the time Carl Pray was the head of the department. He was one of the kindest men I have ever met and his story-telling brought history to life. Later I attended U-M for two more degrees but I never met another professor that had such an impact on me. Do you know, by chance, whether they were related?

Merlin W. Schultz '42, '54
Rosemont, Illinois

A HEARTY thanks for Linda Robinson Walker's masterly narrative, "The First Class Diary of George Washington Pray." I started browsing it and became so intrigued I read it aloud, complete, to my mother over several evenings, like a serial. What prodigies of research Ms. Walker must have done to fill in the background so skillfully!–and what a treat to recognize certain sites such as Broadway Bridge,which collapsed in 1845. This is historical reconstruction at its very best, and Ms. Walker's work is "First Class" as well. Our thanks.

Warren Keith Wright '80 MA,
Eng. Lang. & Lit.
Arbyrd, Missouri

I HAVE just finished reading the article by Linda Robinson Walker titled *The Diary of George Washington Pray*. I want to thank you for the inclusion of that article in this edition. It is so very interesting and enlightening, I admire and appreciate the research she must have had to do and her recognition of what was worthy of inclusion so that we are given such a graphic and complete picture of that man's life, aspirations and character.

I thank you very much. We could all be much better off today by knowing the history of what has gone into making us what we are.

I am a graduate of the class of 1937 in Nursing. I have had a full life and am now enjoying retirement on the farm on which I was born. In fact, I sleep in the bedroom in which I was born 86 years ago.

Catherine Wabbena
Standish, Michigan

I CERTAINLY enjoyed your wonderful article on George Washington Pray. While reading the following excerpt I was struck by how hard life was then and how soft we've become: "U-M had no gas, electricity, running water or sewage system then. Night trips between campus and the town meant weaving a path through stumps and ditches in complete darkness. In their room, light came from candles or from the fire in the iron stove…."

Living in NYC, I often see people getting irritated if they can't find a cab or if service in a restaurant is a little slow.

Roy A. Euker '58
New York

THE DIARY of George Washington Pray describing life on campus in the middle of the 19th century is of more than passing interest. The caption on his father's house indicates that George often walked the 10 miles from there to his campus room. I wonder how today's students would react to walking even three or four miles? I wonder how their parents would respond?

Unfortunate was the author's needless and unwarranted feminist gibe in the caption of the illustration on page 7 concerning "the owner having no help of his own." Will the entire diary be printed in any format?

G. M. Freeman
E-mail

Discussions are under way on editing and publishing the diary. We'll let readers know if the project bears fruit. –Ed.

I WISH to congratulate you upon your remarkably fine article on George Washington Pray. You may be interested in learning a few additional bits of information regarding George Pray's family.

One of George's brothers, Joseph, had a son, Jay, who was the probate judge of Washtenaw County for a number of years. Jay was the focal point of the annual Pray family reunions in the 1930s, which were held near his home at Whitmore Lake. We have held them about once every 10 years since the 1940s.

Joseph also had a daughter Almira (Allie), who married Henry Dodge, the Whitmore Lake general store owner. They had one daughter, Helen, and three sons, Kenneth, Russell, and Harland Pray Dodge, all of whom graduated from U of M. Russell became a professor and head of the engineering mechanics department. Russell was involved in the design of the U of M Stadium, as well as of many bridges. His brother, my father, Harland Pray Dodge, was the U of M engineer on the construction of the Stadium in 1926, working with Fielding Yost. (They are buried near each other in the Forest Hill Cemetery in Ann Arbor.) Harland was responsible for the design of numerous water treatment and sewage treatment plants in the state of Michigan, including Ann Arbor's. There is an engineering scholarship in memory of Russell and Harland Pray Dodge. All three of Harland's children graduated from U of M, and one grandchild, L. Delf Dodge, became a professor in the Business School.

Donald Dodge '48E
Dearborn, Michigan

I WAS reading your Summer 1999 issue last night, and I almost fell out of my chair in amazement when, on the upper L/H corner of pg. 4, you referred to President James K. Polk as "Old Hickory." Unless things have changed dramatically since I had American History in high school 48 years ago, President Andrew Jackson was called "Old Hickory," not President Polk. I doublechecked my high school history book, and my memory was correct.

If I ever retire, I'm going to apply for a job as a fact checker with you, since there was another big boo-boo in either this or another of your publications a few months ago when someone buggered up the Henry Ford family genealogy.

Leonard W. Williams '56E
Sunnyvale, California

Your retirement is eagerly awaited, thanks. Polk was a chip off Old Hickory, but hardly the block.–Ed.

'Fulbright Connections'

THE ARRIVAL of your summer issue finally pushed me off my mental dead center. I have been intending to compliment you on the contents of your Spring 1999 issue, and have been carrying the good wishes in my head all this time. At any rate those four articles covering Spain, the Kyrgyz, India and Bosnia all set forth in the framework of "Fulbright Connections"; the photos and article describing the South African exhibition of Prof. Edward West; and the diary during Ann Arbor days of one of my heroes, Raoul Wallenberg, showed the readers a level of journalism of which I am extremely pleased.

I am hopeful that this high level will be achieved many times in the months ahead. At the risk of being a stuffed shirt, I will say that all the words having to do with football and the Rose Bowl achievements are fun (and I admittedly participate and yes enjoy) but the articles bringing forth my enthusiasm are much more meaningful.

Arthur F. Kohn '34E
Mayfield Heights, Ohio

Maurer a 'Great Influence'

I ALWAYS look forward to my copy of *Michigan Today*. I also felt especially grateful (a couple of years ago) to hear of the late Wesley Maurer's death. He was my principal journalism professor and a great and good influence on my life. I would never have known of his death had it not been for *Michigan Today*. I read it quite thoroughly and hope U of M always maintains the high standards it had in 1940-44.

Nina Johnson '44
Boulder, Colorado

Shirley, He Jested

THIS LETTER is about Shirley W. Smith (Spring 199 issue) and the adaptation of his short story by Valentine Davies for the movie *It Happens Every Spring*. In my senior year of 1947-48, while working my way through U-M, I went to live with the Smiths on S. University. In exchange for my room and board, I made meals, did dishes and helped with occasional guests and parties.

I kept a small diary. On April 29, 1948, I wrote, "At lunch heard that Valentine Davies had sold Mr. S's baseball story for $______ [I was sworn to secrecy] S. to get half." On May 16th: "Davies to dinner. Wrote Mr. S's story for movie." I should have recorded some of the dinner conversation but didn't. After 50 years, memory fails.

The Smiths were very kind, treated me as almost one of the family and insisted that I always eat with them, even when company was present. They had great senses of humor, especially Mr. Smith, who could make up dreadfully silly little poems to go with gifts. He never left home, even if for a short errand, without kissing his wife goodbye. He stated that Shirley was a perfectly respectable man's name until Shirley Temple came along. I remember both Smiths with affection.

Ann van Leeuwen Anderson '48
Wixom, Michigan

"THE DIARY of George Pray" was read with much interest. Linda Robinson Walker is to be commended for bringing to our attention this outstanding member and others in the first graduating Class of 1845.

On turning further pages I was astonished and delighted to read about Shirley Wheeler Smith's day of celebrity 50 years ago. His skit, then short story, was adapted for the screen by Valentine Davies resulting in *It Happens Every Spring*, which still can be seen on classic movie channels.

