YIELD
FRESHMEN
OBEY & SUBMIT YOURSELVES
to the
23
EDICTS

Promulgated for the RESTRAINT of your Puerile habits and Juvenile demeanor by your Exalted and Preeminently Paramount PREDECESSORS.

1. Turn the freshman cap backwards.
2. Don't eat in the halls.
3. Remember women mothers.
4. Be in the halls.
5. Don't turn the freshman cap backwards.
6. For general information refer to "Hill" "Hill".
7. Don't eat anything but your links at table.
8. Keep all the freshies' money at home.
9. The lights will brighten your skills.
10. You are not to be seen on the street after dark.
11. Bury and take to the grave your pet bird.
12. Change your "freshman" behind the desk.
13. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
14. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
15. Be a "freshman" beyond the desk.
16. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
17. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
18. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
19. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
20. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
21. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
22. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.
23. Don't be "freshman" beyond the desk.

BUTCHERY! SLAUGHTER!
of the innocents
BLACK FRIDAY

Medio Green is the scene for your annihilation.

Hazing Days
Story on page 8
You don’t have to wait until your next class reunion for a journey back to the University. A trip is as near as the public library, where a surprising number of novels feature, either in passing or prominently, The University of Michigan. We have excerpted some of these novels in the pages that follow.

The variety of these passages shows the many facets of a university: It is at once a microcosm of society at large, a sanctuary from that society or an incubator for life in the "real world."

In her 1984 novel *Brained Lives*, the poet and novelist Marge Piercy ’57 portrays her feminist student heroine's personal and political frustrations during the Fifties, when marriage was assumed to be every woman student's goal, and challenges to the authorities was likely to draw the attention of the police.

Joyce Carol Oates, who has taught at the University, depicts a young medical student's bittersweet romance in her 1971 novel *Wonderland*. In Herbert Gold's 1957 *The Optimist*, an ambitious young man comes of age at the University in the World War II era.

Some authors have enjoyed playing out murder and mayhem in a U-M setting. In *The Dark Tunnel*, author Kenneth Millar '52 Ph.D. — who later became famous as maestro of mysteries Ross Macdonald — has his hero flee a murderer through the cavernous recesses of the campus steam tunnels. In their mystery *Maze*, authors and former faculty members Garnet Garrison and Al Slote ‘49 (both writing under the pseudonym A.H. Garnet) killed off an English professor by having him "bake" in the large oven of the Law Club at the thinly disguised "Mid-East University."

Gold told Michigan Today that he became familiar with the University when he was a high school student in Ohio. "I used to visit a friend attending Michigan," he recalls. "It was the first campus I ever saw."

Piercy, who knew she wanted to be a writer at age 15, described her U-M years as "a big interruption" in her ultimately successful career. "I learned in the English Department that you had to be an English gentleman, so I wrote like an English gentleman," she said wryly. "I didn't stop doing that until I got out of the English Honors program."

Some authors who've fictionalized life at U-M stress that the encouragement of professors and the triumph of winning Hopwood Awards launched their writing careers.

Al Slote — whose first novel *Denham Proper* was partly set at the University — fondly recalls his writing professor, Roy Cowden. "He was a genius at teaching writing," said Slote, who is best-known for his two dozen books for young readers. "He'd read your manuscript twice, and he knew you. He had these stubby farmer's fingers that would pause over sentences. Then he'd look at you and say, 'Now we have the surface,' — after you'd written your heart out! But he made you take yourself seriously when you didn't even take yourself seriously."

Using a university as a fictional setting has its limitations, a few of the writers told us. "A university does not offer a big theater of action," Slote pointed out.

And Richard Ford, whose widely acclaimed 1986 novel *The Sportswriter* followed the tribulations of a successful U-M grad, observed that the "cloistered" environment of the university puts off many writers.

"Universities," said Ford, who was a member of the U-M Society of Fellows from 1971-74 and an assistant professor the following year, "are places where students can come and make mistakes, fail, and yet not have the consequences of those failures ruin their lives. The nature of literature is that it's about the broader consequences of human nature."

Piercy, however, found the university "a setting like any other, a hierarchical setting where people have fairly rigidly defined roles, like a corporation."

Many other authors have set their fiction at Michigan, some identifying the University by name and others applying pseudonyms to it. They range from Nobelist Sinclair Lewis (Arrowsmith) to Danielle Steel (Fine Things), whose U-M alumna dramatically tears up her diploma right after it is handed to her. U-M grads know that the graduating class is so big that diplomas are not handed out individually, but Steel, like the authors we excerpt here, has all privileges that go with poetic license, even when it comes to The University of Michigan.

Eve Silberman is an Ann Arbor free lance writer and staff writer for the Ann Arbor Observer.
THE DARK TUNNEL
By ROSS MCDONALD
(Kenneth Millar '42 M.A., '52 Ph.D.)

McKinley Hall is the British-Museum-classic building five stories high and a block long, which houses the college of arts and the administrative offices of Midwestern University. Ankara is the Athens of the West and McKinley Hall is its Parthenon and I am Pericles.

