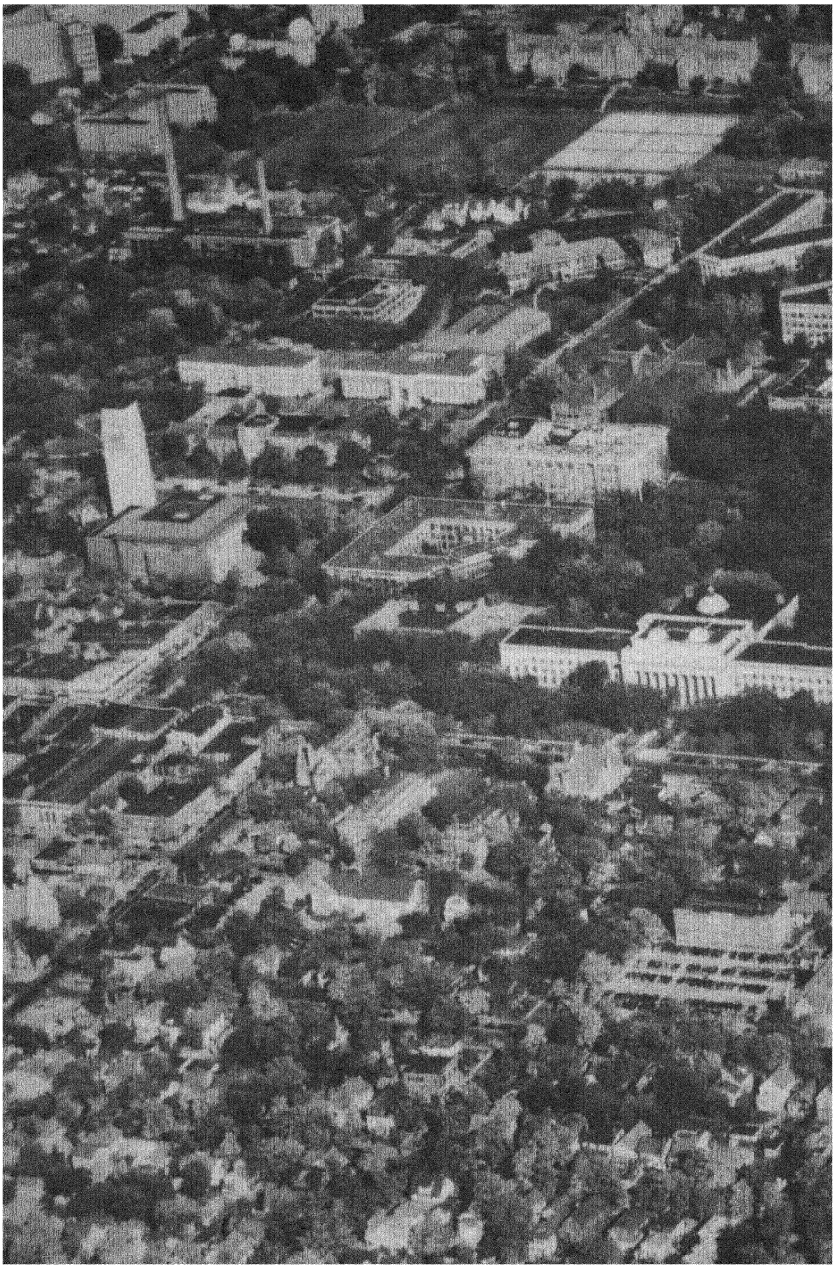
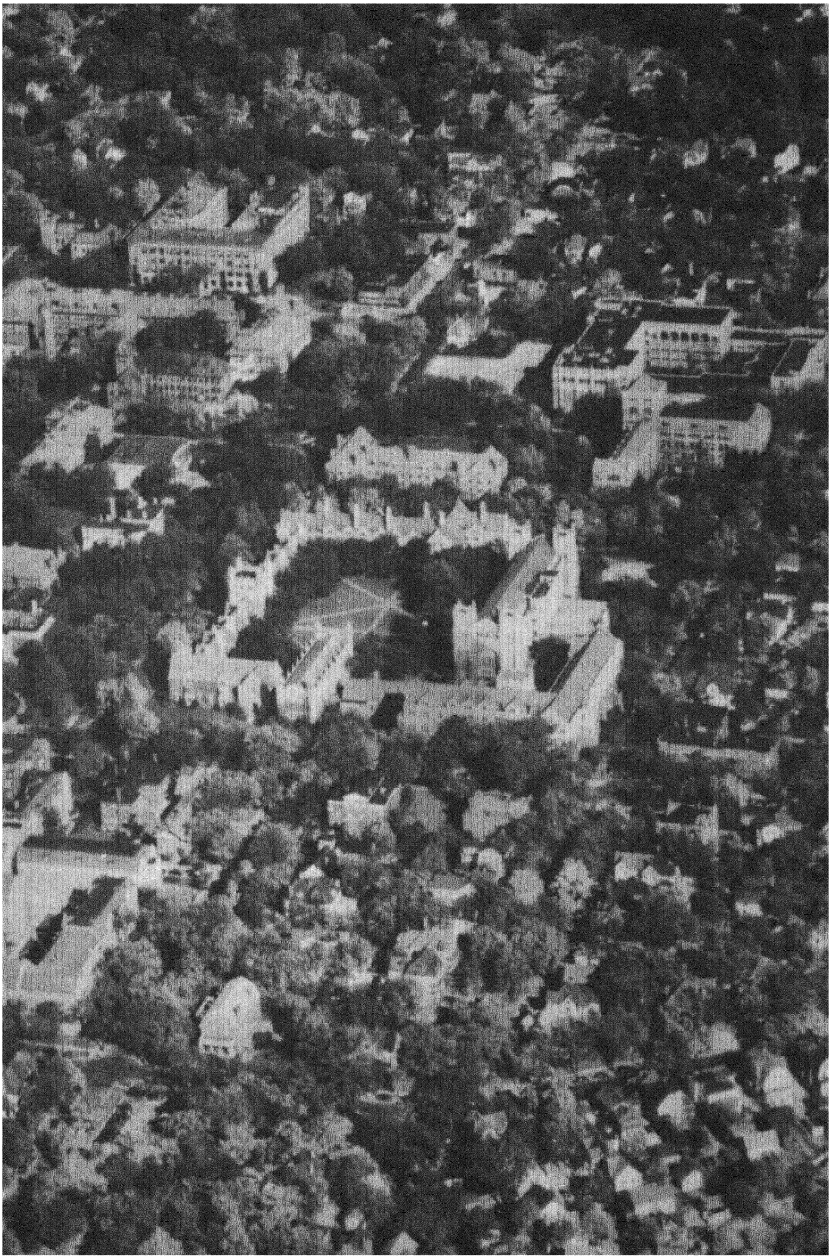
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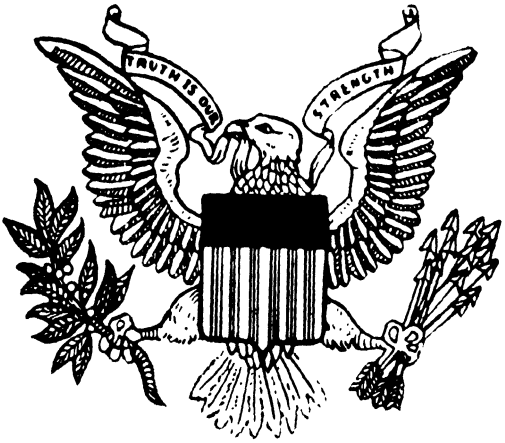
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The Story of the University

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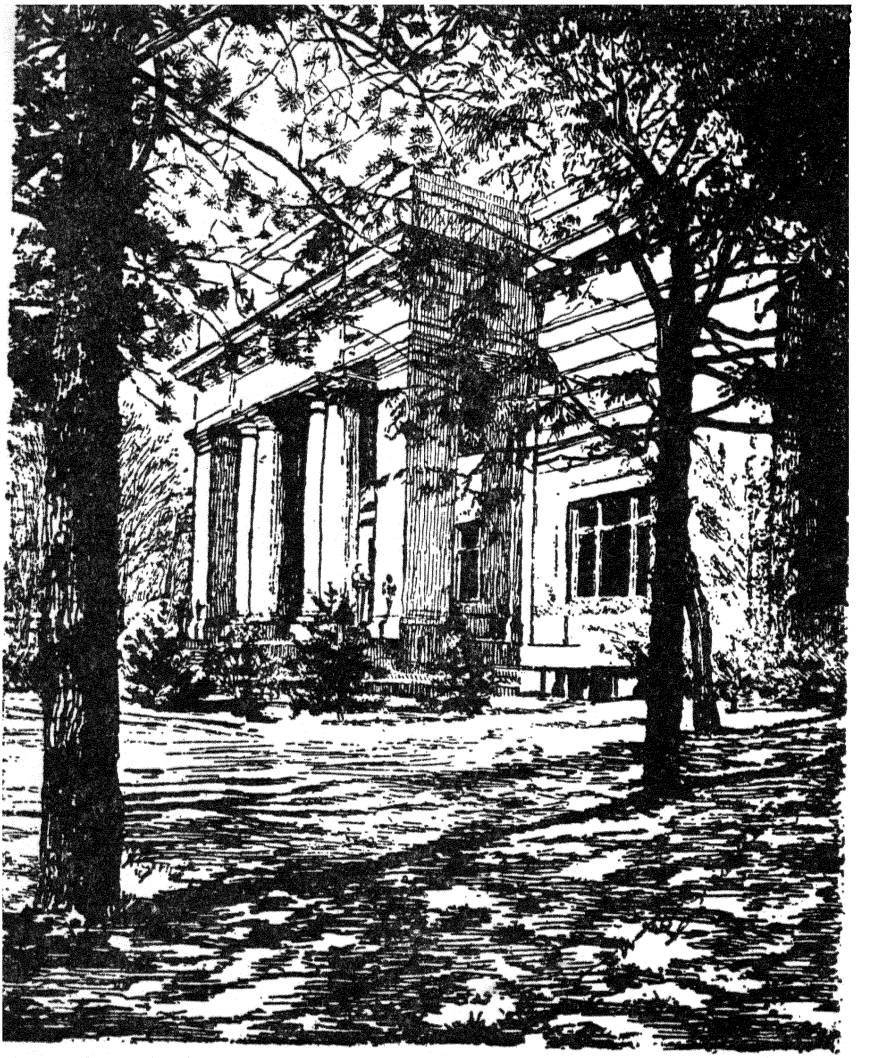


PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THIS *is the second volume of the American College and University Series, independent books by distinguished writers devoted to leading American colleges and universities. The aim of these books is to interpret the history of an institution, its character, traditions and influence on national life, with particular emphasis on the personalities who contributed to its development, and the graduates who affected the local and national scenes.*

Already published

COLUMBIA: *Colossus on the Hudson* by HORACE COON



Portico of Alumni Memorial Hall

Michigan

The Story of the University

BY KENT SAGENDORPH

NEW YORK
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Publishers
1948

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FIRST EDITION

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To

THE FIRST THREE GENERATIONS OF

SAGENDORPHS

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Daniel Perry Sagendorph, LL.B. 1865

Kate Sagendorph Mason, A.B. 1892

William Kent Sagendorph, LL.B. 1895, *emeritus* 1945

Margaret Sagendorph Hoffman, A.B. 1926, A.M. 1929

. . and to their descendants who will follow them to Ann Arbor.

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PREFACE

THIS is an informal narrative of the rise and development of a great university. The University of Michigan has one of the largest bodies of living alumni of any university in America. Its student enrollment has always been large and for a generation occupied first place. Thousands of loyal Michigan alumni, as well as about twenty thousand enrolled students today, may be interested in knowing more about the University's past and about the great figures who have helped to build it. That is the story told here.

It is not a scholarly history, nor have I tried to duplicate the exact research of professors who have written on this subject. This is not the kind of history which is all-inclusive, which mentions every man and woman who has studied at Michigan, the mannerisms of each professor, and the reasons why the Varsity football squad won all the games it has. A complete, detailed record of so large and complex an institution would fill a library. I have used the space at my command, therefore, to high-light significant phases, to relate some anecdotes that show what kinds of people have attended Michigan, generation after generation, and to help explain what has happened.

Michigan has held a unique position among American universities for upwards of a century. It has been the first successful state-supported college, the first true university west of the Alleghenies, the first American university to admit women, the pioneer in establishing new professional schools in such fields as education, forestry and dentistry. Many other state universities, including

some which are now larger and richer, have been copied from the Michigan pattern. Founders of new colleges eagerly come to Ann Arbor to learn how to build a center of learning.

Michigan's position among the few great world universities is conceded by those who know the institution's real story. Among them are the scholars, librarians, faculty members, University authorities, alumni and other friends who have helped me with true scholarly patience in the long research necessary for a factual story of this kind. They have been more than generous with their time and their advice. I express my deepest gratitude, particularly, to the following people who have assisted me at Ann Arbor and elsewhere:

Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven, President of the University; Dr. Frank E. Robbins, Administrative Assistant to the President; T. Hawley Tapping, General Secretary, Michigan Alumni Association; Prof. Lewis G. Vandervelde, Curator, Michigan Historical Collections; Mrs. Jane Lemish, Research Consultant, Michigan Historical Collections; Mr. Wilfred Shaw, Director of Alumni Relations, whose skill as an artist is shown in the accompanying etchings; Miss Emma Sihler of the Jackson Public Library; Alvin G. ("Al") Dahlem, famed Michigan quarterback; Col. Philip C. Pack, Class of 1918, who compiled Michigan's century of athletic records in 1938; the late Fielding H. Yost; Shirley W. Smith, former Secretary of the University; and William Doerflinger of E. P. Dutton & Company.

K. S.

Jackson, Michigan.

PART ONE

OLD ANN ARBOR TOWN

CHAPTER I

A MODERN VIEW

1

NO one has been able to define the University of Michigan. Founded as part of the school system of the state, the University has evolved a distinct character of its own, which by now is national, even international, in scope and prestige. Michigan bears the name of the state which supports it, but the University far transcends the usual concept of a seat of higher learning operated by and for the people of a single state. It has become a complex cross section of the world's society, wherein students and researchers from every corner of America, and 53 foreign lands, bring to a little colony at Ann Arbor, Michigan, their problems, their hopes and their contrasting national personalities.

Once a distinguished assemblage of college professors gathered at Ann Arbor in a forum. The question propounded was: "How to Know the University of Michigan." Everyone had a different idea and a different answer. The chairman had to concede failure. Not even these intellects could show a comprehensive idea running through the entire institution. They said that the size and complexity of the place had destroyed the power of students and alumni to gain any adequate impression of the whole. Michigan people, students as well as faculty, were left in the position of the five blind Hindus trying to describe the elephant by touch.

President Alexander Grant Ruthven, an alumnus of the big institution he directs, tried to awaken all Michigan people to what he

felt was an alarming condition a decade ago when he warned faculty members in these words:

"In my view the University's main objective is the conditioning of young people in the wholeness of society. Our task is to give the young people who come to us the things that otherwise they would have to get, if at all, slowly and painfully by experience. The University *must* find and develop aptitudes, but no one can be a good doctor or lawyer unless he has some understanding of the world and his place in it. The University should be concerned with the well-rounded development of every individual who enrolls, and see the student in three dimensions — the spiritual, the mental and the physical."

Dr. Ruthven might well have gone on with a clarion call to the students (and alumni as well) to see their University in the same three dimensions, plus two more. Time — the heavy blows dealt by Time and the changing world to the original conception of the University — and Fate. Anyone who tries to understand the University of Michigan should learn the queer quirks of Fate, the lucky breaks of happenstance and unlucky disasters which have shaped the campus and the catalogues of today.

A university seldom leaves its record in the steel and stone of its campus. Many famous institutions of higher learning look like jails or cathedrals or municipal water works, and reveal their institutional personalities only to the resident students. Few strangers traveling in England can sense the plan behind the jumbled colleges of Cambridge, but to the dons on the River Cam the pattern is simplicity itself. Many Americans, including several notable educators, find the University of Chicago incomprehensible. The University of Michigan presents just this challenge. It is not the production-line "knowledge factory" it appears to the freshman, nor the picturesque panorama of towers and halls seen by the impatient tourist. The University of Michigan cannot be reduced to a few wavy lines on a graph. After all, it is unique, entirely Michigan, and has its own institutional personality.

An over-all conception of Michigan includes its accepted position as one of the world's first-rank centers of higher learning. Its physical

plant and facilities are better than those of most American universities. Its academic policy is certainly odd, being bound up with a sincere attempt to fit the student for whatever worth-while career he can follow best, and is not sidetracked by denominationalism in religion, politics or political personalities, or social bugbears which confine a student to a caste.

Michigan transforms a freshman into a professional specialist, but no two educators can agree on how the trick is turned. Faculty members debate endlessly on what, if anything, they are accomplishing other than routine drudgery of progressive classwork. Alumni and Regents agree that the University has become so big and so specialized that the students cannot see the forest for the trees, and do not take full advantage of the over-all preparation for life Michigan offers.

It might be proper to suggest a one-hour course in the subject, along the line of the Army indoctrination courses during World War II. If the students and alumni really want their University dissected and analyzed for them, the faculty no doubt would be glad to provide the instruction. By this, the faculty itself would gain considerable breadth of vision. It would avoid what Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton once warned the faculty about, at Ann Arbor: ". . . a tendency by even the most earnest professors to believe that the whole of knowledge is to be found in their departments."

Physically the University of Michigan is a famous example of what a rich state can do for higher education when, for generations, the Legislature is well sprinkled with loyal alumni, and the graduates tend to become millionaires with a strong sense of alumni sentiment. Michigan is not as rich as Columbia or Harvard, but rich enough. The campus, unfortunately, is crowded with buildings and expansion is forcing the University to acquire expensive land to the north and east. Physically, too, Michigan is unique in that for the past eighty years there has been a continuous battle between increased enrollment and classroom capacity, a problem which the University has tried to solve by adding more buildings. But it has never been solved. Now Michigan has so many buildings that the economics of the

situation has called a halt to expensive construction. The battle has entered a new phase. It is now centered about a selection of students, a limitation of enrollment to fit present capacity.