I was among those attending the Michigan Theater's gala premiere. It seemed as though half of Ann Arbor had squeezed in the building. Even now I can "see" Mr. Smith on stage accepting the acclaim, however reluctantly, but perhaps inwardly relishing his moment of fame. Thank you for reviving happy memories of another time and place.

Hollywood hoopla didn't change his unique style nor divert his primary objective in 1949 to write the biography of Harry Burns Hutchins, graduate of the U-M, professor and dean of the Law School, twice acting president and to become president succeeding James Burrill Angell. In 1952, Mr. Smith was to write the Angell biography, completed in 1954.

As his research assistant for both books, I was based in the Michigan Historical Collections, located then in the Rackham Building with its rich array of papers for study. What a pleasure and privilege to work with Mr. Smith, whose very life was associated with his beloved Alma Mater. His friendship with both subjects as well as knowledge of the University's history added immeasurably to these labors of love. His real legacy is the publication of these valuable biographies. I shall remember always his unfailing sense of humor with a story for every occasion, for kindness in abundance and devotion to his family and to the University of Michigan. How blessed Michigan has been with alumni like George Pray and Shirley Smith! It might be well to give a plug to the Bentley Historical Library, formerly the M.H.C., which contains the records of both men.

Ruth Lawson Webb '45
Athens, Georgia

I VERY much enjoyed "It Happened 50 Years Ago This Spring," partly because its content intersected with my history. My bachelor's degree diploma was one of the 75,000 that Shirley W. Smith signed. I immediately took it from its hiding place in my file cabinet to admire, and remembered as well that this man also gave the address at my commencement on June 24, 1944, which happened more than 50 years ago this spring.

I found along with the diploma an article from the *New York Herald Tribune* of June 25, 1944, which compares Bowdoin College and Michigan, and quotes Mr. Smith and his sensible pronouncement about "demonstrated joy and accomplishment in teaching" as criteria for appointment and promotion. The University might want to add a copy of the clipping to its Smith archives, so I have enclosed one.

Edward M. Anthony
Allison Park, Pennsylvania

Tappan Letter to Lincoln

YOU WILL see enclosed a copy of a letter written by Henry P. Tappan, president of the University of Michigan. His letter is addressed to President Abraham Lincoln, and is dated four days after Lincoln called for 75,000 militia to suppress rebellion in the South. The letter was kept sealed in the Lincoln Papers in the Library of Congress until they were opened to the public in 1947.

The letter eloquently attests to the then Northwest's response to the Confederate assault on Fort Sumter. President Tappan's letter manifests the North's unity in quelling the rebellion—"We are no longer Democrats and Republicans"; the readiness of U of M men to enlist; and the willingness of President Tappan to lead the march to colors.

Tappan's letter should be of great interest to students, faculty, alumni and friends of the University of Michigan.

James A. Rawley, '38, '39 MA
Lincoln, Nebraska

April 19th 1861
To Abraham Lincoln
President of the United States:
Sir

My heart impels me at the risk of appearing impertinent to write you a few words. The heart of the great West—the heart of the entire North is with you in the defense of our beloved country. You cannot ask of us too much. We are ready to give ourselves and all that we have to this great work. The 700 young men committed to my charge are ready to march in a body if need be, & I am ready to march at their head. The country will give you 750,000 instead of 75,000 if you ask it. Men and money without limit are at your disposal.

The long repressed enthusiasm breaks forth like a volcano. We are no longer democrats and Republicans—We are under one flag—the flag of our glorious Union. We feel that the stronger the demonstration, the more rapid the movement, the more mighty & decisive the action, the better. Let the traitors see, let the whole world see that we are strong enough to make our cause good, to preserve the integrity of the Union without the loss of a single inch of our domain. We are ready to blockade every Southern port, to protect Washington, to retake Sumpter, to scatter the enemy at Pensacola, to send an army to Texas, to send another down the Mississippi. Why should not five great armies of 100,000 each move to the grand points and finish the work?

Honored President!

As if the God of our fathers spoke to me, I feel constrained to say that God & our Country are with you in the mightiest effort you can make. The more we put forth our strength, the more united and stronger we would be. Thus, all true patriots will be stirred up to the highest zeal; all the vacillating will become decided; the timid will become strong; those who are looking for the strongest side will know where to go; the Union men in the Border States will dare to put their hand to the work; and the overawed patriots in the Seceding states will be called forth to speak and to act. I may add to that according to Napoleonic tactics one great battle won is worth a thousand skirmishes.

Pardon me this letter—my apology is that it gushes from my heart.

Without being accounted presumptuous may I not say these few words while I subscribe myself with sincere and profound respect and earnest love

Your obt svt
Henry P. Tappan
Prst of the Un. of Michigan

Bilingual Ed Revisited

I WAS disappointed but not surprised by Ms. Ellison's ('81 BA, Columbus, Ohio) interpretation of my comment on bilingual education. As a first-generation American and a past president of the Mentor Support Association at a local multi-ethnic high school, I have had the opportunity to associate with various minority students. I have asked students of Latino heritage about their experiences since many of their parents speak limited English. They invariably say that English immersion was extremely beneficial in their educational development. Most polls taken in Latino communities find that the vast majority support this approach. The resistance seems to come from bureaucrats and some teachers and administrators who often have political or financial benefits resulting from a multi-language system.

No one denies the problems of discrimination and racism, but inferences of angry racism about people who have a different point of view is not worthy of U-M. I am in good company, however, in that even Colin Powell has been labeled an Uncle Tom by some for daring to propose that all people including minorities, should focus on educational skills in order to compete in the educational and business arenas. In terms of the basics, it means, among other things, greater efforts by parents, teachers, mentors and students in the enhancement of the latter's English skills.

Donald Reeves '59
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

Border Figures

THANK YOU you for the recent edition. I especially enjoyed reading of Patricia Ruiz-Bayon's research on the figurines found all across the Mexican-USA borders and into central and peninsular Mexico. I never took a class in either archeaology or anthropology, but read a considerable number of books and articles on these subjects. I graduated with a BS in Biology and am currently doing pharmaceutical research on the western side of the state.

Janet Carter
Kalamazoo, Michigan

RE: THE Aztec "golden age" referred to by Ms. Ruiz-Bayon: "It is no exaggeration to say that the government of Mexico was organized from top to bottom so as to be able to sustain, and thereby mollify, the unseen powers with as many human hearts as it was possible to give them," wrote Maurice Collis in *Cortes and Montezuma*. Their neighbors were glad enough to bring the Aztecs' "golden age" to an end before catastrophe overtook them all. Every culture has its dark side; we may pick and choose "very valid" parts of it, but it maintains itself or falls as a whole. Moreover, change and loss of information are pervasive; in no plausible alternate universe would the information Ms. Ruiz-Bayon longs for have survived the centuries.

The doom of New World cultures was determined half a millennium ago. That was then, this is now. After all, every acre of settled land on Earth, except some oceanic islands, is occupied by a people that dispossessed another, and so on back into the mists of prehistory. Let's quit picking on the Conquistadors—yeah, let the Serbs forget *their* historical grievances—has anyone lately reproached any Mongols for the depredations

of the hordes of Genghis Khan, their national hero?

