

**HA HA**

**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. Wear the freshman cap habitually.
2. Don't visit Joe's.
3. Purchase campus tickets.
4. Don't smoke on the campus.
5. No "hamburgers with" for years.
6. Don't fuss the "co-eds".
7. For general information refer to "Dad" Skinner.
8. Don't spend anything but your time at Ypsi.
9. Keep off the moving stairway at Calhoun's.
10. No. bottle will prepare your milk daily.
11. You are not to be seen on the street after dark.
12. Socks and ties are to be seen not heard.
13. Select your "higher branches" before Oct. 4.
14. Arrange for library lockers at once.
15. Don't swing on the Y. M. C. A. gate.
16. There is swimming in the marble fountains slightly.
17. Pencil boxes and slates to be carried in paper sacks.
18. You are needed to the museum to illustrate embryology.
19. You will Speak to Sophomores only when addressed.
20. Hold no meetings at Ferry Field--the walls have ears.
21. Consult "Jerry" at once concerning your hour for ringing the chimes.
22. Freshmen desiring a box at the theatre will bring it with them.
23. The middle of State street is the freshman's sidewalk.

**BUTCHERY! SLAUGHTER!**  
OF THE INNOCENTS  
**BLACK FRIDAY** THE FOURTH DAY OF  
OCTOBER, NINETEEN  
HUNDRED AND SEVEN

Medic Green  
is the scene  
for your anni-  
hilation. ::



*Hazing Days*

Story on page 8.



# Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

August 1988 Vol. 20, No. 4

**Y**ou 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 *Braided 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 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 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 set-



"Can't you dance any other way but in circles?" she said.

From *Denham Proper* by Alfred Slote

## MICHIGAN

**IN** The University has provided the setting  
For some of our foremost novelists

## FICTION

By Eve Silberman

ting like any other, a hierarchal setting where people have fairly rigidly defined roles, like a corporation."

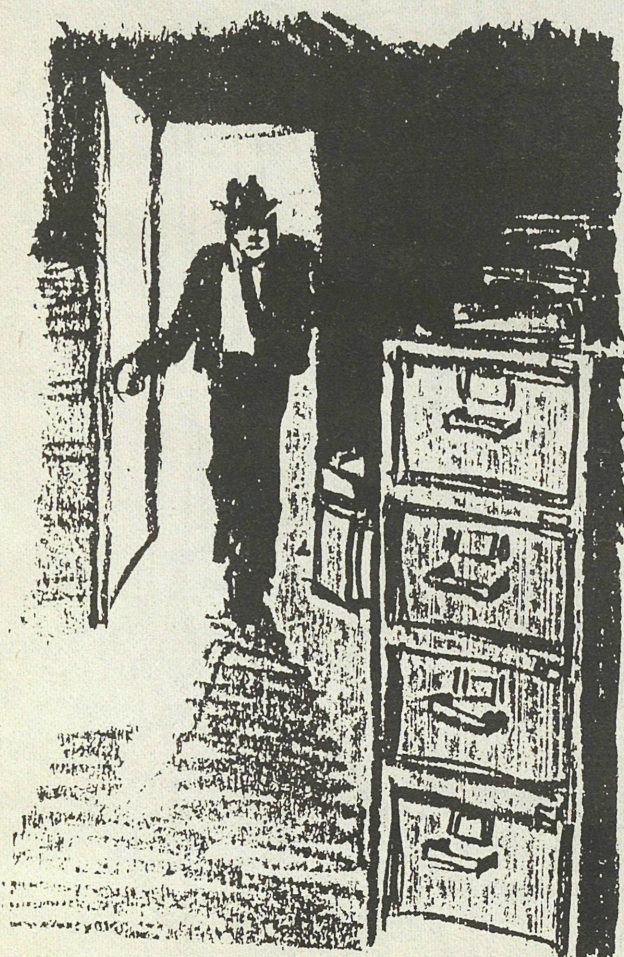
Many other authors have set their fiction at Michigan, some identifying the University by name and others applying pseudonyms to it. They range from Nobelist Sinclair Lewis (*Arrow-smith*) to Danielle Steel (*Fine Things*), whose U-M alumna dramatically tears up her diploma right

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.



# MICHIGAN IN FICTION



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

## 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. Arbana 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 read 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.

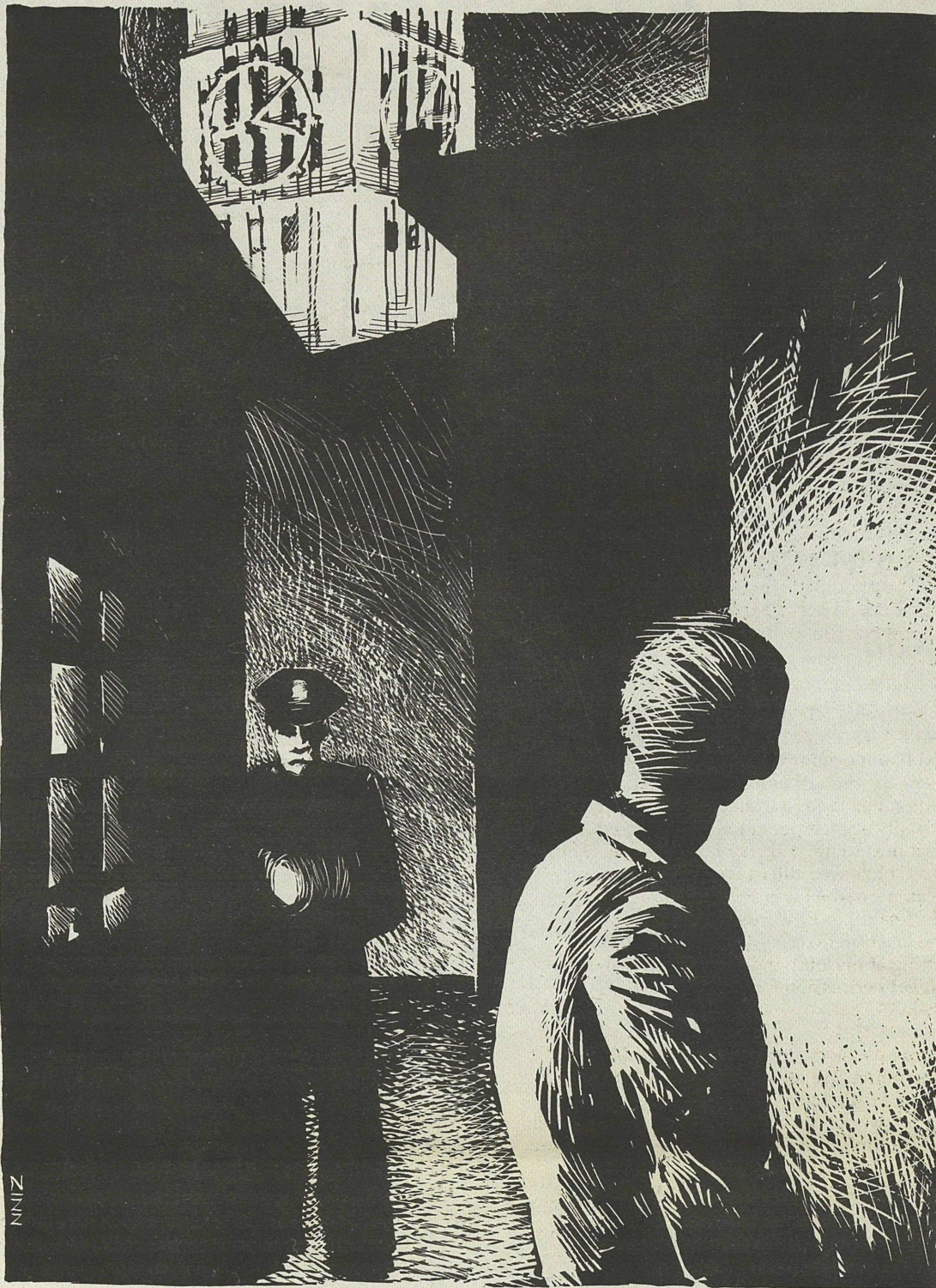
Since the reading in the Midwestern Dictionary office had been going on for a mere seven years, and not more than a dozen people spent only six or seven hours a day reading, the first half of the process was not yet complete. But there was already a roomful of tall steel filing cabinets filled with examples 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. For the first and last time in my life, I knew how philologists must feel when they're on the track of an old word used in a new way.

If the word meant anything, it could mean that Alec had hidden his evidence against Schneider in the Dictionary office, filed under 'taillour.' A philologist like Alec would think of something like that.

But Schneider was a philologist, too. I remembered with a tremor of misgiving that I had given the word away in front of him. Perhaps he had already been here.

*Published by Bantam Books, New York, 1944.*



ILLUSTRATIONS by Fred Zinn

*'You! You there! Come out with your hands up!'*

## THE OPTIMIST By HERBERT GOLD

He strolled through Ann Arbor, that raveled pleasant raggle-taggle of a Midwestern town, its green hills soon to be devoured by the slope-famished of Detroit. The walk and the night air gave him more and more his decision: he would awaken Lucille. Why not? She would like being awakened . . .

Down the main street, past the shut bookstores and shut drugstores, abruptly Burr was very much male, suave as an actor, preening himself in the soft fur of women's eyes. The shimmer of streetlamps were the lights of a great celebration. Lucille liked him, of course; he spurned her but let her help him. Laura loved him! He punished her, but eventually, when she was warned and chastened by suffering, he came to her. He would have gray at the temples and a fine glance, immune to conjunctivitis. Then a brilliant woman, fit for a great man, a Laura possessed and possessing, she would stand with her eyes downcast like lovely Who-was-it in that smooth and dreamy movie — he forgot the title, but remembered what he needed. Just now he needed to relieve himself after all the weak beer of the party.

He slipped down an alley beside an all-night diner.

Sweet and sour hot gusts of cooking from the fan set in the wall blew over him. He stood sniffing, spraddled, proud in his superior fantasy. While the steaming rivulet coursed through dust, in his heart he made brave love to Laura. He gave up all the others; surely Laura was his fate. Now he was the man accustomed to lovely sleek women. He was the sophisticated man of affairs. He never fell out of porch swings. He was as silent and shy and commanding as Gary Cooper, besides, and the space in his front teeth was closed. Masterful and valiant, delighted and challenged, he accepted a deepened-by-life Laura as she finally offered herself. She was wearing a modified geisha costume which accented the new wisdom and maturity of her hips. She said:

"You! You there! Come out of there with your hands up!" A huge flashlight bore down on him. "Walk forward slowly and no goddamn funny business!"

Burr put himself together rapidly.

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

The light played blindingly on his face. Burr closed his eyes and came down on the problem like a steel trap. He knew and trusted this mobilization of brute wit. When cornered, he believed in himself most and his impulses could be trusted. At a time of crisis, he saw clearly, or if he did not, he acted with resolution anyway; and it was such times which consoled him for his foolishness with idle dreams of girls and vaguer dream of career. That he managed to get himself tucked back and his fly buttoned and his leg unwetted was not a perfect warranty of future success in life and love, but it was a hint at eighteen. He knew how to deal with copness when it caught him gaping in an alley. He would not let the flashlight dazzle him. The cop could make trouble, but nothing serious. Small matter. It was after three in the morning.

"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, even tired of his chewing gum whose spearmint had long been sucked away and the promised vision of pine forests unfulfilled. His collar hurt at his chins and he was hoping, with all this talk about keeping the hands up, to do something spiteful. He would just love it.

"Speak up! You heard me! Talk fast!" With authority he spat the gum to the ground; it hit his shoe; he kicked it away.

... "Listen, Officer," he [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, but I thought maybe when she got off work . . . You think maybe?"

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 — you got to walk right in and take a cup of coffee from the girl, then you got to ask her straight out what she's doing after the performance.

... "Say, listen, boy. Next time you want to pass the time waiting, hide better in the alley and puddle in peace."

*Published by Little Brown & Co., Boston, 1959.*





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

## DENHAM PROPER

By ALFRED SLOTE '49,  
M.A. '50

I was a sophomore when I first met her. She was a junior. I had been exempt from the ordinary exposition courses 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 Mr. Edwards. I followed Bill in the roll call, and after my name came a name I was soon to know well.

"Polansky," said Mr. Edwards grimly.  
"Here," said a quiet voice. Mr. Edwards turned. She was sitting at his left hand at the edge of the table.  
"Did you get permission for this course, Miss Polansky?"

"No."  
"This is a permission course," Mr. Edwards explained, unsmiling. 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 "cute." I wrote under it, "aggressive," and pushed it back towards him. Having completed the roll, Mr. Edwards sat back and looked silently at us. Then, having completed his scrutiny, he began in a low voice.

"This," he said, thumbing the class cards slowly, "is a class in creative writing." He paused. "What is," 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.

"If none of you know, may I ask why you signed for

this course?"

There followed another and longer silence and one I found embarrassing. Finally, Mr. Edwards broke out of his immobile expression and, smiling, leaned forward and pointed a finger at us.

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

At that, 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 pose was often more important than his subject matter.

"In fact," continued Mr. Edwards, "I would just as soon leave out the word creative and merely call it a class in writing. For example, what kind of writing might you do in such a class, Miss Polansky?"

"Fiction, poetry, playwriting, criticism," the girl answered amiably. "Anything . . ."

"Just fiction!" Bill called out loudly from our end of the table. Immediately all heads turned towards us. I wished he wouldn't put his two cents in like that all the time.

"Don't you call criticism writing?" asked Miss Polansky of Bill.

"No, I do not," Bill answered, firmly.

"What do you think, Miss Hatterfield?" Mr. Edwards asked a small girl with red hair.

"I agree with Miss Polansky."

Mr. Edwards began to go down the roll and everyone agreed with Miss Polansky. Then he came to my card and called my name.

"I agree with Mr. Lawrence," I said.

"Why?"

"Well . . . " I looked at Bill hopefully, "I . . . you . . . the . . ."

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

"The criticism courses are listed separately in the catalogue," I said. There was a silence and then the look of interest left Mr. Edwards' face and he sighed.