... The making of a historical dictionary is a long process. For five years Alec had been co-editor of the Middle English Dictionary, with a dozen people working under him. One thing his death meant was that the Dictionary would have to find a new editor. I had never had anything to do with the Dictionary directly, but Alec had given me a general idea of it.

It was intended to put in print for the first time, in ten handy volumes weighing about fifteen pounds each, all the meanings of all the words written in English between the death of William the Conqueror and the time of Caxton, the first English printer. This meant that the editors and sub-editors and infra-editors had to read all the books and manuscripts remaining from four hundred years of English writing. They had to keep a file of every word and examples of every use of every word. That is the first half of the process of making a historical dictionary.

The second half is the actual writing of the dictionary, listing every meaning of every word and at least one example of each meaning.

Since the reading in the MiddleEnglish Dictionary office had been going on for a mere seven years, and not more than a dozen people spent only six or seven hours a day reading, the first half of the process was not yet complete. But there was already a roomful of tall steel filing cabinets filled with examples of the uses of Middle English words filed in alphabetical order.

I went into this inner room to look up 'taillour.' My throat was constricted with excitement.

"You! You there! Come out with your hands up!"

"I said keep the goddamn hands up, fool!"

The policeman's face broke in a fine fat grin. "Ah, me boy! you school kids, you jist don't know how. Mooning around gets you no fun in life. Listen, kid, let me give you the benefit. I'm old enough to be your father..."

"Listen, Officer!" [Burr] said in a low voice, "I was just waiting for the counter girl in that diner. She wouldn't say yes and she wouldn't say no..."

"She wouldn't say yes and she wouldn't say no..."

"I thought maybe when she got off work..."

"I thought maybe when she got off work..."

"Are you thinking maybe?"

The policeman's face broke in a fine fat grin. "Ah, me boy..."

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"You! You there! Come out with your hands up!" He was nervous, lonely, empty-headed, bored on the night beat, tired of chewing gum whose spearmint had long been sucked away and the promised vision of pine forests untoldled. His collar hurt at his chins and he was hopping, with all this talk about keeping the hands up, to do some something jokey. He would just love it.

"Speak up! You heard me! Talk fast!"

"Okay, buddy-boy, tell me what you were doing."

"The police didn't like the college boys. This cop would love to lock him up. He was nervous, lonely, empty-headed, bored on the night beat, tired of chewing gum whose spearmint had long been sucked away and the promised vision of pine forests untoldled. His collar hurt at his chins and he was hopping, with all this talk about keeping the hands up, to do something jokey. He would just love it.

"I was just waiting for the counter girl in that diner. She wouldn't say yes and she wouldn't say no..."

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"I was just waiting for the counter girl in that diner. She wouldn't say yes and she wouldn't say no..."

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"Are you thinking maybe?"
I was a sophomore when I first met her. She was a junior. I had been exempt from the ordinary exposition course and had moved up into a creative writing course. There were ten of us about a table. The first day, Mr. Edwards called the roll from the class cards, and we glanced casually at each person as he answered. Bill Lawrence sat next to me at the end of the table, facing courses and had moved up into a creative writing class in writing. For example, what kind of writing might you do in such a class, Miss Polansky? I wished he wouldn't put his two cents in like that.

"This is a permission course," Mr. Edwards explained, unmoving. We all looked at each other in anticipation of a little scene. "I know," answered Miss Polansky in the same quiet tone, "but I couldn't find you and so I decided to come anyway.

"Where did you look for me, Miss Polansky, at the Union dance?"

"No," she answered, smiling, "I didn't think you'd be there.

"A quiet laugh went up at Mr. Edwards' expense and he gave us a flitting look and then turned to her again. "We'll take this up after class," he said, and resumed calling the roll. Bill wrote something on his pad and pushed it over towards me. I read the word "cuts." I wrote under it, "aggressive," and pushed it back to him. He had completed the roll. Mr. Edwards sat back and looked calmly at us. Then, having completed his scrutiny, he began in a low voice.

"This," he said, brushing the class cards slowly, "is a class in creative writing."

"Pardon what?" he said, rubbing his nose and so breaking the rhythm of the sentence, "creative writing?"

He sat back with a completely blank look — the favorite expression of all the young instructors at Michigan. When no one said anything, he began again.

"I mean walk with a girl. You're supposed to walk alongside her. We didn't talk about much except our feet kept getting tangled in the way.

I stared at her . . . and then began to laugh. I took her arm and walked on the outside. She was angry all the time.

"A short relieved laugh sounded about the table for none of us had as yet learned to handle with any degree of assurance the premier working axiom of the English department at Michigan — viz: a teacher's assistant.

Good God, I thought, Chubby remembered everything but to call his date.

"No, Chubby had to go down and meet his sister and he asked me to call for you. I'm a fraternity brother of his."

"He could have called me," he said.

"I'll confess to you," he said, "I don't know what it is either."

Mr. Edwards leaned forward. 'I you the what?'

"Mr. Edwards leaned forward. 'I you the what?'