PS. I am pleased to have the information on "H. H. Holmes" [*See "Criminals? Book Them!" by Cara Spindler–Ed.*]; the name was used as a byline on book reviews by the mystery writer otherwise known as Anthony Boucher.

Sainis Bisenieks '59
Philadelphia

A Brewers Fan

YOUR SUMMER article on George Washington Pray's diary is fascinating–excellent piece. As a Brewers' fan, the Jim Abbott piece was of keen interest also. In my experience, *MT* is the best public university publication of its kind.

Rick Morey
Director of College Guidance
University School of Milwaukee

'Go Blue,' Henry Ford and Halo

I AM writing to elaborate on the letter written by Margaret (Peg) Detlor Dungan in the Summer 1998 issue about the origin of "Go Blue." Her letter was of great interest to me, since she recognized that I had originated that cheer.

I first began using the cheer at hockey games during the '49 and '50 seasons, and a group of us attended all the home games. At that time the team uniforms were blue, so after the playing of the national anthem, it became a natural thing for me to call out, "Go Blue!" Those around me started to pick up the cheer, and it soon began to be used widely. "Go Blue" then carried over to the football games, and over the years became the hallmark for all Michigan teams. I am very proud that I evidently played a part in a Michigan tradition.

Paul A. Fromm '51E
Amherst, New York

IT WAS surprising that the article "The Return of 1947's Mad Magicians" (Spring '98) and the consequent letters in the summer and fall issues did not mention "Automatic" Jim Briske who, among other accomplishments, kicked conversions for all seven Michigan touchdowns in the January 1948 Rose Bowl game.

On another subject, a letter writer gave credit for the cheer "Go Blue" to a student [*Paul Fromm–Ed.*] in 1950. It is older than that! The cheer dates back at least to the 1948 season when I first heard it given by John Pfeifer '49 Aero. Eng. I heard it frequently that season from many others, also.

David W. Peterson '49 Aero. Eng
Pacific, Missouri

I ENJOYED the [Fall 1998] article on the Henry Ford Estate. This is a bit of trivia that you might find interesting. The night Henry Ford died, the Rouge River flooded, and the doctor had to be brought to the estate by boat because the electricity was out, and Mr. Ford died by candlelight–the same way that he came into the world. My father, Max C. Bartholomew, worked for the Ford Motor Co. in its early years, starting in May 1912 and working until he retired in 1956, for a total of 44 years. Henry Ford knew that Dad came from Germany, and after WWI asked my Dad to read the instructions that were written in German for assembling machinery that was purchased from Germany, and to show employees how to assemble them. Dad had worked on the same machines in Germany and knew them well.

Laura I. Peterson
Colorado Springs, Colorado

"THE PERFECT Season" by Louis Guenin in the Fall 1998 issue was excellent. His rationale for the fallacy of trying to determine a playoff national football champion makes great sense. Roy Kramer, commissioner of the Southeastern Conference and "father" of the two-team playoff, thinks that the Bowl Alliance is near perfection and will determine a national championship on the field. But if we have three or more unbeaten and untied teams in 1-A this year–a distinct possibility–then the selection of the two teams as #1 and #2 will once again be by the opinion of just a handful of voters and the other unbeaten(s) left out.

Guenin is correct in stating that Michigan and Illinois are the only two Big Ten Teams to finish unscored upon, but I would caution him to use the terminology "unbeaten, untied and unscored upon." There are no ties today, but in past history, we have some 30-plus teams nationwide unbeaten, untied and unscored upon, and several others unbeaten *but tied.*

The mention that Michigan "became the first to employ the forward pass as a pivotal weapon" in 1910 could be disputed by numerous others. The forward pass became legal in the 1906 season, and there are several accounts earlier than 1910 of teams using the pass as a regular feature of their attack.

In 1907, for example, Michigan gave special practice time to a tricky lateral and forward pass play, to be the secret weapon (read: pivotal) against Penn. The play worked for an apparent touchdown, but Michigan was called for a penalty on the basis that the pass was thrown from a spot less than the required five yards to the left or right of the snapper. Penn won 6-0.

The initial pass rules in 1906 were unique. Not only was there the required five-yard space noted above, but also the ball was awarded to the opponents if the pass failed to touch a player from either side before hitting the ground.

Dick Kishpaugh
Parchment, Michigan

I RECENTLY spent a day in Ann Arbor and was aghast as I drove by the redesigned Stadium. It is cheap, tacky, gaudy kitsch. A seedy carnival arcade comes to mind. Who on earth gave the green light to finance this appalling eyersore?

Ben Ebling '56 MA
Saugatuck, Michigan

Through a computer glitch, the four letters above from readers Fromm, the two Petersons, Kishpaugh, Tucker and several others were erased from our files two issues ago. We found the originals and wish to publish the still-timely communications here.

As for the bright yellow band, known as "the halo," around Michigan Stadium, it will get a second look by University planners, who this time will consider public opinion, President Lee C. Bollinger announced in September.

The much-debated Stadium addition has attracted more negative than positive comments, Bollinger said. "When I invited Venturi, Scott Brown and Associates to assist us in the expansion and redesign of the stadium, I clearly did not provide sufficient public engagement in the process," he continued. "Time was thought to be of the essence, and the process accordingly fell short.

"Over the summer I came to the conclusion that the depth of the criticism and concern seemed to be genuine and coming from reasonable people. I then had to face the fact that I had pushed this through too quickly and had not really allowed appropriate time for public comment."

He noted that Michigan Stadium and Hill Auditorium were two buildings that merited public comment because of their importance to and use by the Ann Arbor-area community.

Public discussion about redesigning the top of the stadium will take place during upcoming planning for renovations of the press box, Bollinger said. Although details are not yet firm, he expects that any changes will be published and community members will have an opportunity to say what they feel about the proposals before changes are made. Venturi, Scott Brown and Associates will present the designs and proposed changes.

"I think we are heading toward a redesign that is simple, perhaps withdrawing," Bollinger said, noting that he had viewed the Michigan Stadium addition as "a fine example of a genre of American architecture–it was celebratory, festive, collegiate and not a false attempt at a Roman coliseum."–Ed.

More Than a Support Group

WE, THE members of Mentality, are excited to see you showing interest in the issues of mental health and illness and we were glad to get publicity in the Spring 1999 issue. We are afraid, however, that the article, "Contagious Empowerment: students speak and act out about manic depression" presented several misperceptions about who Mentality is and what Mentality does. One of our foremost goals is to reflect the continuum of experience with all aspects of mental health and

tal health and illness. We feel that while not all people have a mental illness, we all have mental health. In the article, we are represented as a support group for students with manic depression. We are not a support group. Manic depression is not our focus. Our primary focus is external; we proactively work in the community to challenge the silence and stigma surrounding mental health and illness, and facilitate a constructive, critical dialogue on how these issues affect us all. In doing so, the safe space that we create is inherently supportive to all involved.

Among our concerns, this was the most important clarification that we wanted to make in an effort to be inclusive in our outreach efforts. Again we thank you for your positive response to our work. You have helped us in reaching more people. We have received several inquiries and direct responses to the article. We hope you continue your interest in the coverage of mental health issues.

