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## CIVILIAN AT WAR

By Ken Parker

OCTOBER IS A SPECIAL MONTH for Ken Parker '35. In October 1943 he was inducted into the U.S. Army. He was discharged in October 1945. In the middle 100 days of his tour of duty, he fought with the 30th Division of the 120th Infantry as it pushed the Nazi forces back from St. Lo, France, through Belgium, Holland and all the way back to Germany's Siegfried Line.

According to the military historian S. L. A. Marshall, the 30th was the top division in the European Theater of Operations based upon a rating sheet Marshall and 35 historical officers devised under instruction of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

After returning from the war Parker founded and ran the *Antrim County News* in Bellaire, Michigan. In 1959 he joined the *Traverse City Record-Eagle*, and continues to write a column for that newspaper in his retirement.

In 1984 Parker published an account of his experience as a foot-soldier in *Civilian at War*, Myers Printing Service, Traverse City (\$10.75). The following excerpt, "Closing the Falaise Gap," recounts five days of brutal fighting a month after he landed in France on July 16.

After a short truck ride, full of joking and laughing about past war experiences and highly optimistic predictions about an early end to the war, the column pulled off the main highway and we were deposited in some nearby fields. We all headed for the nearest

hedgerow, or point of concealment, and stretched out on the ground for a nap, the GI's best friend. I hoped that it would be a long time before any orders were received.

After a bit, Lt. Hunn, leader of the third platoon and an exceptionally courageous and vigorous soldier, returned from a briefing session and waved a map at some of his men.

"If you think the last one was tough, wait till you see this one," Lt. Hunn shouted almost gleefully. With this knowledge that we were going into another attack, our former light-heartedness disappeared.

The assault on Domfront began with an approach march of about five miles along an asphalt highway. Our machine gun section, badly depleted again, was composed of Halbrook, Gibson and myself. Since carrying the gun and ammo

*'WHAT HAD HAPPENED to our men?'* Ken Parker wondered during fighting at St. Lo, where U.S. infantrymen began their push through France on July 16, 1944. 'I got the horrible answer when a helmetless rifleman named Silver approached from the front to talk to the Captain. "There isn't anybody left," he said, trying to control his voice. "Our tanks blew us apart — arms, legs, guts all over the place." 'A Tank Explodes, a painting of the battle at St Lo by Aaron Bohrod. From *The Second World War* by Winston S. Churchill (Time Inc., 1954).

*PHOTO BELOW* was taken during liberation of the Netherlands. Parker recalls: 'The reception given by the Dutch people was highly pleasing and unexpected. They cheered the loudest, were more friendly and helped us more in actions against the enemy than did the French or Belgians. We had been told to be more suspicious [of German sympathizers] the closer we came to Germany. Our intelligence in this respect proved to be far off the mark.' Archives: Idées et Editions.

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# CIVILIAN AT WAR

(Continued from page 1.)

with only three men left was exceptionally burdensome, we dumped the works on a jeep traveling down the center of the road at the same pace we were. It was a Company D jeep and already was loaded with ammunition for the heavy mortars and machine guns.

"Just as soon as something happens, jump for the weapons," Halbrook warned.

We passed some French civilians who stood by their houses watching us silently. They knew that we were headed for a hornet's nest and they had the good grace to be solemn about it.

At one point behind a heavy mass of trees, I saw a large French manor house which the medics had taken over. One of the medics leaned lazily against a pillar at the lane entrance and watched us slowly trudge by. He and his fellow medics were waiting for us to give them some business.

Presently we sighted a curve in the road, but before we got to it several shells screamed and shattered the hot afternoon quiet. We hurriedly got our gun and ammo from the jeep and dove for the ditches. We determined that the artillery was hitting the road about 300 yards ahead of us, so it was safe to advance to the curve where there were a few buildings to give protection. Some of the men broke down the door of a structure about the size and shape of a country schoolhouse. Property destruction for the sake of safety did not bother me as much as the inevitable looting. I went to the front of the building and discovered a well with a pail for dipping. I lowered the pail and brought up some welcome cold fresh water to fill my canteen. I also dropped in a halazone tablet and waited for it to take effect before tasting any of it.

With the return of quiet, we pushed ahead around the curve and into the western outskirts of Domfront. The shelling broke out again, however, and we were forced to duck behind some buildings on the right side of the road.

We waited for about an hour behind a typical French stone house and barn. Lt. Ziegler got out a box of K rations and ate some cheese and crackers. I had no appetite at the moment. Meanwhile, I became concerned that the buildings were too flimsy to afford good protection, especially the roofs. But these worries were supplanted by new ones when we were ordered to advance toward the shelled area.

I should have known that Capt. Pulver wouldn't lead us into such obvious danger, however, for we turned to the left off the highway and met a group of about 40

Germans with hands upraised. They were commanded by an Esquire-looking pink and white officer who carried a cane. An interpreter questioned him as we, the still active ones in this war, quietly filed past.

Our route now was cross-country, via a small cut in the ground. After crossing another highway, we began to climb — through an orchard, over a high hedgerow and down into a deep ravine which had been freshly hit several times by artillery. Bullets began to snap in the air, but well over our heads.

The ravine led uphill and into a wooded area. On the left now was a huge pit with the peak of a rocky hill rising precipitously beyond about 300 yards. The column wended its way down into the moss- and leaf-covered chasm and began the perilous ascent of the sheer side of the rocky hill. Strangely enough, squared off boulders were conveniently spaced to serve as giant steps for the climb.

Near the top, where a glance down made one dizzy, I could not make the next broad step upwards because of the weight of the ammo boxes. I took them off my shoulder and threw them ahead to Halbrook who deftly snagged them. I then easily scrambled the remaining distance. I still think of this incident as a fun experience, slightly equivalent to visiting a tree house.

The top of the hill was spongy from years of accumulated and rotted vegetation. The trees, mostly evergreens, towered above us, and at their base the roots had cupped the ground. We fitted ourselves into the depressions, taking advantage of these natural earthworks.

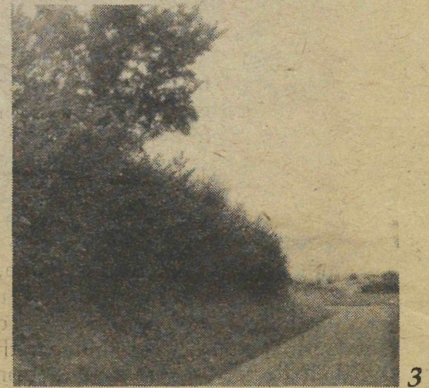
But the terrifying shriek of shells, just missing the tops of the trees, alerted us to a new danger — tree bursts — from which there was no protection [Earlier, Parker has explained that shells detonated by overhead tree branches were the most deadly kind, sending their charge and shrapnel straight down on soldiers dug in below — Ed.]. We sweated out more screeching artillery rounds before starting to advance down the reverse slope. We were eager to move this time, for once off the hill we were inside the arc of enemy shelling, or so we thought.



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**KEN PARKER ('35'), received the Silver Star and Purple Heart for his Army Service (Photo 1). Today (Photo 2), in retirement, he still writes regularly for the Traverse City (Michigan) Record-Eagle. In the key battle described in this excerpt from his wartime memoir, Parker recalls clambering up this rocky promontory (Photo 3) at Domfront, France. Calling Civilian at War an 'ant-like view' of the final battles to defeat the Nazis on their western front, Parker recalls spending much of his time hiding behind, climbing over and mostly digging into hedgerows — earthworks heaped up by farmers to divide their fields — whose foliage was much less dense than shown in Photo 4.**

After passing a stone quarry, we stopped on exposed ground in front of the highway leading north of Domfront. This highway curled into the hilly countryside beyond. On the right we could see the village of Domfront for the first time.

Our sight-seeing mood was short-lived, however, for a barrage of hissing mortar shells suddenly caught us, falling on men at the head of the column. A rifleman and a mortarman were wounded, but worse was the death of Lt. Ziegler, who had been with us since the St. Lo breakthrough.

Crow, the mortarman, limped by and we kidded him about being hit, but it was plain that he didn't relish going back through the beaten zone of the shelling, even if he was going to the rear and out of the war.

Moving into the area where mortar shells had just fallen, I watched two of our medics working on one of the wounded men. His shirt had been cut away to reveal the grayish shell fragments imbedded in his back and shoulders.

Jack, the plump lieutenant, returned from his forward position to see what could be done for Lt. Ziegler, our Royal Oak, Michigan, weapons platoon leader. Jack silently examined the officer's head wounds and shook his head. I could see tears in Jack's eyes. It was a rare thing to see men weep at the loss of a friend in battle.

Opportunity for strong friendships to develop was limited by a rapid rate of personnel changes.

We heard the pop of enemy mortar shells again, and naturally we expected them to fall in the same exposed ground we were now occupying. Jake Haglebarger, a gunner in the mortar section whom I later got to know very well, hovered in a ball at the top of the slope by the wagon trail, which was bordered by three or four trees. I asked Jake why he huddled near the top of the bank, instead of the base.

"I figure I got a better chance if there's a tree burst," he said. I respected his longer experience in the war by crawling up near him. The drama failed to come off, for this time the shells fell elsewhere.

Looking at the town south of us, I spotted a flashing light, repeated regularly, from a balcony on one of the larger apartment buildings. I pointed it out to Barnett, the mortar section sergeant who, because of Lt. Ziegler's death, had now been elevated to weapons platoon leader. He reported this information to Capt. Pulver. I never learned the outcome, but an enemy observer could have used the flashing signals to inform the Germans which routes we were taking north of Domfront.

Toward dusk, which came at about 10:30 p.m., we were joined by two tanks, which had rumbled through Domfront on one of the main shelled roads. We began to attack again, moving uphill on the main asphalt highway. The tank was on the road and the infantry walked in a ditch which was about two feet deep and provided good cover.

At the crest of the hill, we ran into an enemy roadblock consisting of a tank and enemy infantry in support. An amusing sidelight to this engagement was provided by a French civilian who had stumbled into the battle by accident. He was walking down the middle of the highway toward us, and our men motioned for him to move out fast. Suddenly the firing began at the roadblock, and the Frenchman threw himself into the ditch with vigor and ran past us as fast as he could.

Close to the point where the civilian had leaped into the ditch, I found a bottle of red wine with a cork stopper. Had the Germans left this for us to poison ourselves, or had the Frenchman dropped it? I showed the bottle to a platoon leader behind me. He willingly offered to be the taster. Since he pronounced the wine "very good" and suffered no ill effects, we passed the



bottle among us and finished it off quickly.

Fortified by the wine, we took a more disinterested view of the minor skirmish ahead. One of our infantry squads tried to outflank the roadblock by advancing to the high ground about 25 yards to the left of the highway. As the lead man climbed over a hedgerow, he was shot in the shoulder and fell to the ground with an agonized howl.

Darkness overtook us, but one of our tanks fired on a hill to our right some 800 yards distant and succeeded in starting a grass fire which spread and illuminated the sky for most of the short night.

Our machine gun squad of three men and Sgt. Horne joined the riflemen on the high ground and set up the weapon on the densely covered hedgerow where the man had been shot. Standing guard that night, I was so fatigued that several times I almost fell to the ground asleep, but fortunately I caught myself just as my knees began to buckle. Between stretches of guard duty, I tried to dig a hole, but I ran into a large boulder and made little headway. Disgusted, I gave up and slept for a time in my shallow hole with a raincoat over me.

No rations reached us that night because of the intense shelling of the road and village behind us. I heard heavy explosions to the front during my turn on guard. The Germans were busy blowing trees across the highway and planting mines.

At daybreak, the men, not on guard, creaked out of their holes. Some commented that this sort of life was developing arthritis that would bother them later in life, provided they survived "this damned war." We hurriedly ate C rations and stuffed two boxes of K's into our shirt fronts before moving ahead again. The trees across the road slowed us up, and we had to be careful about the mines. I saw Teller mines for the first time. Fortunately, these personnel killers were detected and marked so that we could gingerly step around them.

At midday our attack bogged down on the outskirts of St. Bomer-les Forges, a tiny hamlet which was the last obstacle between us and the British who were driving down from the north in the Falaise Gap action. An enemy tank hugged the edge of the highway at a curve and would not move. German infantry protected it, and our tanks refused to barge into what they considered an ambush.

Sgt. Bahylle, a giant of a man who came from an Indian reservation in Oklahoma, succeeded in routing out a young German machine gunner who had been posted in a ditch in front of the curve. To encourage the German youngster to move to the rear faster, Sgt. Bahylle fired several rounds from his rifle at the feet of the prisoner, who responded frantically with a quickened pace.

An artillery observer tried to get his guns to fire on the enemy tank. After much cursing and shouting over his radio, he learned to our disgust and shock that our artillery support was out of range and could not fire. The observer's loud sputterings may have been heard by the Jerries and helped them determine just where we were, for shortly after the radioman's outburst mortar shells began searching for us.

Capt. Pulver had us move from the ditches to positions on the hedgerows in the fields to our right. He told us we could cover the road just as well from there and avoid the shelling on the highway.

I spotted a well in the middle of the field, and since a lull had set in, I took Halbrook's, Gibson's and my canteens and filled them at the pump. Another GI thought it was a good idea and followed my example. To my amazement, he was shot by a Jerry sniper.

Another barrage of mortar shells fell among us, wounding a rifleman about ten yards to our left, near the highway.

Capt. Pulver's erect form appeared again and directed us to retire to the rear about 100 yards.

"We can hold this road junction back there just as well if not better than we can here," he said. Our captain's flexibility and sound assessment of battle situations accounted for his effectiveness and longevity in combat.

Naturally we were delighted to leave. We dashed singly across the open area in the field which was in line with the water pump. Behind the next hedgerow we found GIs from another unit, so we continued further to the rear and into a wheat field which had recently been cut. The sheaves were neatly stacked against each other.

Behind the next hedgerow were riflemen of the third platoon under Lt. Hunn. Equipment was scattered about and most of the men were taking their leisure, although some were busy digging in.

**W**e tried to find a place to tie in with the riflemen, but the hedgerow was crowded, so we flopped on the ground and waited for Halbrook to scout out a better site.

Sgt. Bahylle, the Indian platoon sergeant, was using field glasses to observe the high ground about 800 yards to our rear. He had a pair of powerful German glasses taken from a prisoner earlier in the war.

"There's someone up there looking at us through a pair of glasses," Bahylle said. "It's a German. I can tell by the long boots."

Hardly had the words been spoken when the ground in front of us began to erupt in little spurts of earth, after which we heard the faint ripping sound of a

German machine gun. Those who had holes jumped into them and others scrambled to the other side of the hedgerow or lay flat on the ground.

I had only about 10 yards to go to gain protection through a gateway to the other side of the hedgerow, and I wasted no time in doing so.

The machine gun bursts were immediately followed by mortar fire, this, too, from our rear. Apparently a sizeable group of the enemy had been bypassed in our attack and was now daring to make things rough for us.

Halbrook appeared and said he had a spot for our gun. He led us through the gateway and back into the open field where we had been machine-gunned. We walked in a low crouch for about 20 yards when machine gun bullets erupted once more, forcing us to hit the ground. The three of us turned around on our stomachs and snake-crawled back to the gateway and safety.