• • • • •

I rang the bell at the Roberts home and waited. I had heard Professor Roberts had a daughter, but had never seen her. I supposed she was the studious kind, scraggly hair and glasses and a sincere look about her. It was quite a shock when a slim pretty girl with bobbed hair and sullen lips stood before me and said, "You're not Chubby."

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 forgot."

"Apparently. Well, come in."

I walked into the house. No one was there, but the girl had a little fur piece all ready and we left a few seconds later. I could see she was the efficient type. We walked down Oakland to Hill and then to campus. For one reason or another, every time we crossed the street, I seemed to be having trouble with Chubby's date. Our feet kept getting tangled up and she was always falling behind me or running ahead, though I did my best to walk alongside her. We didn't talk about much except Chubby until our feet got tangled good on South U. Avenue and I asked her just what she was doing.

Her face got red and she stopped.

"Didn't anybody ever teach you how to walk?" she said.

"I thought I walked fairly well," I answered.

"I mean walk with a girl. You're supposed to walk on the outside. I've been trying to maneuver you to the outside every time we crossed the street but your . . . your feet kept getting 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 way to the League, and the more I laughed the angrier she got. We walked upstairs to the dance and just about everyone had arrived but Chubby, so there was nothing to do but ask her to dance. I thought I was a good dancer, but nothing I did was right with her.

"Can't you dance any other way but in circles?" she said.

"If you would stop trying to lead me," I said, "we would get along better."

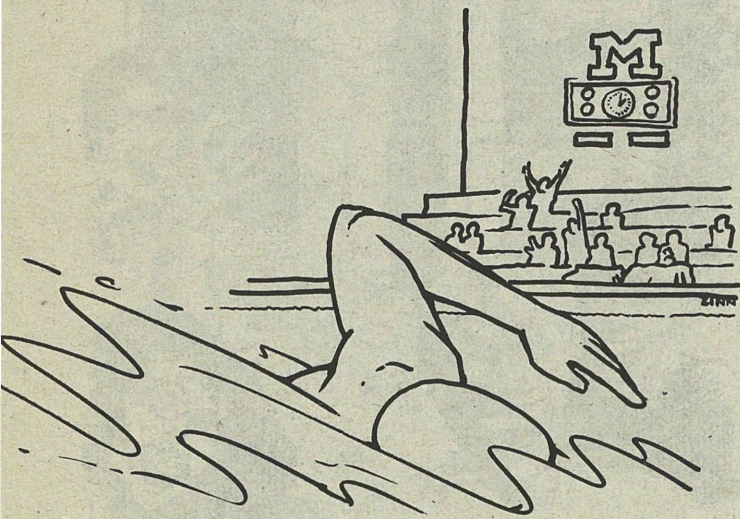
"And would you please bring my right arm in! Perhaps they dance that way on the East Coast, but we don't dance like that here."

I looked around for Chubby, but he hadn't showed up yet. We fought our way through the first hour of the dancing and I was grateful when the intermission came and we could drink the punch and eat the vanilla cookies and talk to other people. Somebody had spiked the punch and it was rather strong, but just what I needed.

Published by Putnam & Sons, New York, 1953.

## EQUINOX

By ALLAN SEAGER '30



He was sure he could break the record if he worked hard enough and so was his girl, a Delta Gamma at Michigan.

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 sprint man for three years at the University of Michigan. He was not really very good. At public bathing beaches, where he did not like to swim, a crowd would always gather to watch him and even the lifeguards would nod to each other, but in the Payne Whitney pool or the Iowa pool, other swimmers would take one look at him and go on talking. He was strong in the shoulders but had little natural buoyancy, and he was as good as he would ever be in his senior year at Michigan, when he swam the last leg of a medley relay in :52.2 against Ohio State. This is a fast time even considering the relay start which allows you to time your arm swing smoothly by watching the man coming in at your feet. It was fast enough to have made him the number-one sprint man at any college in the country but Yale, Michigan, and perhaps Northwestern or Ohio State in the odd years. He was not a great swimmer though.

He was six feet two inches tall and weighed a hundred and ninety in his silk tank suit, and when he was swimming the muscles of his upper arms and shoulders looked huge through the breaks in the foam. He carried a Spalding annual around with him, and the page was very dirty where the world's records were listed, and he had drawn a ring around the line where it said: 100 yds. (75-foot pool), 51 seconds — John Weissmuller. He had never doubted that someday he would climb out of a pool, everyone shouting and his chest aching, and an

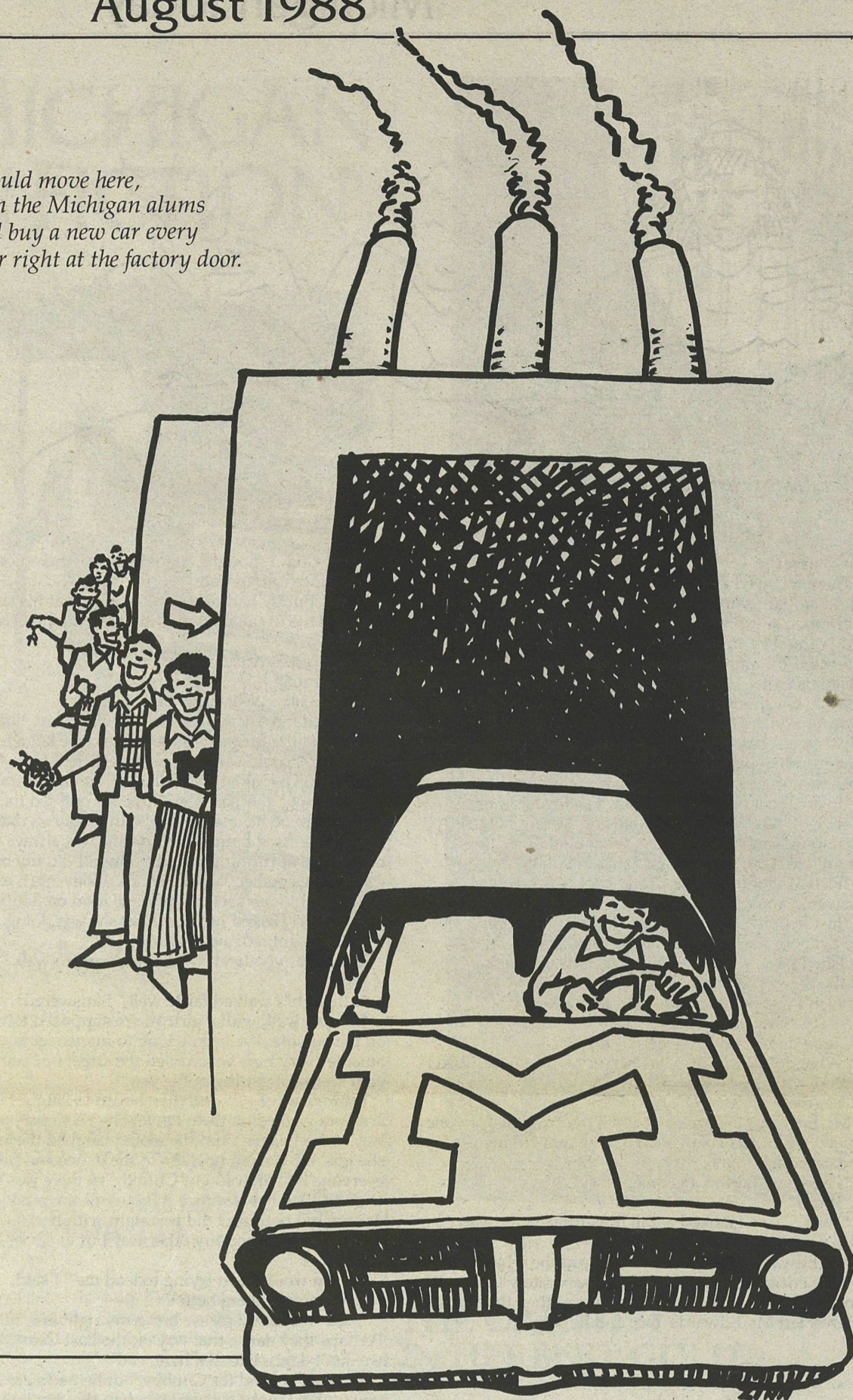
assistant timer would run up to him and scream in his ear, "Fifty and eight! Fifty and eight!" He had decided to try his first champagne on that night, but in the showers immediately afterward he would be modest, merely saying thanks and sticking out his soapy hand. He was sure he could break the record if he worked hard enough and so was his girl, Joan Hinkman, a Delta Gamma at Michigan, but nobody else considered it probable.

When he was in high school and in his freshman year at Michigan his family sat in the reserved seats at swimming meets, with splash curtains drawn up over their laps, very proud of their son. His father wrote down the first, second and third places and the time for every race in pencil and kept the programs in a drawer in his bureau. His mother, when she caught a glimpse of his face as he turned his head to breathe, would repeat softly to herself, "That is my son, the flesh of my flesh," and a heaving, swelling feeling would come inside her breast as if he were in danger, and she would twist her handkerchief into a knot in her lap. She also kept a scrapbook of newspaper clippings for him with great neatness, spreading the newspaper out on the dining-room table and cutting the story or the photograph out of it with her best dressmaking shears, 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 Simon & Schuster, New York, 1943.



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



## MICHIGAN IN FICTION

THE SPORTSWRITER  
By RICHARD FORD

Whatever's left to tell of my past can be dispensed with in a New York minute. At Michigan I studied the liberal arts in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts (along with ROTC). I took all the courses I was supposed to, including Latin, spent some time at the *Daily* writing florid little oversensitive movie reviews, and the rest with my feet up in the Sigma Chi house, where one crisp autumn day in 1965, I met X, who was the term party date of a brother of mine named Laddy Nozar, from Benton Harbor, and who — X — impressed me as ungainly and too earnest and not a girl I would ever care to go out with. She was very athletic-looking, with what seemed like too large breasts, and had a way of standing with her arms crossed and one leg in front of the other and slightly turned out that let you know she was probably sizing you up for fun. She seemed like a rich girl, and I didn't like rich Michigan girls, I didn't think. Consequently I never saw her again until that dismal book signing in New York in 1969, not long before I married her.

I have read that with enough time American civilization will make the midwest of any place, New York included. And from here that seems not at all bad. Here is a great place to be in love; to get a land-grant education; to own a mortgage; to see a game under the lights as the old dusky daylight falls to blue-black, a backdrop of stars and stony buildings, while friendly Negroes and Polacks roll their pants legs up, sit side by side, feeling the cool Canadian breeze off the lake. So much that is explicable in American life is made in Detroit.

And I could be a perfect native if I wasn't settled in New Jersey. I could move here, join the Michigan alums and buy a new car every year right at the factory door. Nothing would suit me better in middle life than to set up in a little cedar-shake builder's-design in Royal Oak or Dearborn and have a try at another Michigan girl (or possibly even the same one, since we would have all that ready-made to build on). My magazine could install me as the midwest office. It might even spark me to try my hand at something more adventurous — a guiding service to the northern lakes, for example. A change to pleasant surroundings is always a tonic for creativity.

*Published by Random House, New York, 1986.*

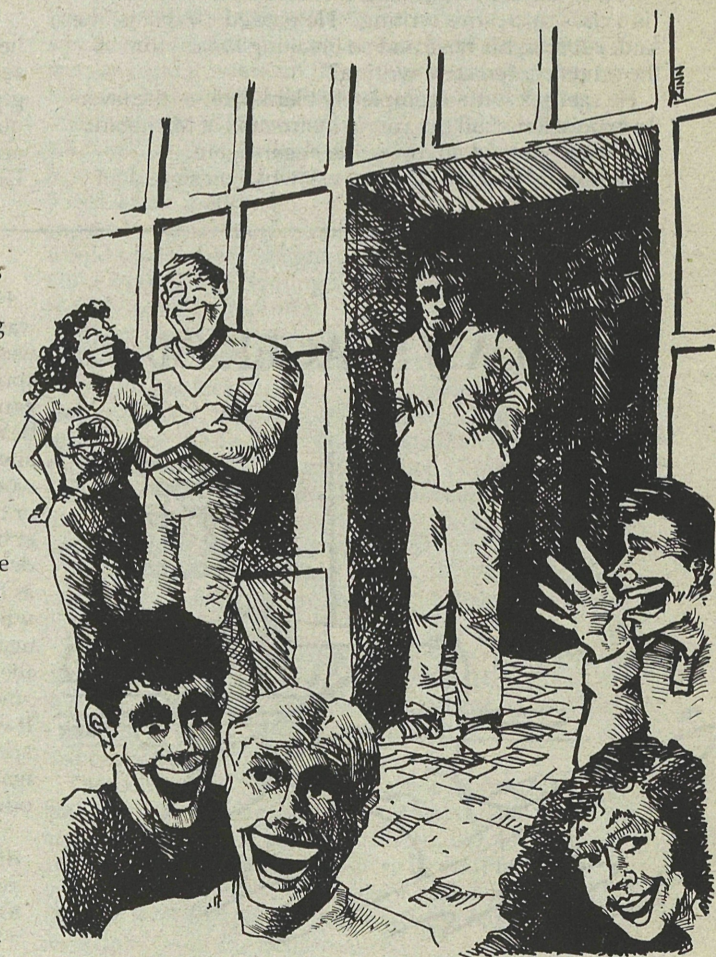
## WONDERLAND By JOYCE CAROL OATES

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 reacted 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, but the work was not enough to pay back much of his debt to the University — just work in a boys' residence hall, dirty exhausting work in the kitchen unloading big containers of food, scraping piles of plates, leaning far into great greasy pots to scour them out while the very hairs on his head prickled with revulsion. . . Time yawned. At the table in his room that he used as a desk he leaned forward and cradled his head in his arms, feeling how raw, how exposed his brain was, how in danger it was of disintegrating. But time resumed. Daylight resumed, after even the worst of his dim, baffling nightmares, and he awoke to normal life. He was in disguise as a normal young man.