Tourists see famed Angell Hall as the center of the campus, because it is the biggest building and occupies the most prominent location. Historically the campus centers around a half-forgotten little brick structure tucked away behind Angell Hall, named Mason Hall. The Faculty regards University Hall with more affection than any other building, but it, too, is completely eclipsed by Angell Hall, which is right in front of it. Thus in a space not larger than ten acres, a century of campus history has been recorded. It demonstrates how Michigan's crowded quarters have become more crowded over the years.

A century or more ago when the University was young, it was given a tract of forty acres for its campus. Valiant efforts were made for many years to occupy all of it. As the University grew, and more students came, the campus was partially occupied, then fully occupied, then crowded. Now the University finds itself corseted tightly inside these forty acres. There was no alternative but to pile buildings close together and then in double ranks, which has created the impression of a city business district in some places.

The campus is now being extended northward along "The Mall," a street taken over by condemnation and landscaped as the central avenue of a new supercampus of the future. The present forty acres will someday become only one of a number of similar subcampuses constituting the whole University area of tomorrow.

Around the original campus are four streets, the main thoroughfare on the west being called State Street. It was originally named because the campus was first offered to the State of Michigan as a site for the State Capitol building, but was rejected. It was then offered to the University, which accepted. Thus the other three bordering streets are all called University — "South U," "East U" and "North U." They are all projected beyond their original limits and are bordered by new University buildings. This situation highlights another physical fact about Michigan. It is entirely self-

contained, jammed there in the eastern part of Ann Arbor. The Law School, Medical School, College of Engineering, College of Dentistry, School of Graduate Studies, School of Architecture and Design, and a score of others are practically next door to each other.

Michigan exerts a Hollywoodian fascination upon tourist traffic, and the campus area is thronged, winter and summer, with out-of-state automobiles. Tourists exclaim over the more prominent landmarks, and expend miles of film snap-shooting the Burton Memorial Tower. They set their watches by the huge bronze clock, which is often several minutes off. They visit the Hill Auditorium because it is a national music shrine, a sort of Carnegie Hall for the whole Middle West. The vast Michigan Stadium gets plenty of attention, too.

A campus tour includes the drive along Observatory Hill, where the little astronomical dome, now nearly a century old, is dwarfed by hospitals, nurses' homes, medical centers, medical institutions, rank after rank of medical buildings full of patients from everywhere and researchers from all points in between. One unit of this hospital group is as big as the Hotel Statler in Detroit.

Everything is big, with figures that startle the visitor and impress him. The students suffer from this flattening, deflationary impact of Michigan's gigantic size when they first arrive, but soon get used to it. They begin to see that the impressive buildings are plainly functional, not ornamental. There is a practical look about them, which is understandable. Most of them came from the functional drafting boards of Albert Kahn, Inc., of Detroit, designer of most of the gigantic Michigan automobile plants. The General Library in mid-campus, with its million and a half volumes, Angell Hall, East Medical Building, East Engineering and several more classroom buildings are Kahn's.

The rest belong to the past. In his final year, when he is about to leave Michigan, the student somehow begins to see these half-hidden, red-brick relics in a new light. As classroom structures he finds them uncomfortable and in need of modernization. But later he finds himself seeking out some of them . . . the red-brick ugliness of West Physics Building, the conglomeration called the Economics

Building adjoining the Library, the two wings of the old University Hall, which are known as Mason Hall and South Hall.

As buildings they aren't so much, but the great advances in science and the arts first proclaimed in these buildings seem to intrigue the departing student. Here, on a forgotten spot now covered by the Randall Laboratory of Physics, once stood a little stone Medical Building. It was the first one in the "West"; in that building daring experiments were made that saved countless lives throughout the world. The art of teaching medicine and surgery reached its highest development there before the Civil War, and by 1865 Michigan was the biggest medical school in the land. In the old building which now bears a sign "Economics," the science of chemistry reached a stage of development before 1870 then regarded as the most advanced in the world. It was the first Chemistry Building at any American university, opened as a laboratory in 1856. In 1892 there was an explosion there that blew out all the windows and blinded Professor E. D. Campbell. But he appeared the next day with a bandage around his head and, totally blind, continued to teach chemistry for the next 33 years.

In a little third-floor room at South Hall, which was built about the time of the Mexican War, America's first School of Education was born. Its twin, Mason Mall, is even older, dating from 1838-41. In that small structure history was made, academically, in 1863. There, in a dramatic scene between a powerful president and a Board of jealous Regents, true freedom of education was purchased for the University at the price of a humiliating dismissal of a great man, Henry Philip Tappan. That battle subsequently established the independence of the University from political control, a principle demonstrated at Michigan and now accepted everywhere.

These are landmarks to the alumnus, just as the bells of the Baird Carillon are landmarks to the tourist. On the oblong campus itself, the diagonal sidewalks are landmarks, too. They lead from the two State Street corners to the opposite corners on East U. The principal one runs from the "Campus Corner" at State and North U past the Natural Science Building, the Economics Building and the Library.

to the Engineering Arch at the corner of South U and East U.

When the main Engineering Building was built in 1904, it was in such need of classroom space that it flung a whole wing right across the sidewalk, supported on this quaint arch. Because the Arch is also a right of way, no gates clang shut at night and there is a dark passage there, about thirty feet long. It has been the natural rendezvous of students and co-eds since it was built. Processions have begun and ended there; riots, too. The old Arch saw all that; saw the timid freshman enter the campus and the confident senior, in his cap and gown, "swing out" from that point in the graduation ceremonies at Commencement.

The departing student gazes fondly at Michigan's big Union Building and the co-ed casts a long, languishing look at the Women's League. For all of them, Michigan will forever mean landmarks of a somewhat personal kind, such as the Publications Building where, perhaps, the student and the co-ed served together on an editorial board, which led to their engagement and marriage.

2

At the level of intellectual achievement, Michigan ranks with the great universities of the world. Yet Michigan also offers courses at the level of a local junior college. Under the laws now on the State's statute books the University must accommodate both extremes. Legally this complex institution is a part of the State's public-school system and must provide for higher education of accredited high-school graduates who enter as freshmen. In practice, there is increasing difficulty in running such a lengthy gamut. The freshman and the advanced graduate student are worlds apart academically, physically and socially.

For the past sixty years Michigan has tended more and more toward emphasis on professional training schools, advanced graduate courses and superb facilities for the serious scholar and researcher. There is some regret that this has come to pass. The regret is often voiced on

the campus by faculty members who really like undergraduates and enjoy the spectacle of a blossoming forth of a student's adult mentality under their stimulus. The regret is indeed sincere in the business office and among the University administrators. It costs vastly less to train a freshman to write a composition in English than it does, for example, to provide facilities for candidates for a Ph.D. degree in nuclear physics. Advanced students in aeronautical engineering require wind tunnels and mechanical gadgets that need special buildings and staggering investments. But that is Michigan's greatest appeal: the fact that the University *has* those facilities and is constantly acquiring more, that it is not afraid to spend millions on an educational project which will prove valuable to sincere scholars.

Normally the percentage of graduate students at Michigan is high, because only in advanced courses does the University have a chance to show its finest talents and finest equipment. In these years the presence of so many veterans taking training under the G.I. Bill upsets this normal relationship between undergraduates and graduate students, because most G.I. Bill students are undergraduates. However, the percentage at Michigan in the fall of 1947 was about one-third graduate students to two-thirds undergraduates, and this is expected to rise in 1950 to a percentage of about half graduates and half undergraduates.

A close look at the catalogues will show how the emphasis on advanced study is increasing. Lowerclassmen (freshmen and sophomores) are offered a carefully planned curriculum. They must show certain blocks of credits before being allowed to enter the advanced classes in the last two years of the undergraduate course. At the end of the sophomore year there is a series of examinations to test the student's fitness to go on.

Once past that hurdle, the last two years of the undergraduate course are comparatively comfortable. Not until that time is the man or woman student admitted into the inner heart of the University's social sphere. Not until advanced work begins is the student offered the interesting, challenging courses which he remembers with satisfaction afterward. Thus there is a two-year period at Michigan when

life becomes easier than that of the freshman and sophomore classes. Eventually it, in turn, gives way to the exasperating, nerve-wearing fight of the graduate and professional schools.

Michigan reflects a nationwide phenomenon in education caused by a belief now widely held by young men and women that a mere bachelor's degree is not sufficient preparation for the complex American world of tomorrow. Especially now that the G.I. Bill opens the financial door to advanced study, Michigan's advantages have been taken up by serious-faced veterans who put almost frenzied work into qualifying for all manner of graduate degrees. President James B. Conant of Harvard recently remarked that it is an "erroneous emphasis" to slave away like this merely for the right to place a series of letters after one's name on an application blank at an employment office. He said: "There is real danger of creating a white-collared proletariat, an army of unemployed, because many more will desire professional work than our society can support."