In my haste I had abandoned the two boxes of ammo, which were impossible to carry on one's shoulder while crawling. Halbrook set our gun on the hedgerow facing the enemy machine gun fire.

Halbrook and Gibson looked at me accusingly when they saw that we now had only one box of ammunition.

"I'll go back and get those boxes," I said ashamedly, for I had put personal safety above duty. When I approached the gateway and began stripping myself of extraneous gear to make crawling easier, some riflemen standing nearby asked me where I was going.

"I've got to go back and get the machine gun ammo," I replied.

"Say, while you're out there, get my rifle," one of the GIs said. "It's opposite where I'm standing now," he groaned. I listened and could hear the roar of several armored vehicles in movement. It sounded like a battalion of them driving bogie-wheel to bogie-wheel.

I snaked through the gate and hugged the base of the hedgerow. I was flat on my stomach and chest and moved with a kind of swimming motion. To my right a two or three-inch stand of clover or alfalfa was my only concealment from enemy view.

I inched my way past several pieces of army equipment and noted a pair of field glasses as well as a bazooka and several rounds of bazooka ammunition. The rifle was there as described, leaning against the hedgerow. When I reached my boxes of ammo, I slowly and cautiously turned my body around, hoping that I would continue to be lucky in avoiding enemy detection.

Now my problem was to push the boxes back to my starting point and collect the other items requested. I shoved the ammo ahead of me and when I reached the bazooka and ammo I added them to the collection I laboriously and slowly propelled, while continuing to remain as flat to the ground as I could.

**A**s for the rifle, I hesitated, but decided against moving it, since any enemy observer would surely notice if the weapon was disturbed. I picked up the field glasses, however, and was successful in pushing the entire load around the end of the hedgerow and back to our lines.

"Did you get my rifle?" the GI asked me anxiously, and his face fell when he saw I hadn't. I explained why, and he didn't complain.

I gave the glasses to Lt. Hunn. He had been nicked by a shell fragment on the chin, but was still full of fight. He observed with the glasses, then hopped the hedgerow on our right where one of our tanks was located and directed its fire on the enemy position.

I found Halbrook and Gibson digging fervently.

"A couple of rounds of artillery just came in from the other side now," Gibson said. "So dig in as fast as you can."

I unhooked my shovel and began hacking. I had barely got the depth to a foot, when the whistle of enemy shells sent me plunging into the hole. What kind of a spot are we in, I asked myself, as the shells crashed all around us. Now we're being fired on from both sides. Who's supposed to be winning this war and which way is the front?

When the barrage had spent itself, I crawled out and went to see Halbrook, but the plucky little Pfc. who had been our squad leader for so long was lying helplessly in his hole and snoring loudly. I examined him more closely by tilting his helmet back. A lengthy shell fragment had pierced his helmet and penetrated the side of his head. It wasn't a large wound, but it was enough to end the life of one of the most courageous men in our unit.

My hole was only a few yards from his. Why had he been hit and not I? I think the difference was that I had dug at the base of the hedgerow, whereas Halbrook, as was his custom, had started his trench about a foot higher into the side of the hedgerow, thus making him more vulnerable to the upward spray of metal. If he had had a few more minutes to excavate, however, the extra depth would have saved him.

Gibson and I went in search of medics for Halbrook. Beyond the next hedgerow on our right we found a sunken road full of soldiers, some of whom had been hit and were lying on the ground. Here, too, were medics. Gibson led them to Halbrook, who was removed to the rear. We heard later that he died in a field hospital.

The enemy was now firing rockets known as "screaming meemies." The concussion from these shells was terrific and the smoke was black and heavy,

but the shrapnel was not exceptionally dangerous.

We began to sense that the Germans were pulling out again, since it was their practice to throw the book at us to slow down our pursuit. The tanks we had heard rumbling earlier were apparently retiring toward the Seine River and weren't coming after us, or they would have hit us by now. Because it seemed that the Krauts were withdrawing and because we felt that any place was better than our current shelled area, the order to attack again was, for once, sweet music to our ears.

Lt. Hunn's 3rd platoon was again in the lead, and the route was along the ditch by the side of the highway. The GI who had left his rifle leaning against the hedgerow under enemy machine gun fire complained to his sergeant that he didn't have a weapon.

"It's too late now," his sergeant replied. "If you don't know enough to hang onto your rifle that's your tough luck," he said.

"Well, if this isn't crazy," the rifleman cried, turning to his companions. "Goin' into an attack without a rifle."

We all laughed despite the seriousness of the man's situation.

It was now growing dusk, and we welcomed the concealment it gave as we hugged the green banks. At the curve in the road, where the German tank had previously held us up, we encountered no opposition. A street on the outskirts of St. Bomer-les Forges met the curve to form a road fork. When we advanced along this new route, red tracers from a German machine gun whipped along the road and ditches. Fortunately, we were on the protected side of the hedgerow, parallel to the road, and were unharmed.

**W**e paused in a small field in front of an orchard, and our light mortars were ordered into action. Three tubes were set up quickly and Sgt. Barnett barked out fire orders. Soon a widely dispersed barrage of mortar shells was pounding the area a few hundred yards ahead of us. It was the finest display of the use of mortars I ever witnessed during the war. When the last round had exploded, the infantrymen quickly followed up.

We entered the orchard and hugged the buildings on the left. At this point a shell fell some 50 yards away and a flying piece of metal clanged against the helmet worn by one of the riflemen.

"Well, I'll be..." he said, taking off the helmet and noting the dent in it. "These cans are some good after all." For the second time during the attack, we all had a good laugh.

The man without the rifle added to the growing comedy by constantly complaining. I was beginning to feel that this was a lark and that nothing was going to harm any of us. This feeling was further supported when a hand grenade, either thrown at us or set off by a booby trap, exploded in our ears. Gibson said he was deaf for a while, and it affected my hearing also, but neither of us was hurt. German hand grenades did not have as much shrapnel as ours; they were largely concussion.

... On the morning of August 16, we had our breakfast early and at 7:00 began to advance north of St. Bomer-les Forges.

A subtle change in demeanor was taking place. There was now a note of relaxation, even a touch of holiday spirit. Although we sensed a German catastrophe, we did not know about the terrible Jerry losses in the Falaise Gap which was called the greatest "killing ground" of any area in the war, nor did we realize that our worst fighting was now behind us and that we were headed for days of easy triumph and cheering multitudes of French civilians.

... On August 19, our regiment left its rural diggings, mounted trucks and began a 118-mile triumphal procession across France. Native men and women greeted us deliriously in every town we passed through. They threw flowers and apples into our trucks, and offered wine and Calvados when the column paused for a moment. The day was a blur of faces, happy and joyous. An old man in one village seemed to be more pleased than the others. He shouted, threw kisses and tried to shake our hands. No one in our truck paid any attention to him, however, so I nodded in his direction, and generously waved my carbine in salute, a gesture which made him all the happier. We all felt like royalty bestowing favors when we smiled or otherwise acknowledged the flounders. It was a heady day; and there were more to come.

On October 30, 1944, Pfc. Ken Parker was awakened from the basement of a farmhouse near Birk, Germany, where he and his squad were bunkered at the front. He was ordered to go to Company headquarters, where they told him to go to 1st Battalion headquarters a mile to the rear.

Parker thought he was destined for a court martial for insubordination and leaving a guard post. He'd left his guard post for several minutes three days earlier to look for a relief unit that was 45 minutes late. When the sergeant on the relief unit berated him, Parker had sworn at him for his tardiness.

But at Battalion headquarters he learned: "The Battalion wanted a man to write up combat and service awards for our men; they had noticed from my personnel record that I had writing experience. They asked me if I'd be interested."

"Suppressing a whoop, I replied that I would consider the offer a great opportunity and asked when the job started. The sergeant said, 'Right now.'"

Parker hiked back through the mire, got his belongings, said goodbye to his comrades and was off to typewriter duty, a form of labor he long continued as a civilian at peace.





# THE PRACTICAL CLASSICAL ACTOR

By Mark LaRose

I don't want drama students to have false hopes," says Philip Kerr, actor, associate professor of theater and drama, and an accomplished fight choreographer who doesn't pull any punches with his students. "I tell them the acting profession is overcrowded; there is a great attraction but a meager market. The average professional actor works very hard for long hours, receives negligible remuneration and often winds up with a battered ego on top of an empty stomach."

Kerr views actors as a breed apart from mainstream society. "The best definition that I've ever heard for actors is 'unhappy children,'" he observes self-consciously. "The people you find who become actors are the same people who enjoyed putting on costumes in grandma's closet. Acting is a refusal to accept the world at face value. It's a way of life that goes beyond life. Essentially, actors are like many artists; whether they be painters, poets or musicians, they are not content with an everyday meaning of life."

For these reasons, Kerr believes, "while acting can remain an avocation for some, for those with more vital needs of this nature, it becomes a calling, a career, even an obsession of sorts." Not even an abundance of talent, desire and patience,

however, can guarantee success, Kerr says, so any student he can talk out of an acting career "doesn't have what it takes to be an actor."

Kerr says there are five prerequisites for being a professional actor: "Talent, dogged determination, devotion to excellence, self-promotion and, above all, incredible luck. You could be the best actor at an audition, but the director wants someone six feet tall with blond hair and blue eyes — which the janitor sweeping the stage has and you do not. The janitor gets the job."

The earmarks of innate acting talent, Kerr says, "are really basic demonstrative qualities, such as physical coordination, intelligence and vocal skills. Of course attractiveness is a quality shared by many people in the acting profession, but it's not the be-all and end-all of acting. Finally, there is something I call artistic imagination. I watch to see whether someone acts a part in a clichéd fashion or brings something original and personal to it. People with natural talent exude a penchant, a flair, for the stage."

In his classroom, the Arena in the basement of the Frieze Building, Kerr can be a blur of motion releasing a stream of encouragement, or a silent and pensive observer.

"Acting classes differ from other classes because they're usually not a matter of giving out informa-

tion from some authority, directing someone where to find some particular facts or discussing the work of a third party," Kerr notes. "In acting classes people need to start *doing it* right away. Only then do I have something to work with, something to go on."

One problem that Kerr sees with the teaching of acting is that "because acting is a very individual process and because the object is to get the student to investigate his or her own process, the teacher has no forum in which to demonstrate techniques or styles. It's not a good teaching method to get up and give a performance, emphasizing my acting process and ability, and then to tell the students, 'Do it like this or like that.'"

Kerr sees acting as an "intensely individual process" rather than one to be acquired from a master and then replicated.

There is nothing arcane about Kerr's theory of acting: "Basically, there are two types of actors. There's what I refer to as the 'vital ego' or 'the life of the party type,' who is the descendant of the fireside storyteller. This is the John Wayne type — or stereotype — selling one commodity to a captive audience. This type of actor is trading on his own personality, a personality that just happens to click in a particular society or culture."

"Then," he continues, "there is the actor who, like myself, enjoys submerging himself or herself in a role. This type of actor thrives on the costumes, the language and the sets. This actor is an escapist, willing to live someone else's life for a while — adopting the mannerisms and personality traits of the character. I like to think this is the more versatile actor, capable of being more than himself, more than a particular stereotype."

The "submersible" actor tends to pay more attention to the tools of the trade than the "vital ego" does. "The text and the imagination are an actor's basic tools," Kerr says. "I don't think one necessarily becomes a character or historical figure, but using the text like a psychological and emotional map, one can effectively develop an entire other entity of sorts. To wax Chekhovian, I tell my students to know what their characters had for breakfast and what they're carrying in their pockets. By using parts of the self that aren't essentially me, to a very definite extent I can become another person and maintain my selfhood."

In addition to encouraging would-be actors to be tough and resilient in the face of rejection and disappointment, Kerr advises them: "Live in New York, Chicago or L.A. It's a big country, and you can't spend your time traipsing back and forth across it doing one audition after another. It's important to live where the work is and to get an agent who will showcase you."

Kerr, who is originally from New York City, majored in the history of art at Harvard, where he became interested in the theater. "I can no longer recall what play I first acted in," says the lean,



Kerr

Booth as Hamlet

## Kerr as Booth as Hamlet

PHILIP Kerr has portrayed well over a hundred classical and modern roles, including such leading Shakespearean roles as Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard II and Prospero.

Last February he portrayed Henry II in James Golman's *The Lion in Winter* at the Charles Brown Theatre in Tennessee. The reviewer wrote: "Kerr exudes the regal penchant for absolute power, but instead of corrupting absolutely, he displays a quite human love for his own offspring, even though he is painfully aware of their frailties. He showed a comic flair for timing, being able to toss off quips in the most strained moments without appearing to be a buffoon."

Kerr's most recent role, playing Edwin Booth's Hamlet at the Shakespeare Festival of Dallas this sum-

mer, was among his most challenging because, in a sense, it was even more than a dual role: Kerr was required to portray Edwin Booth, America's greatest 19th century thespian, as Booth played Hamlet — but he was also playing Hamlet, though as if through Booth.

A Dallas critic wrote of that technically problematic presentation: "All of the posturing and sighing and gesturing in Kerr's performance" brought back "the old-fashioned sense of the word theatrical — that is, having little to do with reality and everything to do with dramatic craft and artifice, as in the way Kerr gets three long syllables out of 'soul' in 'Oh! my prophetic soul!' Kerr turns the single word into a bellow, a moan and a shriek."

Among Kerr's highlights was playing Laertes





46-year-old actor-teacher. "I just got sucked into the crowd around the Harvard Dramatic Society."

After college Kerr completed his conservatory training at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Although, like all fine actors, he's a vocal chameleon and can adopt many different voices, Kerr's years of developing the diction of a classical thespian have left him sounding like an



**PHILIP KERR, as Prospero, addresses the flighty Ariel in *The Tempest*. Kerr has worked with such renowned directors as Tyrone Guthrie, Harold Pinter and Gower Champion. ('Champion never let outsiders watch rehearsals; he thought if onlookers responded to the actors during rehearsals, it would give the performers expectations that might affect their delivery during the play.')**

Englishman at times, but not artificially or affectedly so.

Kerr says his extensive voice training in London and later at the Juilliard School in New York was a quite popular regimen in the '60s, "though in retrospect I don't feel it was the be-all and end-all of elocution." Nor does he recommend trying to enunciate with a mouthful of pebbles. But he does prescribe "a somewhat old-fashioned" form of voice training that is considerably cheaper than his own education: "If you can just go up on a hill and shout your lines into a storm without losing your voice, you're probably ready to play *Henry V*."

Since his arrival at Michigan, Kerr has directed many plays, including *Doggs Hamlet/Cahoots Macbeth*, *Whiskey*, *A Resounding Tinkle*, *As You Like It* and *Lysistrata*. He is directing this fall's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Power Center. His activity is not solely behind the scenes, however. Though he teaches a full schedule of acting classes and has directed the productions of the U-M Ensemble Theatre Company, he still finds time to continue his own acting career. *New York Times* critic Clive Barnes praised him as "a true classical talent" for his many Shakespearean portrayals during his four seasons with the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford.