He was twenty-two years old and all he wanted to do was swim. He had been on the team at Detroit Northwestern High School and he had been the number-two sprinter for three years at the University of Michigan. He was not really very good. At public bathing pools, with splash curtains drawn up over their lips, very proud of their song. His father wrote down the first race in pencil and cut out the photograph out of it with her best dressmaking scissors, to paste carefully in the scrapbook. With a deprecatory manner, she would get it out of the bookcase and show it to anyone who came to call. Once she showed it to the iceman.

Published by Putnam & Sons, New York, 1953.
Jesse did not have much time to contemplate himself. His years at The University of Michigan were to break into a few sharp images for him: the memory of certain buildings late in the afternoon, the canned goods — spaghetti, corned-beef hash, stew — he bought to eat alone; the residence halls he worked in; his job as an attendant at a public health center in Ann Arbor; the wet paths and hills of the arboretum where he walked sometimes by himself or, in the last year of his studies, with Anne-Marie, his fiancée. When he began to think of himself, to contemplate himself, his entire body roared as if in sudden panic — there were things he must not think, must not contemplate, must not remember. Over the years he developed a studious, grave exterior, a kind of mask that covered not only his face but his entire body, his way of moving and breathing.

No, he was not pleased, he did not have time to be pleased. Alone in his room, he contemplated the books that were always before him, waiting to be read: He ran his hand along the edge of the books, those hundreds of pages, mysterious from the outside, neutral. Most of the books were secondhand. He was $2,500 in debt; he had to take a semester off to work, and buy a new car every year right at the factory door. Glancing back over his shoulder, Jesse saw someone: when he was a doctor he would be serving them. He thought of them as children, they were so boisterous and sure of themselves.

WONDERLAND
By JOYCE CAROL OATES

I could move here, join the Michigan alums and buy a new car every year right at the factory door.

He thought of them as children, they were so boisterous and sure of themselves.
Mr. Merrick gloved at the bony maiden who rattled the typewriter.

Whitley's irascible customer gloved over the titles of the big books in the case hard by. ... Simpson's American Dilemma. ... old say. You had to read his blather in front of a dictionary; weren't ten words in the whole fourteen pounds of wood-pulp with less than a dozen syllables. ... Mount's Obsessions. ... Why was it that these bozos thought it unscholarly to be intelligible and undignified to be interesting? And as for obsessions, old Mount was a nut himself—one of these cuckoos that tapped every third telegraph pole with his cane and spat on fireplugs. ... If he missed one, he had to go back; but he said ... About the same mentality as Fidos. Well, Mount ought to be an authority on obsessions!
Mountaineering in Michigan makes about as much sense as snow-skiing on the beach. The highest points in the state are the skyscrapers in downtown Detroit, and these hold very little interest for climbers, at least those who wish to avoid arrest. Michigan’s rolling fields offer pleasant prospects for Sunday drives but they are not quite the ticket for the mountaineer who seeks the bracing thrill of vertical terrain. The nearest mountains of any consequence are a 12-hour drive away in New York state. All in all, Ann Arbor is not very promising for aspiring climbers.

None of these reasons, however, is compelling enough to keep the U-M Climbing Club on the ground. Most climbers will admit that climbing is an irrational kind of recreation anyway, so why should the lack of mountains be a problem? The absence of steep terrain locally means only that Michigan climbers must look more closely at the topography around them to find training ground; when they do, they discover some offbeat but serviceable places to hone their art.

One favorite "cliff" for Ann Arbor climbers is a small wall on the west side of a library that legal ramifications and prudence prevent me from further identifying. On many an evening—one might find a group of climbers clinging like flies to the small rocks mortared into the concrete. The tiny ledges are just big enough for toes and fingers. Special rock-climbing shoes that hug the feet like slippers and have a soft, tacky rubber sole help climbers to stand on tiny nubbins, while with steely fingers they hang from minuscule ledges. Although this wall is only 10 feet high, a climber can traverse back and forth until his or her forearms feel like wood and are so pumped with blood that the grip loosens and the climber falls—unhurt, of course, because of the short distance. A regular workout of pull-ups and training at such local sites keeps the climbers' minds and muscles toned until summer, when they can travel to hillier regions. However, no amount of surreptitious practice on Ann Arbor walls and bridges can provide adequate preparation for the greater challenges of real mountains—the high altitude, hail storms and dizzying perspectives.

In addition to coping with the greater challenges of weather and terrain in the mountains, Michigan climbers must also master a new repertoire of technical skills. They must learn to belay (secure) their partners with a climbing rope in case of a slip, and they must be proficient at placing pitons (metal spikes) and chockstones (aluminum wedges on nylon loops) into natural fissures in the rock to secure themselves safely to the mountain. Climbing 40-yard rope lengths up a vertical cliff is a far cry from scaling a wall in Ann Arbor.