At any rate, never before in American history have so many young people been working so hard for so varied an assortment of university degrees as at present. Michigan's position in the world of higher education demands that all courses offered at Ann Arbor be supplied with adequate texts, expensive and elaborate equipment, and faculty members who are renowned authorities in their fields. Students expect superlative instruments and the most intricate laboratory equipment at Michigan. That is what they come for, just as some students come in the hope of getting a place on Michigan's equally superlative football squad.

The tradition of being exceptionally good in so many graduate courses is the basis of Michigan's growth from a small state institution to a big, world-famous university. In order to maintain that tradition, Michigan long ago adopted a habit of seeking all over America for the best – the best president, the best football coach, the best professors of surgery and mechanics and jurisprudence. Then Michigan begins fighting to get them, and keeps at it until they give in, and come to Ann Arbor.

In that way Michigan obtained the presidents who first envisioned,

then built, the great University – Tappan, Angell and Burton. That is the way Michigan captured Fielding Harris ("Hurry Up") Yost and "Fritz" Crisler. That is why Dean Mortimer H. Cooley, builder and first head of the Department of Engineering, left the Navy to build at Michigan the enormous engineering school which now ranks with Lawrence and Sheffield and Cal Tech.

In the humanities, too, Michigan ranks high in the academic world. Important medical discoveries were made, and proven, at Ann Arbor. Discoveries in the art of running a university were first announced here. Michigan leads all American state universities in many of these "firsts," quite a few of them familiar to alumni through weary repetition: the first real state university . . . first to admit women . . . first to find a way to force politics out and keep them out . . . first to teach education as a profession . . . first school of journalism, and more.

Equally significant is Michigan's century of victory in the numerous skirmishes with those people or forces who arbitrarily marched in and attempted to take over. A hundred years ago the Protestant churches of America waged a holy war to gain control of the University of Michigan. It went on for a generation, and cost Michigan a brilliant president and many well-loved professors. Michigan won, remaining not only non-sectarian but thoroughly clear of religious influence on its policy, although holding daily chapel services.

Once it was the "Leftist" pseudo-intellectuals who tried to take over, and make Michigan a soapbox for the "proletariat." Twice the U.S. Army has laid siege to control the place, and was repulsed after a valiant defense in each case. Politicians have boastfully announced, many times, what they were going to do to Michigan, but they never have done anything but boast. Michigan is still independent, still nonsectarian, still politically free. That is a high accomplishment, as the following chapters will show.

Michigan was known as a "liberal" university back in Civil War days. The term then meant liberality in ideas and in intellectual approach to the problems of education. Michigan is still known as "liberal" today, but the term is accepted to mean now a broad tolerance of all national, racial, social or economic notions the students

may have, and an attempt to mix them all together in a campus world which becomes the sum of all those notions, plus something else called "Michigan spirit."

In this process Michigan has found itself acquiring some traditions, also liberal in character. Foremost is the Michigan friendliness and genuine welcome to everybody, black or white, red or brown, Jew or Gentile, Mohammedan or Hard-Shell Baptist. Another is the acceptance of the student as a responsible adult whose right to his own opinion is unquestioned. His own opinion frequently gets him nowhere with the faculty, which rests serenely in the knowledge that its opinions, too, are pretty well founded. But he is protected doubly well at Michigan, first by a policy that allows him to hold any kind of indignation or protest meetings he chooses, and secondly by an intelligence network that finds out fast whether he is being exploited, manipulated or pressurized by some outside group to express their views under the guise of "academic freedom."

In theory, Michigan is trying to establish a classless social structure on the campus — a social horizontal line, as it were. In practice, human nature makes this goal impossible to realize, but authorities say that Michigan comes as close to universal tolerance as a big university can. Every fraternity and sorority of national importance, of course, maintains a chapter at Ann Arbor. The vicinity of the campus is dotted with the homes of special clubs and other professional or cultural fraternities. All the student buildings — the Union, the Women's League, Hill Auditorium, the Publications Building and others — are full of clubrooms assigned to campus activities of bewildering complexity. There is a club for everybody and a tradition that every student should do his part in furthering extracurricular enterprises.

Part of this traditional Michigan liberality and social friendliness is credited to the long line of co-eds who have graced the campus since 1871. The Michigan co-ed is, like her university, completely independent, and rather outstanding, academically and physically. The percentage of co-eds has varied widely in succeeding periods: more women were on the campus, proportionately, prior to World

War I than are there today. The rush of veterans explains the present comparative decline in co-ed attendance; they get precedence and there isn't much room for the co-ed.

There is no traditional policy at Michigan toward the co-ed, unless it is one of complete acceptance into all University life on equal terms, insistence on class standings as high as the men's, and enough supervision to supply a note of seriousness and dignity to her campus life. She never becomes a campus "queen" in a bathing suit; she stages her own theatricals but doesn't appear in the Union musical comedies, and she dresses conservatively. But she is free to try out for any campus activity or class office, often getting into spirited electioneering with masculine rivals.

Because men outnumber co-eds four to one (and these days higher than that), the Michigan co-ed has traditionally been deluged with social invitations since about 1895 when casual "dating" became respectable. Most co-eds are forced to refuse frantic appeals for "dates" in order to get time to study. Lately, the presence of married veterans, and their wives, in the student body has reduced this social pressure somewhat. A Michigan co-ed is still championed as the pure type of American college beauty she always has been in campus song and story; a "campus goddess" in 1872, a "dimpled darling" in 1910 and a "Beautiful Dreamer" in a campus periodical in 1947. All the legends say that the Michigan co-ed has always been beautiful. There are no exceptions.

3

"Michigan spirit," hailed so often in song and on the football gridiron, is probably more responsible for the present-day University than all the Regents since the days of the Founding Fathers. Without the loyalty and enthusiasm of the students, the Regents would be likely to find the University cracking up with distressing rapidity. This very situation has occurred several times, and on each occasion Michigan almost died. In contrast, when the Regents have found a

happy, harmonious student and alumni combination at their backs they have worked miracles with the University, and brought it, each time, to new heights of success.

These Regents comprise the governing board of the University, and act as the representatives of the people of the State of Michigan in University affairs. Their status was required because, from the beginning, Michigan was set up as a State institution, given State lands for its support, and organized as a State department. The Regents were appointed by the Governor until 1850, since which date they have been elected at two-year intervals, for terms of eight years. Thus the Board is not suddenly out of power completely. Changes are gradual. Many Regents have held the office for twenty years or more, receiving no salary for it. The law authorizes no compensation whatever except traveling expenses.

The Regents claim to be everyday, typical citizens of Michigan without special distinction, but usually this is modesty. They are, to begin with, all graduates of the University. They are expected to be persons of established position in their communities or in the State. In the past many Regents have been immensely wealthy, but that is not the case now. Currently the eight-Regent Board is composed of seven men and a woman, none being nationally prominent either in wealth or fame. But all are more than ordinarily well-to-do, and two or three are nationally known in their businesses and professions. One current Regent worked his way through Michigan by steering a Lake Superior cargo ship in the summer. The lady Regent, after a few years as a teacher, married a successful businessman and settled down to Y.W.C.A. work, committees for the alumnae, and eventual nomination and election to her present post.

Since the troubles with the Regents in President Tappan's time, in 1863, there has grown up a firm custom about nominations to this Board. Both major political parties carefully avoid professional politicians, and wait for suggestions from the various alumni clubs, from the Regents themselves, from University officials or faculty members. Persons thus recommended are usually nominated at party conventions without much debate. Any person who makes a bid for a

Regency nomination, or introduces a vigorous campaign for it, is not encouraged. The selection is thus largely in the hands of the University and its alumni. Some years before World War II this custom was departed from when an alumnus active in party politics engineered his own nomination and won election. He subsequently fell in with bad companions, or something, and went to a Federal prison for a few years. Since then career politicians have been regarded with even less enthusiasm as possible Regents.

Regents have about the same powers and duties as the trustees or directors of similar institutions elsewhere. Their Board is a constitutional corporation, enabling it to receive grants and account to the Legislature for expended funds. In theory the Board has a good deal of administrative authority. In practice this power is passed on to the President and the Regents advise him and confer with him on policy matters. They act somewhat as directors of a big corporation. They have committees on the chief University functions — Medical, Legal, and so forth; Buildings and Grounds, Library and Faculty. But their chief responsibility lies in selecting a competent President.

Again, the parallel to a large business organization is noticeable in the Michigan organization chart. The President is the over-all administrative authority, holding in his two hands all the authority and all the responsibility for the institution's success. He has a "cabinet" called the Board of Deans, which in effect gives him a vice-president in charge of the chief departments, graduate schools and business functions. These deans, in turn, have advisory committees in their own departments, composed of senior professors. The deans and senior professors make up the membership of the University Senate, the academic policy-making body which recommends new ideas to the President for his consideration. The University Council, corresponding to a lower house in the governmental structure, is open to all officials of the University who have some influence over administration.