Kerr makes his permanent residence on a large farm in upstate New York with his wife, the actress Sarah-Jane Gwillim, and three children. Occasionally, he finds time to watch other professional actors and to see the works of contemporary playwrights. "I really like the work of this younger group of actors, people like Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline," he says. "They've been able to criss-cross the gap between stage and film successfully."

Kerr is less enthusiastic about new plays: "There are not as many good playwrights as I'd like to see today, but that's not because there are no talented writers out there. Let's just say I'm optimistic about new plays and playwrights but skeptical of the theater's present economic structure." He does praise the "fresh and different" work of Douglas Turner Ward, who wrote *Happy Ending* and *Day of Absence*, and also the plays of Sam Shepard and A. R. Gurney.

Although Kerr has made several television appearances, including roles in the "Monitor" series for the BBC and "The Milligan Case" for CBS, he doesn't "really have anything very good to say about television; it has been thoroughly homogenized."

His biggest complaint, however, is with the effect of the television and movie industries on the acting profession. "I see very good actors struggling to make a living in the theater," Kerr complains, "and then they gravitate to playing cop roles for the money. It's understandable, but it's also unfortunate."

opposite Dame Judith Anderson's Hamlet in Carnegie Hall. "Naturally, it was an unusual production," Kerr recalls, "and we had problems. But Dame Judith wanted to do it so badly that she kept the show going on her own strengths as an actress and on her personal fortitude when others would have quit."

Although it may seem ironic to have a woman playing a man when it was common for men and boys to play women on Shakespeare's stage, Kerr notes that "there is quite a tradition of women playing Hamlet, especially big-name actresses, such as Sarah Bernhardt."

Touring the country with an old-fashioned star had a profound impact on Kerr's acting career "because in those days the star was everything, assuming total responsibility for the production. Dame Judith's name

appeared in bigger letters and above Shakespeare's and the title line. But she was a very generous actor, unlike others I won't name; she would actually guide me under the lights — rather than insisting on remaining in the spotlight all the time. Touring with any big star would have been a great experience, but Judith Anderson always did more than was asked or expected of her.

"Perhaps the biggest reason she had such a great effect on my career is that she introduced me to my agent. She told me they were all crooks who take at least 10 percent of actors' earnings but that it was important to have a good one." Kerr adds with a laugh: "She didn't specify whether it was important to have a good agent or a good crook, but she did take me to the biggest and most influential agent in New York."



**THE HEFT of a sword is of special importance to Kerr, a member of the Society of American Fight Directors. 'A certain amount of mind-body coordination is necessary in acting,' he says. 'More actors today are in tune with their bodies because of the trend to take martial arts training instead of ballet classes.'**

## A Tough Act To Follow

IF PHIL KERR'S students knew how many fights he's been in or how many men he's killed, they'd think twice before differing with him in class. Kerr's wrath knows no bounds. He has killed or beaten kings, soldiers, peasants — even women. No, Kerr is not a martial arts instructor or war criminal; he's a member of the Society of American Fight Directors.

Fight directors are primarily responsible for the basic training of actors who must do fight scenes. When these actors reach a certain stage of proficiency, Kerr says, "The Society will send a director to adjudicate their progress and continue the training until the performance."

Kerr usually doesn't choreograph his own fights: "Erik Fredricksen, who taught at Michigan until last year, choreographed my Hamlet fight scenes and trained the combatants [see accompanying article]. He's probably the best fight choreographer in the country and is past president of the Society of American Fight Directors."

But behind the scenes, as director, Kerr has choreographed many fights, battles and duels. "The most important factor, of course, is safety," he says. "When you are fighting on stage, doing eight shows a week, it requires a far different expertise from doing a Hollywood stunt. Film makers can spend lots of money on all types of technology for a spectacular scene that is performed again and again until it's right. Or if it's really dangerous, it may be done only once. But stage actors must not only do the scene themselves in each performance, they must do it safely and convincingly. When stage actors fight, their movements are slower and clearer than they would be in real life. A good fight shouldn't be divorced from acting."

There are really no special techniques or terms that an actor must learn before fighting on stage. "A feint is a feint and a left hook's a left hook," Kerr notes. Thus, he concludes, the better actors are the better fighters: "A good stage fighter knows that he must continue acting. You don't want an actor who has portrayed Hamlet as a tormented moralist to pick up a club and start bashing heads."

Actors who can't throw punches convincingly, or who bounce and slash around in an unmanly fashion, often present problems — both for the fight director and for the opponent risking life and limb. Kerr recommends that these actors "take up sports like tennis, squash, handball or racketball, not only for the overall conditioning that these achieve but particularly for the hand-to-eye coordination and control of an implement extended from the body."

Although safety is emphasized and "the fights are designed and choreographed in meticulous detail and then constantly rehearsed," Kerr says there are still too many injuries resulting from staged fights. He believes that "with clarity and concentration these fights should be safe" and that most injuries are the result of over-enthusiastic actors who "move too fast or get too caught up in their performance."

Fortunately, few of these injuries are severe, "mostly just bruises and small scrapes and cuts and the occasional fracture." He, himself, has been injured numerous times by glancing blows from weapons. The blood that flows from such real wounds isn't ketchup. Nor, Kerr adds, is the blood that flows from well-staged fights: "That stuff, which doesn't stain costumes, is manufactured commercially."



# THE ECOLOGY OF INDIAN RELIGION

Protecting sacred lands from tanks,  
bulldozers and grave robbers

By Kate Kellogg

Smoke from a burning cedar bough could revive a Comanche stroke victim. The same smoke could expel evil spirits from the bodies of women in childbirth, according to the Kiowa, Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians. And the spirits of the Indian dead remained at peace — so long as their bones lay buried in the rugged canyons of the Purgatoire River area of southern Colorado.

Such beliefs colored not only religious ritual but daily life for inhabitants of a region that today includes the U.S. Army's Fort Carson-Pinon Canyon Maneuver Area.

A holy land to at least seven Native American peoples, this area holds plants, burial sites and artifacts of sacred significance within the Indians' religious and philosophical system. But the land is too fragile to survive the incursion of modern military equipment and troops.

The U.S. Army plans to double the 360 square-mile area used for tank maneuvers. Without the intervention of Richard Stoffle, a U-M natural resources professor, the tanks might already have uprooted the delicate cedar trees and exposed the remains of Native Americans' ancestors.



NEAL CLOUD of the Southern Utes uses his knowledge of Indian symbolic systems to interpret petroglyphs (picture-writing chipped into rocks) on lands threatened by an Army project near Fort Carson, Colorado. The petroglyph on the boulder Cloud is studying may be a map used to discuss hunting strategies or to train youngsters in hunting techniques. The petroglyph in the inset photo depicts an Apache ceremonial dancer with feathers, blanket and arrow quiver.

NEARLY 15 YEARS of work with Native Americans has convinced Richard Stoffle that researchers must occasionally transcend the conventional bounds of scientific inquiry.

Native Americans' relationship with nature and their responses to contemporary culture form a complex area of study that requires a degree of subjective involvement, Stoffle has found. He says his Native American Impact Assessments (see main article) would not accurately represent Native Americans' traditional or individual concerns if he confined his research techniques within the bounds of scientific objectivity. So Stoffle improvises methods of inquiry, such as "trying a different approach with the Indians if they are reluctant to answer a question."

"Some would say a true scientist would not go that far, that he would accept, instead, that absence of a response means a lack of interest in a subject," Stoffle says. But a wall of silence from a Native American, he has found, usually indicates mistrust of the questioner's motives, "a mistrust based on decades of broken promises and misunderstandings." For these and other reasons, Stoffle says, openmindedness, rather than holding to a rigid methodology, is the key to communicating effectively with the Native Americans.

## Scholarly adjustment

One of his first — and often most difficult — tasks in working with a tribe is to clarify the beliefs behind their traditions. "We don't share a common epistemology with Indians; we have completely different perceptions of the world in many respects," he says. "Therefore, one of my first questions to the Indians in the proposed nuclear waste dump project in the Texas Panhandle will be, 'What's the Indian perception of radiation? What can it do to plants, to spirits?'"

He does not expect a simple answer. "We're dealing with two different cosmologies," he says. "I sincerely believe Indians can perceive forces that we can't."

The Paiute Indians of northern Arizona were so adamant about protecting their sacred forces that they asked Southern California Edison to reroute power lines the company had plotted across a series of mountain peaks. "According to Paiute belief," Stoffle explains, "the Arizona peaks connect powerful life forces that hold the Earth together. They maintain that tampering with those peaks could weaken those forces enough to cause the planet to come apart."

The Indians' case for preserving natural power lines convinced the power company to place its man-made power lines in a valley rather than on the mountain peaks. In so doing, Stoffle says, the company avoided inflicting serious psychological stress on the Indians, "even though most Euro-Americans would not comprehend the ways in which that stress would have been inflicted upon the Paiutes."

It is only by "actively pursuing a question" that Stoffle can gain such information for companies, government units and other non-Indian institutions whose activities have great impact on American Indian life.

"You can't expect these details to come rolling out of an elder's mouth," he says. "First you must create an atmosphere of trust to bridge the tremendous gulf created by years of deliberate abuse toward the Indians."

Does his relationship with the elders make him too much their advocate to be a neutral scientist? That question is not as relevant to Stoffle as getting the full story from the Indians. "An important part of a scientist's training," he says, "is to know how to get the information that is so crucial to the research. In the case of my work, the final report must truly represent the Indians' concerns."



Professor Stoffle headed a team of anthropologists, biologists and ethnohistorians that recently completed a federally mandated Native American Impact Assessment of the military project. Such studies are relatively new, says Stoffle, who has a special interest in Native Americans' relationships to natural resources.

This interest developed in the early 1970s when Stoffle conducted research on the impact of light industry on Indian tribes in New Mexico and tourism on Indians in northern Arizona. "Over the years, I became intrigued by the Native Americans' response to land development and to contemporary society and culture," he says. He began to study the history of such relationships, observing how outside influences affected the Indians "and how they responded in the face of tremendous adversity." Since 1972, he has published the results of several assessments and has worked with 26 Indian tribes.

Under two major pieces of national legislation, an impact assessment must precede any development project that could potentially disturb land or natural resources considered sacred by Native Americans. The National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 incorporated Native Americans into the environmental impact assessment process. In 1978, the American Indian Religious Freedom Act officially recognized the importance of religion to the fabric of Indian culture and reaffirmed their First Amendment right to freedom of religion.

Complicating the status of Indian burial grounds is another piece of national legislation, the Archeological Preservation Act, which forbids violation of burial sites by nonscientists but allows archeologists to excavate Indian remains for preservation and display in museums.

"The Preservation Acts view Indian artifacts and bones as 'national property,'" Stoffle says. "In some ways that legislation conflicts with the Religious Freedom Act, so both are constantly under debate."

Stoffle, whose research teams include archeologists, says some Indian people do not advocate disturbing and displaying Indian remains even for historical or scientific reasons. "These people say any process that eliminates the natural deterioration of the body keeps the soul from competing its cycle," he explains. "They believe the soul is then prematurely released and free to bother living people. Other Indian people, however, work closely with archeologists and historians and permit scientific study followed by reburial."

So strong is that belief for some Indians that Stoffle has seen tribal elders get sick and die after outsiders undermined their burial rituals. It is clear to him, therefore, that the elders feel the presence of "disturbed" spirits and that this causes them extreme stress.

Stoffle's Fort Carson Native American Impact Assessment is one of several he has conducted. "This procedure was as long overdue for Native Americans as environmental impact studies were for natural resources," he says. "Until recently, disturbing Indian burial sites for pottery and other items was a national pastime. 'Pot-hunters' who would never consider violating a municipal cemetery will scavenge Native American sacred areas for bone fragments, utensils and other artifacts with impunity."

The Fort Carson project illustrates how the recent environmental legislation attempts to prevent development projects from causing such injustices. The National Park Service, an intervening agency between the U.S. Army and the Native Americans, hired Stoffle to assemble his research team and conduct the assessment.

The seven ethnic groups associated with the expansion site are the Cheyenne/Arapaho, the Comanche, the Kiowa, the Kiowa Apache, the Jicarilla Apache, the Southern Ute and the Ute Mountain peoples. Written records show that at least one of these tribes has inhabited the area since the 14th century, for the topography makes these lands a key point for communication between the High Plains and the Southwest. It is well-established, moreover, that the ancestors of these groups lived in the region many hundreds of centuries earlier.

To conduct his study Stoffle visited surrounding states to meet with representatives of these seven tribes where the U.S. Government had long ago relocated them. Harder than finding the tribal councils was convincing them that their voices would be heard, that they should visit the



ARMY TANKS may destroy plants valued by Native Americans, says Prof. Richard Stoffle, an anthropologist from the School of Natural Resources. Cholla, cedar berries, cockleburrs and cattails are so important to Indians that many risked their lives to try to return to this area after the U.S. Government forcibly relocated them. Stoffle has urged the Army to grant Indian religious leaders access to plants at Army testing sites.

proposed maneuver area and inform Stoffle's team of any concerns they had about the project.

"This was a credibility issue," Stoffle says. "Since the Army was the first federal agency to force them out of Colorado, why should they believe that it would pay attention to their opinions?"

Some of the tribes even questioned the objectivity of the research team and asked the American Indian Movement to check out the scholars' methods and reputations. "We passed," Stoffle says.

Convinced that Stoffle's study was legitimate, the Indians sent representatives to the site to help him identify "places of greatest sensitivity" — those that could harbor petroglyphs (rock carvings), Indian graves or plants that had medicinal and religious uses.

"Since the Army is still considering our recommendations, it's not clear how many plants will be spared," he says. "Tanks can do a lot of damage to such a delicate environment. The tank tracks of General Patton's World War II troops are still visible in the Mojave Desert."

The Indians were less forthcoming about their burial ground sites. Although some believe ancestral spirits will suffer unrest if their final resting place is disturbed, many Indians hesitate to identify such areas for fear that this will ensure their desecration.

Small rock shelters containing piles of stones are likely burial sites for some tribes, Stoffle learned from his Native American assistants, one of whom finally gave this answer to Stoffle's repeated requests for a recommendation of what a tank or bulldozer driver should do if he discovered a burial site:

"Our tribe would appreciate it if they would respect things like that on our side. We really would be overjoyed if they did."

It was not easy to elicit even this cryptic comment, but Stoffle collected such statements gradually in casual conversations while walking over the maneuver area with the tribal representatives.

"Many of these people have had to practice their religions secretly and to participate in the services of the Native American Church under the immediate threat of arrest and imprisonment," he says. Under the 1883 Rules Governing the Court of Indian Offenses, U.S. Government officials frequently arrested Native Americans simply for performing what the rules termed "old heathenish dances."

Furthermore, Stoffle notes, some Indians are unaware that the Native American Religious Freedom Act was passed in 1978. "I've been in tribal meetings in northern Arizona when National Park Service officials told the Indians they could shoot a mountain sheep and collect plants as part of their religious ceremonies," he recalls, "and many of the elders just stared in total disbelief. Some could remember seeing their parents and grandparents thrown in jail just for collecting sacred willows. They also know that some non-Indian people highly value the collection, display and even sale of Indian artifacts — often including skeletons."