Summer Berman '98
Betsy Davies '99
Shari Strauss '98
Natasha Verhage '98
Ann Arbor

Alumni/ae Proposal

IT IS time for the University to follow the lead of other universities and take on the responsibility of serving all of the alumni. Presently, only about 100,000 alumni are members of the Alumni Association, which focuses on its members, leaving the remainder of the alumni short-changed. I would encourage the University to follow the example of Stanford where the Alumni Association has merged with the University to effect better service to the alumni.

Alumni have two prime needs. First, contact with the University and its graduates and former students. This could be met by having the University conduct university-wide reunions with the University providing various activities and the opportunity for alumni to meet. Second, to serve the University. Alumni want to be involved not just by financial support but by activities such as recruitment of students and serving on appropriate committees.

I cannot emphasize enough the tremendous opportunity for the University to get connected with its alumni.

Frank G. Butorac
Princeton, New Jersey

Author's Query

IN THE course of prepating a biographical study of Franklin Milliken '38, '41 LLD, for the Dunedin Public Library, I have found two Michigan-related pictures of which copy is enclosed. Could you see if any of your alumni recognize either the students or the "housemother" or know anything about Milliken, who was a generous donor to our library?

William Sutton
Emeritus Professor of English
and Library Research
Dunedin, Florida

Frances Broene Rogers

I ENJOYED Frances Rogers's article in the Fall 1998 issue. She has a wonderful sense of humor. How lucky the girls in Newberry were to have her for their housemother. I just want to point out that the article is titled "Campus Life 70 Years Ago," but the accompanying pictures are from 80 years ago (correctly labeled 1918). By 1928 (70 years ago) it was the "flapper" age with skirts up to the knees, long strings of beads and feather boas. What a change a decade made! How about an article about my generation–the class of 1939?

Helen Tucker '39
Detroit

Frances Broene Rogers '18 was the U-M's oldest known graduate. She told us earlier this year that she hoped to see life in three centuries. She almost made it. We received the following letter from her husband in early October:

Frances Broene Rogers died in her home in Hood River, Oregon, on Sept. 17. She would have been 104 in November. She had been in failing health for the past few months but had been relatively active in mind and body until last month, reading, doing her taxes, cooking her own breakfast and even making bread (with the help of a bread machine).

After schooling in Grand Rapids, she went to the University of Michigan and graduated in 1918 with a BA "With High Distinction."

During World War I, she spent one night a week as night editor of the *Michigan Daily*. After graduation she went to New York, where she was employed in a bank as a sort of file clerk on the strength of a sterling performance in her economics course in Corporate Finance and related subjects.

Once, in the 1920s, she had an aptitude test. After extensive tests and interviews, the result was, "You have the extraordinary vocabulary of a top executive. You should be a secretary."

During the 1920s, she wrote advertising for various stores, worked for Vogue Patterns and eventually went back to the University of Michigan, where she managed a small dormitory for working girls and worked toward a degree in comparative literature, obtaining an MA.

For 10 years she took what jobs she could find. By the 1930s she had met and married me, and began a 60-year career as housewife, gardener, volunteer and mentor to a succession of young people in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, Los Angeles and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In 1992, she published her autobiography *Footfalls: Echoes of the Life of My Times 1895-1985*, Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, NM.

Frances kept her concerns about education, society and her young and old friends right up to the end. My advice to those who may cross her path is, "Go and do likewise."

Bob Rogers
Hood River, Oregon

The Bates Line

AS I was reading the Fall 1998 issue, I came across the letter sent to you from Gail Gordon Bosch, who thought her family had the record for sending the most siblings to the U-M. My family has sent the same number of siblings as Gail's–six. *[The Hoffmans set the record at nine in our Spring issue–Ed.]* The names and graduation information is as follows:

Elizabeth Bates-Patton, '85 BA, political science
Deloss C. Bates III, '90 BSE, industrial operations
Victoria Bates, '89 BBA, marketing
Catherine Bates-Wilcox, '97 DDS
Rebecca Bates '95 BA, psychology/sociology
Joseph Bates '97 BA, philosophy; BS, psychology

Our father, C. Clare Bates II, graduated with his DDS in 1963 and returned to U-M to specialize in children's dentistry, graduating as a pedodontist in 1971. Our great-grandfather, Clare George Bates, was a member of the DDS class back in 1897. So we can also boast a century of graduates!

Vikki Bates '89
Holt, Michigan

Fishing America Update

Several readers have asked for an update on fisherman-artist Larry Stark's Fishing America Project, which was featured in our Summer 1998 issue. Stark '65 furnished the following report.

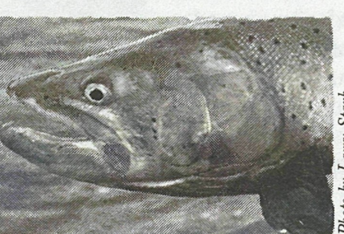


Photo by Larry Stark
'Lahontan cutthroat trout used to be everywhere in Nevada's Truckee River before it was dammed. Now it's confined to Pyramid Lake.'

Richard Lancia of North Carolina saw my Fishing America article in *Michigan Today* and pointed out that I had neglected to fish for catfish. So he offered to take me fishing for catfish in North Carolina.

After I agreed, he did a literal bait-and-switch trick on me and we went fishing for largemouth bass instead. On a very wonderful day last November, we spent seven and one-half hours motoring from spot to spot trying to hook a largemouth bass on Harris Lake southwest of Raleigh.

We did not hook a fish, but then, nobody we talked to even had a hit. It was just one of those days, one of those fishless days. We plan to fish again, for bass and catfish next time.

In January, I went to Bear Lake in the northeastern corner of Utah (half the lake is actually in Idaho). The cisco were spanning at the rock pile just off the west shore of the lake, so Scott Tolentino, Fisheries Biologist for the Utah Division of Wildlife Resources in Garden City, took me out there to fish.

We anchored the boat in about 60 feet of water next to 20 or 30 other boats full of fishermen. They were anchored so close to each other they were all talking about fishing and laughing and having a fine time. We jigged our shiny lures up and down and snagged the cisco as they tried to lay eggs on the lures. We got our limit in a short time, as did most of the others. I also got one bonneville whitefish.

The Bear Lake cisco is unique to the lake and the Bonneville whitefish is unique to the region.

Three days later I was fly fishing in Pyramid Lake on the Pyramid Indian Reservation an hour north of Reno Nevada. This time I was after the Lahontan cutthroat trout, a fish species unique to that lake. I fished with Dave Stanley and Jeff, owners of the Reno Fly Shop in Reno, and Andy, who is one of their guides. We waded into the water on the west side of the lake where we had an excellent view of the pyramid-shaped island for which the lake was named.

Most of the other fly fishermen around us had waded out as far as they could go without lake water flowing over their waders.

They set up step ladders under the water and stood on the top step so they were far enough out of the water to get good distance with their casts. This put their flies right in the middle of where the fish were hanging out. It was a strange sight, these step ladder handles sticking out of the water. I caught a 2-1/4 pound Lahontan cutthroat trout. In fact, all four of us caught fish, so the car back to Reno was full of smiles.

Four days later, I fished Lake Travis near Austin, Texas, with fishing guide Allen Christensen. We fished for the Guadalupe bass which is not only the Texas state fish, but it is unique to Texas. It is very similar in appearance to the largemouth bass though distinct enough that I could tell them apart. We Guadalupes and largemouth, enough that I lost count.