Lest the beginner shrink from this list of difficulties, it should be noted that "climbing" describes many different kinds of pursuits and encompasses many levels of challenge and difficulty, ranging from a pleasant summer afternoon on 300-foot crags in New York to a month-long expedition on Alaska’s Mount McKinley, which rises more than 20,000 feet above sea level, and where temperatures of -20°F and winds of 70 miles an hour are commonplace.

By stretching the limits of ability and increasing strength on such modest local structures as walls and bridge abutments, the Michigan climber prepares mentally and physically for longer and harder climbs in mountain ranges throughout the United States.

Indeed University climbers have successfully scaled some of the major mountain areas of North America. Wearing crampons (spikes tied to the boot soles) and carrying ice axes, they have clawed their way up frozen blue waterfalls in a surreal January chill on Mount Washington in New Hampshire. They have stood atop the mighty summits of the Canadian Rockies, and they have conquered the soaring granite cliffs in Yosemite Valley, including the awesome 3,000-foot face of El Capitan, a climb requiring several nights of sleeping on narrow mountain ledges.

To flatlanders, mountaineering may seem an unusual, even lunatic, recreation. It’s not a sport for everyone. But those few who are drawn to it often find that their lives are immeasurably enriched by their adventures in the mountains. For many climbers, the friendships forged in the mountains are the greatest reward of their endeavors, the most permanent additions to their lives.
GOING UP?
John Wald, '86 MA, a Seattle photojournalist, offers information on climbing in the eastern U.S. and Canada for readers who contemplate taking their first upward steps. The sites are listed in order of proximity to Ann Arbor:

Grand Ledge, Michigan.
Rattlesnake Point, Ontario, near Toronto, a 100-foot-high escarpment of solid limestone four hour's drive from Ann Arbor.

Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, where short but excellent climbs are a magnet for climbers from all over the Midwest — a very sociable place by reputation.

Seneca Rocks, Seneca, West Virginia, a lovely 400-foot-high blade of rock high in the Appalachians.
Shawangunks, New Palts, New York, the center of climbing in the eastern U.S. one hour north of New York City — an area rich with tradition and offering possibilities for a lifetime of climbing on superb quartzite.

Cathedral and White Horse Ledges, North Conway, New Hampshire, excellent granite at the foot of Mount Washington in the heart of the White Mountains.

Adirondack Mountains, New York; scattered throughout the High Peak Region (centered in Keene, New York), the largest and most rugged wilderness area in the Northeast, are a dozen or more excellent climbing areas. Unlike the other areas on this list, the Adirondacks are infrequently visited, and climbers will almost certainly find themselves alone on the cliffs.

STANDING TALL atop Mount Index, Washington.
TOSSING AND TURNING are not recommended when the climber bivouacs on Half Dome, thousands of feet high in California's Yosemite Valley.

A NICE PLACE to sit is Chair Peak in Washington's Cascades.

U-M DAY TRIPS ON THE ROCKS
STUDENTS, staff and alumni enrolled in the U-M Department of Recreational Sports can take rock-climbing day trips offered by the Outdoor Recreation Program.

Rock climbing trips to Grand Ledge, northwest of Lansing, are for novice and intermediate climbers, says Adrienne M. Garrison, the program's recreational sports coordinator. Climbers scale 50- to 60-foot-high cliffs using the belay system, where two people work together. The person on the ground holds the climber's safety rope, which is attached to a belaying pin or cleat at the top of the climb. A climber who slips will not fall down the cliff, Garrison says.

The Saturday rock climbing trips in the summer (no more are scheduled for this season) are among the program's most popular day trips. A maximum of 12 climbers go with three instructors. The fee (most recently $42) includes transportation, sack lunch, equipment and instruction.

The Outdoor Recreation Program is housed in the North Campus Recreation Building. For details about trips, clinics or equipment rental, call the program at 763-4560 or check the Department of Recreational Sports' brochure.
Bellicose Posters Were the Propaganda Of Class Warfare

By Jennifer Stanley

University of Michigan students of a century or so ago did not have as many outlets for exuberance as do today's students. (Whether the multiple outlets are an advantage or disadvantage, we leave for others to decide.)

Ann Arbor was evolving from a frontier town with small shops, wooden sidewalks and water pumps into the comfortable city that it is now widely reckoned to be. Yet the energy inherent in a university community flowed freely then, too, and not surprisingly, students sometimes channeled it in directions that raised the eyebrows—and occasionally the hair—of UM administrators and the civic authorities.

Among these highly charged student activities was a form of class conflict known as "the rush." It was quite different from the "rush" that some students engage in today.

Michigan's campus was once the backdrop for frequent and spontaneous rushes," says Nicholas H. Steneck, professor of history and director of the Collegiate Institute for Values and Science. Steneck is teaching a course on the history of the University with his wife Margaret, a Residential College lecturer in the Medical School's and LSAfe combined early-admission Inteflex program.

In its earliest form a "rush" was just that, Steneck says. "Sophomores would charge the freshmen en masse, and the two classes would brawl until one had affirmed its superiority." (Often the freshmen because of their numerical superiority.)