To protect potential burial grounds, Stoffle recommended that the U.S. Army designate certain areas off-limits to tank maneuvers, establish criteria for identifying the ethnic group of any uncovered burials, contact the appropriate Indian

tribe and always have a Native American present during construction to interpret any findings relevant to Indian culture.

Although the Army has not yet responded to all the recommendations in the study, it has committed itself to an "interim mitigation plan" that bars tanks from about one-third of the maneuver area. It helped in this decision-making that Stoffle's team had found at least one sacred resource and an endangered natural resource (eagles) in the off-limits areas.

"But no matter what precautions we take," he adds, "some damage to sacred sites will probably occur through construction and during the tank maneuvers. The best we can do is to try to limit the harm. After all, some of these sites are as worthy of protection as those sacred to Western culture in Israel or Palestine."



## Farmers of the sea

RICHARD STOFFLE (right) has been assessing a project in which Caribbean fishermen "farm the sea," as this man did to raise his prize king crab.

The Marine Systems Laboratory (MSL) of the Smithsonian Institution commissioned Stoffle to study how becoming mariculturists would affect fishermen in the Dominican Republic and Antigua. The MSL has developed a new technology for growing algae on plastic screens in quiet ocean bays and feeding the algae to king crabs. Islanders participating in the project tend the algae, raise the crabs from eggs to adults in cages, then market the crabs.

The project was conceived by Walter Adey, MSL director, who proposed that algae be used to help solve severe economic and nutritional problems. "Adey's goal was to make the tropical seas a major new source of carbohydrate and protein for a hungry world," Stoffle says. "He felt the best way to do this was to place the technology directly in the hands of individual producers in Third World countries, rather than large international corporations."

The project will fit comfortably into Antigua, where the people live in a full-cash economy, Stoffle says, but in Buen Hambre, Dominican Republic, many residents engage in "subsistence activities," meaning they directly provide their own food, clothes and household possessions. If the project diminishes these subsistence activities, it will disrupt people's lives.



# HARMON OF MICHIGAN

'Harmon of Michigan.' Like the 'Colossus of Rhodes' the phrase marks a fusion of legend and place, for Tom Harmon will always stride in the first rank of heroes in the epic of college football.

Many boys decided to come to Michigan after seeing photos of Tom Harmon in action — or reading, in those days of word-oriented media, long and exciting descriptions of his long and exciting runs. A sportswriter wrote in 1940 that U-M fans 'felt cheated if Harmon didn't run at least one 70-yard touchdown a game.'

Harmon's name established its own coinage. His legendary play on the great 1939 and '40 Wolverine teams and winning of both the Heisman and Walter Camp trophies as best player in the land his senior season, meant 'Tom Harmon' was worth money to companies whose products he promoted, to fraternal organizations, to alumni clubs and businessmen's groups, to print and radio news media, to Hollywood, to the University — and to the wearer of the name and jersey number '98', himself, who learned early the pragmatism of trying to get his fair share of any trading on his moniker.

Harmon earned enough giving speeches, going on top radio programs, appearing on magazine covers and making the movie *Harmon of Michigan*, to build his parents a house in Ann Arbor in 1941, the very year he graduated. Then he went to war, made the grade as a pilot for the Army Air Corps, survived three plane crashes, married Hollywood starlet Elyse Knox, wrote an autobiography, saw a boys' sports novel written about him, briefly played pro ball and — still in his 20s — resumed his career in broadcast journalism. To top it off, his three attractive children are in show business, and granddaughter Tracy Nelson has already starred in the TV comedy 'Square Pegs.'

Decades have passed since Tom Harmon's glory days at Michigan, but he granted *Michigan Today's* request to do some reminiscing and commenting on his past and present for our readers. We met in the den of the Harmon home in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles shortly before his 67th birthday.

So here is Tom Harmon talking, not just 'Harmon of Michigan,' but also a decorated fighter pilot, author, businessman and journalist who twice turned down fortunes for his gifts on the gridiron to give full rein to his gift of gab.

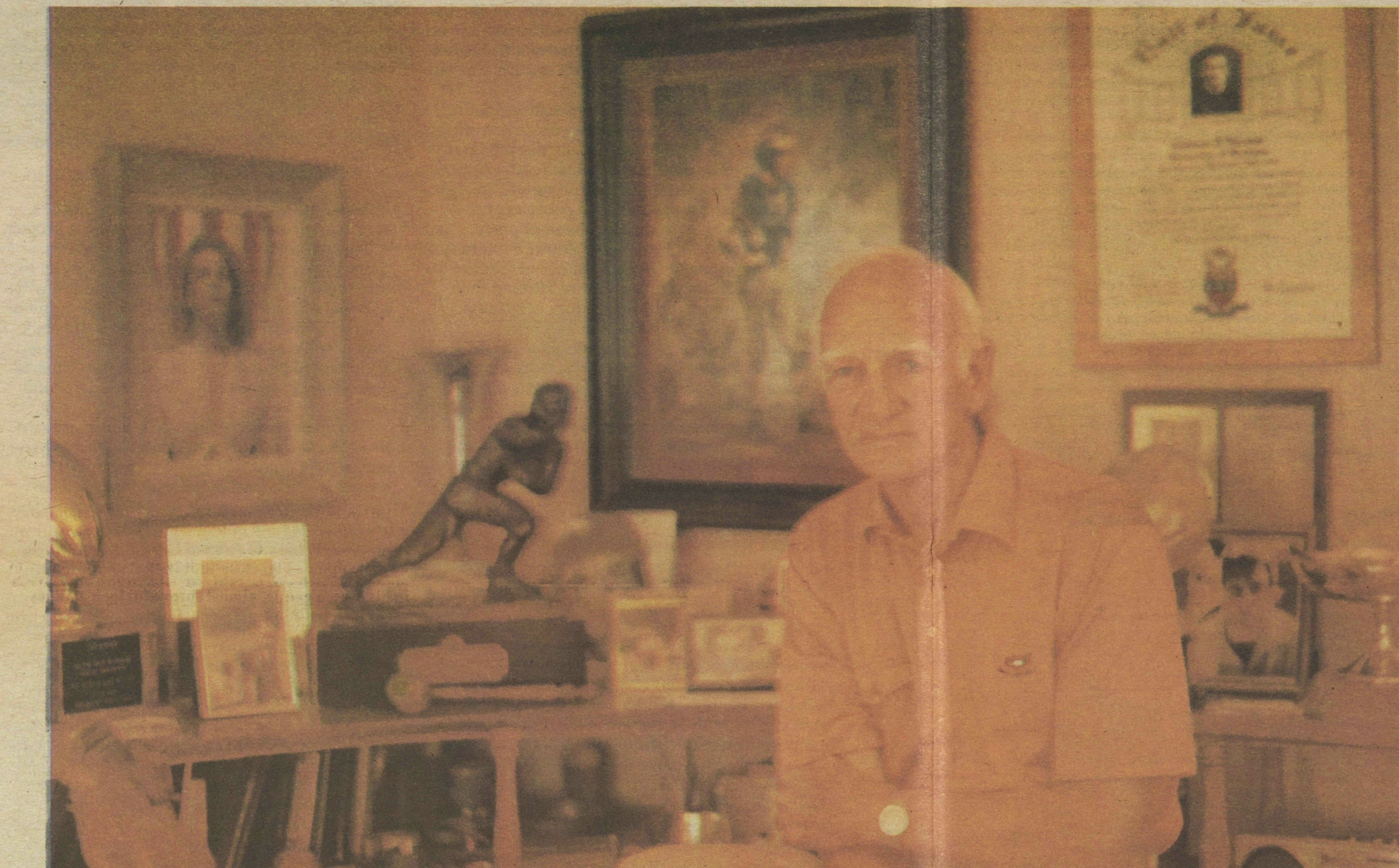
ON FOREST EVASHEVSKI: "The closest friend I've had in the world is Forest Evashevski, the quarterback who called the plays and then threw the blocks for our runners. The bond we welded at Michigan has held fast and strong. We usually try to see each other at least once a year."

"The last reunion of our '40 team was organized by Evy — he was our leader and captain, and president of the senior class — and he got his usual needles into me in the letter, like, 'Harmon may come if he can get his son to buy his ticket.' [Harmon's son, Mark, was in the TV series 'St. Elsewhere,'] But then a light went on in my head. Evy arranged the reunion so he'd be here doing the color commentary for Iowa, where he was a great coach and athletic director. He'd have all expenses paid!

"I thought of coaching, too, as most athletes do, but I wouldn't want to get above the Pop Warner level. Coaching almost killed Evy at Iowa. It's the recruiting. You have to be a special individual to contribute the dedication, effort and time it takes to coach in the big time. And boy, do you have to be a psychologist!

"Evy used to fight and argue with our coach, Fritz Crisler. That was the way Evy was. People might think from his last name that he was just some big thick-headed football player. People have prejudices like that. But Evy is about the smartest person I've met. He missed making Phi Beta Kappa by a shade. So if he disagreed with Fritz on something, he'd say so, and they'd get together and work things out. If Fritz decided Evy was right, he'd go with that. Evy never knew what the word defeat meant and would always be in there fighting to the end."

EVASHEVSKI ON HARMON: Forest Evashevski and his wife, Ruth, live in Petoskey, Michigan, and Vero Beach, Florida. Six of their seven children are U-M graduates. A successful businessman as well as coach, Evashevski served President Kennedy as the first physical-conditioning consultant to the Peace Corps. Since many readers haven't seen '98' play in



IN THE DEN of his Los Angeles home, surrounded by mementos of a literally storybook career, Tom Harmon commented on the 1939-40 Wolverines: 'Time is a terrible eradicator of people, or of how you remember them.' But time will find Harmon and his U-M teammates bright and durable in the memory of the U-M community.

person or on film, we asked Evashevski how he'd compare Tom Harmon's running style with modern players, like Gale Sayers' or Walter Patyon's.

"A lot of modern backs are comparable with Tom as far as running ability goes," Evashevski began. "He had change of pace, good balance, quickness and some trout in him to elude tacklers."

"But how can you compare them to him as a back? When we played, there was one platoon. If you couldn't play defense, you didn't play — and Tom was a great defensive back. He played it in the pros for two years because his legs had been scarred so bad in his last dogfight in the war that he couldn't have taken the pounding on offense."

"Tom was our passer, too," Evashevski continued. "Back then, if you threw two incompletes in a row, it was a five yard penalty, and you had to be at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage to throw. So there were a lot fewer passes. And there were a lot fewer plays period because the clock never stopped. Plus Tom kicked off for us and kicked our points after touchdowns."

"Also, freshmen weren't eligible and our schedule was just eight games with no bowl games. So all of



Tom's records were established in 24 games, and Fritz let him into the offense really in only about the last 20. Furthermore, we had no pass/fail courses; anyone with under a "C" average by his junior year was out of school. We had no athletic scholarships. So how can you compare? Take Tom's 33 touchdowns and Rick Leach's 34? Rick played in twice as many games as Tom and averaged 20 more offensive plays per game. I don't say this to knock Rick, but just to spotlight Tom's career at Michigan. Tom Harmon was the greatest all-around back I've ever seen."

BROADCASTING: "I was in broadcast journalism for 45 years. It's taken me all over the world. Even in college I did broadcasts on campus and in Detroit. It's the field I wanted to enter. I told George Halas of the Bears, who'd drafted me number one in 1940, that I didn't intend to play pro ball. He didn't believe I'd turn down a salary that would make me rich. But I did."

"I still have second thoughts about that decision — not about the money but about playing on one of the greatest teams of all times that year, with Sid Luckman at quarterback. After graduation in '41, I joined WJR and broadcast Michigan games under Ted Husing, who was the greatest of all announcers. I thought Ann Arbor would always be my home. The war was to change all that."

"After serving in the Far East, I was sent to California to train pilots on P-38s. I got a radio opportunity here through a U-M classmate and wound up staying."

"For many years I did college games on radio and and the L.A. Rams on TV. Later I did college games on TV, too. My forte was play-by-play description. For most of my career, I was on six days a week including two play-by-play games."

Tom Harmon is no prune. He was right near his playing weight until dropping 15 pounds last year, down to 187 pounds, after a 'pretty serious operation.' He was a big running back for his era, over 6'2" tall and weighing close to 200 pounds. He could trample would-be tacklers if he had to, and when he did, his prominent and pugnacious nose and business-like, almost somber, expression gave him a look of reluctant roughneck. And maybe not so reluctant, for in addition to being a pro-prospect pitcher of three no-hitters, a basketball and track star, he won several Golden Gloves boxing titles.

But despite his ruggedness, on the football field evasion was Harmon's instinct and forte. He could sprint 100 yards in under 10 seconds and was as elusive as a little scabback. In photographs of him zig-zagging in the open field his eyes gleam fiendishly, like a hunted stag thrilling in the chase as much as fearing to be caught.



Part of Harmon's appeal may owe to this blend: the mighty physique and indomitable, almost hard-bitten look, evoking the steeltown of Gary, Indiana, where he grew up in a big, close-knit Irish Catholic family of modest means; yet, in contrast, something anomalous in his eyes, a gentle, almost sorrowful look at times, very much befitting an honor student in literature who grew up in the Depression.

PLAYERS THEN AND NOW: "Our team used to hang out at Slater's Book Store on State Street. Florence Slater was one of my best friends. I worked at the store on college breaks in return for my books. And I mean work. She had us athletes stacking and unpacking books all day. We used to have discussions with each other and faculty members there in the store, especially Prof. Art Van Duren, who taught German and was our counselor, too, and learned a lot from the experience."

"Topics were still being talked over in the back of Slater's bookstore. There was a new one now, one we didn't know much about, but that only made arguing the easier. The fellows didn't seem to think the war in Europe would affect them for some time, for we all felt sure that the United States would stay out of it this time. . . . If Hitler started for America we would take care of him, that was understood, but until that time arrived we had more important business to attend to. That feeling was almost to cost us this wonderful country of ours, but we couldn't see it that way then." (From *Pilots Also Pray*.)

"In my era we played for the love of the game and of competition. It's laughable today that they get such enormous sums for doing something they love to do and would do anyway if they could. The money is vastly different. I've got nothing against money, or against an athlete's making as much as he can. I signed for the highest salary in pro football when I joined the Rams. But in my years of playing and covering the game back then, I never heard pro players discuss salaries with one another. You made your best deal with the owners, and then you went out and played."

"Today they see each other's salaries written up in the paper, and then they sit out, or go back and forth and back and forth with management to boost their salaries even after an agreement has been made."

"Before our last season at Michigan, Evy had us pledge not to drink, break curfew or violate any other training rules. And we didn't. And we all graduated, too. A diploma really meant something to all of us."



Tom Plunged Over for the Winning Touchdown



Tom Easily Manuevered the New Running Play

"O.J. Simpson is a great friend of mine, and I keep saying to him 'Juice, even though you're announcing, go back and get your diploma.' He still hasn't done it, but I'll keep getting on him about it."

"In college I looked down the line and saw that football wasn't an end to what I wanted to do. Today, even in college, too many players see football as an end, and that's too bad because, believe me, there is a chasm — a very wide chasm — between the ability of the top college players and the last-string players on a pro team. Most guys today who are counting on football as an end don't have anything to fall back on when they don't make it. I'm thankful I went to Michigan not only for the athletics but for the education. It has stood me no end of good."