Michigan's chief departure from the university norm in organization is the unorthodox way it handles athletics. There are millions of dollars involved, a score or more athletic buildings, a vast stadium

and a national pre-eminence in athletics which the Regents have learned to handle very cautiously indeed. From the beginning they have adopted a policy of letting the students and alumni handle all athletic matters, with some faculty advice. Students themselves contributed to the early teams; alumni contributions and gifts helped build Michigan's athletic plant, and gate receipts did the rest. Athletic property is separate from University property. It is controlled by a Board in Control of Athletics, composed of undergraduate students, alumni and faculty representatives.

Michigan has never had any athletic scholarships, nor permitted alumni to subsidize athletes openly. In years past, the faculty sometimes connived with Yost to get phenomenal players like "Germany" Schultz, who was admitted to Michigan before graduating from high school. Dean Cooley, who wanted Schultz for the team, wrote the astonished high-school principal that Schultz had satisfied the Committee on Admissions (composed of himself and Secretary Shirley Smith), which was all that was necessary. But the later Big Ten rules about athletic eligibility put an end to such shenanigans. Since 1917 Michigan has been extremely strict on the subject, and the poor football hero today not only gets no special favors from professors or business office but frequently is suspected of receiving money from alumni when he actually works hard on a part-time job to get it.

Others besides athletes work at part-time jobs; in fact more than a third of the student body has some sort of revenue earned while attending Michigan. That is part of the "Michigan spirit," too. A famous patent attorney worked his way through Michigan entirely, by clearing tables in the Union cafeteria, among other tasks. He was elected to a prominent fraternity and several campus societies just the same. There is no stigma attached to part-time employment; those who make disparaging remarks about "working students" are usually envious, and wish they had jobs too.

The "Michigan spirit" is not just a rah-rah frenzy displayed at football games; far from it. The campus attitude about these loyalties has changed, too, with the times. Fifty years ago, "Michigan spirit" was somewhat synthetic, a bravado sold to the undergraduates by

cheerleaders and sentiment-rousers at pre-football-game rallies around the bonfires in "The Glen," a spacious valley near the campus. It was then held to be a strict doctrine that Michigan was the biggest, the best and the toughest university in the nation, whose football team could lick any other football team, whose campus was inhabited by the biggest and ruggedest he-men who would eat prep-school boys for breakfast.

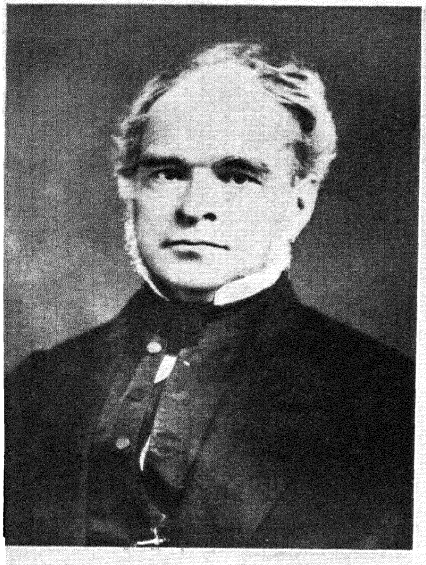
In this generation the "Michigan spirit" is not invoked at such times. Like the castle ghosts of Old England, the spook is eccentric and nobody knows what form it will assume at a given moment. The "spirit" is a queer compound of legend mixed with historical fact; of high morale in the student body stemming from a realization of long-cherished opportunities, of fear and apprehension lest they be lost by dismissal. It inspires a Michigan student with pride in his university, in its traditions and accomplishments, and its world-wide prestige. But along with that, the "spirit" seems to have a personality . . . a spook that haunts the campus and the adjacent area and occasionally is heard by the student as an insistent, clamoring voice.

"Get serious," it says. This is a favorite expression around the campus, and includes a warning that the crowding means competition and even rivalry; that the pace of class instruction is increasing year by year; that the serious student will become the successful student. The "spirit" stays with the alumni, too, reminding them of hardships shared and campus pleasures remembered from undergraduate days.

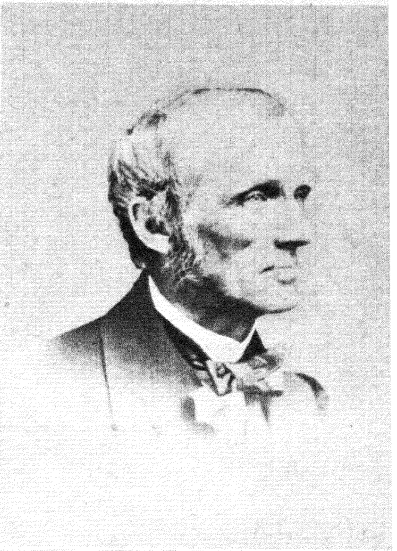
For a century, old grads have been referring to this "Michigan spirit" in their memoirs. Apparently Michigan has a distinct morale which is contagious, passed along from one student generation to the next. The freshman catches it about the third week in the second semester, when he suddenly realizes that he has been spared the executioner's axe, that he has been accepted by the University; that he is within striking distance of becoming a real, full-fledged "Michigan" man (or woman). The departing graduate carries it with him in a non-virulent form, the symptoms changing from inspiration and challenge to nostalgia.

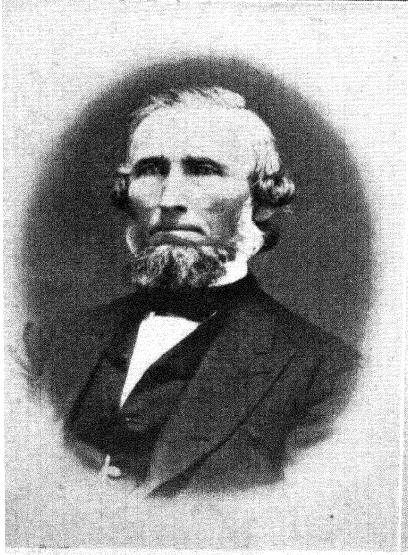
One of Michigan's greatest Presidents, Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton,

George Palmer Williams



Andrew Ten Brook





Dr. Abram Sager



Judge Thomas M. Cooley

FOUR LEADERS OF THE EARLY FACULTIES

told a dean that he accepted the Regents' invitation and left a successful post at the University of Minnesota because Michigan had the best and most loyal alumni group in the country. That's an example of the "spirit" at work. Another is the Michigan Union, a towering structure built with dollars and dimes from more than 70,000 students and alumni.

Nationally, among people not on speaking terms with this "Michigan spirit," the University is explained casually in terms of football. It is a "football college," a place like those crazy backgrounds in Hollywood movies for a football story, where the coach and the players are heroes and the professors are the villains, forever trying with insidious schemes to keep the best players off the teams. I remember one such opus which even had the effrontery to depict the burly football hero wearing the familiar block "M" on his sweater.

No one with more than a tourist's knowledge of Michigan gives football credit for building the University. The opposite is the case. Michigan was great long before football was heard of, and that greatness – that "spirit" which still haunts the place – produced the great "Wolverine" athletic teams. During the Yost period, in fact for the "twelve golden years of Michigan football" ending in 1907, football was indeed a mania at Ann Arbor. It was a campus passion, influencing students' vocabularies, their clothes and their thought patterns. Today, Michigan's "Wolverines" under Crisler are right back up there again, on the top of the national football heap. But the game is no longer the all-consuming passion that it was.

Michigan football has become a prominent Midwestern regional spectacle, something less close to the everyday life of the undergraduate. Special trains arrive from many states and automobiles from all over the nation. Students apply for and buy their special-rate season tickets. Thousands of students, of course, attend. Others don't, but continue grinding away at their books while listening to the game on their radios – right in Ann Arbor rooming houses!

Bigness and greatness, the twin factors that changed the University, have changed the football squad, too. The University is so big that the students can't know each other en masse. The appearance of a

well-publicized Michigan football star like Bop Chappuis walking along the campus diagonal produces a flurry of excitement, quick snapshots, knots of adoring co-eds, and polite requests for autographs on anything from a student's memory book to his shirt front. To his classmates Chappuis is a great public figure. Football has somewhat the same relationship to the student body. It is a marvelous spectacle, attracting nationwide attention and even television crews, like a Presidential inauguration. The name "Michigan" prominently identified with this spectacle thrills them, but it lacks the intimate personal pride that inspired the Michigan students of 1901.

That is inevitable with a student body of 20,000 representing 53 nationalities, in addition to the many American regional characters on display at the Michigan campus. The only connecting link between the Michigan of today and the little experimental college of 1841 from whence it sprang, is this nebulous, time-defying "Michigan spirit," which settled down permanently to haunt and inspire the little institution as soon as its doors opened. The men who first saw the University in their imaginations, and then brought it to reality, were thoroughly imbued with the same spirit themselves.

The story of how that little experiment succeeded, in spite of obstacles and reverses, is the story of the rise of the "Michigan spirit." It is an absorbing tale, which begins with General Lewis Cass in 1817.

CHAPTER II

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

1

GOVERNOR Lewis Cass's diary said it was unnaturally cold on the September day in 1817 when he camped by the swampy rapids of the Maumee River. He was accompanied by his aide, Captain Arnold, and they were to meet some Indians in an attempt to sell them the idea of relinquishing their tribal claims to the Michigan end of Lake Erie. On September 26th they met the Indians and got what they wanted. They also became involved in a complex chain of events which led, among other things, to the establishment of the University of Michigan.