Rushing was originally confined to narrow stairwells between class periods, later the ritual was moved outdoors, where many more young men could participate in this physicalrite of passage. One student, Frank L. Puffer, matter-of-factly summed up an October 1903 rush in a letter:

"...There has been the usual amount of rushing and pumping (holding the enemy's head under the freezing streams of an outdoor pump). The Sophs and Freshes had their annual rush last Saturday. The Sophs were beaten. One broken arm, two broken ribs and several black eyes, bruised heads, etc., etc., were the results of the fun." (Frank L. Puffer Collection, Bentley Historical Library).

Also frequent were more individualized attacks: a group of sophomores might terrorize a couple of freshmen, as happened to Erwin Weber and his friend Frederick. Erwin (who was to die in a World War I boot camp a few years after this incident) described the ordeal to his brother Harry in a 1912 letter:

"Frederick and I got thru with supper and went over to our rooms. Some fellows as we thought were going to pass us...circled and closed in—gently but firmly—and told us we were wanted. Our coats were stripped off, and our hats turned inside out. Then a not gentlemanly guy came around with a bottle of shoe blackening and decorated our faces." (William Weber Collection, Bentley Historical Library)
The attack progressed until both Erwin and Frederick had been driven underground and then bombarded with eggs and catsup upon their descent. Concludes Erwin: "It's great to be a freshman at U-M."

The rush grew out of an earlier and more violent custom — hazing. Though the first usage of "hazing" in its academic sense — "to harass or annoy by playing abusive or ridiculous tricks upon, as in initiations" — remains unknown, the word derives from Old French "to irritate, vex;" it was formerly a nautical term meaning "to harass by exacting unnecessary, disagreeable or difficult work."

In any case, at Michigan, hazing became a means of initiating lowerclassmen into the student body. Much like the plebes at military academies, freshmen were hazed throughout their first year at the University.

By 1874, hazing had grown so violent that three freshmen and three sophomores were suspended for two years. The sophomores had stipulated a fight by dousing the freshmen under a water pump. In a rare example of class solidarity, sophomores and freshmen responded to the administration's announcement of the suspensions by signing a statement to the faculty confessing that they too had been involved in the hazing.

The freshman declared: "We, the undersigned, members of the Freshman class, wish respectfully to inform you that, in the affair for which three of our number have been suspended, we are equally implicated with them; and protest against the injustice of suspending three of us only."

Though the administration gave the signatories a choice between removing their signatures or being suspended, 80 of the 100 chose to keep their names on the list — and all 80 were suspended for the remainder of the year.

U-M President James B. Angell received much praise for this action, including a New York Tribune editorial that stated: "It is the duty of teachers to see that while a youth remains at school, he shall see as little of the vulgar brutalities of life as is consistent with the conditions of human existence."

After this incident, entering students were obliged to sign a sort of contract with the University,pledging that they would "abstain from hazing and from any attempt to interfere with the government of the University."

Though this requirement eventually faded away, Steneck points out that such a signed agreement was not unusual. "Until very recently," he says, "codes of conduct exerted an enormous influence over student life." The novelty of the 1874 code, to modern sensibilities at least, is that Michigan students were still living in "plunder houses," leaving the University, code or no code, "with virtually no control over the students' non-academic conduct," according to Steneck. It was not until the early 20th century, he notes, when student dormitories were added to the campus landscape, that the University adopted a more parental attitude toward students.

By 1907, President Angell could report that hazing was less frequent, not only as a result of the code but also because "the friendly contests of the two lower classes in the trials of strength and cunning are carried on under the supervision of upperclassmen and under regulations. This prevents bodily injuries and bad blood."

Though spontaneous and violent hazing had diminished, it was still persistent enough to lead the University Senate to pass a resolution in 1906 restricting any "trial of strength and skill" between students to daylight hours. And within a year, new contests were designed that pitied the classes against one another in feats of strength such as flags-of-war (from bank to bank of the Huron River) and Push Ball contests, where the objective was to push a leather ball three to four feet in diameter, over one's opponents' goal line. (The lowly freshmen entered a 20-minute contest with a one-goal handicap.)

The violence that had been the chief characteristic of spontaneous hazing took on a new form, however — a verbal one. The posters that announced the regulated clashes between the classes became elaborately inflammatory. Freshmen and sophomores threatened one another with death and lesser atrocities. Eventually the hostilities were scheduled for an event known as "Black Friday," a day of organized class conflict that took place in mid-October for several years following the turn of the century.

The language of the posters was Gothic in its bizarreness and intricacy. In 1908, the freshmen described the sophomores as being "phenozygous and cryptozygous, dolichocephalic and acrocephalic, flat-heads and round-heads; pig-heads and sap-heads." All of these heads, the poster continued, "will be severed alike."

Any number of factors may have contributed to the disappearance of this sort of class warfare at the University, Professor Steneck says. He suggests that "the growing popularity of organized sports may have played a part in this process."

Baseball was already big, and then, in 1901, Fielding Yost came to Michigan, and the roughhouse game of football began to command more and more attention.