Glancing back over his shoulder, Jesse saw someone following him half a block away. This person — a man — looked familiar, but Jesse did not have time to see who it was before he turned back again uneasily. This street led past residence halls and was therefore noisy. Jesse glanced at the rows of lighted dormitory windows and felt a pang of jealousy for the simplicity of these undergraduates' lives — when he had worked in dining halls he'd envied the boys' sloppiness, their loud herd instincts. He felt an impulse to go into one of the halls, just to avoid the man behind him. It was probably a classmate of his, wanting help. Wanting to borrow notes. At least everyone knew enough not to ask to borrow money from him. He owed the university more money than ever, almost three thousand dollars . . . Jesse turned up one of the walks and went into a residence hall, walking quickly, as if he lived here, and once inside he paused to wait a few minutes. It was crowded here. Jesse had always felt oddly benevolent toward the undergraduates at the university, though they had money and he was poor; he thought of them as children, they were so boisterous and sure of themselves. They lived in rooms jammed with junk, dirty clothes and towels flung everywhere, sheets that went unchanged for weeks, they played poker and drank happily and stupidly; they were children and could be blamed for nothing. Those who did not live in the residence halls lived in palatial fraternity houses — enormous houses where music blared and curtains were blown outside windows. Jesse thought of these young people as jammed together warmly, perpetually. They came along in crowds. Their faces brightened in herds. He envied them but felt, in a way, protective of them: when he was a doctor he would be serving them.

*Published by Vanguard Press, New York, 1971.*



*He thought of them as children, they were so boisterous and sure of themselves.*





Eighteen of us gather in the blowing sleet to picket a local restaurant. Donna, Lennie and I march arm in arm.

## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

"Please be seated, Mr. Merrick," the secretary had said, stiffly, twenty minutes ago. "Dean Whitley is busy now."

A qualitative analysis of Mr. Merrick's scowl as he sat fidgeting would have resolved it into two parts curiosity, three parts anxiety and the remainder annoyance. . . . Of chagrin — a trace.

The note had said eleven, and he had entered while the clock was striking. It had not specified what the dean wished to see him about. That would have been too much to expect. Courtesy and consideration were against the rules governing the official action of deans.

Big universities, like monopolistic public utilities and internal revenue offices, enjoyed high-hatting their constituencies; liked to make an impressive swank with their authority; liked to keep people waiting, guessing, worrying; liked to put 'em to all the bother possible.

Mr. Merrick glowered. He glowered first at the large photograph of an autopsy suspended above the secretary's desk in the corner. . . . Seven doctors owling it over a corpse. All of the doctors were paunchy, their pendulous chins giving them the appearance of a covey of white pelicans. They were baggy under the eyes. . . . a lot of fat ghosts swathed in shrouds. The corpse too was fat. Why conduct a post over this bird? Any layman could see at a glance what had ailed him — he was a glutton. Let these wisecracks take warning in the presence of this plump cadaver, and go on a diet of curds and spinach before some committee put them on a stone slab and rummaged in their cold capacious bellies to enhance the glory of *materia medica*. . . . They were the bunk — the whole greasy lot of them!

Having temporarily finished with the autopsy, Dean



Mr. Merrick glowered at the bony maiden who rattled the typewriter.

Whitley's impatient customer glowered over the titles of the big books in the case hard by. . . . Simpson's *Nervous Diseases*. . . the old sap. 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 seven 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, it was said. . . . About the same mentality as Fido's. Well, Mount ought to be an authority on obsessions!

## BRAIDED LIVES

By MARGE PIERCY '57

My first civil rights action is meek. Eighteen of us gather in the blowing sleet to picket a local restaurant. Donna, Lennie and I march arm in arm. . . .

In 1955 we are cautiously radicals "of sorts," a professor in the zoology department having been fired after the last House Un-American Activities Committee incursion into Michigan for being "an avowed Marxist." I go regularly to a study group where we look earnestly into each other's eyes. Even to discuss civil rights or social change feels dangerous. The FBI may burst in the door; one of us may be an agent. A student in the Labor Youth League (membership of four) found out his girlfriend had been scared by the FBI into providing lists of everyone who attended his frequent parties. All of us know stories of teachers who lost their jobs because they once signed a petition for the starving children of Ethiopia or the bombed villages of Spain, thus revealing themselves Premature Anti-Fascists. The FBI agents visit the morgue of the school newspaper to read old editorials in case whoever they are investigating once wrote something critical of The American Way of Life. Ideas feel incredibly potent in this thick atmosphere. Passing along a copy of Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* or J. P. Thompson's *History of the English Working Class* feels like a brave political act.

We are PAF: the Political Alternatives Forum. Even that bland label has to most ears a harshly subversive sound and I cannot pull Donna or Lennie in with me. Lennie doesn't trust me — I am the evil bitch who wounded his poet. Donna claims to find the discussion dull, though she comes with me occasionally. "All those men and only two women!" Alberta Mann is the other woman, Donaldson's girlfriend. Donaldson is our faculty sponsor, so we can be a recognized student group to stage our little protests, show an occasional film (*Battleship Potemkin*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Open City*), bring in a progressive folksinger, that is when we can get approval. We have to pass through two deans and a vice-president to sponsor Pete Seeger. We also hold forums on H-bomb testing, abolition of dormitory hours for women, the U.S. Marine invasion of Guatemala. At those timid meetings I live for a few moments in a world larger than that bounded by dormitory and classroom.

. . . .

What are we protesting in our corner, Dick and Bolenese and I? Partly our arrogance unites us, for English is a hierarchical department and as writers we talk with a fierce authority totally unrecognized by faculty and fellow students. Literature is the stuff on which grades are honed to most of the class. . . . We are taught the narrowly defined Tradition, we are taught Structure, we are taught levels of Ambiguity. We are taught that works of art refer exclusively to other works of art and exist in Platonic space. Emotion before art is dirty. We are taught to explicate poems and analyze novels and locate Christ figures and creation myths and Fisher Kings and imagery of the Mass. Sometimes I look up and expect to see stained-glass windows on our classroom. Somewhere over our heads like a grail vision lurks correct interpretation and a correct style to couch it in. We pick up the irony in the air before we comprehend what there is to be ironic about.

Published by Ballantine Books, New York, 1982.

A tall, rangy medic came out of the dean's sanctum, very red but with a jaunty stride, crossed the room in four steps and banged the door. . . . Bet it was no new experience for that door!

Distracted from his invoice of the book shelf, Mr. Merrick glowered at the bony maiden who rattled the typewriter. Smug and surly she was; mouth all screwed up into an ugly little rosette, lashless eyes snapping, sharp nose sniffing. . . . Easy to see what she was doing — writing a letter to some poor boob inviting him to come in at nine and see the dean. . . . She ought to add a postscript that he would be expected to spend half of a fine June morning in this dismal hole waiting for his nibs to finish the *Free Press* and his nails, take his legs off the table, and push a buzzer to let the beggar in.

"Dean Whitley will see you now, Mr. Merrick."

Published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1929.

*There is no definitive list of novels and short stories set at Michigan or which include significant references to the University. Readers who would like to help compile such an ongoing list of 'The U-M in Fiction' are encouraged to send titles, authors, publishers and dates of publication to us. We will publish the list and give it to appropriate reference libraries.*

. . . .

We thank the publishers and authors for permission to quote from these works.



# ROCK CLIMBING 101

It's not in  
the course catalog,  
but a mountain-man  
alum tells us how  
some students hone  
their peak-scaling skills  
at Michigan

Story and Photos by John Wald

**M**ountaineering 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.

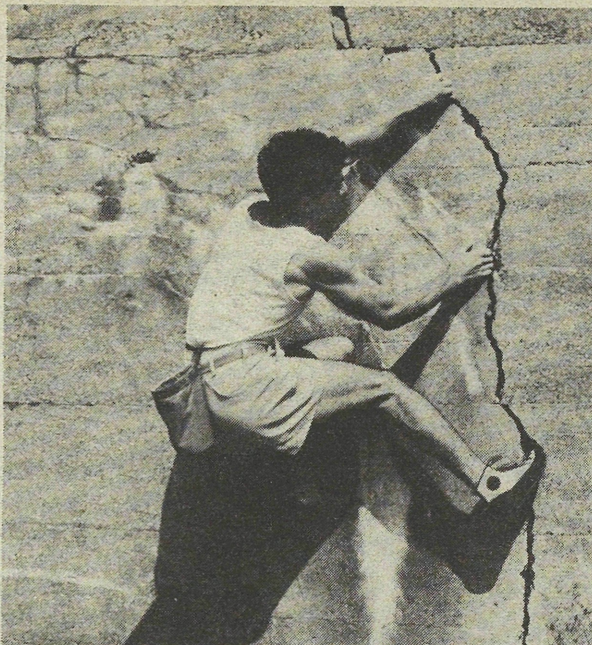
In addition to coping with the greater challenges of weather and terrain in the mountains, Michigan climbers must also master a new repertoire of technical skills. They must learn to belay (secure) their partners with a climbing rope in case of a slip, and they must be proficient at placing pitons (metal 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.

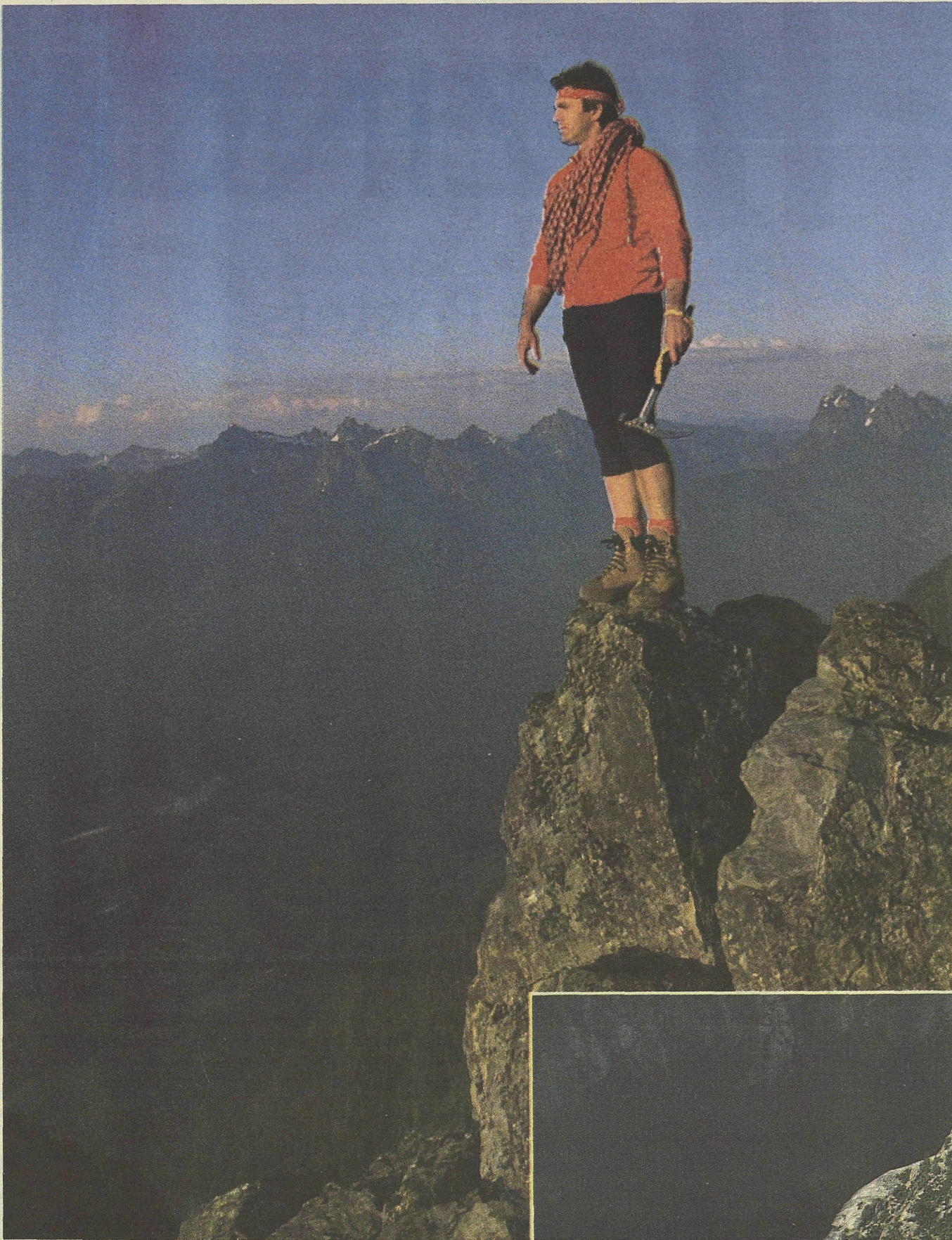
Indeed University climbers have successfully scaled some of the major mountain areas of North America. Wearing crampons (spikes tied to the boot soles) and carrying ice axes, they have clawed their way up frozen blue waterfalls in a surreal January chill on Mount Washington in New Hampshire. They have 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.