The treaty thus signed became known as the Fort Meigs Treaty. It was not of world-shaking importance. It was an agreement between these Indians and the United States government for the disposition of that land. The Indians agreed to go hunting elsewhere, a not astonishing decision in view of the opinion held of Indians in Michigan since the River Raisin Massacre and other scalpings in this area during the War of 1812.

When General Cass, the Territorial governor, submitted this agreement to Washington, it came back to him weighted down with the usual bureaucratic additions and conditions. The document provided that three sections of land, about 2,000 acres, acquired from the redskins, should be reserved by the Territory for the support of a college or other institution of higher education to be chartered by the Territory and operated by it for the general benefit of its citizens. This was in compliance with the terms of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 which had set up the Territory of Michigan, enunciating, among other principles, the dictum that "Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Cass was not a college man himself. He had practiced law a few years in Exeter, New Hampshire, before entering the army in 1809, but in those days a law office was not prima-facie evidence of an education. The General confined his efforts to locating parcels of land which he thought would bring the unborn school a good income. In this, as in most things, Cass succeeded admirably. He located this school land on Maumee Bay, in what is now the downtown section of Toledo.

In his little Territorial capitol in Detroit, Cass meditated about what a college ought to be like, and how to set one up in Michigan. The Territory had a few thousand people and only one city, Detroit, which was recovering from a disastrous fire and was not very receptive to anything which would cost money. But the terms of the treaty were such that if Cass did not utilize this grant soon by actually organizing the college, the land would be lost.

The Governor of necessity turned for help to the best-known scholar in the Territory, his general assistant and partner in the government, Judge Augustus B. Woodward. The Judge was eccentric even for those days, and if he behaved in our generation as he did then, he would be investigated, indicted, committed and condemned. He was a remarkable character who bluffed some, bullied everyone, and who won renown on the principle that Judge Woodward knew twice as much as anyone else. He was appointed to the Territorial bench in 1805 "for life or during good behavior." Had the last provision been enforced the term of Judge Woodward would not have exceeded six months. As it was he served for more than twenty years.

After the fire of 1805 had burned to the ground every structure in Detroit except two, it was Woodward who laid out the city on its present plan, with the widest avenue named for himself and the most important street named for his friend and political benefactor, President Thomas Jefferson.

The long career of Judge Woodward was one of the most picturesque in Michigan history. He tried to fine a Major Whipple for being disrespectful to His Honor upon a public street. He once parried Cass's demand for an audit of the court books by catechizing the mes-

senger as to his antecedents, place of residence, and personal habits, and finally grunting "Well, I don't think much of you – you can go." The messenger went, without the audit. Woodward wielded a large personal measure of administrative authority because, there being no legislature, the whole Territory was in the hands of the governor and a board of three judges, of whom Woodward was the chief.

He was always complaining about his colleagues and their lack of respect for his profound knowledge. Born in Virginia, a boyhood friend of Jefferson and a product of the manor-house tutor system, Woodward was conscious of his superior status.

Everybody with any advanced schooling in those days knew Greek; it was a required subject in every college and in most academies. But Woodward seemed like a frustrated professor of Greek; he spoke it and wrote it at every opportunity.

We can well imagine how he licked his chops with eagerness when the dour old General Cass mentioned the subject of a college. Woodward went into seclusion, polished up his Greek vocabulary, and seized a quill pen. He drew up a plan for an institution to be called, briefly, "The Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania." Being Judge Woodward, he could not do the job simply, or express himself in simple phrases. He wrote the outline in Greek, and was forced to write a translation of it in a parallel column so that the local yokels in Detroit could understand it.

The old Judge had an original idea, in that what he proposed was the first real gesture in the direction of a complete university yet attempted in the West. In outlining it, he tried to envision the future State as it would be in another fifty years. He tried to anticipate its need for practical training and to estimate the kind of university courses which would be in demand. He surrounded his keystone, the university, with a balanced educational system, including branch academies in the principal towns. He showed, in his plan, how they would prepare students for the university through specialized courses tied in with the entrance requirements of the higher institution.

The "Cathol-whatsitsname," as Cass quickly dubbed Woodward's university, would be a collection of thirteen individual "science"

courses. Each branch of learning was to have a department head in charge, and various professors to teach an average of six or seven subjects. The institution would be directed by a President assisted by a board of directors.

Judge Woodward conferred the title of *Didactors* upon the thirteen faculty chiefs, and their departments were thus *didaxiim.* Literature became *Anthropoglossica;* natural sciences, *Physiosophica;* the military sciences were called *Polemitactica;* another branch, *Ennoeica,* was a catchall for the so-called "intellectual sciences" and included a long list of subdivisions, called *Epistimiim,* or "sciences relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existences, to the Deity, and to religion."

Among the thirteen major classifications, and especially worthy of note in the year 1817, were rather modern university courses in medicine (*Iatrica*), chemistry (*Chymia*), mathematics (*Mathematica*) and astronomy (*Astronomia*). Subordinate to the university were the local academies and affiliated denominational colleges, with primary schools everywhere, libraries in each village, assembly halls or *athenæ,* museums, botanical gardens, laboratories for research, and "other useful literary and scientific Institutions consonant with the laws of the United States and of Michigan."

The financing of a program like this was not worked out in the same fine detail. The Judge didn't worry about it. He thought an increase of fifteen per cent in the general tax rate ought to supply enough for the staff salaries, while the land grants would pay for a few buildings with which to get the institution under way. As a further suggestion, he proposed running lotteries throughout the Territory, of which the University would retain fifteen per cent of the gross.

With the first few receipts from the sale of land, Cass and Judge Woodward met with a committee of citizens from Detroit to organize the college. Their funds permitted them to build a small two-story brick schoolhouse, twenty-four feet by fifty feet, on Bates Street next to the corner of Congress. The committee obtained the help of the Rev. John Monteith, Presbyterian minister of Detroit, to whom they offered the titular office of president of this paper organization. The

University did not exist as a teaching institution. It was a supervisory unit which was expected to set up academies and local preparatory schools. One of these academies was located in Detroit, and it occupied the building on Bates Street.

The Rev. Mr. Monteith enlisted the aid of the renowned Father Gabriel Richard, parish priest of Ste. Anne's Cathedral across the street. Father Richard was good enough to supervise preparations for six of the thirteen *didaxiim* to be taught in the future University. He never taught any courses of this character, personally. He did, however, help the Rev. Monteith occasionally in teaching academy courses.

For four years, 1817-1821, the Rev. Monteith was occupied entirely with supervision of the future project. But no instruction of a college level was ever given by the "University of Michigania" during this time. The number of applicants for preparatory training was so small that it scarcely filled the upper floor of the building. The lower floor was given to the City of Detroit for a grade school.

The Rev. Monteith, therefore, merely kept an account book of funds expended, and rendered annual reports of progress throughout the Territory. He was operating the "University" as a co-ordinating agency and as an authority for chartering the local academies which sprang up. In 1821 the whole project was dropped. The Greek nomenclature was changed, and the courses became those of a simple classical academy, the first junior college in the Territory of Michigan. The land revenue never entirely supported it, but the City of Detroit and the Territorial government added small supplementary appropriations so that by 1830 it was a fairly well-set-up institution.

In 1834, however, the building on Bates Street was again a private academy, preparing boys for entrance to Eastern universities. This arrangement lasted only two years. Population was flowing into Michigan like a pressure stream from a fire hose. Statehood was achieved in 1837, and one of the provisions in the Enabling Act was that the new State, in consideration of a large land grant, organize and operate a true University of Michigan.

Under the provisions of its first State constitution, which had been

in operation since 1835, Michigan had obtained control over a chain of these small academies, such as the tiny building on Bates Street in Detroit. They were organized as branches of the future University, to create a backlog of qualified students who would be prepared to enter. They conferred no degrees and their total attendance never exceeded 400 at any one time. They were, in effect, high schools and junior colleges bridging the gap between primary schools and college entrance.