The addition of North Carolina, Utah, Nevada and Texas brings the Project total to 40 states. To go: Alabama, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Hawaii, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey and New Mexico.—**by Larry Stark '65.**

STUDENTS GET INSIDE VIEW

A Few Days at the Opera

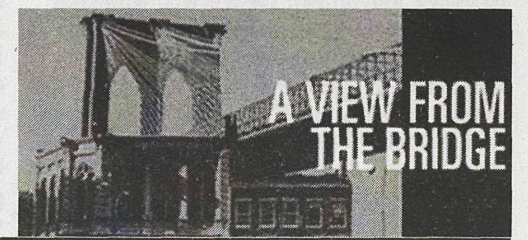


Photo by John Woodford

Bolcom and his composition students (l-r) Lu, Hughes, Frank and Johnson outside Lyric Opera of Chicago, where his A View From the Bridge *premiered in October.*

The opera *A View From the Bridge* is based on the play of the same name by U-M alumnus Arthur Miller '38. Miller also contributed to the libretto written by Arnold Weinstein.

Set in Brooklyn in a neighborhood of Italian-American dockworkers, the story is charged with operatic ingredients—sexual obsession, paranoia, envy, super-masculine latent homosexuality, betrayal and violence.

Early reviews praised the fusion of William Bolcom's music and the Weinstein/Miller libretto. Several compared the intense theatrical experience with the presumed effect of sung drama in Classical Greece.

Bolcom, Weinstein and Miller.

On top of the demands of preparing for the Oct. 9 world premiere in Chicago of his much-heralded opera *A View From the Bridge*, the composer William Bolcom kept up his teaching duties, too.

Bolcom, the Pulitzer Prize-winning Ross Lee Finney Distinguished University Professor of Music, arranged for four U-M School of Music composition students to join him at the last four days of rehearsals at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. "My colleague Michael Daugherty (professor of composition) and our dean, Paul Boylan, suggested the idea to me," Bolcom said, "and I thought it was a great one."

Among the opportunities the field trip provided the students–Gabriela Frank of Berkeley, California; Stephanie Johnson of Cincinnati; Pei Lu of Shanghai, and undergraduate Chad Hughes '00 of Detroit–was a chance to quiz conductor Dennis Russell Davies, with Bolcom chiming in, a day before the final rehearsal. *Michigan Today's* John Woodford was invited to attend.

Q: What kinds of changes are you making now, with just two days before the premiere? Dennis Russell Davies: We're always rethinking everything, but at this point most changes result from requests from singers to relieve some stresses–especially from high notes for female singers and tenors. The other important changes now are to refine the balance between singers and orchestra. Any instrument played loudly can easily cover the human voice, so you have to provide enough space for the voices to come through.

You may recall that in *Amadeus*, Mozart is quoted as saying that opera is dramatically superior to theater because he could have three or four people talking at the same time and the audience could understand them all. That is really not always the case, but it is true in Mozart's operas.

William Bolcom: I just took a bunch of percussion out of the score today because they got in the way of the words. I didn't know when I composed it that they would sound like somebody kibitzing at the singer. Verdi made a big shift in how to balance the words and the musical themes linked with them. In early Verdi, the lights were up, and the audience could read the lyrics, so the strong musical phrase went right with the singing of the emotional phrase. But later in his career, he emphasized the dramatic elements more and more, so he kept the lights down low and made sure the words could be heard by having the key musical phrase immediately follow the words. First the singer says it, then–boom–the music comes.

As a conductor, do you hesitate to give advice to a composer, for fear they'll think you're interfering? DRD: I'm active with composers. If I've rehearsed a piece hard and found that I think some changes would get the rhythm of the words out better, I'm hands-on and will suggest that a change is needed. Composers generally welcome that. In fact, you have to be careful because composers are usually too fast to change things. A conductor often has to convince them to wait and give the orchestra time to try to do it better before changing a passage.

How can a composer help a conductor? DD: Composers must understand what a musician needs to do the job. Some contemporary composers are writing to show how many clever and difficult rhythmic permutations they can create, like having some instruments counting 11 beats a measure while other players' parts call for five beats and still others three beats per measure. That makes for a very difficult score to read and play. There's an awful lot of that going on now. I tell the composer, OK, you sing the way this goes for us first, then we'll play it. If they can't do it, why should we?

WB: Some composers are looking for prizes by making great-looking scores–scores jammed with lots of 16th notes and 32nd notes. They could make an easier-to-read score by changing the time signature so the same music could be written with more eighth notes and quarter notes. But then the music doesn't look as hard to play.

DRD: Also, a composer should know what each instrument sounds like and not just score for a lot of different instruments to make things complex. With Bill, if he puts something in for a bass clarinet, you know he wants exactly that sound for those bars. I see some scores where they call for a rarely used instrument like a contrabassoon, and it would make no difference if a kazoo played the part. It's not a theoretical issue. You need to go listen to as many orchestras as you can until you know each instrument's sound.

WB: I do that by not writing so much for a clarinet as for thinking of an individual clarinetist I know and writing for that person. When I'm composing for any part, I'm focusing on a certain player even if that person is not going to end up playing the part.

It must be a lot harder to get an orchestra to change what they've been doing than, say, working with the soloist performing a concerto? DRD: You either have authority or you don't. You have to enjoy leading a bunch of rambunctious people. You have to look at it as: They are trying their very best, and you are there to help them. You make changes within that context. You also want an orchestra to laugh and relax from time to time. What we're doing is important, but it ain't brain surgery.

If I screw up a four-bar passage, nobody's dead.
WB: A great conductor like Dennis develops a sense of why each player chose the instruments they did. That way, he knows what each player on each instrument needs.

You have a lot of different themes and styles in this opera. For example, you have a sort of swinging quartet that opens the second act. Why do you do that? WB: That piece, "Somehow," is in a doo-wop style, to give a feel of the early 1950s, when the opera is set. I think it's better to have variety than to hit the audience over the head a lot with the same theme, the same sound. But that's just me. When I can, I'd rather have a new theme.

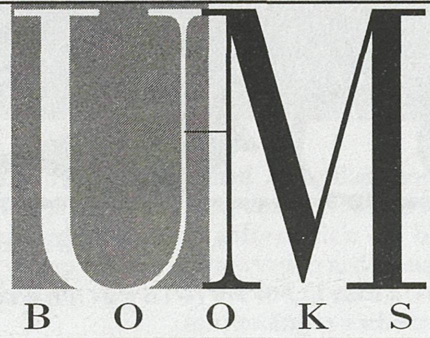
There's a comical character named Mike who just says, "Yeh" at different times and in a variety of ways throughout the opera. Whose idea was he? WB: That was Arnie Weinstein's idea. Some people raised their eyebrows at it, but the audience reaction proves it is a brilliant way to relieve dramatic tension.

What if a singer really has an attitude problem and keeps complaining that the music isn't right for them no matter what you do? DRD: Most really good people don't do that stuff. When it happens, it usually has to do with their own insecurity. Just be nice to them. Don't get into a contest with them. Don't let a smart aleck in the orchestra provoke you, either. Don't go down to that level. And bear in mind, of course, that you can make sure you don't have to work with them again.