FAME: "In my day, we were really motivated by trying to prove our team was the best and not by a desire for publicity. But in my senior year at Michigan I had more notoriety than anyone in the country, even before the season started. My teammates never questioned that publicity. That was a big compliment to me. A deluge of fame broke over me when I played my last game in college."

"I was certainly not dumb enough to believe that what I had attained was just the result of my own efforts. I knew very well how much I owed to the concentrated work and cooperation of all my friends and teammates. One thing I really minded was being called conceited. Confidence in yourself is one thing, but conceit is another. In a way fame is fine, but it can certainly put a guy behind the eight ball. I only had a little taste of it, but I can well imagine how the really famous people of the world must feel at times. It isn't all roses and sunshine." (From *Pilots Also Pray*.)



"After graduation Bing Crosby asked me to make the film *Harmon of Michigan* and arranged the whole thing. My movie was fun to make. But I'd only acted in a few high school parts before that. It was a real turkey of a film, as far as the script went. But they were taking advantage of my name value and did make a fair amount of money on it, as did I."

"I made money from other things, too, especially the banquet circuit, or 'Lettuce League.' I had \$7,000 to \$8,000 in the bank when I went into the service. And that was after building the house on Vinewood where I lived with my parents during my months at WJR."

"But when I returned from the war, Mom and Dad had used most of that for living expenses. You know they'd told other servicemen and me that after serving in combat, we'd find that Uncle Sam would overlook our fairly low tax debts. But when I got back, there was the bill. So I decided to play pro ball to pay my tax taxes."

"First I played in the All Star game against the pro champions that year, and I did pretty well. I'd also decided that since I had radio opportunities in California, I didn't want to leave L.A. Dan Reeves, the owner of the Rams, came to me, and when I told him about my taxes, he said he'd take care of the bill if I signed with the Rams. I signed a two-year contract. He offered me a three-year no-cut contract, which was virtually unheard of back then, but I turned it down. I figured two years is what I needed to be where I wanted to be financially."

"Mr. Harmon, known to football fans a generation ago as the Wolverine wraith or, in the less deferential usage of the sports pages, as just plain Harmon, saw his income slide from the \$1,500 a week he received from the Rams, to \$100 when he decided to quit running and start talking on radio in 1947." (New York Times, 8/12/62.)

HIS FAMILY: "That my children are all good-looking and successful is a compliment to their mother and them, not to me. Elyse is the driving force in this family. The kids are very much individuals. Each has a mind of her or his own and speaks it."

"All I've told them is you don't get anything free in this world. Work hard and strive for your goals. I don't think anyone has done it better than Mark. When he went into acting, I told him to work hard and prepare himself so you can be ready if you get a break. He did, and when he got a break, he was really ready. That is refreshing to see."

Kelly, Kris and Mark all live around here. I didn't want Mark, who was a great quarterback at UCLA, to play football simply because I played. And I only tried to help him play if he wanted me to."

"Probably, by today's criteria, I was tough on him, judging from what he's said in some interviews. But according to the way we were brought up in my day, I wasn't particularly



Harmon (Continued from page 9.)



HARMON and Elyse Knox shortly before marriage.

hard on him. I just wanted to let him know you had to love the game, which means to love the pounding of hitting and getting hit.

"I remember when Mark played safety on defense in high school, and I kept finding fault with his coach on certain basics. The coach would have them sticking their helmets into the chest of the guy they were tackling, and I'd tell him that was the wrong way. It's dangerous; many youngsters have broken their necks doing it wrong. 'Just use your shoulder,' I'd tell Mark. So one day a big clown about 6'2" and 190 came through the line, and there was Mark at 155 pounds heading toward him. Mark hit that guy with his shoulder and really creamed him. That guy fell like a sack of flour, and when Mark got up I saw a smile from ear to ear, and I just thought, 'He just got religion. He just became a real football player.'"

**HIS OUTSPOKENNESS:** "I believe in expressing my opinion. Years ago I was broadcasting Ram games for KMPC Radio here. They wanted me to do a half-hour show on Saturdays for Wing cigarettes, too, which will tell you how far back this was. I said, 'OK, but I'll write my own stuff.'"

"At that time, there was a big argument over the color line in sports. I spoke out against it on my program. I'd played with Kenny Washington in the All Star game of '45, and there was no better man. He's credited with breaking the color line in pro football. Jackie Robinson was also a teammate of mine in that All Star game. He was a football star before going into pro baseball.

"Anyway, I said that the color line was wrong and indefensible. I editorialized about that, saying there should never be a line of demarcation in American society based on a man's race, his color or his religion. We should always go by ability and ability alone. And sports should lead the way.

"Well, the owner of the radio station was involved in a big rhabarb with the National Broadcasting Association over bias in news coverage. The owner was always calling up to censor the news. He'd read the copy for a news show and then say to a news announcer, 'I see you're planning to mention so-and-so. I don't want that no-good-Jew-son-of-a-bitch's name on my station. Take that item out.'

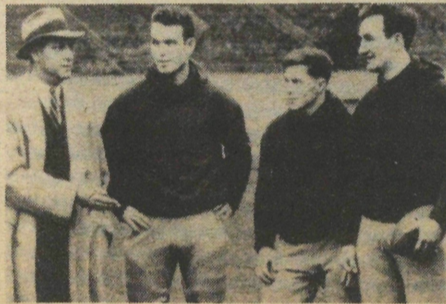
"When the station was brought to trial, the owner, to defend himself against charges of bias, used my editorials against the color line as evidence that the station wasn't biased. And that saved his license. Believe me, I wasn't happy about it."

**FLYING:** "We were the first team to fly when we flew for the California game in 1940. I was one of the few who didn't get sick. So when the war came and I had to go in, I decided the air looked cleaner than the mud below. I went down three times in a plane. First when I was learning in Arizona, I went down on my plane's belly in Mexico. Later I went down in South America and China. I'm probably the only person who has bailed out twice and never hit the ground. In South America I landed in a tree, and in China I came down in a lake."

Future-President John F. Kennedy was sitting two rows behind the Michigan bench at that game in Berkeley. It was Sept. 28, 1940, Harmon's 21st birthday and the first game of his senior year. He scored on the opening kickoff with a 94-yard run, passed for a touchdown and added three more on the ground — a 72-yard punt return, an 86-yard run from scrimmage and a 65-yarder, once avoiding a drunken fan who came at him from the stands. (He then convinced the police to let the fan go.) In 1962, President Kennedy told Harmon that watching him in U-M's 41-0 victory was the biggest thrill he'd had in sports.

Some say a single run against Penn in 1939 was Harmon's greatest feat. He ran for 90 seconds before scoring on a 63-yard run that covered 150 yards. Former U-M sports information director Les Etter wrote a 12-paragraph description of that run. (Michigan Today will send a copy of that piece to any reader who requests it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

When Harmon went down in South America in 1943, he lost his water and food rations and the sole of a boot. He clambered over mountains and crossed several swamps over the next six days. One wide swamp was so deep that he could move forward only a few feet at a time by taking a gulp of air, sinking to the bottom and then lunging forward and upward to catch his next breath. It took well over an hour to get to dry land and every ounce of strength he had. He was driven by the thought that he had to spare his mother the pain of hearing that he had died. He finally staggered into a native village where the people gave him nourishment and took him, at some inconvenience to themselves, by canoe to the nearest city.



FRITZ Crisler (l), Evashevski, Bob Westfall and Harmon.

**FRITZ CRISLER:** "Fritz was like a second father to me. He was very strict, but he gave me a warm feeling. Sometimes he'd give me compliments that were in orbit. I just followed what Fritz told me. He said, 'If anyone comes to you for something, come to me first before you answer them.' So one day in my senior year, Liberty magazine offered me \$500 to do a feature. Crisler said, 'Turn it down.'

"Colliers came next and offered \$1,500. Crisler said, 'Turn it down.' I'm saying, 'Holy Toledo, I've never seen that much money!' But two weeks later Readers Digest offered \$2,500 and Fritz said, 'Take it.'

"When I was missing in action for six days in French Guiana, he saw my mom and dad every day. He told them, 'Don't worry about Tom. He's too strong not to make it. He'll be back.'

"Crisler was the greatest coach I've seen. We never went on the field where we weren't completely prepared for anything the opponent might do. We lost four games in three years, but not because of coaching. He had us prepared for everything. The Michigan single wing was never stopped; we only stopped ourselves on occasion by failure to execute.

"I think the '48-'49 team led by Bob Chappuis and Bump Elliott was the greatest college team ever assembled. They had great deception and great timing. Awesome. The single wing is the most deceptive offense there is.

"Fritz Crisler created that great design for the Michigan helmets so we could pick out each other easier on the field. He started the tearaway jersey, too, though that was banned years later. I'm prejudiced, but I don't think there has ever been a greater football mind."

**THE-U-M:** "I haven't been back to a game in Ann Arbor for a long time. When you think about loyalty and feeling for the University — I have them. But it's just that no one is back there anymore whom I know.

"For years my basement was filled with memorabilia, with pictures, clippings, my movie and a series of films I produced wrapping up all of the top athletic highlights of every year. I had no use for these things and wrote the University. Some guy, I don't recall his name, wrote me back and said the University wasn't interested in it now or in the future. When it was rejected, a former classmate who heard about this said the University of Wyoming would like the material, so that's where it is today.

"My high school coach, Doug Kerr, was a Michigan alum and I respected him very much, and that's probably why I went. I almost went to Dartmouth, but then I saw Michigan and liked it. My family was wholeheartedly behind my going there. They said, 'First of all, Michigan is great academically, and second, the Big Ten is the toughest competition in the country. I've never regretted going to Michigan.'"

"The school looked wonderful the day we [Harmon and two other freshmen from Gary's Horace Mann High] got there. Even today I believe that Ann Arbor in the fall is the most beautiful town in the world, and I have seen a few other beautiful towns since that day. It would take something pretty good in the line of description to tell what Ann Arbor looked like to us that September. The air seemed sort of golden, and the quiet college streets with their big trees were waking up from the drowsy summer as the students began to arrive. The country around the town rolls a little, and the campus is set in the middle like a medallion. I don't know how to say it, but the fact is that Ann Arbor in autumn is it. (From *Pilots Also Pray*.)

**DODGING A DEAN AT THE 1-YARD LINE:** "I majored in English and speech, and the dean of speech told me in my last semester that if I missed anymore classes to deliver speeches off campus, I'd be failed in my speech course, which would mean I wouldn't graduate.

"So when I got an invitation to attend President Roosevelt's ball at the White House, I turned it down. The senator who'd relayed the invitation said, 'You can't turn down the president of the United States.' But I told him I would not risk losing my diploma, which I'd do if I missed my 9 a.m. Monday class by going to the ball.

"The senator called later and said he'd cleared up the matter with the University. It turned out he had called the professor for the course but not the dean. I had lunch and dinner with the Roosevelts and their guests, and I was the only athlete there. It was a great experience.

"When I returned, however, the dean said he hadn't approved of my trip and would fail me. Well, word got around and President Ruthven of the University called me about it and said I wouldn't be failed in the course, which I was getting an A or B in anyway. They told the dean to pull in his horns and back off.

"I had to watch myself all the time in class and off campus. There were some professors back then who, we were told, never gave anything higher than a C to you if you wore a letterman's sweater."

**HIS PASTIMES:** "I play golf a little bit, walk and occasionally play volleyball with my kids and their children. I was a jockstrap enough early in my life, and I don't think I've got to keep being one. My daughter Kelly has a boy, Dino, who might be a football player. He likes it rough, and you have to like it rough to play football."



## DOWNED BY ZEROS, THEN BY CENSOR'S

OCTOBER HAS special wartime significance for Tom Harmon, just as it does for Ken Parker, author of our lead story. On October 30, 1943, exactly one year after he'd got his wings in the Army Air Corps, Harmon's plane was shot down in a dogfight with Japanese Zeros over China. Harmon, who'd taken out two Zeros, was badly burned before he parachuted out of his P-38. He played dead on the way down and in the lake he landed in to avoid being killed by two Zeros circling him.

It was 32 days before he made his way, with the help of Chinese peasants and guerrillas, back to his base. He'd lost 52 pounds. This experience left him deeply impressed by the "culture, wisdom and capacity for work and sacrifice of the Chinese people."

During his convalescence Harmon and two fellow pilots boarded an airbase bus one evening as three other American soldiers, practicing American-style segregation in China, were kicking three Chinese off. "I got mad," Harmon recalls, "and told them not only was

**WW II PILOT Harmon named a bomber and a fighter plane 'Little Butch' after fiancée Elyse Knox's nickname. He crashed in one and was shot down in the other.**

this their country but if you ever get lost in the hills, it's the Chinese who will risk their lives to help you back. Two other pilots backed me up and the Chinese stayed."

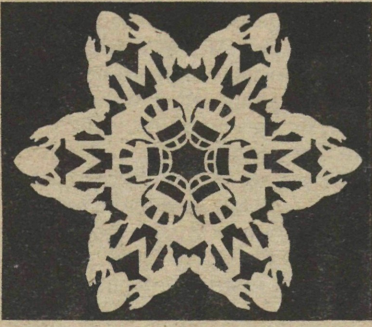
With this and similar episodes in mind, Harmon wrote in his wartime autobiography *Pilots Also Pray* (Thomas Y. Crowell 1944) and stated in several speeches in the States that perhaps it was too bad the United States had never been bombed because Americans didn't seem to appreciate the horrors of war and the sacrifices it imposed on the people whose lands were turned into battlefields.

In other speeches he said American servicemen opposed any strikes or slowdowns by American workers because such actions could cost the lives of servicemen risking their lives for the workers.

"I got blackballed by the Army for saying things like that," Harmon says today. "I was told not to make any more public statements or write articles about the war. But I think the Americans' ignorance about war is just a fact, and I was dramatizing it by making those statements."

"Nothing is dirtier, more filthy and brutal than war. Nothing can describe it. You see a Chinese village after a bombing — mothers carrying around dead babies, some of them ripped and shredded by shrapnel. It's frightening. That's why I said what I did. But of course, God forbid that we in this country should ever see war."