*THE AUTHOR demonstrates how some Ann Arbor architectural features are handy for building grip-ping, toe-holding and wedging techniques.*





## 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 hours 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.

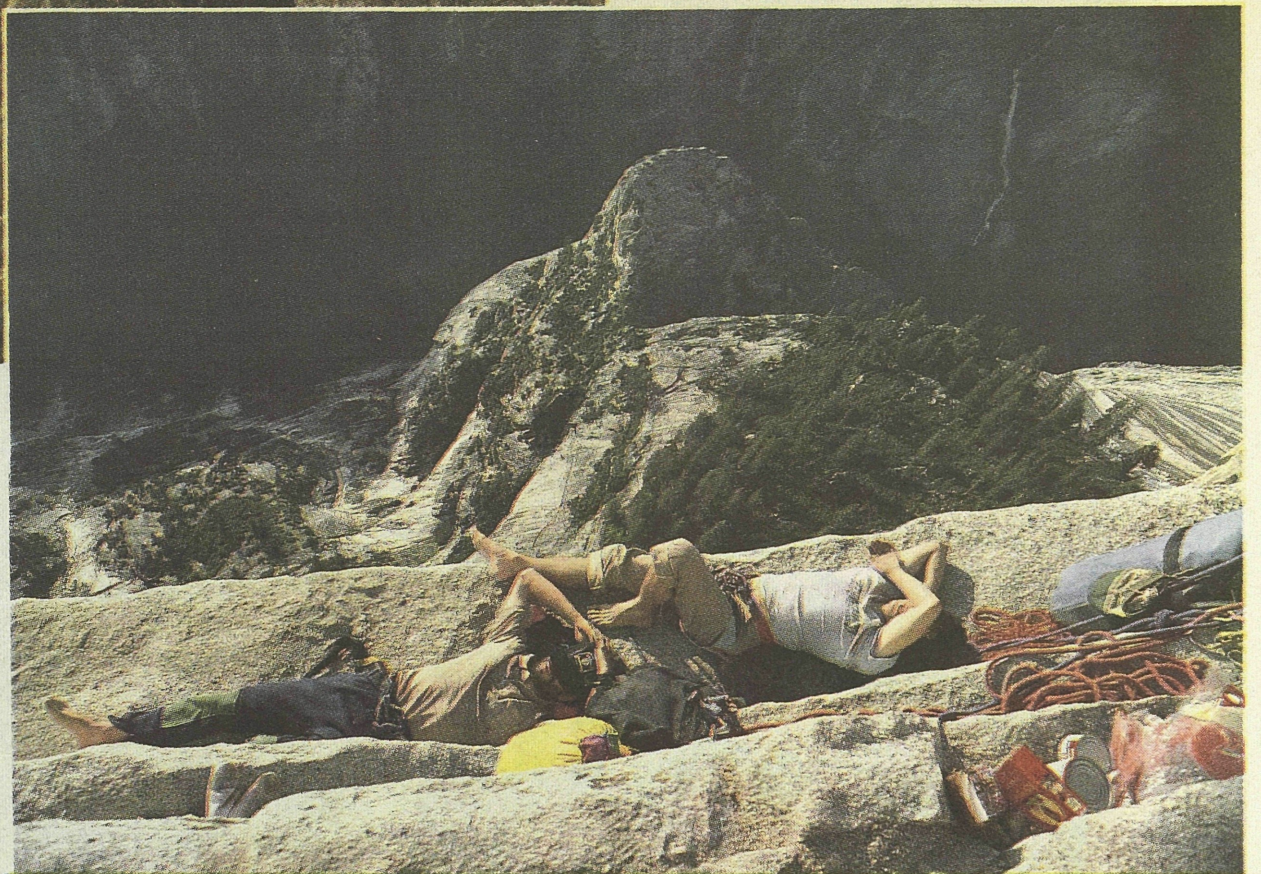
Shawangunks, New Paltz, New York, the center of climbing in the eastern U.S. one hour north of New York City — an area rich with tradition and offering possibilities for a lifetime of climbing on superb quartzite.

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.



# HAZING DAYS

## Bellicose Posters Were the Propaganda Of Class Warfare

By Jennifer Stanley

**U**niversity 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 U-M 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 LSAs 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 physical rite of passage. One student, Frank L. Puffer, matter-of-factly summed up an October 1873 rush in a letter:

*"... There has been the usual amount of rushing and pumping [holding the enemy's head under the freezing stream of an outdoor pump]. The Sophs and Freshs 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 strolling 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 peeled and put on backwards; also our hats turned inside out. Then a real gentlemanly guy came around with a bottle of shoe blackening and decorated our faces." (William Weber Collection, Bentley Historical Library.)*

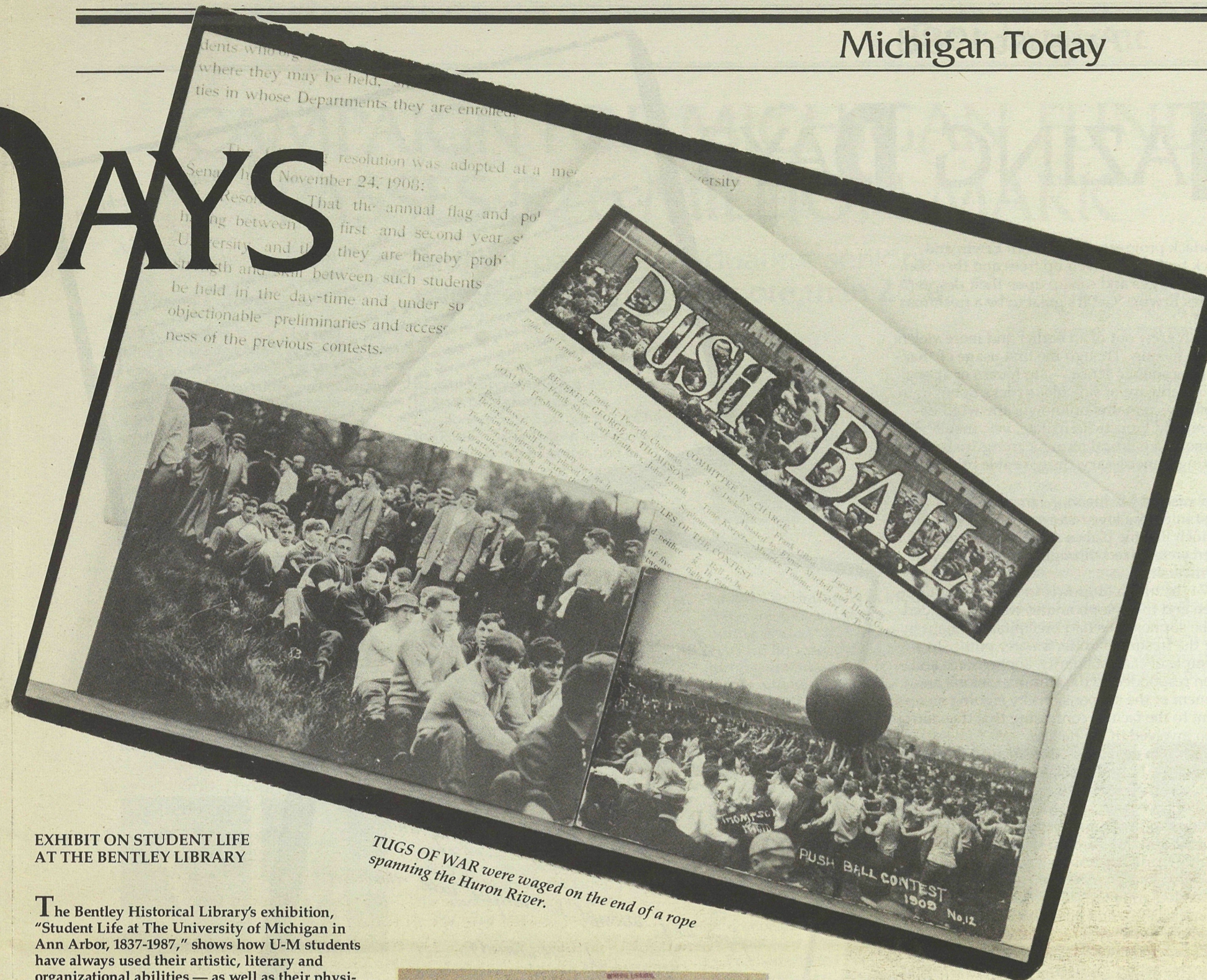
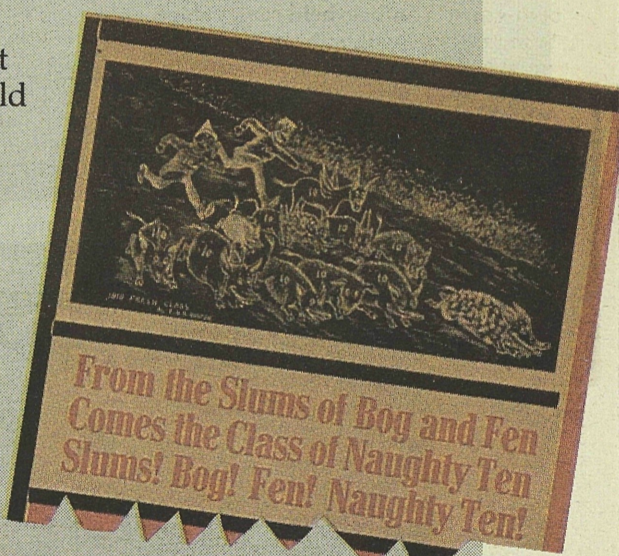
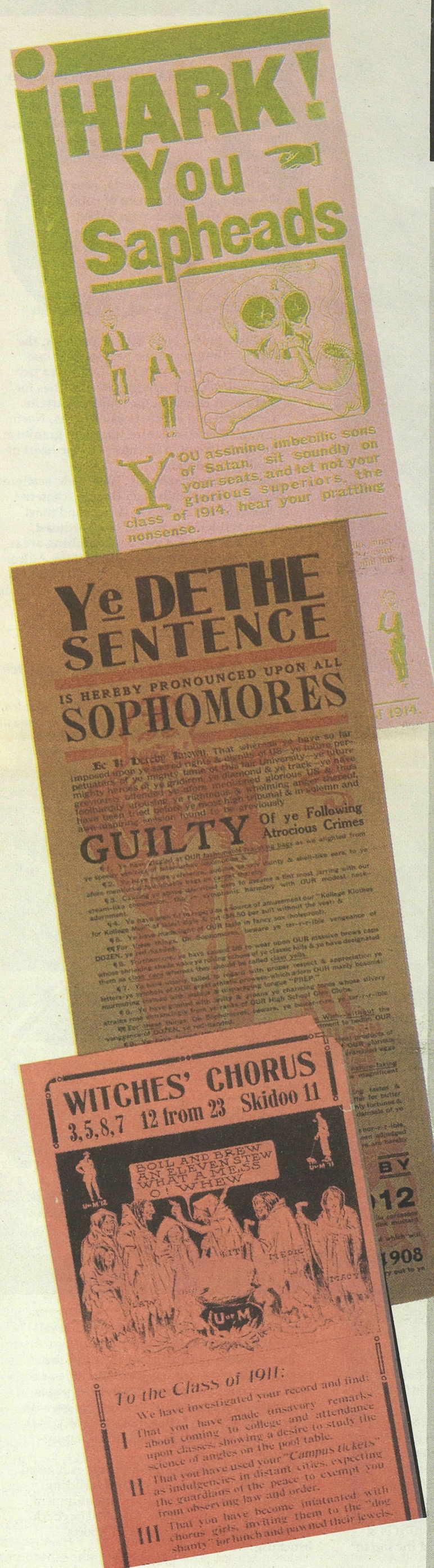


EXHIBIT ON STUDENT LIFE AT THE BENTLEY LIBRARY

TUGS OF WAR were waged on the end of a rope spanning the Huron River.

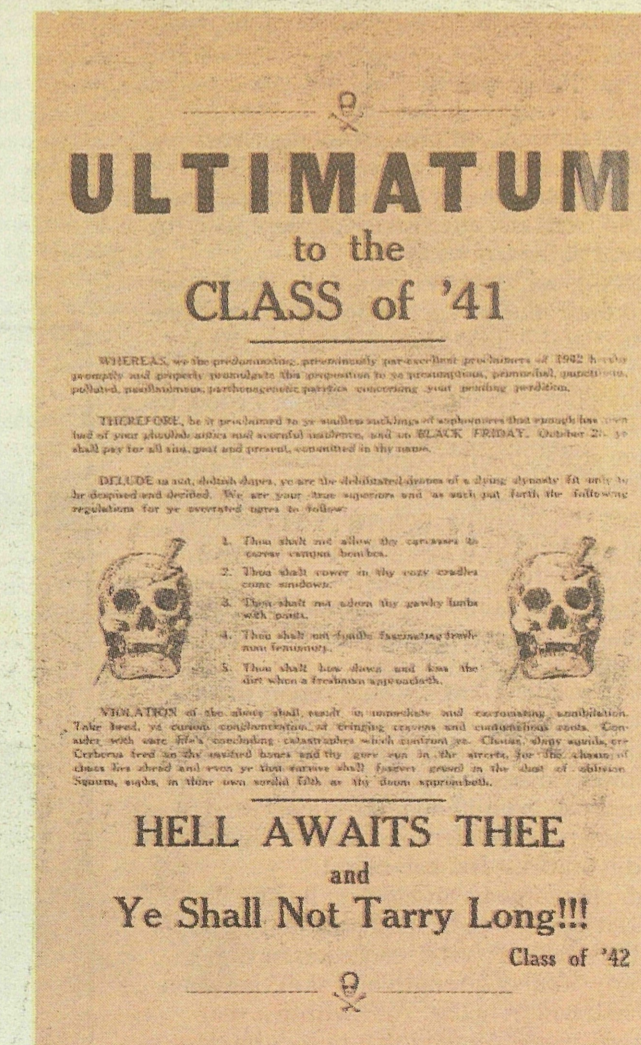
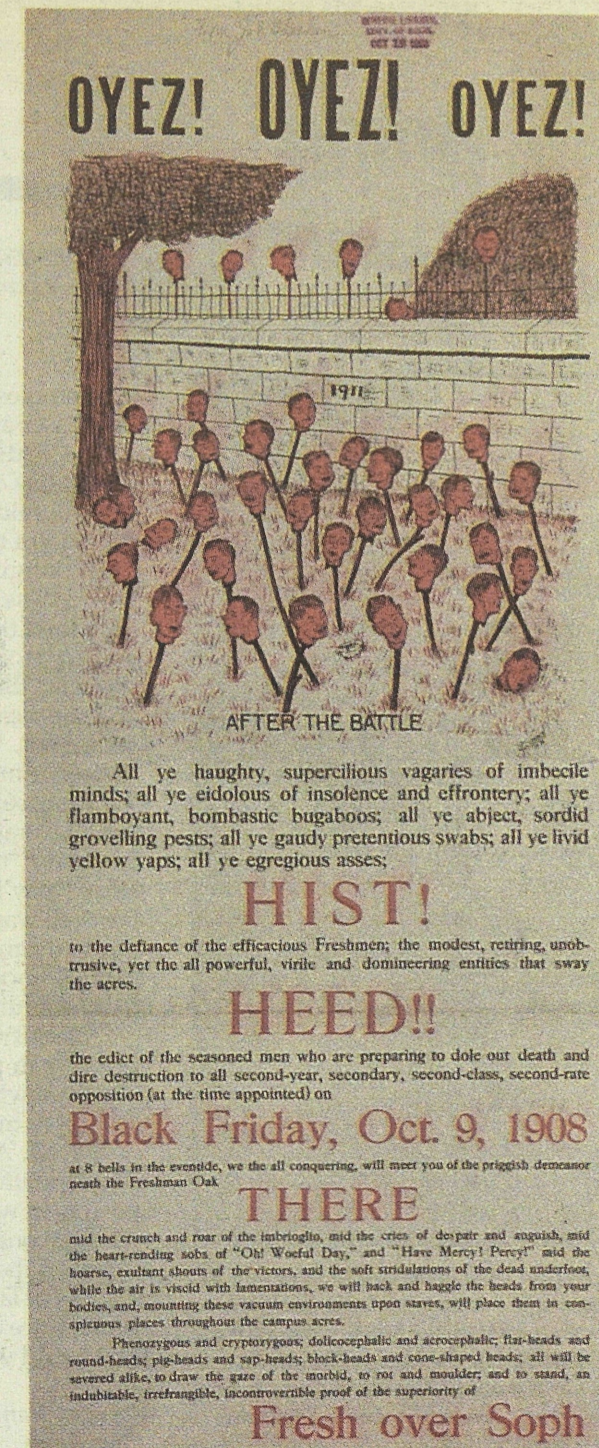
The Bentley Historical Library's exhibition, "Student Life at The University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, 1837-1987," shows how U-M students have always used their artistic, literary and organizational abilities — as well as their physical energies — to respond to and reshape the campus environment according to their own generational interests.