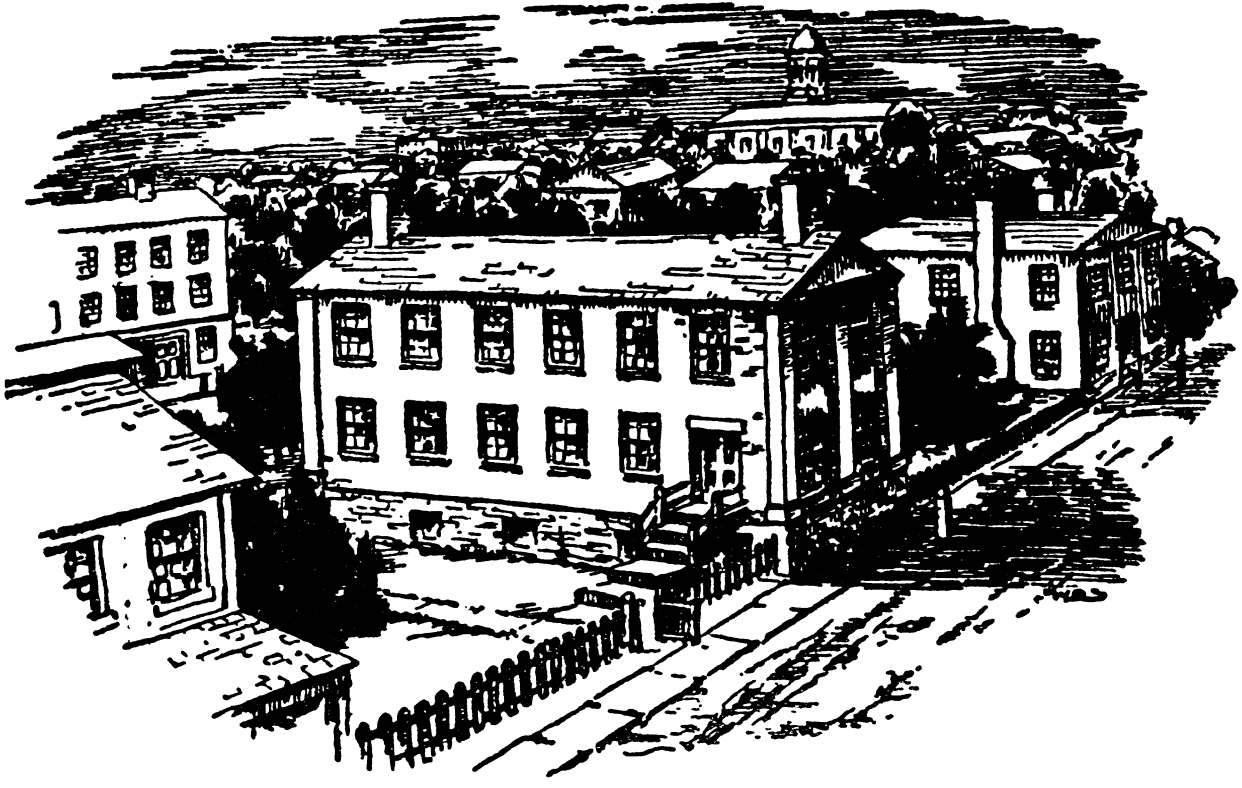
As soon as the Constitution of 1835 was adopted, the State administration began actively preparing for the day when it could announce that its University was open. The school we know today, in Ann Arbor, is the one these pioneers visualized. Six years of unceasing work lay ahead of them before its doors opened. But when it arrived they showed a skeptical America something entirely new in education: a complete, nonsectarian University organized under a State constitution, as part of the State school system, and offering a welcome and a college education to any qualified resident of Michigan.

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The need for a completely new start in the plans for a university could not be demonstrated more clearly than by describing what sort of a "college" that crackerbox on Bates Street was.

In 1836 the little building opened its doors to its first students as a branch of the future University. It offered three courses of study: a sort of normal school preparing teachers for duty in the log schoolhouses of the frontier; an advanced general course and a strictly classical course aimed at preparing students for theological seminaries. Expenses of the school were met partially by the State, through land sales, and partially by pledges from Detroit citizens. Then there was a tuition fee to help out, ten dollars a year for the first two courses and twelve dollars a year for the classical one.

The Bates Street school had a faculty of two, Prof. C. W. Fitch, an army chaplain, and E. C. Walker. They were assisted by an occasional



First Home of the University, Bates Street, Detroit, 1817

lecturer, Andrew Harvie, and by a tutor in Latin, Wilson Gray, who came in to teach the classical students. Both were lawyers in Detroit.

Boys who attended this school wrote about the experience years later, but they say very little about the school itself. They were profoundly impressed by a pompous old Major named Jonathan Kearsley, the Chairman of the state-appointed "Board of Visitors," who periodically appeared at the school and put the lads through a stiff verbal quiz. They plotted incessantly to outwit the old gentleman.

The students sat on hard wooden benches arranged in rows, and they had to pay strict attention. The teachers were always pretty strong men, who punished the boys continuously, judging by the accounts. One student made an inventory of the implements of torture he found in Gray's desk: heavy ferrules, leather straps, and "slappers," long panels of wood, with a handle, that made a noise like a fire-cracker when applied to the seat of a student's trousers.

When the boys came outside, they liked to crowd together on the narrow steps, lean over the iron railing and shout insults at the Catholic boys attending Ste. Anne's parish school, in the basement of the Cathedral across the street. They had a habit of waiting until the Catholic boys were in the street, then lifting up their voices, like priests conducting Mass, and chanting a string of Latin nouns:

"Conjux atque parens infans patro – clis! Affinis, vindex, judex, dux et ho – stes!"

"About that time," says a former student, "the brickbats came flying in. We provoked it just to see them get their Irish up."

The only reliable account of an examination at this Bates Street branch dates from 1836, the first year of its State-sponsored existence. The students were notified that the Board of Visitors was coming the following day, and that Major Kearsley would personally question every student. The faculty had a list of merits and demerits prepared. This was left in Fitch's desk, heavily padlocked. The examination questions were in there, too. "Something," says the account with admirable restraint, "had to be done."

The teachers had barred all the doors and fastened the shutters on the windows. But the students, after consultation, broke the semi-

circular glass fan window over the front door and boosted in a small boy who slid down inside and unfastened the portal. The boys smeared the stairs with sludge from a neighboring enginehouse, "so slick that a fly would break its neck on them"; they put assafoetida and red pepper in the stove ashes, they took the demerit rolls and all the examination questions out of Fitch's desk, and silently departed.

In the morning there was a great hullabaloo. Constables were summoned, arrests were promised, and Major Kearsley pounded the wooden sidewalk with his wooden leg, thundering for somebody's head. But the secret was well kept and was revealed only fifty years later, in an old man's confession. An interesting phase of this incident is that Major Kearsley was forced to grant certificates to the students anyway, examination or not.

Teachers who survived this sort of treatment received $15 for a course of lectures, quarterly, in the classical department, with the other courses paying $10 and $6 for the same three-month period. The boys were taught, in the classical academy — "French, Latin, and Greek languages, Antiquities, English grammar, Composition, Elocution, Mathematics, Geography, Morals and Ornamental Accomplishments."

In 1836 the only American universities worthy of note were the old endowed ones in the East: Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia and the rest. Admission to these schools was anything but public. It was gained after examination, only by payment of tuition and fees, and frequently a year's board in advance. In a few of the original thirteen states were institutions bearing the state name — the University of Vermont, University of Pennsylvania, University of Virginia. They were not true state universities. They were famous institutions, mostly endowed, but chartered by their states and in part supported by them. They were in no way connected with the public-school system, nor were they expected to favor residents of their states. The Universities of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Vermont and South Carolina were denominational colleges controlled by various churches. The "University of the State of New York" was just a supervisory body as Michigan's original Catholepistemiad had been.

In setting up the Northwest Territory under the Ordinance of 1787, Congress ordained that the states carved out of it should begin as Territories to lay foundations for the "schools and means of education" described in that document. Every sixteenth section of public land was reserved from general sale and given to the Territorial governments for the support of schools. This support might come in many forms, usually by selling parts of the land to settlers and using the income to erect school buildings, and renting the remainder to supply an income for the school boards.

These school lands had quietly disappeared, everywhere but in Michigan. Conditions in Michigan were different. Not because the land was any better or the future prospects any brighter than those of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or the other Territories formed out of the vast Northwest area. Michigan received a different class of settlers. They came mostly from New England and upper New York State, and they showed a remarkable cultural development. In general, Michigan settlers were well educated and highly conscious of the need for schools.

In addition, it was Michigan's good fortune to be stricken from the list of new Territories to be settled by veterans of the earlier wars with England. Soldiers' bounty lands, granted without surveys or much prior inspection, led to a rush of land-hungry veterans everywhere, particularly along the Ohio River. Wild speculation ensued, quite at variance with the situation in Michigan where settlers arrived with money to pay for their land and tools to build their permanent homes.

Since the Revolution, Congress had been trying to make some compensation to veterans. It had granted land in places impossible to colonize and in others which were under constant dispute with foreign powers. Tennessee and Kentucky, and many parts of the broad Ohio valley (notably southern Ohio) were thrown open to settlement by veterans of the Revolution, and all the best farming areas were quickly taken up. Following the War of 1812, wherein very few soldiers received any pay at all, Congress earmarked the entire Northwest Territory for soldiers' bounty lands.

The Erie Canal opened in 1825. Some years before, about 1817, a board of commissioners had come out from the Land Office at Washington to look over the situation in Michigan in a search for more bounty land. They had a rough trip of it northward through Ohio and on to Detroit on horseback through the rattlesnake-infested swamps bordering Lake Erie.

They told Governor Cass that they had not seen one tillable acre on the whole trip. The wily Cass said nothing. He had just finished surveying two roads across the peninsula and knew very well that in the interior there was some of the most beautiful farming land in America. He was a New Englander by birth and his great ambition was to transplant New England bodily to Michigan. He therefore remained silent, and the commissioners, headed by General Tiffin, set out on a further exploration trip westward.