## NO HEISMAN HYPE FOR HARBAUGH

'Don't look for a star when it's a team game,' quarterback tells media and fans

By Mark LaRose

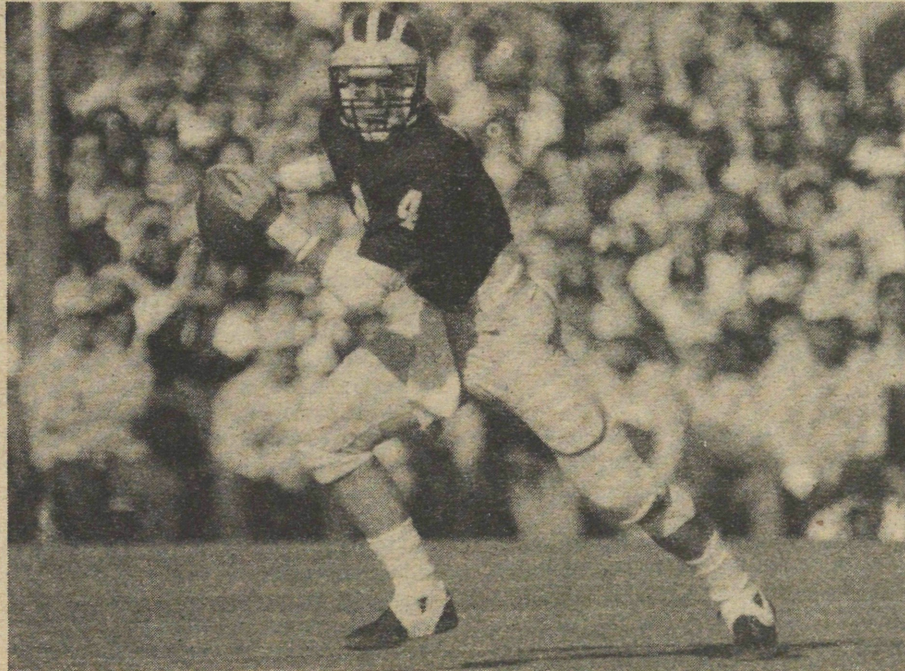
"That Jim Harbaugh looks like quite a back," said Tom Harmon, Michigan's only Heisman Trophy winner (see preceding article). "He would have fit right in as a tailback in the old system we had under Coach Fritz Crisler."

But Harmon added: "It's a mistake for colleges to campaign for a Heisman candidate. It makes no difference to the voters. I've voted on the award for 40 years, and I don't recall ever missing the winner because I just vote my conscience for the fellow I think was the best player that year."

The University of Michigan has never campaigned for a Heisman "candidate," and that's precisely the way senior quarterback Harbaugh prefers it.

"To tell the truth," Harbaugh says, "I don't even think about the Heisman Trophy. Hype isn't important to me or the team; actually, I think it's counterproductive. Hying any individual player would only create animosity on the team."

Harbaugh, a Ohio native, played high school ball in Ann Arbor and California as the family moved with the coaching assignments of his father, Jack, now head coach at Western Michigan University. The moves explain in part his proficiency at leading both a traditional, Middle-Western ground attack and a wide-open, California-style passing attack.



**ROLLING OUT AGAINST IOWA:** Wolverine quarterback Jim Harbaugh befuddles opponents with his ability to run or pass with equal skill. The communications major hopes to play professional football and then embark on a broadcasting or coaching career.



**PASS RECEIVER Ken Higgins, with a 4.11 grade point average in business (extra credit raised it above a 'perfect' 4.0), was Harbaugh's most frequent target by midseason.**

Even though his deft passing, scrambling ability and coolness under fire have attracted attention from the nation's top football writers, Harbaugh insists that the media and many fans are misguided in devoting so much attention to individual players in a team sport.

"I think a lot of fans and writers are screwed up," he says, "because they are always looking for a star. I just don't understand that mentality because winning is a team effort. Last year we were all proud when our teammates Mike Hammerstein and Brad Cochran were named All-Americans, but we feel that it's just that the team was so good that someone had to be recognized. It could just as easily have been someone else, but there are only so many awards to go around."

Harbaugh does feel it is important, however, for youngsters to have role models who won't let them down. That is one of the reasons why he is speaking out against drug and alcohol abuse during college football telecasts this fall.

Although he already holds most of Michigan's single season passing records and has been mentioned by sportswriters as a candidate for the Heisman, Harbaugh's main goal is to get to the Rose Bowl. "I haven't been able to make it to Pasadena yet," he notes, "but I'd like to have a good season, make it to the Rose Bowl, win it, and hopefully the National Championship."

(With the team 6-0 overall and 3-0 in the Big Ten after its last-second victory over Iowa, the Wolverines were conceded to have the inside track to Pasadena as *Michigan Today* went to press.)

Harbaugh sees the future as an ever-distant end zone that is best viewed from short range. "I'd love the chance to play professional football," he admits, "but I don't even think about that now because it's out of my control. It's up to the professional teams to decide whether you're good enough. The players who get concerned with their professional futures while they are playing in college often hurt their pro chances by performing poorly in their senior year."

The 6'3", 210-pound quarterback is a communications major and will be graduating in December. "I hope to pick my average up to 3.0," he says. He's rounding out his coursework this semester with a class in radio and TV, a psychology course, and one in the history of 20th century wars.

"The two professors who stand out right now as being the most interesting and helpful," he says, "are Frank Beaver and Richard Allen in communication. Professor Beaver has been more than a teacher, he's also been a counselor to me."

"I had Jim in a film analysis class," Beaver says, "He evinced a great deal of ability in the articulation of all the complex elements of the cinema, including the technical aspects. Jim's critical perception is outstanding, and he can write well technically and creatively. He's as consistent and accurate in the classroom as he is on the football field — a very sharp student."

If Harbaugh fails to make the pros, he plans a career in broadcasting or coaching. "If I didn't find anything in broadcasting," he says, "I'd like to start my coaching career working with my dad."

When told that Wolverine great Harmon thinks he'd have done well as a running and throwing tailback in Coach Fritz Crisler's intricate single-wing offense of the '40s, Harbaugh is pleased.

"I don't know much about the old formations or the old single-wing tailback," he admits, "but I don't think we'll see that sort of thing around here anymore. Rather than adjusting the team to a certain player who performs well in a particular formation, I look for Michigan to continue scouting players who can learn or adapt to a successful style and strategy. Michigan is basically a running team, and a strong ground game is an integral part of Coach [Bo] Schembechler's strategy. I doubt if any player would be able to change Michigan's basic formations."

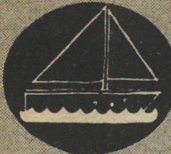
"I mean," he concludes tactfully but with a chuckle, "I wouldn't characterize Michigan as a radical ballclub."

Asked to account for his exceptional accuracy as a passer, Harbaugh responds with typical humor and modesty: "When you throw interceptions, you feel the wrath of Bo and Jerry Hanlon, the quarterback coach. Then, too, with guys like Paul Jokisch, John Kolesar and Ken Higgins catching passes, it's easy to look good. I don't know of any backs with better hands than Jamie Morris and Gerald White. Whenever I drop back, I'm confident that one of these guys will be open."

And Michigan's new number '1' — freshman Greg McMurtry — is "coming right along," Harbaugh adds. "He's as good as advertised."

PAPER CUTOUT illustrations by Dr. Thomas L. Clark, U-M Health Services. (Dr. Clark will exhibit these and other works in this medium in the Rackham Building during January 1987.)

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Michigan Today 10/86



## LETTERS

## The Mother Tongue

THE AUGUST article by Vitalij Shevoroshkin, "The Mother Tongue," about the Nostratic Languages was captivating — although it seems somewhat ironical that the word 'mother' itself is not included in the list of "The Stablest Words of All Time." Perhaps a reason was that variant terms for the parent were sometimes used, or the speculation that the basic sound originated as the contented murmur of a nursing infant and was thus classified as inapplicable "onomatopoeia."

In any event the article should gain the attention of many people, especially since it takes note of research not only on European proto-proto languages but also those of Asia, such as Sino-Tibetan involving the Chinese.

Coincidentally, about the same time that I received *Michigan Today*, I read a letter in the *Detroit News* (Aug. 25) from an East Lansing reader asserting that Dr. H. C. Tien after 21 years of study has developed PINXXIE, an alphabetic version of the Chinese characters, and a method of word-processing it on a standard keyboard.

Work being done by today's linguists, including those in our state of Michigan, seems extremely challenging and exciting.

Clifford Keutter  
Detroit

"THE MOTHER TONGUE" struck a deep chord in my being. All my life I have looked for the "language" that bonded men into relationship and have sought for universals that would open heart to heart in a mother tongue, and bring the possibility of speaking and hearing soul to soul.

Over 20 years ago in a comparative linguistics course at The University of Michigan, I had flashes of hope that someday we'd know more proto-languages and that they would converge in turn to a yet prior mother language. That desire for convergence of language was part of what eventually brought me to realize that my vocation was toward contemplative religious life in the maternal mystery of incarnating the Word.

So, Professor Shevoroshkin, it is with a great deal of joy that I read of the work being done on the Nostratic languages and your own particular work in Carian. I just wish to say that your article and the one about you impressed me not only with the subject matter, but also made me feel that you and your wife are extremely sensitive and personable people who are committed not just to research but to values.

Sister Philip Kline, O.S.B.  
Abbey of Regina Laudis  
Bethlehem, Connecticut

I READ this absorbing article in my husband's copy of *Michigan Today*. I am an undergraduate majoring in Russian language and literature at the University of Massachusetts at Boston. Linguistic research is an interest of mine, and your article has sparked encouragement and the exciting thought that I might be able to contribute to the field through graduate study. I am eager to learn more about current research in linguistic macro-families and Nostratic theory.

Regina Parks  
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

AFTER READING Professor Shevoroshkin's timely article I tried to find his book, *Typology, Relationship and Time*, but *Books in Print* does not list it, and Karoma Publishers is also not listed. What is the price, and how do people go about getting a copy?

I've lately been studying the migrations of ancient peoples. The concepts of Nostratic may be particularly useful for the great Saka (also called Sacae, Massagetae and Scythians) migrations. But it seems to me 40,000 years back to the Ursprache is unnecessarily long. If 5,000 years has brought such changes as we have seen, ought not changes in a low-density population in an era of discoveries to have been much faster, rather than much slower?

James B. Parkinson, '59, '61  
Glendale, California

**Professor Shevoroshkin replies:** You and other readers may order the \$14.50 book (which, be advised, is in the main quite technical) from Karoma Publishers, 3400 Daleview, Ann Arbor MI 48103, or by phone from 1-800-521-0334, Ext. 950. Michigan residents may call (313) 665-3331 collect. Be sure to ask for the list of misprints!

As to your question, the chronology seems to be as follows: About 7,000 years ago, Semitic, Indo-European (IE) and Kartvelian proto-languages existed as regular tribe languages. Some 12,000 to 13,000 years back, there was a proto-Afro-Asiatic language (of which Semitic is a daughter language, like Hamitic, etc.). Accordingly, a dialect language from which both Kartvelian and IE grew as daughter languages might have existed more or less at the same time, i.e., 12,000 years ago.

As a common ancestor of both proto-Afro-Asiatic and "proto-Kartvelian-IE" we have to consider proto-West-Nostratic (characterized by apophony, i.e., specific vowel transformations; some specific features of grammar; the lexicon, and so forth). For example, the word for 'heart/chest' — \*\*k'erdV (where 'V' stands for an undetermined vowel) was found only in West-Nostratic, namely in Afro-Asiatic, Kartvelian and IE. There is evidence that an East-Nostratic proto-language existed as well. And so, we have to place the proto-Nostratic tongue at 15,000 or so years ago.

These are, more or less, speculations, of course. Even more speculative is Ivanov's date (50,000 years ago) for the existence of a proto-world-language.

I would like to correct a typographical error in the first column on page 3 of my article in the last issue. The word for Nostratic 'wolf/dog' should have been Kujna, not kujna, and the word for 'woman/wife' should have been written kwVn and not KwVn. The reason for this is that 'K' represents a glottalized sound and 'k' a nonglottalized. The correct symbolization explains why the IE word for 'dog' (pronounced something like KOON-ah) has a k-sound — the word derives from a glottalized 'k' word; and why IE gwen ('woman/wife') has a 'g', not 'k': that is, the 'g' or 'gw' comes from a 'k' word — that is from a nonglottalized Nostratic 'k'.

I also was mistakenly quoted as saying the Carian inscriptions in the Sinai were Southern Semitic writings; they in fact are Northern Semitic.

## 'Soviet', not 'Russian'

AS A U-M graduate in architecture and design, and presently studying at U-M again, I have been greatly admiring your magazine. However, in your last issue you referred to the brilliant Ukrainian scholar V. Illič-Svityč as a "Russian." He was a Soviet, yes, but not Russian. This inaccuracy is disturbing to me and my Ukrainian compatriots. I realize that the confusion in nomenclature has predominated in this country for several generations, where the terms 'Russia' and 'the Soviet Union' have been interchanged indiscriminately. Please take note of this correction and set the record straight.

Bohdan Nehaniv '58  
Ann Arbor

## Homage and Umbrage

I WAS very interested, as was Mrs. Forman, in the story on the Rogers City High School. Rogers City is Mrs. Forman's home town; she taught music and art in the school system there from 1933 to 1942. She is a graduate of the U-M School of Music. Among other things, she organized the first high school band in Rogers City in the fall of 1933. Her father, Dr. W. W. Arscott, organized the first Rogers City Band in the early 1900's and was its director for many years.

James B. Forman '27 Lit.  
Las Cruces, New Mexico

I WAS not amused by the attempts at humor in the Rogers City article or by its content. The opening paragraph indicates that Rogers City High School "lost its accreditation after curriculum cut-backs." A simple check will verify that our school has been continuously accredited by the U-M since 1919.

Excerpts were taken from Michelle Smolinski's article that reflected poorly on the U.S. Steel plant at Rogers City. It is unfortunate that your readers were not able to read Michelle's entire article, which concluded, "I cannot blame Calcite completely for Dad being laid off. If they can't sell limestone, they can't afford to keep so many employees." She added that "Calcite is not the only scapegoat; other industries and factors are also responsible for the loss of jobs in this area." It is unfortunate that the entire article could not have focused on the writing institute and the many fine young people involved in the program.

James R. Connell, Principal  
Rogers City (Michigan) High School

Rogers City High chose to give up its accreditation by the North Central Association over the issue of some library expenditures but retained its accreditation from the U-M. We regret this distinction was not made clear. Readers who wish to read Smolinski's entire piece and those of the other students may obtain the writing students' book from the high school, 1033 W. Huron Ave., Rogers City MI 49779.

## More on Ships

REFERENCE is made to the cut of the Phoenician tile and accompanying caption in your recent issue. (The photo referred to our June article on the Department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, which mentioned the effect of the bulbous bow on sailing efficiency. The bulb is somewhat analogous to the underwater ramming device on Phoenician warships — Ed.)

It probably would simplify things for this generation and the ones to follow to call the object referred to as what it is — a ram. Harvey Ardmore's book on the French superliner *Normandie* contains some interesting passages on the so-called Yourkevitch hull design was based and which earned her the reputation as an extremely efficient ship. This kind of hull incorporated, if memory serves, the bulbous bow. It is equally interesting to note that the Yourkevitch hull was incorporated in the design of a class of Russian battle cruisers, *Borodino*, *Ismail*, *Kinburn* and *Navarin*. Again, if memory serves, these were laid down in December 1912, launched 1915-16, but were not completed. I wonder if Yourkevitch ever did any studies on bulbous bows at this very early date?

Robert O. Bush '41  
Williamsburg, Virginia

SINCE YOUR article on ship design gives the aura of being authoritative, allow me to offer a correction in the section titled *Propellers*. (But first I should state that I have been in touch with the metal casting industry for most of the 50 years since graduation.) I have never

heard of large ship propellers being cast of silicon brass. Back in World War II days the alloy was high strength yellow brass, commonly called Manganese bronze. By the end of these years, it was found that a form of corrosion called dezincification weakened these in use. Next was a British-developed manganese aluminum bronze that did not live up to expectation. The U.S. Navy research was instrumental in establishing a particular composition of a nickel aluminum bronze alloy whose properties, including saltwater corrosion resistance, are by far the best. Let us say that silicon brass has been used for valve stems and the die casting process.