Every rehearsal has begun right on schedule, and after every lunch break, you start right on the scheduled minute. Are you just a very punctual person? DRD: That's the way I was taught. Time is precious. I don't even like to stop an orchestra. Every time you stop an orchestra, it takes at least two minutes to get it going again. So you want to do it only for a good reason, and that can't be just to hear yourself talk. My teachers told me: You ought to be able to say at least three things if you stop an orchestra. You can't just stop and say, "The second trombone is off at measure 74."

The singers in *A View From the Bridge* deliver really strong acting performances. Is that a recent trend in opera, versus having singers just turn toward the audience and belt out their songs? DRD: It definitely is. It began in Europe and it arises from competition, I think. I'm based in Germany, and that country alone has 70 opera houses. New York City has two, by comparison. The Ruhr Valley has a population of 10 to 12 million, similar to New York City's, and there are 10 opera houses within 90 minutes of each other in the Ruhr. So to attract audiences, the singers have to bring something special, and that has led to better and better acting.

How can a young composer get his or her opera performed? DRD: You have a lot to learn before you write your first opera. Start small by working in the theater, observing and helping out in performances. Before you write an opera, get involved with opera productions at school, as many as you can. Ultimately, though, there is no point in writing an opera unless you know you have a good chance of getting it produced. MT



U-M BOOKS

Suggested reading: Books by U-M faculty and graduates, and works published by the University of Michigan Press. *Michigan Today* cannot review or acknowledge all books received.

LISTENING IN: RADIO AND THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION, FROM AMOS 'N' ANDY AND EDWARD R. MURROW TO WOLFMAN JACK AND HOWARD STERN
By Prof. Susan J. Douglas, Times Books, 1999, $27.50. $16 paper (forthcoming).

The title of this book, like the book, itself, pretty much says it all about radio. Douglas, the U-M's Catherine Neafie Kellogg Professor of Communication, delivers far more than history and nostalgia. She traces the impact of listening to radio on the national and individual consciousness–and conscience. She also describes the technological advances in radio from Marconi's introduction of the "wireless telegraph" to America in 1899 to the shock-jock Talk Radio of today.

Radio operates in socioeconomic as well as physical waves, Douglas shows. It has meant freedom of listening pleasure and of information, but each crest in radio's development has been engulfed by successive waves of monopolist economic factors. Today, she says, America is awash in predictable and segmented niche-marketing radio programming.

What will happen tomorrow? we asked Douglas. I didn't do much on low-power FM radio, because I didn't have space. I'm quite interested in it. The FCC has severly harassed local "pirate" stations with such low wattage that they can be heard only in a housing project or a few square blocks around the station. The government stormed a house in Florida and was quite destructive.

Low-power FM technology is up in the air now. The FCC may permit some of these stations to exist. It's been an effective organizing tool for people in housing projects. Interesting enough, some in National Public Radio are opposed to low-power radio.

The Internet will play a role that I can't predict. Real Audio, as it's called, lets people access different stations around the country via their computers, although at this point it can't be tuned into in your car. Will the Internet affect what we hear on air? Or how we listen? We're on the brink of a lot of technological breakthroughs that will answer those questions.

'Probably the best-known piece of linguistic slapstick on radio was Bud Abbott and Lou Costello's (left) 1930s routine "Who's On First?"' says Susan Douglas, author of Listening In.

If the pattern of the past holds up, we could see rebellions in radio fare as a result of noncommercial low-wattage stations or Internet radio. But such rebellions have been tamed and exploited by big money interests in the past, in a three-phase cycle of innovation, rebellion and commercial control.

You describe the role of scholars in developing the research methods and technology that enabled radio stations and networks to measure precisely who listened to what and when. Are academics playing influential roles today? Yes, in several areas. My colleagues here at Michigan's Department of Communication Studies are examining the effects, especially on the young, of long-time consumption of violence in the media. Does it foster aggressive behavior? Does it desensitize us to real-world violence? The Internet too, is attracting many researchers. What is the effect of surfing for hours on the Web? Does it socially isolate its users?

Other U-M scholars are examining race in the news media, especially in local news. They've found an over-representation of Blacks as criminals and an under-representation of Blacks as law enforcement officials. And the reverse goes for Whites–news programs under-represent them as criminals and overrepresent as officers of the law.–JW.

BRAVO! RECIPES, LEGENDS & LORE
By the U-M Musical Society, $29.95, 1999.

Several world-class musicians have exchanged their music stands for mixing spoons in this captivating cookbook celebrating the 120-year legacy of the University Musical Society.

Bravo! includes fond memories of celebrated artists, anecdotes from longtime UMS concert-goers and beautiful photographs of the University of Michigan campus. Included among the book's 250 recipes are Isaac Stern's Hearty Borscht, Itzhak Perlman's Bean Sprout Salad, Cecilia Bartoli's family recipe for Cicche (potato dumplings) and Jessye Norman's Quick Tea Cake. "More than just a cookbook, *Bravo!* is an engaging choice for armchair cooks and music lovers as well as those who are serious in the kitchen," says Ken Fischer, UMS executive director.

All proceeds from the sale of *Bravo!* will benefit UMS's nationally acclaimed performances and innovative educational programs. Add 6% sales tax and $5 shipping and handling for the first copy and $2 for each additional copy mailed to the same address. Orders may be phone in toll free at 1 (877) 238-0503 on weekdays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. EST (local calls to (734) 615-3589. Or order on the web at *www.ums.org*.–JW.

How do bird species originate?

BROOD INDIGO

By Sally Pobojewski
Senior Science Writer
U-M News and Information Services

An elegant experiment in evolutionary biology indicates that new strains may have started with a song.

When it comes to parenting, the village indigobird of Africa lives the secret fantasy of every stressed-out mom or dad. Rather than deal with the daily demands of a nest full of hungry babies, they just find another bird to do the job for them.

Africa is home to several species of indigobirds, but all are brood parasites, meaning they lay their eggs in other birds' nests. The village indigobird's foster parent of choice is the red-billed firefinch–a small, brownish-red songbird that takes parenthood far more seriously than its indigobird neighbors.

U-M zoologists Robert and Laura Payne have spent many years studying the special host-parasite relationship between village indigobirds and red-billed firefinches, a relationship that developed over thousands of years in their native Africa. In the process, the Paynes have learned how something as significant as a new species can come from something as seemingly ephemeral as birdsong.

When it comes to a new species, most evolutionary biologists believe that geography is destiny. Some geographic barrier–a mountain range, ocean, desert or river–is required to separate a population long enough for it to evolve into two different species. Bob and Laura Payne believe there's another strong factor at work called sexual imprinting.

"Sexual imprinting is a developmental process in which reproductive preferences are acquired early in life based on experiences with parents," explains Robert Payne, a U-M professor of zoology.

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

The aviary is a bird paradise filled with cozy nesting boxes, plants and grasses, perching twigs and trays of food. Birds mate, build nests and lay eggs in the aviary from May through October when they are moved to indoor quarters for the winter. Safe from predators and fed a special vitamin-enriched diet–including fresh mealworms delivered daily by courier–the birds live for two to three years, longer than their lifespan in the wild.