Fraternity and sorority membership also was growing in popularity, and this divided the numbers who rushed and hazed into smaller and more manageable units.

Overall, Ann Arbor was evolving into a more cosmopolitan and "civilized" town. The last posters in which sophomores and freshmen threaten one another bear the date 1915, which suggests that the University's young men, like the nation's at large, had found a larger outlet for their exuberance and combativeness in civilization's first world war.

Jennifer Stanley is a freelance writer who lives in Ann Arbor.
CAMPAIGN FOR MICHIGAN FUND PASSES $26 MILLION MARK

Alumni, parents, graduating seniors exceed their goal by more than 25%

By Virginia W. Hayes

"My thanks to those who gave through the Fund," says Marjorie Levy, dean of the School of Art. "To us, it meant more visiting artists and designers, graduate student fellowships, and undergraduate achievement awards." Dean Levy is appreciative for a good reason. She is talking about The Campaign for Michigan Fund, which closed June 30 with a record total of more than $26,000,000 in gifts and pledges.

Alumni, parents and graduating seniors responded generously to the annual appeals to support Phase II of the Campaign. The Fund's overall goal was $20,000,000.

"In sum," Levy adds, "The Fund has enabled the School of Art to recognize, encourage and support our most outstanding students. These are gifts of opportunity and personal aid. Without the Fund, we would not have been able to award them."

During the two years of its operation, The Campaign for Michigan Fund has become integral to each school, college and regional campus of the University and its schools. Donations to the Fund are used to light classrooms and laboratories, to assist students in need of aid and to provide the seed money for pilot research, to name a few important benefactions.

"It's a jewel," answers Sally Angell Parsons, '56, '56 MD Design, in talking about the School of Art. "The facilities are extraordinary. I feel we must reach out and let people know what an excellent education is and what an outstanding faculty it has." Parsons, who was chair of the School of Arts Campaign for Michigan Fund, inherited her strong ties to Michigan. Her grandfather, James Burrell Angell, was one of the University's most distinguished presidents, and her father, Robert Cooley Angell, was chairman of the Department of Sociology. Parsons is associate director of the Robert W. Woodruff Arts Center in Atlanta.

"Through the Program, we hope to teach seniors how to be responsible adults," says Robert Clauser, Ann Arbor co-chair. "We went right past our goal," adds Robert Clausen, Ann Arbor co-chair. "The Fund effort is a jewel," explains Debi Facktor, Ann Arbor co-chair. "We want to help other students understand the importance of giving annually to the University."

Hubbard, says, "I just changed my job." John W. English, '36, '40 MA, '51 PhD, became the first president of the School of Education Alumni Society when the Society was established in May 1977. He was re-elected to that office five times. English was named Distinguished Alumnus by the Education Alumni Society in 1983, and he received the University-wide Distinguished Alumni Service Award in 1986.

"I am proud to be able to work to support and sustain the School," English says.

"We went right past our goal," adds Robert Clauser, Ann Arbor co-chair. "The Campaign for Michigan Fund is in my blood," explains Debi Facktor, Ann Arbor co-chair. "We want to help other students understand the importance of giving annually to the University."

Facktor

Clauser

Hubbard

English

in 1969 he was named director of the Medical Center. Hubbard is a physician, with a medical degree from the University of Michigan School of Medicine, in 1970 he became vice president and general manager of the Upjohn Company's pharmaceutical division, and was named president in 1974. He is now retired.

"My commitments to the University and to the importance of a good medical education have never changed," Hubbard said.
A Kellogg Serial

Your article "Family Business" in last August's issue left me reeling. It reminded me of the trials and tribulations of my family's business, which was pushed too fast and buckled under the pressure. In retrospect, it was a wrong one. The company was back on the right track. (And I with it.)

The Kellogg Company was founded in 1894, and I joined it in 1930 as a sales representative. I was groomed as his successor. Fry had made it clear he was not the man to name him president of Kellogg. He was an efficiency expert with a lot of energy. This was an efficiency expert with a lot of energy. This was a fateful decision on my part and our family's business passing into the hands of another company. I was provided with a fund to produce advertising, none of which was intended to make me qualify to become executive president. (He was then 14 years old.) When I got on board, it was an immediate success, but I was expected to make the company successful. The company was back on the right track. (And I with it.)

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The next Succession Planning for Private Business seminar is Sept. 15-17. The seminar will explore the process and challenges for selecting the right successor. It will include lectures, discussions, "Academic Minds in Business" and panel sessions. The symposium, "The Intellectual History and Academic Culture at the University of Michigan: Fresh Explorations," will be held Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. The symposium will explore the intellectual history and academic culture at the University of Michigan. The symposium will be held Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. The symposium will explore the intellectual history and academic culture at the University of Michigan. The symposium will be held Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. The symposium will explore the intellectual history and academic culture at the University of Michigan. The symposium will be held Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
I am already rereading Mary Shelley's seminal novel Frankenstein, which I read in high school. Since then, feminist and Romanticist scholarship has caused me to re-evaluate the book, and I really like to absorb.