Arthur Kohn, '34E  
Mayfield Heights, Ohio

Stuart Cohen of naval architecture and marine engineering replies that the writer may have misunderstood a reference to ship models as a reference to ships, proper: "Mr. Kohn is absolutely correct. We have only built some model ship propellers of silicon brass. The material is somewhat too brittle and weak to be suitable for a ship's propeller. Concerning pleasure craft, steel propellers may be fitted under some circumstances, but aluminum is ordinarily used due to much lower cost."

## On the March

I WANTED to share my thoughts during my week on the Great Peace March for Global Nuclear Disarmament. When I first informed a few of my friends I was planning to march, I was met with understandable incredulity. When they learned I was serious, the immediate question was, "Will it do any good?" Besides, "Hadn't the March collapsed?"

My daughter, Leni Wildflower, and my grandson, Jesse Potter, and I flew to North Platte, Nebraska, and joined up. It was an unforgettable experience. The Great Peace March has not collapsed.

Who are the 600 Marchers? They are everybody: workers, retirees, vets, students, children, homeowners, professionals, scholars, unemployed and highly employed.

As the Great Peace March inexorably moves forward, Marchers visit community organizations, churches and temples, Scout troops, local press and radio, businessmen's luncheons, Rotary Clubs, etc., bringing the message. The response from the people is quiet and powerful. They want an end to the threat of a nuclear winter.

How is the March financing itself? The hard way. The March is in terrible shape financially. The early dollars are gone, small contributions trickle in. Marchers are being fed for \$2 per day. Restaurants, YMCAs and churches occasionally provide food and shelter. There is a rare miracle, like when a total stranger in Denver appeared and contributed \$25,000.

Why was I there, I kept wondering? Why should I leave my comfortable home in the Hollywood Hills, leave my wife of 42 years for a week, leave a business that needs my attention, walk 10-15 miles a day in a blistering sun, survive on a diet of rice, grain and other unfamiliar foods, develop confidence in the portable latrines, sleep in a tent which I struggled to assemble in a county fairground, an alfalfa field, a sheep pasture, or worse — me with my 68 years and two artificial hips?

My answer is probably the same as all the marchers. I wanted to do something. Surely the Great Peace March is a noble moment in American history. When the March reaches Washington, D.C. on November 15th, as it most certainly will, America and people everywhere will acknowledge this heroic pilgrimage for the greatest of all purposes — peace on earth. To have shared this experience with my daughter and grandson made it all the more memorable.

Irving Zeiger '41  
Los Angeles



University research

I WAS fascinated by the stories in your last issue about the mother language and the Ajanta Caves of India. I am sending both articles to my son and daughter-in-law. Of great interest to both my husband and me is the position of the University and the faculty on accepting grants from the Department of Defense. We agree that Congress should have given the funds to the National Science Foundation. We agree, also, with the thousands of scientists who have pledged to refuse grants for research connected with "Star Wars." Please publish more material on this important life-and-death issue.

Claudia Zaslavsky '38  
New York

IT WAS refreshing to read Dr. Linda Wilson's well-balanced article on "The Impact of SDI on Universities" in the August issue. It is unfortunate that such open-mindedness has to be clouded by the uninformed and emotional views of Rucknagel and Kock ("Critics Seek to Weaken Clout of the Military"). Several inaccuracies in this latter article deserve attention.

First, Rucknagel attacks the principle of academic freedom in an "absolute" sense, citing the Medical School restrictions on unjustifiably risky studies on animal and human subjects. He then attempts to characterize SDI research as unjustifiable since it fits into the class of "projects whose purpose is to kill people." Kock also inaccurately cites this clause from the "U-M Policy on Classified Research." Contrary to their speculation, SDI is a research program oriented toward preserving human life, and cannot be naively swept into the former category.

Kock expounds other opinions, which include such presumed horrors as the militarization of university campuses, students training at "Pentagon Centers" and the sin of working on "destabilizing weapons systems." All of these views are debatable and allude to a grandiose scheme of conspiracy by the Department of Defense.

I am frightened to think of what life would be like in an "academically free" environment mandated by people such as this.

L. Wayne Brasure, '80  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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MED CENTER WEIGHS TRANSPLANT POLICY

By Anne Reuter

Organ transplantation has been one of medicine's greatest recent success stories. Thanks to improved surgical techniques and a highly effective new drug, cyclosporine, U.S. hospitals this year will send thousands of patients home with new kidneys, and hundreds with new hearts, pancreases and livers.

In the wake of this success, however, government officials and health care providers face difficult questions: How can society encourage more organ donation to alleviate a current organ shortage? How can organs be allocated fairly? Who will bear the high costs? How do transplant costs compare with costs of alternative treatments?

To find answers, the U-M and the Michigan Department of Public Health created a Transplant Policy Center last March. Funded with an initial \$350,000 from the state and based at the U-M Medical Center, the new group is the only center in the country researching organ transplant policies. Jeremiah Turcotte, a U-M transplant surgeon, is the center's director.

The idea for a center grew out of Michigan Gov. James Blanchard's proposal last year to include \$3 million in the state's health budget to address the needs of encouraging increased organ donation through public and professional education, designating which hospitals should perform transplants and better defining the state's role in paying patient costs.

As transplants have become more common, Turcotte notes, "haphazard ways of paying for them have emerged." Heart transplants and follow-up care may cost \$100,000; liver transplants may run over \$200,000. For these procedures, patients may now obtain private insurance coverage, or must pay out of their own pockets. Many government officials and citizens wish to ensure that life-saving medical technology is available to all who need it. So far, the state of Michigan has paid for heart and liver transplants for Medicaid-eligible patients on a case-by-case basis — many lawmakers and health officials want a more carefully formulated policy.

Federal coverage is available for virtually all kidney transplants under a Medicare program for end-stage kidney disease begun in 1972. "It is not likely that the future economic health of the nation will permit such broad categorical coverage for transplantation of other organs, unless it can be demonstrated that transplantation provides obvious economic and social benefits over alternative treatments," Turcotte says.

This month a Michigan law takes effect requiring hospitals to request organ donation (with certain exceptions) from

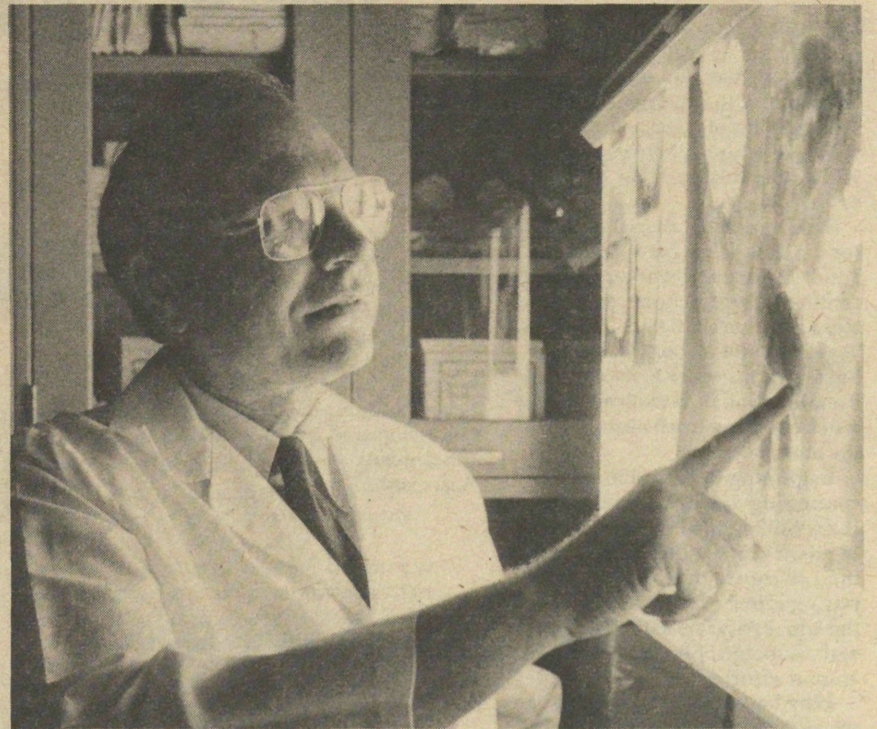


Photo by Peter Yates

the relatives of suitable donors. The new center will recommend measures to make the law work smoothly. "There is a definite need to educate hospital personnel to help them carry it out," Turcotte says.

The center will advise the state on ways to familiarize the public and health professionals with the facts of donation. According to Turcotte, "Many more people ought to be donors than are — the problem is that up until now, only a small percentage of eligible donors' families have been asked."

To improve policy-making, the center will collect data on the medical effects and the costs of transplants compared with alternative methods of care. Turcotte and others are working to establish a computer registry of data on heart, liver and pancreas transplants performed in Michigan. Such data on kidney transplants in Michigan have been collected for 12 years. U-M researchers are now analyzing this data in a federally funded study comparing kidney transplants and other end-stage kidney disease treatments.

Turcotte acknowledges that transplantation can be costly, but he argues that other high-technology measures used to treat seriously ill patients are costly, too, but that few of these treatments hold the potential of an organ transplant to return a patient to society as a productive member. "Seventy-five percent of kidney recipients whose kidneys survive one year go back to work," he says.

Turcotte believes organ transplants will stand up well in the cost-benefit analyses that will be possible with the center's proposed registry, the only state registry so far to collect both medical and cost data for heart, liver and pancreas transplants.

(Organ transplantation was the subject of the January-February 1986 Research News. For a free copy, write: Research News, The University of Michigan, 241 West Engineering, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1092, or call (313) 763-5587.

DR. JEREMIAH TURCOTTE heads the Transplant Policy Center established last spring by the U-M and the Michigan Department of Public Health. The center will encourage increased organ donation through public and professional education, designate which hospitals should perform transplants and better define the state's role in paying patient costs.

ALUMNI CENSUS 1986

The University of Michigan

More than 105,000 alumni — enough for a normal throng at Michigan Stadium — have returned their 1986 questionnaires and more are arriving daily. This is a high percentage of responses for a mailed questionnaire, but census takers would still like to hear from about 150,000 more of you.

"Although by far the majority of responses are from U.S. residents," says Gerlinda S. Melchiori, director of the census project, "surveys have been returned from London, Saudi Arabia, Tahiti and other foreign locations."


Some trends are already apparent from a preliminary sampling of the early returns: 94 percent of the respondents held a positive attitude toward the University; 87 percent said the U-M was effective in preparing them for life; 92 percent felt the University had prepared them effectively for their careers, 44 percent reported personal incomes over \$40,000, and 50 percent listed family incomes of \$60,000 or more. Ninety percent keep in touch with their alma mater by reading Michigan Today.

A full statistical analysis, which will provide a refined picture of career patterns, life styles and other data, and classified by degrees, Schools and Colleges, age, geographic distribution and so forth, will be published in Michigan Today early next year.


Melchiori stresses that reports generated from the statistical analysis will be aggregate data only. "We will make no reference to individual responses," she said. "Confidentiality is one of our principal concerns."


All graduates who have not returned their census forms are encouraged to send them in as soon as possible so that their records can be updated and their responses included in the analysis.

Anyone who did not receive a questionnaire or has misplaced the original may request another census form by calling (313) 764-9238.



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# MEET THE MICHIGAN VOLUNTEERS

## 23 scholars, physicians, artists, attorneys, executives

## and teachers are heading the Campaign for Michigan Fund

Next time you receive a letter on behalf of the Campaign for Michigan Fund, take a close look at the signature. Chances are, it will belong to one of the people on these pages.

These are the national chairs for the Campaign for Michigan Fund: 23 men and women representing 17 U-M Schools and Colleges and two affiliated campuses. Together with Robert M. and Susan Crumpacker Brown, the overall national co-chairmen, they will be writing to all alumni in the next two years.

Beginning in July 1986, and continuing through June 1988, these Michigan alumni are lending their names, their time and their energy to the largest fund-raising effort ever launched by the University: a \$160 million general campaign, plus a \$20 million alumni effort.

Why have these very busy people agreed to take on this responsibility? Their answers are as diverse as you might expect. Most are guided by a sense of gratitude for a scholarship or fellowship that made their education possible. Others are honoring the memory of a professor who changed their outlook and sometimes even their lives. Still others see their work for the University as part of a family tradition.

Whatever their reasons, we're grateful to these volunteers. And we thought it was time you learned a little more about them.

### SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

*"It's very important to me that, despite its size, Michigan is still graduating students of excellence. Equally important is the fact that the School is committed not only to education, but also to social welfare issues and to the common good."*

**Laura L. Williams**  
A.B. '46, M.S.W. '63

Laura Williams earned her A.B. when the School was still in Detroit's Rackham Building. Fifteen years and three children later, at the urging of her supervisor — also a Michigan graduate — she earned her M.S.W. degree.

Williams worked for many years for Wayne County, first in the Clinic for Child Studies and later as a child welfare planner. After receiving her master's degree, she became program director of the Children's Aid Society, where she worked until her recent retirement. A Detroit native, she divides her time among a variety of volunteer activities.

*"I chose Michigan because it was, and is, a truly outstanding school. Small classes. Good people. Fine library facilities. And I can't tell you how helpful my academic advisor was."*

**Vern C. Dahlquist**  
M.S.W. '65

After earning his A.B. in history from Northern Michigan University, Vern Dahlquist realized that what he really wanted was to work as an administrator in the field of social work. He applied to Michigan, convinced that "it was the one place that could prepare me to meet my career aspirations." His daughter, Betty, followed his example, receiving her M.S.W. degree from Michigan in 1977.

Dahlquist is the state director for Child and Family Services of Michigan, a private corporation supervising 14 agency offices throughout the state. An Ann Arbor resident, he is chairman of his School's Alumni Society Board of Governors and a board member of the University-wide Alumni Association.

### SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

*"Michigan is absolutely first class and completely competitive with the rest of the world. I have never felt that anyone was better trained than I was for the work I do or for general business assignments."*

**Sanford R. Robertson**  
B.B.A. '53, M.B.A. '54

A native of Chicago, "Sandy" Robertson entered the Business School as an undergraduate in 1951. Following graduate work at the School, he enlisted in the Navy and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He later joined Smith, Barney & Co. and managed that company's West Coast operations until 1970, when he organized the investment banking firm of Robertson, Coleman & Stevens.

He has been an active supporter of the University for many years, serving as director of the U-M Club of Chicago and as a volunteer of the University's only other major fund-raising effort, the \$55 Million Campaign. He is currently a volunteer in Business School activities and is co-chairman of the West Coast region in the Campaign for Michigan.

### COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

*"I come from five generations of pharmacists. My father graduated from Michigan in 1900, and my daughter received her degree in pharmacy from the University. Considering that, as well as my 33 years at Michigan, it's only natural for me to want to help out with fundraising."*

**George L. Phillips**  
B.S. Pharm. '39,  
M.S. Pharm. '50

George L. Phillips left his home in New York state for Michigan in 1935. Six months after graduating, he accepted a position with the School and has remained in Ann Arbor ever since.