During his years of study in Africa, Payne noticed how, as nestlings, male indigobirds (*Vidua chalybeata)* learned to mimic the songs of their firefinch foster fathers (*Lagonosticta senegala*), whose warbling sounded very different from the standard indigobird repertoire. And although female indigobirds don't sing, at mating time they chose a mate that could sing the songs their foster father sang, and always laid eggs in their foster species' nests.

It was a new twist on the old nature-versus-nurture debate. Was indigobird behavior controlled by genes or was it learned behavior that could change? What would happen if indigobirds were raised by a different foster species?

To find out, the Paynes built an aviary on the roof of the U-M Zoology Museum and established their own breeding colony of village indigobirds, red-billed firefinches and a third species, the Bengalese finch (*Lonchura striata*), an Asian bird.

"We selected Bengalese finches to be the new host in the study, because they will raise other finch nestlings, and they are not native to Africa," Laura Payne said. "Indigobirds and firefinches would never see or hear a Bengalese finch in the wild."

During mating season, the Paynes set up loudspeakers and played tapes of male indigobirds alternately crooning Bengalese finch songs and red-billed firefinch songs. Indigobird females expressed their preference by spending more time on the perch nearest their song-of-choice.

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Jean Woods, Robert Payne and Laura Payne (left to right) in front of their aviary on the roof of the U-M Zoology Museum. Since 1991, they have conducted experiments in the aviary designed to study how sexual imprinting affects mating and nesting behavior in African village indigobirds.

After mating, indigo females in the aviary were free to choose nests occupied by either a Bengalese finch, a red-billed firefinch or several other indigobird species. Twice each week during the summer mating season, Laura Payne and Jean Woods, a postdoctoral research associate, checked hundreds of nesting boxes for eggs. They either left the eggs to hatch and be raised by red-billed firefinches or moved the eggs to Bengalese finch nests. The species of each egg and nestling were carefully documented based on visual differences or DNA analysis.

After nine years of meticulous observation and analysis, the Paynes will publish their results this spring in the British scientific journal *Animal Behaviour*. Here's a preview of what they will report:

- Village indigobird males learn the songs of their foster father, even if it is a Bengalese finch.
- Females indigobirds have no innate preference for firefinch songs, *unless they were raised in firefinch nests; in which case* they are sexually attracted to males that mimic songs of their foster species.
- Female indigobirds consistently lay their eggs in nests of the species that reared them.

"Females form an attachment to their foster parents, and this attachment persists over time to affect their choice of a mate," Robert Payne said. "Imprinting is flexible," he added. "It gives birds an important survival advantage, should conditions change and the old host disappear."

But here is the Paynes' perhaps most far-reaching conclusion: "If females imprint to a new host species, all their descendants will imprint to the same species. These birds will form a new mating group held together by mimicry songs. Given enough time, the new mating group will become a new species."

This fall, the Paynes are off to West Africa to spend a month with the finches. They've already discovered a new species of firefinch in Nigeria that has a host-parasite relationship with a different species called the Jos plateau indigobird (*Vidua*

Top: African village indigobirds–named for the male's deep blue plumage–are brood parasites. The females lay their eggs in nests of another songbird called the red-billed firefinch. The finches hatch, feed and raise the indigobird nestlings. Firefinches are good parents: about half of the indigobird freeloaders survive long enough to leave their nests, the same percentage as firefinch chicks.

Bottom: Red-billed firefinches, like this male from Nigeria, are the indigobird's host species. Indigobird females that grow up hearing firefinch songs are attracted to indigobird males that know the songs their finch foster father used to sing.

maryae). They are looking for new examples of host-parasite relationships between firefinches and indigobirds in Guinea and Mali, but think that these, too, will be based on song mimicry.

What about the rest of the animal kingdom? Robert Payne says there is some evidence for sexual imprinting and preferential mating in Arctic geese and African cyclid fishes, but in these cases it's based on color rather than singing.

And what about the species of most immediate interest to us? Could sexual imprinting be a factor in human evolution? To this, Payne just smiles and shrugs his shoulders. "I just study birds," he says. MT

BLUEBIRDS Continued from page 24

rows and application of pesticides, and expanding urban sprawl destroyed viable habitat and poisoned the bluebird's primary source of food: insects. Climate changes, too, have created problems for bluebirds; excessive heat or sudden winter storms have historically devastated populations of bluebirds unable to successfully cope with the sudden severe weather.

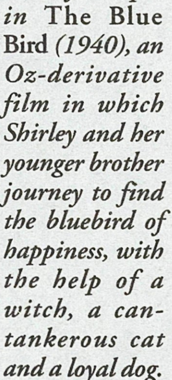
By 1977, according to the late Dr. Larry Zeleny, often considered the father of the organized bluebirding movement, the Eastern Bluebird population, found east of the Rockies down to central Mexico, had declined more than 90 percent since the early 1900s. Western Bluebirds, found in the western United States and Canada, and Mountain Bluebirds, found above 7,000 feet in central and western North America, were also declining.

Zeleny's writings, including a *National Geographic* article about the plight of North American bluebirds, and his founding of the North American Bluebird Society (NABS) in 1978, inspired millions of people to establish bluebird trails and get organized into community, state, or provincial groups.

Thanks to the efforts of bluebird conservationists across the continent, this alarming trend has been reversed in less than two decades. It was human blunder and unwise development that led to the precarious situation in which the three bluebird species found themselves, so it's appropriate that a grassroots bluebirding movement has prevented these three species from landing on the Endangered Species list.

According to the Breeding Bird Survey (BBS) of the US Geological Service, between the period of 1976 and 1996, Eastern Bluebirds' have experienced a population increase of about 5% a year, Mountain Bluebirds a 2% increase a year, and Western Bluebirds decline has been at least halted, as the BBS data now indicate no significant further decline in that population. However, in some states, like California, the Western Bluebirds continue their struggle for survival. Other cavity-nesting species, like the Purple Martin, also benefit from a similar conservation movement.

Since 1978, over a million bluebird nest box plans have been distributed by the 3,500-member NABS and 20,000-member affiliated state and provincial organizations. The Camp Fire Boys and Girls have promoted their "Project Save the Bluebird," and numerous state nongame wildlife conservation programs provided resources for bluebird conservation. Schools across North America have long utilized the hands-on aspect of bluebird conservation, weaving habitat, bird migration and bluebird life history into elementary and middle school life science curriculum.



Shirley Temple in The Blue Bird *(1940), an Oz-derivative film in which Shirley and her younger brother journey to find the bluebird of happiness, with the help of a witch, a cantankerous cat and a loyal dog.*

From schoolchldren to retirees, individuals have joined together to construct one of the largest networks of trail systems in the world to help the bluebirds and other native cavity-nesting species that also make their homes in the boxes. Bluebird lovers replaced the lost cavities with well-designed nest boxes, erected bluebird trails of five or more boxes, maintained a regular monitoring program, and shared a wealth of information on bluebird conservation and management at the end of each nesting season, leading to a rebound of the bluebird population.

As the late birding expert Roger Tory Peterson often commented with respect to the close human interaction with bluebirds, perhaps the bluebirds, in their acceptance of human interaction, realize that human involvement has helped them survive.

Eastern Bluebird.

Free-lance writer/author/photographer John Ivanko '88 BBA is co-executive director of NABS. He and his wife, Lisa Kivirist, own and operate Inn Serendipity, a bed and breakfast in Browntown, Wisconsin, where one of their three bluebird nest boxes fledge two broods of Eastern Bluebirds annually.