I also read a book as thoroughly as I would like to by Thomas Jefferson with a well-researched text on this great architect and intellectual: A. A. Milne is one writer we both loved. When We Were Very Young also is being pushed aside rather than cul-tivated as members of a team does not encourage the independent development of modern Japan.

Despite the declining fortunes of four Western nations, which I've been promising her I'd read since we were married: Sigrid Undset's Norwegian trilogy of memory, as is the latest Stephen King epic novel, The Makioka Sisters. In following the declining fortunes of four sisters who were raised in an elegant mercantile society doomed to extinction by the second world war, the writer provides a sensitive portrayal of the development of modern Japan.

I also plan to take on vacation Jack Zipes' newly translated edition of Grimm's Tales as well as Lewis Carroll's Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and Through the Looking Glass to read aloud to my children.

I think I'm going to try to read again in Montezuma by William Howard Adams. Just re-published by Abbeyville Press, this is a gorgeous book, full of lush color photographs and drawings and sketches made by Thomas Jefferson with a well-researched text on this great architectural masterpiece.

Summer also is a time when books can be read together and enjoyed as a "set." The Anarchists of Architecture by Roger Scruton, Morality and Architec-ture by David Watkins, Anarchist Theory by Theodoro Adorno and Diana Crain's The Transformation of the Avant-Garde will be read as a package to help me test out my own aesthetic concerns.

I also have a role as a teacher, and there are two books concerning the changing nature of America's urban culture: The Modern Urban Landscape by Edward Relph and The Fall of Public Man by Richard Sennett, which may provide me with some new perspectives on teaching urban design and planning in the anti-urban, unplanned milieu which is not an improvement.

Summer is also a time for reading unread books by authors I most ad-mire, and those usually comment on contradictions regarding the human condition. Milan Kundera's Life Is Elsewhere and Taxi Driver by Vittori Berra in his book Home Economics were given to me by women who knew I en-joyed these authors, the former an Eastern European and the latter a Ken-tucky jilt, who are beautifully written and with opposing views of essential aspects of life itself.

The celebration begins at 8 p.m. Sept. 29 with a Birthday concert by the Tokyo String Quartet in the Rackham Auditorium. The schedule then runs as follows, with all lectures and discussions held in the Rackham Building:

**SCHEDULE OF EVENTS**

**Sept. 30: 8:45 a.m. Introduction — John H. D'Arms, dean of the Graduate School.**

9 a.m. "How the Past Shapes the Present: Historical Self-Awareness in the Life of the Public University" by U-M Prof. James Turner and Frances L. Biloise, and Prof. Robert R. Smith, Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Minnesota.


3 p.m. "Second Session: The University of Michigan: Its Place in National Academic Culture Over the Past Fifty Years" — Lecture by Prof. David A. Hallinger, U-M. 4 p.m. Initial response from disciplinary perspectives from U-M Prof. Philip E. Converse and James N. Sennett.

5:30 to 6:30 p.m. Reception for graduate students, Rackham Building Terrace.

7:30 to 9:30 "Additional disciplinary response to Professor Hallinger's lecture from U-M Profs. Homer A. Neal, Martha J. Vickers, Ralph M. Robinson, and James B. White, with Douglas H. Van Houweling, as moderator.

Oct. 1, 9 a.m. Third Session: "Present and Future Challenges: Rereading Graduate and Professional \*\* in the Research University. Introductory remarks by Prof. Alfred S. Sussman, dean of the Graduate School of the University of California and Through the Looking Glass to read aloud to my children.

I also have some serious and lighter books selected for the summer months, but mostly lighter. My aca-demically reading of the season will be Eric Foner's acclaimed new historical study, Reconstruction: America's Unfin-ished Revolution, 1865-1877. For several years I've been struggling with the task of reconstructing as set against its depiction in the 1915 motion picture The Birth of a Nation. This book promises to be a good reference point to a goodBreath of Dreams, which details the turmoil within one of the most important 20th-century novels, the Bingham's of Louisville, Kentucky. On the lighter side of the reading list are three non-fiction titles: First Good Hearts by Reynolds Price. In 1962 I was captivated by the characters Rosacioc, Mustian and Wesbeary in Price's first novel A Long and Happy Life. Now I am Taiichi Narita, a Miami South-ernner in Good Hearts, and I'm anxious to find out what happened to him over the past quarter century. Next on the list is an older novel — very with my longest favorite — which I've been promising her I'd read since we were married: Sigrid Undset's Norwegian trilogy Kristen Lavansdatter. And finally for pure relaxation, a crime novel, Elmore Leonard's Frisky Deaky.