Sometimes the issues that motivated the students were mainly "gown." At other times "town-gown" conflicts held center stage.

Sometimes primal, subconscious passions seem to have animated the students; at other times romance, music, literature and visual arts have stirred them.

Some periods have been marked by pragmatism or introspection; others by a concern for social justice and the rights of people in far-away lands.

Here we focus on the episodes and artifacts of a particularly violent, male-dominated era. Those who wish to gain a fuller glimpse of student life at The University of Michigan can do so by visiting the Bentley Historical Library between now and Sept. 1. For information on Library hours, call (313) 764-3482.





# HAZING DAYS

The attack progressed until both Erwin and Frederick had been driven up trees and then bombarded with eggs and catsup upon their descent. Concludes Erwin: "Ge! It's great to be a freshman at U of 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, insult"; 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 it. The sophomores had precipitated 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, 81 of the 110 chose to keep their names on the list — and all 81 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."

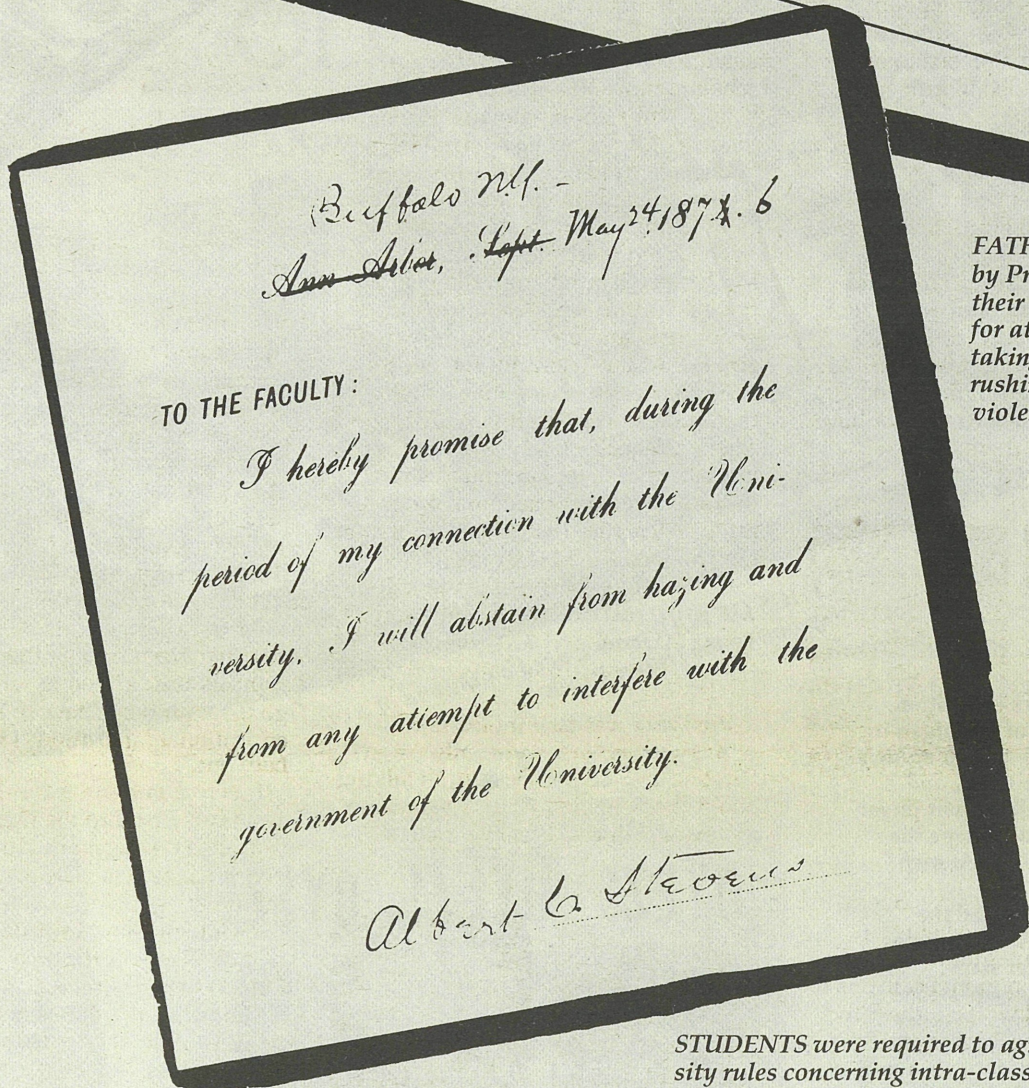
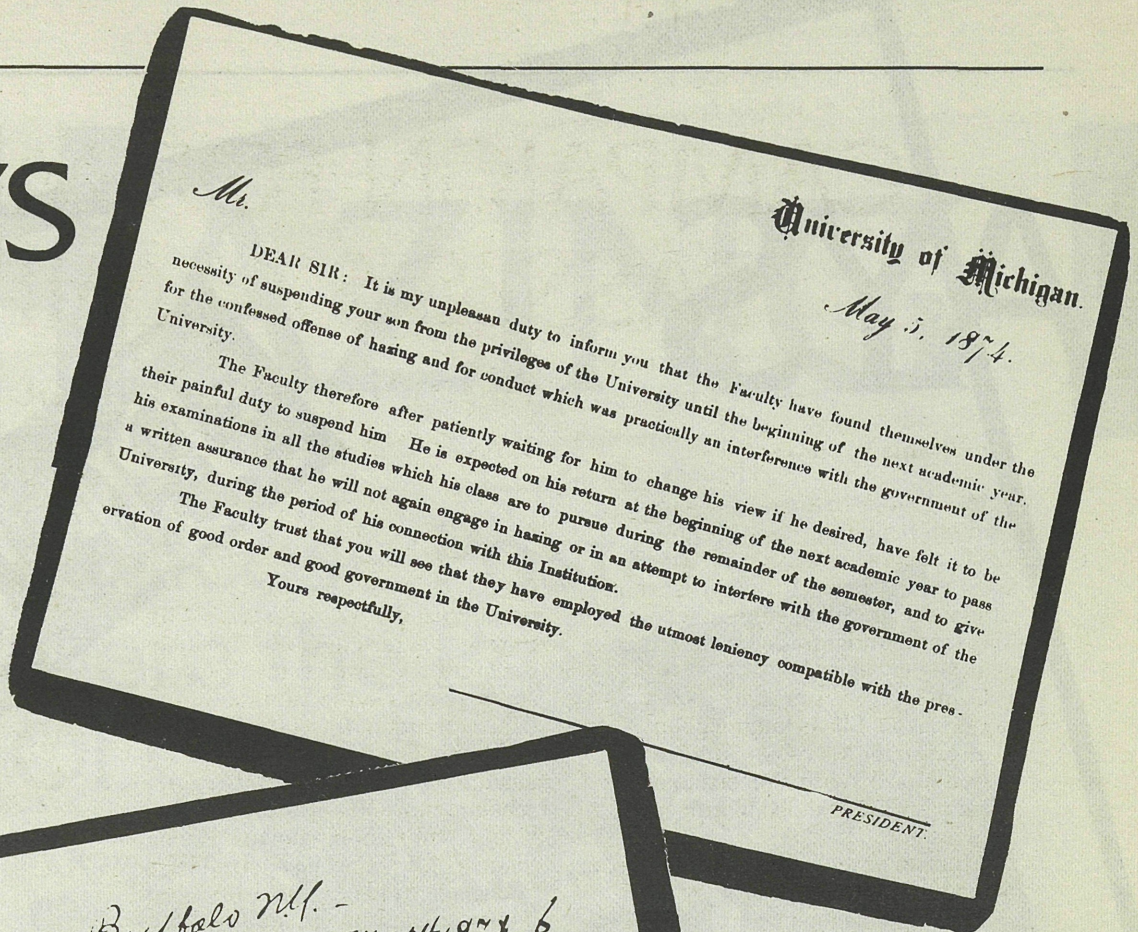
After this incident, entering students were obliged to sign a sort of contract with the University, pledging that they would "abstain from hazing and from any attempt to interfere with the government of the University."

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 rooming 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."

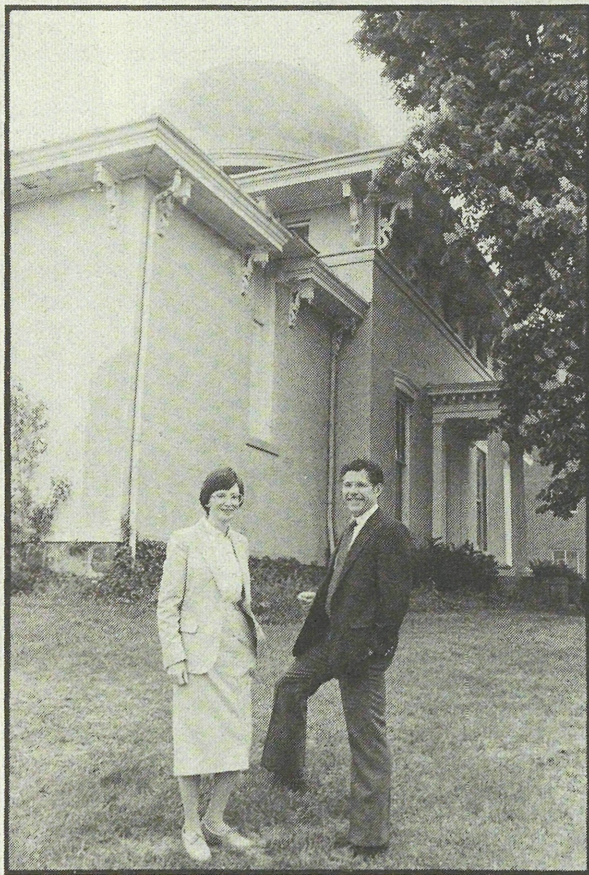
Though spontaneous and violent hazing had diminished, it was still persistent enough to lead the University Senate to pass a resolution in 1908 restricting any "trial of strength and skill" between students to daylight hours. And within a year, new contests were designed that pitted the classes against one another in feats of strength such as tugs-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 across the opponents' goal line. (The lowly freshmen entered each 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



FATHERS were notified by President Angell that their sons had been expelled for at least one year for taking part in hazing, rushing, pumping and other violence.

STUDENTS were required to agree to obey University rules concerning intra-class rivalries.



HISTORIANS Margaret and Nicholas Steneck are preparing a course in the history of the University, and helped the Bentley Historical Library prepare the exhibition on student life. In the background is the grand old Detroit Observatory, headquarters for the U-M Collegiate Institute for Values and Science directed by Nicholas Steneck.

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; dolicocephalic 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 free lance 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 over and above financial aid. Without the Fund, we would not have been able to award them."



Levy Whitaker

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. Dollars from 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 benefits.

Gilbert R. Whitaker Jr., dean of the School of Business Administration, explains:

"Moneys from The Campaign for Michigan Fund and, now, from the Business School Fund, are a vital part of the Business School's spending plan. The Fund makes the difference between the School's being ordinary or its being great. In fact, when we receive \$1,100,100 from the Fund, it is equivalent to the amount available to us from a \$20 million endowment."

The Fund was designed to provide exactly this kind of essential, supplementary support. Under the leadership of Robert M. Brown '63 BSE and Susan Crumpacker Brown '63, the Fund invited annual, unrestricted support for the U-M's 17 Schools and Colleges and two regional campuses. Through a combination of mail appeals and phone calls, the Fund contacted more than half of the University alumni, parents and students — a sizable accomplishment when you consider these number 310,000 persons.

Gifts to The Campaign for Michigan Fund permit the University to direct Fund resources to where they are needed most, to respond to unexpected opportunities or to meet unanticipated needs. This feature pleases Robert M. Warner, dean of the School of Information and Library Studies.

"The Campaign for Michigan Fund has given us the flexibility we must

have to respond immediately to important needs," Warner says. "With the moneys raised for our School by the Fund, we have been able to sponsor or co-sponsor lectures and to support student travel to professional meetings. Further, the Fund has enabled us to add significantly to our scholarship fund. In addition, the School will soon be moving into new quarters; the Fund has permitted us to allocate funds for furnishings, for laboratory equipment and for a specially planned convocation room."