The Transcontinental Bluebird Trail

With this year's launch of the Transcontinental Bluebird Trail (TBT), a new conservation, education and research program from NABS, efforts are under way to expand and better coordinate these conservation and educational efforts. It's a program where everyone can be a part of the conservation solution.

The TBT is a large coordinated network of trails stretching across North America. Bluebird boxes on the TBT are established where appropriate habitat exists and where the boxes can be regularly monitored and maintained by volunteers, both on private trails and Adopt-A-Box sponsored trails. Adopt-A-Box trails were developed for educational purposes and to let individuals contribute to the trail who may not live near bluebirds.

Somewhere over the rainbow
Bluebirds fly,
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why then oh why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow
Why oh why can't I?

"Over the Rainbow"
Yip Harburg, 1939.

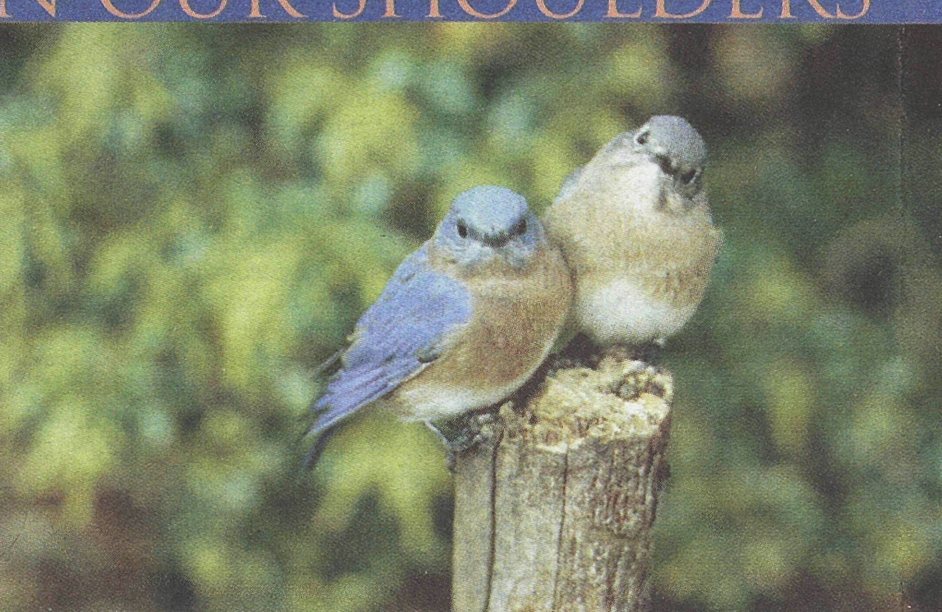
By adopting a nest box for $35, the sponsor will receive a certificate, a web page devoted to the progress of their box, a nest box report at the end of the season, a $2 coupon offer at participating Wild Birds Unlimited stores (the TBT's corporate underwriter) and a one-year membership to NABS. MT

For nest box building plans or how to Adopt-A-Box on the Transcontinental Bluebird Trail, visit the NABS website www.nabluebirdsociety.org *or send a self-addressed stamped envelope (a $1 donation is appreciated) to NABS, Dept. U, P.O. Box 74, Darlington WI 53530, U.S.A.*

One of North America's conservation success stories

BLUEBIRDS ON OUR SHOULDERS

Story and photos by John Ivanko



A bluebird couple snuggle on a fence post.

Have you ever seen a bluebird? Most of us haven't, nor even could, at least not until recently. The rebounding bluebird populations have made seeing this popular songbird increasingly likely, especially along rural roadsides or in parks and other open spaces.

One of the three bluebird species–Eastern Bluebird, Mountain Bluebird or Western Bluebird–is likely to be seen almost anywhere on the continent where wide open grassy spaces are present, and in several states where their ranges overlap, two species might be seen.

To see a pair of bluebirds is mesmerizing, especially the iridescent blue-colored male Eastern Bluebird when in flight on a bright summer day, busy at work feeding a brood of nestlings. Like a bold brush stroke of blue color, the male dives from a tree to the lawn to snatch an insect on the ground.

The bluebirds' color was so remarkable to Henry David Thoreau that he felt compelled to describe this species' coloring as "carrying the sky on its back." An insightful description since the bluebird's blue color does, in fact, come from light waves scattered by the structure of their feathers, not from blue pigment in their feathers–a blue suncatcher, so to speak. That's why a bluebird appears gray on an overcast day.

Bluebirds,
Singing a song
Nothing but bluebirds
All day long.

"Blue Skies," by Irving Berlin, 1926.

As a bluebird landlord, one who provides nest boxes for these species to nest in, I'm awestruck by their seeming ability to recognize us. Bluebirds will often return to the same nesting site, year after year.

But there is a lot more to bluebirds than their color and tender demeanor which contributed to their predominant place in American culture, for bluebirds have become a mainstay of Hallmark greeting cards and show up in more songs that any other songbird.

The Eastern Bluebird is the state bird for Missouri and New York; the Mountain Bluebird holds this distinction for Nevada and Idaho. The male Eastern Bluebird's brilliant blue back and rust-colored breast and the more subdued blue of the Mountain Bluebird, with a white, rather than rust-colored, breast, has resulted in their starring role in numerous poems and artwork. The Native Americans have folktales about how bluebirds received their color.

Lisa Kivirist checking nest box on bluebird trail.

There are two different kinds of bird colors: pigment-based and structural. White, blue, green, iridescent and ultraviolet birds derive their color from the structure of their feathers, specifically from the protein keratin in their feathers (also the chief constituent of hair, nails, horns and hoofs).

In the case of the bluebirds (and Blue Jay), the keratin reflects and scatters incoming light, reflecting the shortest wavelength (blue). The blue of the sky results from a similar scattering of light in the atmosphere.

Bluebirds are from the same family as the American Robin–the thrush (*Turdidae*) family. Like the Robin, bluebirds have powder-blue-colored eggs. Their bills are narrow for catching insects, their main diet, and wild fruits and berries during the winter months. Unlike the robins, bluebirds nest in cavities with nests made of finely woven grasses or sometimes of pine needles.

The three species of bluebirds, Eastern Bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*), Mountain Bluebirds (*Sialia currucoides*) and Western Bluebirds (*Sialia mexicana*), are among more than 300 thrushes worldwide. Similar to other species in the thrush family, bluebirds devour large quantities of insects. In the fall and spring, bluebirds in cooler climates switch from insects to berries as they begin a migratory flight to warmer climates.

With the introduction of the more aggressive House Sparrow and European Starling into North America in 1852 and 1880, competition for nesting cavities became fierce. Unfortunately, the sparrows and starlings would often evict, and sometimes kill, the more timid bluebirds.

Then came the replacement of wooden fence posts with metal posts. The old wooden posts were often used as nesting sites by the bluebirds when the posts rotted out. Natural cavities found in dead trees also became scarce as removal of these "unsightly" trees became commonplace. Farming practices, including removal of fence

Continued on page 23

Mister Bluebird on my shoulder,
It's the truth, it's actual,
Ev'rything is satisfactual.

"Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah," lyrics by Ray Gilbert, 1946, from *Song of the South*, Walt Disney Productions.

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