The stacks of The New York Review and The New York Times Review Books are waiting, as is the latest Stephen King novel, Night. Academically, I have been working in the area of coping styles of the very old. How over the age of 85, and been fascinated with the idea that certain abilities allow people to be successful in negotiating their life, and that there are not necessarily measured by stan-dard IQ tests or hampered by decline in functional ability. Further, these strategies vary depending on the situation at hand. The psychological literature on this topic of self efficacy is growing. — I plan to begin reviewing the work of Albert Bandura. The three other books on the list involve another book by Kane and Kane, a recent book describing the complexities and complications of the health care system in providing long-term care to the elderly: The Invention of Memory by Rosenthal, and french, A Life with Our Time by Peter Gay.
Bentley Scholars

Heather L. Burrows of Livonia and Katrin L. Jellema of Grand Haven are the recipients of the U-M Foundation of Owosso Bentley Scholars Scholarship for 1988-89, the University's largest and most prestigious undergraduate scholarship.

The Alvin M. and Arrell D. Bentley Scholarships recognize the Bentley family's tradition of supporting the pursuit of educational excellence by providing scholarship assistance to Michigan students.

Burrows, a graduate of Winston Churchill High School, completed an accelerated integrated curriculum in mathematics, science and computers at her school. In 1986 and 1987 she represented her high school in the Chemistry Olympiad held at the University and was one of four students selected to participate in the IMaSer in Chemistry Olympiads. Burrows will enroll in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts (LSA) and intends to concentrate in chemistry or biochemistry in preparation for a career in genetic research. Jellema undertook an accelerated curriculum for gifted students that included a special mentorship program in cooperation with Grand Valley State University.

Jellema, a senior at Grandville High School, won a first-place rating at the Chemistry Olympiad held at the University and was one of four students selected to participate in the IMaSer in Chemistry Olympiads. Jellema intends to broaden the scope of her academic research.

Arrell D. Bentley Scholarship Foundation of Owosso, the scholarships continue the Bentley family's tradition of supporting the pursuit of educational excellence by providing scholarship assistance to Michigan students.
When It Comes To Coaching, He's Mr. Inside

By Ken Wachsmberger

U-M tennis coach Brian Eisner looks you straight in the eye and tells you with a determined stare, "I firmly believe I'm the best coach in the United States." Maybe he is. Certainly his record of 17 Big Ten conference championships in 19 seasons as head coach is poor breeding ground for detractors. In winning the '88 title, its second straight, Eisner's squad never lost a single match—a feat never accomplished since the conference tournament began in 1940. Perhaps becoming a head coach as a very young man can make you unshackled cocky. Eisner was only 25 when he took over the University of Toledo's net men and became the youngest coach in the Mid-American Conference. But brash as he may seem, Eisner quickly adds that he doesn't really care if he is the nation's No. 1 coach or falls somewhere short of that ranking. The old, "internal coaching" to describe his method of striving for a goal by seeming to move in the opposite direction. This technique grows out of Eisner's belief that "each individual contributes to the aggregate performance of a team." "What 'internal coaching' means," he explains, "is that you have to be able to get to each individual beyond the superficial technical comments about 'your backhand this,' or 'you did that,' which is what coaching has been for years. You have to understand each individual and prepare him internally to compete.

The old, "external" approach, Eisner believes, stems from a misunderstanding of what athletics and competition are all about, a misunderstanding fueled by superficial reports in the news media that "hyped up competition" beyond the ability athletes to produce. "If you think about it," he says, "the most macho part of men for sports is athletics. If you're a man and you're looked up to because you're an athlete, do you really believe you can say to the coach how thwarting competition is to you emotionally? "Yet, in fact, if you are not performing well, unhealthy emotions are often the reason. If you, the athlete, cannot communicate those feelings, then all of the pep talk and all of the technical presentations and all of the physical conditioning are not going to make any difference." Eisner cites the quality of the play in the recent NBA championship series between the Detroit Pistons and the Los Angeles Lakers as an example of emotional impairment. "They did some terrible basketball," he says. "The shooting percentages were terrible. And then the sports casters said it was because of great defense. Well come on, it's just that the players were so tight because the game was so hyped."

"What you're really doing, with internal coaching, is helping a person to communicate those feelings, then all of the personal emotions are often the reason. If you, the athlete, cannot communicate those feelings, then all of the pep talk and all of the technical presentations and all of the physical conditioning are not going to make any difference." Eisner's outlook for next season is, as usual, positive. Not returning, besides Eisner himself, are two other members of the class of '88: Ed Nagel, a transfer from Pepperdine University who earned All-American honors in doubles and No. 2 singles; and No. 5 singles player George Dondes. Both players had 29 wins for the season and were key to the first team's championship. Eisner's outlook for next season is, as usual, positive. Not returning, besides Eisner himself, are two other members of the class of '88: Ed Nagel, a transfer from Pepperdine University who earned All-American honors in doubles and No. 2 singles; and No. 5 singles player George Dondes. Both players had 29 wins for the season and were key to the first team's championship.

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'THERE IS hardly any grief,' Montesquieu wrote, 'which an hour's reading will not dissipate.' Especially, we might add, if that hour can be spent in a spot as comfortable as the woman in this painting has found. 'Hammock Reader,' a gift from Dr. and Mrs. Marvin E. Klein to the U-M Museum of Art, is a 1951 oil painting by American artist Milton Avery. In this issue of Michigan Today, some U-M faculty members share their summer syllabuses with our readers.