During his more than 30 years at Michigan, Phillips has been a mentor and friend to countless pharmacy students and alumni, and an outstanding innovator in hospital pharmacy practice. As director of pharmacy services at University Hospital, he spearheaded a major remodeling program. He later established the first formal drug information center and the first nuclear pharmacy laboratory at the Hospital. In 1973, the now-retired administrator received hospital pharmacy's highest honor: the Harvey A.K. Whitney Award.

### UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN - DEARBORN

*"How could I turn Chancellor Jenkins down? 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."*

**William A. Freehan**  
A.B. '66

Born and raised in the Detroit area, Bill Freehan entered U-M in 1959. He transferred to Dearborn after his sophomore year, just about the time the campus first came into being and after he had signed with the Detroit Tigers.

During his 15 years as catcher with the Tigers, Freehan won five consecutive Golden Glove awards, and in 1967 was named "Tiger of the Year." His most memorable moment in baseball was catching the final out of the 1968 World Series. He founded Freehan-Bocci, an automotive manufacturers' representative company, in 1974, two years before retiring from professional athletics.

Throughout his career, Freehan has remained an enthusiastic supporter of the University: "I believe in higher education and in this campus. In fact, if I had to pick five of the best professors I ever had, three or four would be from Dearborn."

### DIVISION OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

*"We know that the recently established independent Division of Physical Education has planned many exciting and worthwhile projects which will necessitate additional help from outside funding. I am pleased to take a role in this effort."*

**Newton C. Loken**  
M.S. '46, Ph.D. '55

Newton C. Loken, professor emeritus of physical education, retired in 1984 after a productive career spanning 38 years at the University. Professor Loken began his teaching career in the Department of Physical Education in 1946 and, a year later, began coaching the varsity gymnastics team — winning 71 Big Ten team titles and two NCAA team titles. Among his many honors is the Newton Loken Scholarship Award established by the University in 1981.

*"As a student here many years ago, I recognized that there were people who came before me who made my education possible. I'm happy to lend my name to an effort that will benefit others, as I have benefited."*

**Marie D. Hartwig**  
A.B. '29, B.S. '31, M.A. '38

A native of East Orange, New Jersey, Marie "Pete" Hartwig became a full-time instructor in the Department of Physical Education for Women in 1932, becoming pro-

fessor of physical education in 1971. In 1973 she was named associate director of women's intercollegiate athletics. The author of numerous articles and books and a prominent member of university committees and national organizations, Hartwig considers her major honor to be the dedication of the Marie "Pete" Hartwig Award — an intramural cup given in recognition of U-M's collegiate woman athlete of the year.

both library science and history courses and consulted for various universities and accreditation associations.

### SCHOOL OF PUBLIC HEALTH

*"I attended the School of Public Health because of the strength of the program at Michigan. The education I received has been a major contribution to my professional career."*

**E. Frank Ellis**  
M.P.H. '68

Frank Ellis came to Michigan from Utica, New York, and spent his freshman and sophomore years in Ann Arbor before transferring to Boston University. After receiving his M.D. at Meharry Medical School in Nashville, he returned to Michigan to earn an M.P.H. degree.

Currently a regional health administrator for the Public Health Service in Chicago, Ellis began his career in private practice. He accepted a position as hospital administrator for the Kansas City General Hospital and, later, as director of public health and welfare for Cleveland.

Active in a number of professional organizations, Ellis has served as president of the American Public Health Association and was named an honorary fellow of England's Royal Society of Health. Despite his many obligations, Dr. Ellis has found time to serve the University, including the School of Public Health's Alumni Society Board of Governors.

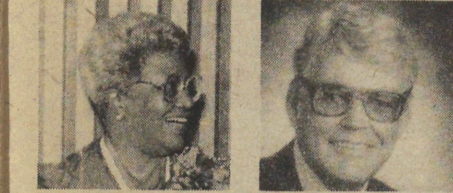
### COLLEGE OF ARCHITECTURE AND URBAN PLANNING

*"In the early '40s, the curriculum had enough of the Beaux Arts tradition to require that we sharpen our architectural perceptions by sketching various buildings on campus. In doing so, I learned to love the place."*

**Peter Tarapata, F.A.T.A.**  
B.Arch. (Arch. E.) '43, M.Arch. '47

The son of Ukrainian immigrants who settled in the farming town of Marlette, Michigan, Peter Tarapata always knew he wanted to be an architect. After spending two years at Michigan State studying civil engineering, he transferred to Michigan's architectural engineering program, receiving his baccalaureate in 1943. Following World War II, he returned to Michigan to earn his master's degree.

Tarapata's ties with the University extend beyond his volunteer activities on its behalf. The award-winning architectural firm of TMP Associates, of which he is a partner, designed the A. Alfred Taubman Health Care Center at the U-M Medical Center, the Blanche Anderson Moore Recital Hall at the School of Music and the Michigan Union renovations. He has also served as a lecturer in architecture for Michigan, as well as Michigan State and Wayne State universities.



**Henry W. Bloch**  
B.S. '43



**Charles A. Murray**  
B.A. '51, D.D.S. '55



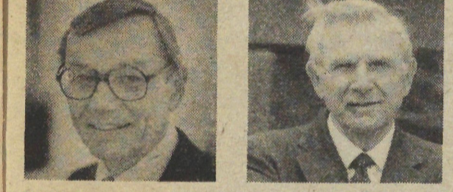
**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**



**Henry Bloch**

### COLLEGE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS

*"Like a lot of other young men during World War II, I was shipped out before I could my complete degree. My father wrote to the then-president of the University, asking if any of the navigation courses I was taking could be included in my record. They mailed me my diploma while I was in England, which I thought was terrific."*

Henry Bloch transferred to U-M as a sophomore from the University of Missouri-Kansas City at the request of his great-aunt, who offered to finance his education "only if I attended The University of Michigan." Following his overseas service, he attended Harvard Business School.

Bloch returned to Kansas City to work as a stockbroker, but it wasn't long before he pursued his real dream: a company that would "rent" accounting, bookkeeping, advertising and legal services to small businesses. Ultimately, Henry and his business partner and brother, Richard, concentrated solely on tax preparation. The result was over 9,000 H&R Block offices worldwide (the spelling was changed to ease pronunciation) as well as Personnel Pool of America, Block Management Company, Hyatt Legal Services and CompuServe, Inc. He also works as a volunteer for a number of organizations, including the University, where he serves as vice chairman of the Campaign's special gifts program in Kansas City.

### SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

*"The U of M School of Education, then and now, represents the best place to prepare for service in the profession. I'm pleased to be part of an effort that will strengthen the School."*

**John W. English**  
B.S. '36, M.A. '40, Ph.D. '51

It was just over 50 years ago that John W. English arrived in Ann Arbor from Flint Junior College to complete his preparation for a career in teaching. After seven years as a teacher in the Flint school system, he went on to administrative posts in Michigan, Pennsylvania and Illinois. He retired from the superintendency of the Southfield, Michigan, public schools in 1976 and settled with his wife, Evelyn, in Auburn Hills.

English has served the School for five decades. The first president of the Education Alumni Society when it was established in 1975, he was re-elected to that office five times. In 1983 he was named Distinguished Alumnus by the Education Alumni Society, and he received the University-wide Distinguished Alumni Service Award in 1986.

**Jessye Norman**  
M.Mus. '68

### SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY

*"I wanted to attend the U of M because of the prestige of both its academics and its sports programs. I was fortunate enough to receive a Regents' Alumni Scholarship from the U of M Club in Detroit as well as a basketball scholarship."*

Charles A. Murray's undergraduate days at Michigan were filled with studies, sports and honor societies.

Today, Murray has a dental practice in Birmingham, Michigan, where he lives with his family. He has served as president of the Oakland County Dental Society and is a member of the International College of Dentists. He accepted the national chairmanship of the Campaign for Michigan Fund because, "I have always been interested in the U of M — its growth and its development — and I feel I have a responsibility to repay the University for what it has done for me, my wife and two of my four children, all of whom have graduated from Michigan."

### UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN - FLINT

*"The Flint campus brought an opportunity to earn a diploma from the U of M, that, for many of us, would have been impractical otherwise. I remember every class, every professor, and reflect often on the ideas they were attempting to transmit."*

**William C. Shedd**  
A.B. '64, J.D. '67

A Flint native whose grandfather and mother also attended Michigan, William Shedd graduated from the city's junior college before earning his bachelor's degree in political science from the U-M-Flint in 1964. Then, following his family's example, he came to Ann Arbor to continue his education in the Law School.

Shedd is currently a partner in Winegarden, Shedd, Haley and Lindholm, a Flint law firm whose clients include Genesee Merchants Bank, Michigan Bell, State Farm Insurance and Sears Roebuck. His ties with the Flint Campus are still strong, and he works actively to promote the "synergistic interaction between faculty, the city and the students."

### SCHOOL OF MUSIC

*"I found University life stimulating — not as narrowly focused as conservatory education. I feel it's important for music students to have a broad vision of the world, and the opportunity to meet other students from other fields."*

**Jessye Norman**  
M.Mus. '68

One of the most extraordinary operatic voices of our time, Jessye Norman began her professional career in West Germany, where a first-place finish in the International Music Competition led to a three-year contract with the West Berlin Opera Company. Within five years, she had performed at virtually every major European opera house, and in 1983, she made her long-awaited Metropolitan Opera debut.

Norman describes her time at Michigan as "invaluable preparation for my musical career." Recalling her own financial struggles as a student and the financial aid that made her education possible, she believes that "talented young musicians who are at Michigan today deserve the same opportunities that were available to me." On their behalf, she gave a benefit performance in Ann Arbor to raise scholarship funds.

### SCHOOL OF ART

*"Although brought up in Ann Arbor, I originally chose to attend Pomona College in Claremont, California. But soon I transferred to The University of Michigan — knowing how strong the art program was."*

**Sally Angell Parsons**  
B.S. Des. '54, M.S. Des. '56

With a father who was chairman of the Department of Sociology and a grandfather who had served as president of the University, it seems natural that Sally Angell Parsons would finish her B.S. degree at Michigan. After completing her M.S. degree as well, she taught courses in art history. Following the birth of her first child, she divided her time between raising a family and exhibiting her paintings throughout the Detroit area.

In 1977, her children having grown up, Parsons renewed her career in art. Currently, she is associate director of Robert L. Kidd Associates/Galleries in Birmingham and president of the board of governors for the School of Art Alumni Society. Her motivation to help the School stems from her belief that "by keeping alumni involved, we can help attract the best students and encourage a feeling of continuity and enthusiasm among graduates."

### SCHOOL OF NURSING

*"I can remember very clearly how I decided on Michigan. I asked a friend where I could get the strongest degree, and he answered without hesitating: 'If you want the best education, go to The University of Michigan.'"*

**Jo Eleanor Elliott**  
B.S.N. '47

Before accepting her present position as director of the division of nursing for the Public Health Service - Bureau of Health Professions, Jo Eleanor Elliott served on the faculties of the U-M and UCLA. She also directed the Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education. No stranger to professional activities, she served

as president of the American Nurses' Association, was on the board of directors for the International Council of Nurses and chaired the American Journal of Nursing Company for six years. Elliott was one of the pioneers of nursing research, an area which she believes to be "a major priority for the advancement of the profession."

### LAW SCHOOL

*"Certainly there was competition at Michigan, but it was not at all cut-throat — as it was at many other law schools. There was an underlying friendliness and collegiality among the faculty and students that made for three very happy and productive years. It's for those reasons that Michigan is still such a big part of my life."*

**Warren G. Elliott**  
J.D. '52

When Warren G. Elliott was applying to law schools, he was "a poor boy just out of the service with nothing more to my name than the GI bill." The fact that Michigan could offer him a scholarship tipped the balance, and today he's thankful to have earned his J.D. degree from what he believes is the leading law school in the country.

Currently, Elliott is a partner in Nossaman, Guthrie, Knox, and Elliott, a law firm with offices in San Francisco and Washington, D.C. He is also director of the Washington-based Private Sector Council. A tireless volunteer on behalf of the Law School, Elliott has organized and chaired alumni activities in the New England region and served on the Law School Visiting Committee.

### SCHOOL OF NATURAL RESOURCES

*"It is important for the School to keep adjusting its learning techniques in order to teach its students how to meet tomorrow's challenges."*

**Robert H. Mortensen**  
M.L.A. '65

In the years following his graduate work in Ann Arbor, Robert Mortensen's career has encompassed professional practice, teaching and numerous volunteer activities. A principal in the firm of Mortensen, Lewis & Scully Inc., he is currently president of the American Society of Landscape Architects. He has served as assistant professor of Landscape Architecture in the School's graduate program and has lectured on a variety of subjects at universities throughout the country.

*"The School of Natural Resources is training the people who will provide the solutions to the world's environmental problems."*

**Sara J. Segal**  
B.S. '66, M.S. '69

Since receiving her M.S. degree from Michigan, Sara Segal has worked continuously for the federal government in a variety of program, staff and supervisory positions. She now lives in San Francisco, working in the regional



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## VOLUNTEERS

(Continued from page 15.)

office of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. Despite the demands of her profession, Segal has managed to find time for alumni activities — organizing regional meetings in San Francisco and serving on the School's Alumni Society Board of Governors from 1979 to 1985.

*'The contributions the School makes are both substantial and significant in helping to broaden the spectrum of the field.'*

**Casey E. Westell, Jr.**  
B.S.F. '50, M.S. '51,  
Ph.D. '60

Casey Westell began his studies at Michigan following two years in the U.S. Navy Air Corps. After earning his Ph.D. in forest and wildlife ecology, he worked as a researcher for the U.S. Department of Agriculture and was instrumental in reorganizing the Michigan Department of Natural Resources during the 1960s. He is now director of industrial ecology for Tenneco, Inc. — a Houston-based multinational corporation.

## MEDICAL SCHOOL

*'This time of radical change in the organization, technology and economics of medicine requires a renewal of undergirding values. The U-M Medical School teaches commitment to the well-being of the patient, and that core value is something we should support.'*

**William N. Hubbard, Jr.**

William N. Hubbard received his M.D. in 1944 from New York University, a degree he followed with 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 until 1959, at which time he accepted an appointment as professor of medicine and dean of the U-M Medical School. He was named director of the Medical Center in 1969. In 1970, he left academia to become vice president and general manager of the Upjohn Company's pharmaceutical division and, in 1974, was promoted to the position of president. He is now retired.

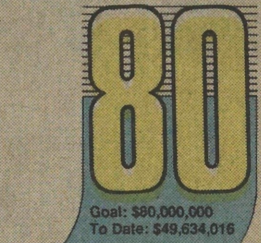
Hubbard has a long history of involvement in education and philanthropy.

## The Campaign for Michigan

### Facilities



### Endowment



### All-Alumni Effort



*The kickoff of the \$20 million Campaign for Michigan Fund, which will put volunteers in touch with all U-M Alumni, is announced on Page 14.*

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