The Fund made new friends for the University and strengthened old bonds. Alumni and friends responded generously and enthusiastically to the appeal. At the Telefund, the Fund's headquarters for telephone contact, the average overall gift was \$237. These gifts collectively provided an important base for continued strength in the University's academic programming. All across the University many new donors joined the ranks.

Committed volunteer leadership was at the helm of every unit effort. The unit national chairs served as spokespersons for the Fund, providing the spark of motivation.

But what was *their* motivation? "It's a jewel," answers Sally Angell Parsons '54, '56 MS Design, in talking about the School of Art. "The facilities are extraordinary. I feel we must



Warner Parsons

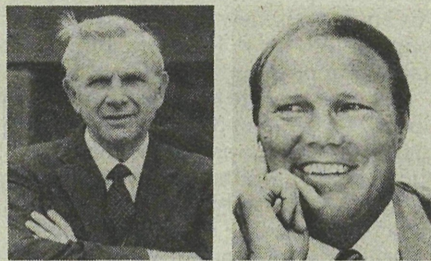
reach out and let people know what an excellent school it is and what an outstanding faculty it has."

Parsons, who was chair of the School of Art's Campaign for Michigan Fund, inherited her strong ties to Michigan. Her grandfather, James Burrill 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 L. Kidd Associates/Galleries in Birmingham. She has also taught art history and exhibited her own work throughout the Detroit area.

"We should recognize that some of the most innovative art today is being done here in the Midwest," Parsons points out. "This fact only adds urgency to my feeling that the University, and its School of Art, should be preserved and nourished."

At the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, national chair Henry W. Bloch '43 says that "Michigan is a great university [but] requires additional funds to maintain its reputation and to provide a quality education; state funds are not sufficient to support such a school."

Bloch attended the University at the urging of his great-aunt, who offered to finance his education "only if I at-



Bloch Freehan

tended The University of Michigan." Following duty in the armed services during World War II, he attended the Harvard Business School before returning to Kansas City. It was there that he and his brother, Richard, founded the H&R Block Company, which specializes in tax preparation.

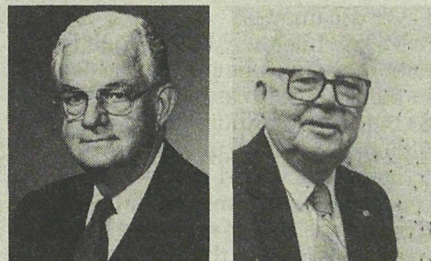
An active supporter of The Campaign for Michigan Fund, Bloch adds, "As a graduate of the University, I was glad to be part of this effort."

"How could I turn Chancellor [William A.] Jenkins down?" asks Bill Freehan '66, in discussing his U-M Dearborn efforts. "I had a very positive experience at the Dearborn campus and, knowing what some kids go through these days to find a good educational institution, I wanted to help out."

Freehan entered the U-M in 1959 and transferred to the Dearborn campus after signing with the Detroit Tigers as a catcher. During his 15 years with the Tigers, he won five consecutive Golden Glove awards and was named "Tiger of the Year" in 1967. He founded Freehan-Bocci, an automotive manufacturers' representative company, in 1974, two years before retiring from professional baseball.

Dr. William N. Hubbard Jr. of the U-M Medical Center believes the Medical School "teaches commitment to the well-being of the patient — and that is a core value we should support."

Hubbard received his M.D. from New York University in 1944. After postgraduate work at the University of North Carolina Medical School and specialty training at Bellevue Hospital, he served as associate dean of the New York Medical College from 1951 to 1959. At that time, he accepted an appointment as professor of medicine and dean of the U-M Medical School;



Hubbard English

in 1969 he was named director of the Medical Center.

Hubbard left academia in 1970 to become 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 says. "I just changed my job."

John W. English '36, '40 MA, '51 Ph.D., became the first president of the School of Education Alumni Society when the Society was established in 1975. 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.

With balloons flying high and enthusiasm to match, students joined the Fund effort. "Michigan is in my blood," explains Debi Facktor, Ann Arbor co-chair of this year's Senior Pledge Program. "We want to help other students understand the importance of giving annually to the University."



Facktor Clauser

"We went right past our goal," adds Robert Clauser, Ann Arbor co-chair. "Through the Program, we hope to teach seniors how to be responsible alumni." In fact, the Senior Pledge Program was successful not only in the amount it raised, but just as important, it was successful in the numbers of students it attracted to its cause.

One of the most significant aspects of The Campaign for Michigan Fund is that it has established a tradition for regular support of the Michigan Annual Funds for all 17 Schools and Colleges, as well as for the two regional U-M campuses. These Annual Funds are listed below:

- College of Architecture and Urban Planning Fund
- School of Art Enrichment Fund
- Business School Annual Fund
- U-M-Dearborn Annual Fund
- School of Dentistry Fund
- School of Education Fund
- College of Engineering Annual Fund
- U-M-Flint Annual Fund
- School of Information and Library Studies Fund
- LSA Enrichment Fund
- Law School Fund
- Medical School Fund
- School of Music Fund
- School of Nursing Fund
- School of Natural Resources Fund
- College of Pharmacy Annual Fund
- Division of Physical Education Annual Fund
- School of Public Health Enrichment Fund
- School of Social Work Fund.

Under the national chairmanship of Regent Thomas A. Roach '51, '53 JD, the Michigan Annual Fund Program is continuing the work of The Campaign for Michigan Fund across the U-M campuses. Based on the strength the Fund has established in this two-year period, volunteers optimistically look forward to once again doubling annual fund revenues.



# LETTERS

## A Kellogg Serial

Your article "Family Business" in last April's issue struck a responsive note. It reminded me of the trials and tribulations of my family's business passing from family to professional management. By coincidence it was the Kellogg Company of Battle Creek. My mother, Elizabeth Ann Kellogg, was W.K. Kellogg's only daughter. I was the last of his immediate family to be employed by the company, leaving in 1943 to enter the Navy and never returning. I was also the only one of his immediate family to attend The University of Michigan, from which I was graduated in June 1936.

Some years ago, Harvard University was provided with a fund to produce histories of representative businesses. One that I recall vividly, because I was employed there from June 1936 to January 1938, was about N.W. Ayer & Son Advertising Agency, my first job after graduation from Michigan; it tells of the power struggle following the death of Wilfred Fry, son-in-law of the founder.

Francis Wayland Ayer had built the agency virtually singlehandedly. Among the talented people he attracted to create advertising, none was groomed as his successor. Fry had served as secretary of the Camden, New Jersey, YMCA before being brought into the agency. He lay dying in hospital when I came aboard. Already a power struggle was taking place to succeed him. It was touch and go for a while, but the agency finally got on track and became one of the top ten in the industry without benefit of family control.

The Kellogg Company experienced many of the same false starts and stumbles in progressing from family to professional management. W.K. began the company in 1906 and ran it with a firm hand just as he had done at the Battle Creek Sanitarium where he was business manager for 25 years under his mercurial older brother, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg (who got a few months of his medical education at the University of Michigan). The company was an immediate success, but experienced a near-fatal fire on the Fourth of July, 1907, when its plant was burned to the ground by an errant skyrocket.

W.K. was somewhat of a martinet and kept his supporting staff of executives firmly under his thumb. By the time success was finally assured in the mid 1920s he had trained no one to succeed him other than his erratic son, John Leonard Kellogg, who was an inventive genius with over 200 patents to his credit, but a dismal failure as a businessman. J.L.'s distasteful divorce and subsequent marriage to the hostess of the executive dining room became the sticking point over which J.L. was banished to Chicago, never to return as the CEO as he expected.

His son John Jr. was much too young in 1925 to take immediate control. (He was then 14 years old.) When he had finished at Battle Creek Central High School, he went off to Babson Institute, which was an executive finishing school. In 1930 he returned to the company and was soon made vice president, the title his father held. He was pushed too fast and buckled under the strain, triggered by a nasty spill from his horse in 1935. (He convalesced at the University Hospital in Ann Arbor for a while.) But the real sticking point with his grandfather was the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, which was slated to receive virtually all of W.K.'s 70 percent ownership of the company. With all the inevitability of a Greek tragedy, this ultimately led to a permanent split between them and John's suicide in February 1938.

To compound the problems at Kellogg, W.K. had tried as early as 1930 to hire a CEO successor. Lewis Brown was an efficiency expert with McKinsey-Wellington who had seemed to have helped the ailing Nichols and Shepard Threshing Machine Company out of the doldrums. His success there was short lived but long enough for W.K. to hire him and name him president of Kellogg.

Just as at the site of his earlier triumph, Brown's inadequacies soon made it clear he was not the man to succeed W.K. In the meanwhile he had brought with him a team of efficiency experts, one of whom, Walter Hasselhorn, had caught W.K.'s eye. Desperate for a respite from his years of stressful management responsibilities and prosperous beyond his wildest dreams, W.K. grasped on Hasselhorn as last chance for a successor, flatly rejecting out of hand the application of his faithful, long-time treasurer, George McKay.

The company narrowly missed going belly up under Hasselhorn, who simply couldn't understand the company's success in defiance of all the management rules he held holy. As one keen observer put it, Hasselhorn wanted to take the company apart to see what made it work, when all it needed was a bit of oil in the right places like a good watch.

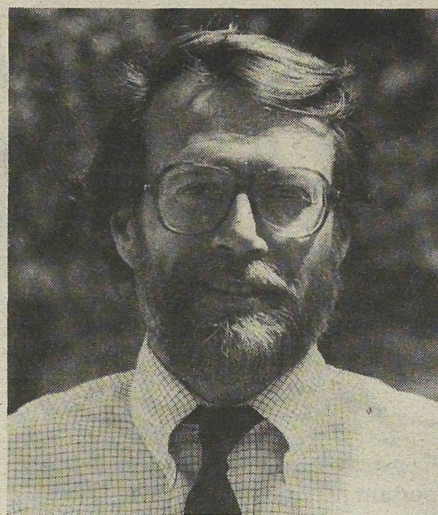
Finally, W.K. appealed to his banker, Harris Bank in Chicago, who came up with their grain expert, Watson H. Vanderploeg, as the manager to salvage what could be saved. He succeeded in restoring confidence, which had been badly shaken under Hasselhorn, and by the end of his first year (1939) the company was back on the right track. (And I with it.)

After three years with the Kellogg Company's advertising agents (Ayer and Kenton & Eckhardt) and the Kellogg Sales Company's Los Angeles branch as subdistrict salesman in the San Fernando Valley, the time was ripe in July 1939 for me to go to the home office and begin a period of training that was intended to make me qualified to become a Kellogg executive.

This was a troubled time for me maritally and the world martially, for it was the year of the outbreak of WW II. The war was disastrous and so was my marriage. The Navy, with duty in the Pacific as a paymaster of a construction battalion, was good therapy for me. Emboldened by my success on my own, I decided not to return to Kellogg after the war but to remain in California where my family lived. This was a fateful decision on my part and in retrospect a wrong one. The company's success, without me, has been spectacular. My one consolation is that my modest holding of Kellogg stock has become a comfortable source of retirement income beyond anything that I ever dreamed.

Meanwhile the W.K. Kellogg Foundation has become the second-largest in the USA, with assets in excess of \$3 billion and annual income of nearly \$100 million. It is currently expanding to meet anticipated needs in the next century with income doubling in the first decade of that millennium. (Remarkable, isn't it, that the number one foundation, Ford, and the number two, Kellogg, are both in Michigan and began as family businesses!) It would be interesting to total all the gifts that The University of Michigan has received from the WKKE. Though W.K. might have benefited from the counseling that is described in your article, it has ultimately done remarkably well, as it has turned out, both at the Kellogg Company and at the Foundation.

That's a lot longer and more detailed story than I intended when I began. Another member of the Kellogg Clan



Hollinger

who attended the University, in addition to Dr. John Harvey Kellogg mentioned earlier, was W.K.'s niece, Nellie Mae Kellogg (daughter of his next-older brother, Preston Stanley Kellogg, who was an Army surgeon). Nellie Mae was a colorful figure at the University about the turn of the century and led a storybook life.

Of more remote relationship were two members of the Kellogg family who were helped by W.K. while I was at the University (1931-36). Lenore Nash took an M.D. degree, in 1936 I believe, and went on to Yale to specialize. Burton Kellogg took a course in paper engineering and returned to Wisconsin for a career in papermaking. His years were about the same as mine.

There was one fairly close relative of W.K.'s who persevered with the Kellogg Company and finished out his career as vice president of production (1939-1950s or 1960s). William Pitt Butler was the son of W.K.'s next younger sibling, Clara Belle Kellogg, and had worked for W.K. in the early 1900s at the Sanitas (Sanitarium) Food Company. He spent several years in charge of Kellogg's plant in London, Ontario. And that's just about all the Kelloggs who were employed at the company or those who attended The University of Michigan.

Norman Williamson Jr. '36  
Claremont, California

*The next Succession Planning for Private Business seminar is Sept. 15-17. The seminar will end at noon the 17th so participants may attend the U-M football game against the University of Miami, defending national champs. Tickets are available through the Executive Education Program. For more information, contact Louis Wilson at (313) 764-1379.*

## Neighbor of the Law Man

THANK YOU for the excellent coverage on Oscar Baker Jr., the Bay City lawyer. ("Law Man" in June issue.) I grew up in the same town, living just down the street from the Bakers. My father was principal of the high school, well aware of the talented family and a good friend to Oscar Sr.

Like Oscar Jr., the children in my family had no concept of discrimination. We were taught respect for our fellow man by dictum as well as example.

My school man father eventually passed the state bar, one of his lifelong ambitions. In those days, law school was not required; Dad studied with local attorneys, taking the prescribed exam three or four times. Oscar Baker Sr. could well have been one of his mentors. I appreciate the illumination Marianne Rudnicki has given to a family with high ideals and a reverence for learning.

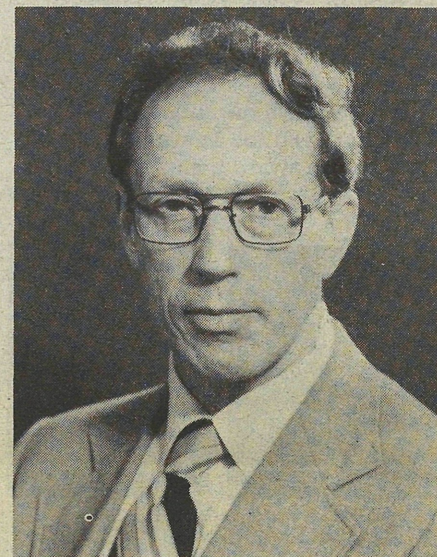
Jean Hamilton Cope '46  
Grand Rapids

## Rackham Birthday Symposium

Sept. 30 - Oct. 1

September marks the 50th birthday of the University's largest endowment — one of the most liberal-spirited gifts ever given to higher education — and the magnificent building that honors the benefactors. As reported in the April issue of *Michigan Today*, alumni, alumnae, friends, faculty and staff of the U-M are invited to the birthday celebration for the Horace H. Rackham School of Graduate Studies.

The symposium, "The Intellectual History and Academic Culture at the University of Michigan: Fresh Explorations," to be held Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, will include lectures, discussions, a reception for graduate students and entertainment.



Frye

The lectures and discussions promise to fill a gap concerning "serious analytical review of the University's institutional history," says John H. D'Arms, dean of the Graduate School. "The examination of the University's development and history by first-rate minds is bound to produce impressive — and no doubt provocative — results."

The symposium also will help the U-M develop a better sense of its historical consciousness, D'Arms added. "The traditions of private institutions are usually well-known and help to bring those universities' communities together around them. However, that sense of historical consciousness may seem less vital at a public university of the size and complexity of U-M."

Among the scheduled participants is Billy E. Frye, vice president for academic affairs and provost at Emory University in Georgia, who will be returning to Ann Arbor after serving as U-M's vice president for academic affairs from 1980 to 1983, and then as provost and vice president for academic affairs until 1986. He will be a panelist in the discussion, "Academic Values and the Reform of the Ph.D.": The benefits and costs of broader, more liberal graduate training."

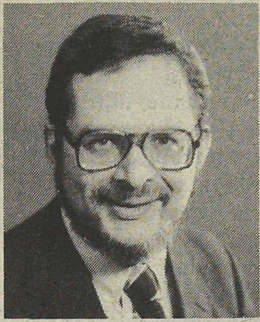
Much of the tension between narrowly specialized training and a broader perspective on knowledge is related to current attitudes toward graduate training, Frye believes. "Some specialization is of course necessary for anyone taking a doctorate," he says, "but I also think people ought to be as broadly interested as possible in the whole universe of understanding and see their own work in relation to that universe."

Frye is concerned that there has been a decline in the scholarly character of the Ph.D. over the past few

Continued on p. 13



# A SUMMER SYLLABUS

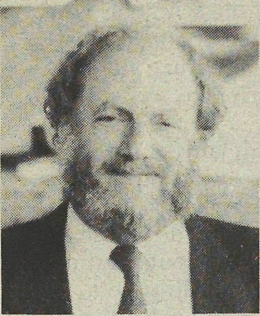


George J. Bornstein,  
Professor of English Language and  
Literature

I am already rereading Mary Shelley's seminal novel *Frankenstein*, which I last encountered in graduate school. Since then, feminist and Romanticist scholarship has caused a re-evaluation of Shelley's novel as a major work, and I am eager to reread it in light of those findings. Next on the list will be the Nigerian novelist Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart*, a classic treatment of the encounter of traditional Ibo culture with European colonialism. And because I live in Michigan and am a fan of detective novels, I will also read Elmore Leonard's latest thriller, *Freaky Deaky*.

Of the books I shall cover while "keeping up with my field," the one most likely to interest general readers is Richard Ellmann's new biography of Oscar Wilde. Wilde was one of the most fascinating characters in all of English and Irish literature, and the late Richard Ellmann was one of the greatest modern biographers.

Finally, I expect to continue reading *Winnie the Pooh* and *When We Were Very Young* aloud to my 3-year-old daughter: A.A. Milne is one writer we both enjoy enormously.



Robert M. Beckley  
Dean, College of Architecture and Urban  
Planning

I tend to skim books during the academic year, without enough time to read a book as thoroughly as I would like. So summer means both serious reading and reading for fun those books I would really like to absorb. Two books that I've recently read that deserve yet another reading straight through (and probably several more) are John Fowles's *Mantissa*, a wonderful fantasy, and Italo Calvino's *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, written as the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard, but not delivered because of Calvino's untimely death in 1985.

On a much grander scale, a book to be read again is *Monticello* 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 Aesthetics of Architecture* by Roger Scruton, *Morality and Architec-*

## Freud and *Freaky Deaky* rate high with U-M profs

ture by David Watkin, *Aesthetic Theory* by Theodor Adorno and Diana Crane's *The Transformation of the Avant-Garde* will be read as a package to help me test 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 give me some new perspectives on teaching urban design and planning in the anti-urban, unplanned milieu which we struggle to improve.

Summer is also a time for reading unread books by authors I most admire, and those usually comment on contradictions regarding the human condition. Milan Kundera's *Life is Elsewhere* and 14 essays by Wendell Berry in his book *Home Economics* were given to me by someone who knew I enjoyed these authors, the former an Eastern European and the latter a Kentuckian, who write beautifully and with opposing views about essential aspects of life itself.

## Rackham

Continued from p. 12

decades. "The prevalent practice of doctoral students' working essentially as members of a team does not encourage the independent development of the graduate student mind," he says. "Overall, the attitude of breadth is being pushed aside rather than cultivated, and the ability to synthesize ideas seems not to be valued so much as technical expertise."

Although a "reasonable share" of doctoral candidates are in fact going to become independent thinkers and scholars, "it's hard to characterize the majority of students who come through the graduate system in those terms," Frye says.

But rather than point blame at either students or programs, Frye is searching for a better understanding of the problem and for "ideas about what could and ought to be done about it."

### SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

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:

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

Welcoming Remarks — James J. Duderstadt, president.

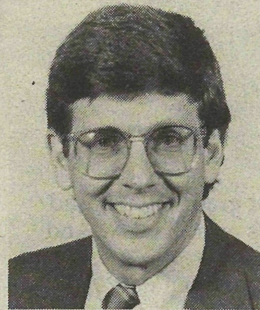
9 a.m. First Session: "How the Past Shapes the Present: Historical Self-Awareness in the Life of the Public University." Lectures by U-M Profs. James Turner and Francis X. Blouin, and Prof. Robert Holt, Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Minnesota.

1:30 p.m. Discussion: "The Sense of History and Intellectual Community in the Public University," with U-M's Profs. Nicholas Steneck and James Boyd White, and Lecturer Margaret L. Steneck. Moderator, Prof. Sidney Fine.

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. Hollinger, U-M.

4 p.m. Initial response from disciplinary perspectives from U-M Profs. Philip E. Converse and James V. Neel.

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



Stuart Y. McDougal, Director,  
Program in Comparative Literature

With the summer half over, my reading list is only slightly shorter than it was in June. But, with good intentions, and a vacation on the horizon, I hope to read the following before classes resume in September.

In his monumental *Freud: A Life for our Time*, Peter Gay recreates Freud's world and marshalls a fascinating array of historical and literary materials to show how and why Freud became such an important figure for his age, as well as for our own.

Josiah Thompson, a former professor of philosophy at Haverford College and an expert on Kierkegaard, left the groves of academe in the '70s to roam the mean streets of San Francisco as a private eye. He chronicles his experiences as a shamus in *Gumshoe: Reflections in a Private Eye*. This promises to be among the most interesting West Coast sleuthing since the novels of Ross Macdonald (a.k.a. Kenneth Millar, a U-M grad represented in the "U-M in Fiction" article elsewhere in this issue.)

And finally, a work that I have long wanted to read is Junichiro Tanizaki's 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, Tanizaki provides a sensitive portrait of the development of modern Japan.

I also plan to take on vacation Jack Zipes's lively new translation of *Grimm's Tales* as well as Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* to read aloud to my children.

7:30 to 9:30 "Additional disciplinary response to Professor Hollinger's lecture from U-M Profs. Homer A. Neal, Martha J. Vicinus, Rudolph Arnheim (emeritus), William A. Dawson and Linda S. Wilson, with Douglas E. Van Houweling, as moderator.

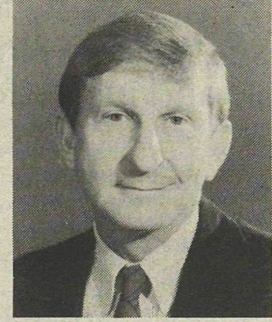
Oct. 1, 9 a.m. Third Session: "Present and Future Challenges: Reordering Graduate and Professional Priorities in the Research University." Introductory remarks by Prof. Alfred S. Sussman, dean emeritus of the Graduate School. Lecture by Prof. Terrance Sandalow.

10:30 a.m. Responses by Rhetaugh G. Dumas, dean of the School of Nursing; Paul C. Boylan, dean of the School of Music; Charles M. Vest, dean of the College of Engineering and Prof. Paul W. McCracken (emeritus); Moderator, Prof. Robert L. Kahn.

1:30 p.m. Panel Discussion: "The Next Generation of Scholars, Academic Values and the Reform of the Ph.D.: The Benefits and Costs of Broader, More Liberal Graduate Training." Panelists are Billy E. Frye, vice president for academic affairs and provost, Emory University; George H. Jones, U-M; S. Frederick Starr, president of Oberlin College; and Prof. John R. Chamberlin, U-M. Moderator: Prof. Patricia Y. Gurin, U-M.

3:15 p.m. Adjournment by Dean John H. D'Arms.

9 p.m. Birthday Celebration: Entertainment by James Dapogny's Chicago Jazz Band.



Frank Beaver,  
Chairman, Department of Communication

I have both some serious and lighter books selected for the summer months, but mostly lighter. My academic reading of the season will be Eric Foner's acclaimed new historical study, *Reconstruction: America's Unfinished Revolution, 1863-1877*. For several years I've been struggling with the truth of Reconstruction as set against its depiction in the 1915 motion picture *The Birth of a Nation*. This book promises help. Also, I intend to read Marie Brenner's *House of Dreams*, which details the turmoil within one of America's great newspaper families, the Bingham of Louisville, Kentucky.

On the lighter side of the reading list are three novels. First *Good Hearts* by Reynolds Price. In 1962 I was captivated by the characters Rosacoke Mustian and Wesley Beavers in Price's first novel *A Long and Happy Life*. Now Price continues the story of these rural Southerners in *Good Hearts*, and I'm anxious to find out what's happened to the couple during the past quarter century. Next on the list is an older novel — my wife's longtime favorite — which I've been promising her I'd read since we were married: Sigrid Undset's Norwegian trilogy *Kristin Lavransdatter*. And finally for pure relaxation, a crime novel, Elmore Leonard's *Freaky Deaky*.



Ruth E. Dunkle  
Associate Dean, School of Social Work

The stacks of *The New Yorker* and *The New York Times Book Reviews* are waiting, as is the latest Stephen King novel, *Misery*.

Academically, I have been working in the area of coping styles of the very old, those 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 these are not necessarily measured by standard 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 include *Long Term Care* 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 Rosenfield, and *Freud, A Life for Our Time* by Peter Gay.



## Does a Dean's List Make Good Sense?

That may seem like a simple question, But read on and judge for yourself

By Lori Turner '88

Are dean's lists, honor rolls or other ways of citing students for superior academic performance a good way to pat students on the back? Or are they "babyish, demeaning and generally silly"?

That is the range of debate *Michigan Today* observed in a small, unscientific survey of opinion about awards programs for undergraduates. The problem with any academic honor roll program in a large university with diverse fields of study is that many outstanding scholars must "blush unseen" while others may receive awards for excellent grades in carefully chosen "gut" courses.

Nonetheless, honors at The University of Michigan are important. This past March, 4,068 students received Class Honors on the Ann Arbor, Dearborn and Flint campuses. They achieved a 3.5 grade point average (GPA) for two terms in a calendar year while taking a minimum of 28 credit hours, 20 of which were graded.

The two other University-wide academic honors are the James B. Angell Award for students who achieve all As with a minimum of 12 credit hours for two consecutive semesters, and the William J. Branstrom Award for first-term freshmen who place in the top 5 per cent of their class. The Branstrom Award includes a considerable allowance for book purchases.

In addition to these University-wide academic awards, each undergraduate College or School has its own awards for honoring students; or, as in the case of the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, the unit may emphasize an honors program that combines curricular and grade requirements and results in graduation honors for those who successfully complete it.

U-M Schools and Colleges with undergraduate degree programs award outstanding students in a variety of ways, including small stipends. The School of Art gives merit awards to approximately 40 students whose work is judged the best in an annual competition and also maintains a semester dean's list. So does the School of Natural Resources, which sets a minimum standard of a 3.5 GPA for a semester and adds the words "Dean's Honors" to the students' grade transcripts.

The School of Business Administration gives awards of distinction and

high distinction at graduation based upon the student's overall GPA. And the School of Music sends names of outstanding students to a national dean's list that considers students with a 3.7 or greater GPA.

Other units' awards commemorate pioneers in the field, like the School of Nursing's Margaret Mann Award for students who have excelled in clinical work.

Most academic honor rolls at U-M, however, recognize students for high academic performance over at least two semesters. This has led some students to suggest that the University adopt the practice of many other schools by compiling a dean's list each semester and notifying the students' parents of the award.

*Michigan Today* decided to survey students, faculty and administrators to see what they think about the current honors system and whether they approve or disapprove of the idea of having a semester dean's list at the University. Those who approved the idea were also asked what GPA they recommended as the qualifying standard.

Ten of the 14 deans and departmental chairmen surveyed supported the idea of having a semester dean's list, and all but one would add the list to existing awards programs. One dean advocated getting rid of the current University-wide recognition programs in favor of a dean's list. Another called any pre-graduation honor rolls or awards "babyish, demeaning, paternalistic, reductive and generally silly," and would drop them altogether.

LSA Dean Peter O. Steiner endorsed the idea of a semester dean's list with notification of parents, but emphasized that semester or annual awards programs based upon GPAs are much less significant than degree honors programs that require outstanding performance in a specified, rigorous curriculum over an academic career.

Dean James E. Crowfoot of the School of Natural Resources said replacing the current awards with a semester dean's list "could help resolve the inequities of different curricula."

The dean of a school that enrolls many older students felt that notification of parents should not be an important component of a University-wide dean's list, since many of their students are "old or independent" and



Payne



Steiger

might be insulted by direct communication with their parents. But another respondent said notifying parents was "a good idea."

Most respondents concurred with Dean Marjorie Levy of the School of Art that "pre-grad honors reinforce academic distinction." Robert L. Kyes, chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature, commented: "The U of M is known as an institution of great demand, great expense and few rewards. This would help rectify that situation." The Department of Chemistry's chairman, M. David Curtis, responded, "Such honors can motivate, but are more important as a way of saying 'well done,' 'good job.' People need encouragement."

A few preferred to leave things the way they are. Associate Dean John R. Bassett of the School of Natural Resources summed up this view: "Do not change University-wide honors. Let individual Schools and Colleges have their own honors programs, too."

But the difficulty of ensuring fairness in any honor roll system was underscored by the conflicting recommendations for a minimum GPA for a University-wide dean's list.

Curtis commented, "In some disciplines, a B average is something to be proud of." And Mathematics' Chairman D. J. Lewis said he would "make the GPA  $\geq 3.3$ ."

To others, a B — or 3.0 — average was "much too low"; one dean "would prefer something a bit higher than 3.5."

Addressing the problem of varying degrees of curricular difficulty, Lewis said: "It would be desirable to be able to acknowledge the more difficult programs. But how do you do so? Give each course a difficulty rating? Have each program have a quota? If the present system is indeed causing silly course selections, then perhaps it should be dropped."

And what do students think? Nine of the 16 surveyed would like a semester dean's list, but only one of these would replace the Class Honors award with a dean's list. The remaining seven did not care one way or the other about having a dean's list or Class Honors.

The students who supported the dean's list did so because, as Debbie Payne '90 of Toledo put it, "even if you only get a 3.5 for one term, instead of two consecutive ones, you deserve the recognition."

Jana Steiger '89 of Belleville said, "The current system sends students the message that a grade-point average under 3.5 does not reflect hard work or achievement. A dean's list would be a reward for the considerable amount of hard work it takes to get a 3.0 in some majors."

Interestingly, when we averaged all of the GPAs students recommended for a dean's list, the result was 3.44, very close to the GPA required for Class Honors.

As for what students thought their parents would prefer, Class Honors or a dean's list, 11 of 15 didn't think their parents would have a preference.

Is it fair to grant awards for a certain GPA when there are wide degrees of difficulty among curriculums? Galen Yeo of Singapore, a junior communications major, was frank: "No, it's not fair. There should be a review of one's classes. I, for instance, have an easier time than an engineering major."

Another student said, "Perhaps there should be different standards of achievement for people in different Schools or fields, such as LSA, engineering, physical education, etc."

We also surveyed other Big Ten schools and found that seven of the nine have semester dean's lists. We asked officers of these schools why they have this type of honor; most said dean's lists recognize students for better-than-average academic performance.

Associate Dean James Lindberg of the University of Iowa said that the purpose of the Hawkeyes' dean's list is to "recognize students whose academic performance is outstanding." At the University of Minnesota, however, according to a dean's spokeswoman, the dean's list is "not so much for those who get all As, but for those who don't do great all the time."

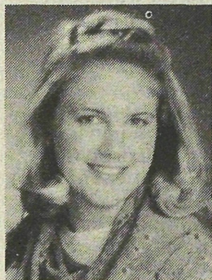
Lori Turner, an English major from Detroit, will enroll in the University of Southern California's graduate program in comparative literature this fall.

## Bentley Scholars

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

The Alvin M. and Arvela D. Bentley Scholarships recognize the Bentley Scholars as among the most outstanding applicants from the state of Michigan. The awards, for four years of undergraduate study, cover tuition, fees, room and board, and provide a book allowance.

Established in 1983 by the Bentley



Jellema



Burrows

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.

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 Detroit Chemistry Olympics.

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. In that program, she

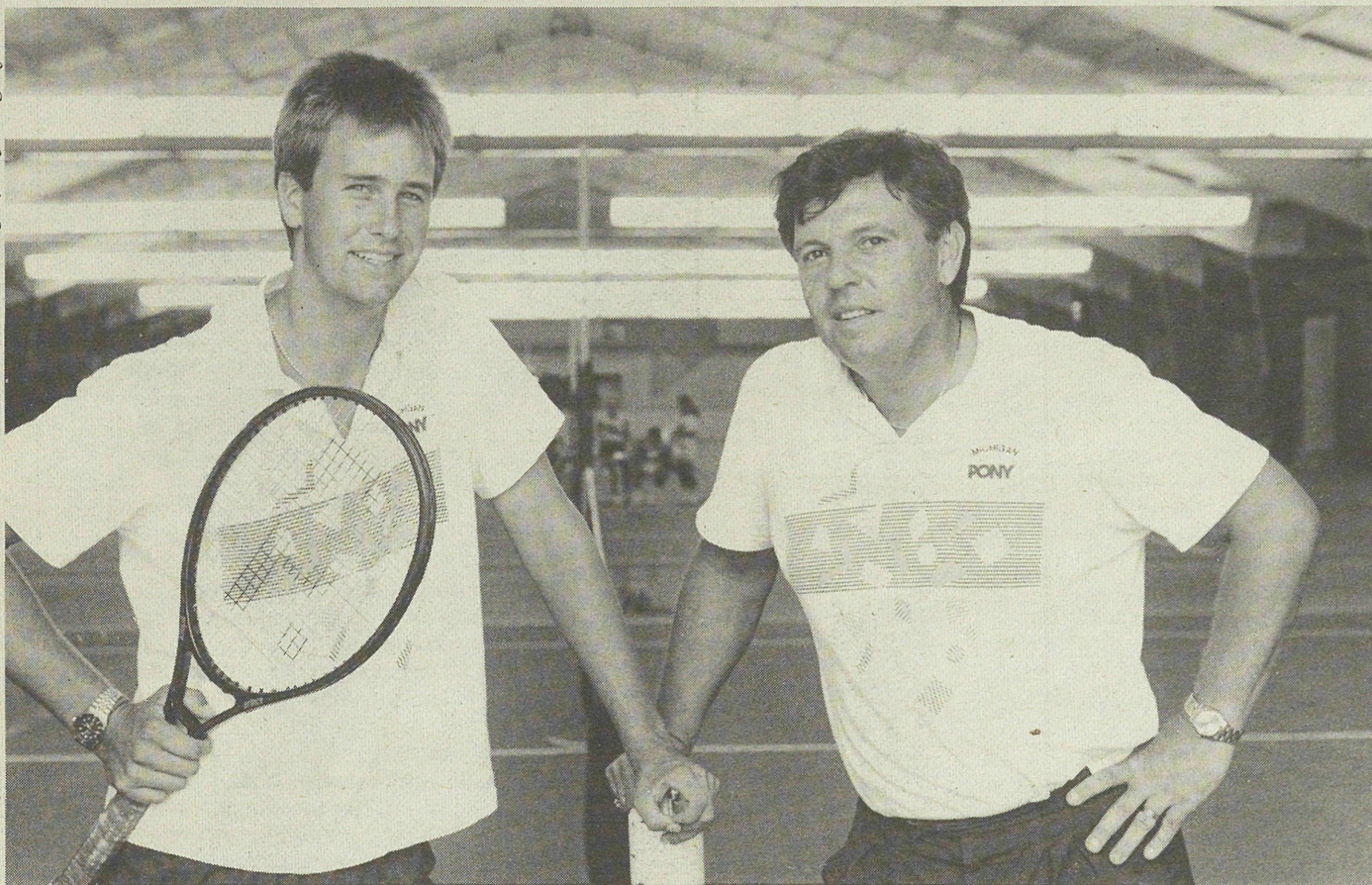
worked on an archaeological dig with a professor from Grand Valley and produced, as her final project, an exhibit at the Muskegon Historical Museum. She has represented her school's Science Olympiad team and served on the Academic Hallmark Knowledge Master team.

An editor of the school's newspaper and of the school literary magazine, Jellema won a first-place rating at the National Journalism Convention for copy editing. She plans to enroll in LSA and hopes to pursue a career that combines science with writing.

The U-M Bentley Scholarship program awards two new scholarships each spring, maintaining eight Bentley Scholars in any one year.



Photograph by Gregory Fox.



'NO PRIMA DONNAS': That's what's missing from teams coached by Brian Eisner (right), says former captain of the netters Jon Morris '88, an Ann Arborite who'll be trying to ace medical school this fall.

## When It Comes To Coaching, He's Mr. Inside

By Ken Wachsberger

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 before accomplished since the conference tournament began in 1940.

Perhaps becoming a head coach as a very young man can make you unabashedly 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 only thing that makes a difference," he says, "is that I believe I am, and, further, that my players believe I am, because when you get to the national championships, the thing that's really going to carry you is a high level of confidence in yourself. If the player doesn't have it, the coach better have it, because the coach is the raft that the

drowning man hangs onto."

This past season, Eisner's tennis team chased the NCAA championship right to the semifinals, where they lost a 5-4 match to Louisiana State University. U-M's third place in the final polls tied for the highest ranking of any team Eisner has coached and earned him a nomination for Coach of the Year by the Intercollegiate Tennis Coaches Association (ITCA) and *World Tennis Magazine*. (The winner was Jerry Simmons of LSU, which finished second to Stanford.)

Eisner largely attributes his success to a deceptively complicated source: his own enthusiasm, which he says motivates people to perform better because they're having so much fun.

Even after the loss to LSU, Eisner could see the bright side. "At the final team meeting," he recalls, "I said, 'The first thing is we're walking away from that match. We're not looking back and analyzing it. We've had an unbelievable year.' That's what they wanted to hear. They didn't want to hear, 'Well, if the No. 5 singles in the third set had done such-and-such at that stage . . .'. Believe me, after that meeting everybody was ready to start the next season the next day."

Jon Morris is one player who benefited from the Eisner attitude. Morris, the graduating senior captain from Ann Arbor, enjoyed a 29-9 season at No. 4 singles. On September 10, in a special ceremony at the U.S. Open, Morris will receive the ITCA's Unsung Hero of the Year award.

"Brian always looks on the bright side," Morris says. "When you hit 15 to 20 shots into the back fence, you don't want to hear that you're hitting well — but that's what he tells you. He's a fantastic coach because he's 100 percent behind you. You laugh at his positive thinking at first, but then you start to believe it. That's what got us going."

Another secret to Eisner's success is his ability to build team spirit by focusing on the needs of each individual. Some might call that method

"zen coaching." Eisner prefers the term "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 medias that "hype up competition" beyond the ability of athletes to produce.

"If you think about it," he says, "the most macho part of society for men 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 sportscasters 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 set an internal environment for himself that's going to allow him to be

successful. What I like to say is that instead of the traditional pyramid, with the coach on top and the players trying to please the coach, the pyramid really should be reversed with the coach on the bottom trying to do all the things to make those people successful."

Eisner accomplishes this inversion by zeroing in on each player's personal needs, emotional as well as technical; if a player is not performing well, he tries to discover why.

"It may be that his parents are going through a divorce," Eisner says. "It may be that he broke up with his girlfriend or did poorly on a couple of exams. When you're in a slump, you feel bad about yourself. The coach is the only person who can pull you out of it. If he agrees and says, 'Yeah, you're bad and I'm taking you out of the lineup,' what are your chances of ever bouncing back? The point is, if the person has the ability to be in the lineup, it just means he's not performing well on a short-term basis, so let's all get to the crux of the problem. This is not just *my* team. Everybody is here to help."

Morris says that on an Eisner-coached team, "no one is bigger or better than the whole group — there are no prima donnas."

"Tennis is such an individual sport," Morris continues, that when everyone pulls together the way our team did, it adds a new dimension. You have less of a feeling that the weight of the world is on your shoulders. I still haven't come down off the high I felt this season."

Eisner's outlook for next season is, as usual, positive. Not returning, besides Morris, 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 Brad Koontz of Ann Arbor. Both plan to join the professional circuit, where Morris could have joined them except for the knee problems that will send him to medical school instead, at Washington University in St. Louis.

Eisner will have two tremendous talents back on the Wolverine courts, however: Dan Goldberg ('89) of Avon, Connecticut, and last year's freshman sensation, Malivai Washington of Schwartz Creek.

Goldberg earned first-singles All-American, while Washington was 33-10 in the regular season at No. 3 singles and teamed with Nagel for All-American doubles honors. Both Goldberg and Washington earned spots on the United States Tennis Association's under-21 team for their performances in the NCAA in May.

Joining these veterans will be junior Surrini Tummala of Okemos, a transfer student from Clemson, and freshman David Kass of Columbus, Ohio, a consistent top-three finisher in his age bracket for the past six years.

Come tournament time, "we'll be right there — knock on wood there are no injuries," Eisner predicts.

And no doubt they will.

But if they aren't — well, that's never Eisner's main goal. "When you hear our people talk after the season," he says, "you hear a closeness that you don't hear in any other sport, and that's why I get that extra effort. They may never go through a personal experience like this again, and it's not because we won a tournament. The payoff is the process, not the end, and if the process is done well, you'll have a winning team anyway."

Ken Wachsberger of *Ypsilanti* is a teacher and free lance writer who recently published his first novel, *Beercans on the Side of the Road*.

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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.*

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