A dependable account says that they "got a few miles west of Detroit, returned and reported [the region] totally unfit for cultivation." Nothing could have been more fortunate for the future State. Besides retarding the settlement, we should have had a very different set of inhabitants had it been encumbered with soldiers' bounty lands.

Cass took his time. "To him," said John D. Pierce, father of the Michigan school system, "more than to any other man is the State indebted for its subsequent rapid settlement." He let Tiffin and the other commissioners return to Washington and report that the government must look elsewhere for soldiers' lands. Quietly, Cass began writing to various influential friends in New England, telling them about the manifold opportunities in Michigan but urging them to make their selections of future settlers carefully.

The time had come. The Erie Canal opened; thousands of New Englanders were literally on the starvation level because their rocky acres had failed them. They sold what they could, packed up what they could not, and left Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts by the thousands. Long wagon trains came overland through Canada and finally entered Detroit on a steam ferryboat from Windsor, opened in 1830. Deckloads of farmers, their families and

their belongings jammed the early side-wheelers on Lake Erie, all bound for Detroit and thence for the interior.

Cass's judgment proved correct. These people brought with them not only exquisite Governor Winthrop chairs and desks, Copley portraits and Revere silver, but libraries, printing presses and textbooks. They carried to the wilds of Michigan the New England town system, with its public meetings and universal free franchise. They built churches and log schoolhouses as fast as they built settlements.

To understand the kind of people they were, look at Ann Arbor. It had the first newspaper and the first young ladies' school in Michigan outside Detroit, and the first white child born in Washtenaw County was christened Alpha.

Ann Arbor illustrates very well the settlement period of Michigan and the character of its population. The two original settlers of the place, John Allen and Elisha Rumsey, were strangers to each other when they met by chance on a crowded wooden sidewalk in Cleveland in February, 1824. Allen was a Virginian and Rumsey hailed from Genesee County, New York. They were looking for land in the interior, somewhere by a river where they could take up land, build homes, and raise families in the new West.

Allen and Rumsey liked each other, and they started down the Territorial Road together on horseback. On the second day they came to an opening in the interminable forests and saw a winding, crystal-clear river of breath-taking beauty, mirroring bright green hills. They camped beside the stream, trying to find the spot on their map. At length they identified it as Section 29 in Township 2 South, range 6 East, Washtenaw County. There was a burbling brook cascading over its bed of pebbles to join the river almost at their camp site.

On the east side of this creek they pitched tents, and later built two log homes with a grape arbor between them. They sent back for their wives and bought the land. Both wives arrived toward the latter part of the year 1824. Both were named Ann, and they liked each other immediately. It was a happy valley, christened by the two families, "Anns' Arbor."

But people wouldn't let them alone. In a year or two there were a dozen families there. Allen owned 320 acres in the valley and was kept busy selling land, settling disputes and administering the affairs of a growing village. Rumsey's 160 acres were farther east, a part of his land including the original campus of the University of Michigan. Rumsey and his Ann turned their spreading home into a wayside inn and coffeehouse; Allen and his Ann ran the post office, and Allen was the Justice of the Peace.

By 1827 Ann Arbor had a street of stores. By 1830 it had a newspaper, *The Western Emigrant*, a dam across the lazy river, and a grist mill. In 1832, far in advance of other communities settled about the same time, Ann Arbor opened a private academy for secondary education and began its tradition as a center of learning.

Pretty soon it became the county seat, and Allen graciously donated a city block of downtown property for a courthouse square. Other towns were springing up in the Washtenaw backwoods. In the year 1834 Washtenaw County's census totaled 4,042; of those, 830 lived in the growing village of Ann Arbor. That was the saga of its first decade.

No more idyllic setting for a great future university could be imagined. Conceived by people attracted by its scenic beauty, developed by others as a seat of culture and good taste, from its very beginning Ann Arbor was Territorial Michigan at its best.

3

The University of Michigan was born on a cedar log, about half a mile from the village of Marshall, halfway across the peninsula from Detroit. Marshall at that time consisted of two log houses and a log church. It is entirely coincidence that the two men in Michigan best able to organize a great project like this and fight it through nationally and locally to a victorious realization, lived in the same log house.

The Rev. John D. Pierce owned the house. He had built it with

an adze and an axe in 1831, as a missionary sent there by the American Missionary Society to set up a Protestant church in the then undeveloped wilderness of the Territory. Some say Pierce's church was Presbyterian, some say it was Congregational. Pierce hinted that it was both; he never was a doctrinarian and his chief interest was in bringing the Word of God to the settlers.

Pierce was a huge man, well over six feet and with such a span of shoulders that his almost bald pate looked like an egg stuck on a fence. He was said to have the strength of an ox. He built this log house in a few weeks, then built his church, and returned to add a bigger wing to the house in order to accommodate the settlers who were always asking for a night's shelter on their way along the Territorial Road.

Before Pierce's house was complete, in August, 1831, cholera struck it. His wife, who had made the long trip from Providence, Rhode Island, with him in an open ox wagon, died after an illness of only six hours. The tragedy changed all the missionary's plans and interrupted his church work. He was pretty busy helping other families stricken by the plague throughout the summer of 1831, but afterward he returned to the empty log homestead and grieved.

He was at loose ends. The routine work of his church seemed pointless to him. He said in his memoirs that there was so much that needed doing that he was confused. For several years he held church services regularly but otherwise paid little attention to missionary activities, sitting at home, reading, writing letters, keeping house as a bachelor and tramping in the woods holding long discussions with himself.

In these discussions he sometimes was joined by Isaac E. Crary, a younger, smaller man who had yearnings to be a politician. Crary lived with his bride for two years in a room in Pierce's house, but the two men had little in common until they began talking about education.

Pierce was an alumnus of Brown University in Providence. Crary was the proud holder of an A.B. degree from Trinity College and had practiced law in Hartford, before emigrating to Michigan in

1831. In that little log house these two college graduates began talking far into the night on all sorts of problems affecting education. Sometime during 1834, Crary obtained an American edition of a book on the Prussian system of education entitled *Rapport sur l'état de l'instruction publique en Prusse.* Originally submitted to the French Ministry of Education by its author, M. Victor Cousin, this report had been translated into English by Sarah Austin. Crary took it to the Rev. Pierce, and they talked about it for a month.

The Prussian system seemed to Pierce to be the best approach to universal free education. He saw immediately the possibility of transferring it to the developing Michigan backwoods, where there was no established school system to fight, no precedents to tear down, a multiplying population begging for a chance to send its children to school. True, the Prussian system had the disadvantage of its autocratic origin, but it got the children to school and pounded knowledge into them. Prussia at the time of this report was under French domination following the Napoleonic Wars, but making its bid for supremacy in Germany. The school system, as outlined in the Cousin report, was a means of outlawing illiteracy entirely, educating Prussia to take its place as the cultural leader of Europe.

Under the system, every child of school age, male and female, had to attend school regularly under penalty of discipline for truancy and fines for the parents. The chain of institutions was integrated so that the State controlled it from kindergarten to the university. The teachers were trained at State-supported normal schools; the textbooks were designed to carry on the teaching of each subject at increasing pace throughout the primary division, the *gymnasium* or secondary school, and the student's college career.

Pierce saw it as a means of tying in a State-supported university with the primary and secondary schools throughout the peninsula. This was, for the time, a revolutionary departure from accepted educational practice. No one, except true crusaders like Pierce, thought of college training as part of every child's birthright. The rarity of college education in the United States was accepted as normal. Only a few boys ever went to college, girls practically never.

"I think I can do it," Pierce said to Crary one day. "This is what I plan to do." From notes written the preceding night, he launched into a description of a Michigan school system beginning with the lowest grade and including the university as an integral part of the plan.

Crary was quick to sense the shock such a procedure would produce in political circles. He began to debate and argue, which made Pierce all the more vehement. Pierce's long black beard was wagging furiously. Crary meanwhile had strayed out of the door with Pierce following.

It is obvious that neither man paid any attention to where they were going. They stopped eventually in an open clearing in the woods which Pierce, many years later, could not identify closer than to say that "it was a hill a little north of where the courthouse at Marshall now stands." They sat down on opposite ends of a fallen log and argued at each other all that day.

When they returned, both were changed men. They had convinced each other that the impossible was merely the incredible; that if they could win an official hearing they could introduce this complete plan at the coming Constitutional Convention and force it into law.

Pierce and Crary from that moment became radicals. They were committed to this creed; they preached it like Paul the Apostle, whom Pierce rather resembled. Together they made the best possible combination. Pierce drafted the plan and begat the educational features thereof. Ike Crary, his thick wavy hair and luxurious sideburns bobbing with earnestness, undertook to sell it to the still-unborn State of Michigan.

It would require a good deal of selling. Other zealous men, in other new states, had fought to protect education. They had carried their long campaigns as far as the governors and state legislatures. Invariably the politicians had patted them on the back, congratulated them, and then had gone on selling the school lands to their friends. In all these states the land grants originally reserved to provide the money for school buildings and teachers' salaries had been drained away by greedy township boards. Each township did as it pleased

with the educational land grants it controlled, usually selling off the land to favored settlers at the standard price of $1.25 an acre.

Crary discussed the problem with Pierce. They agreed that without definite control by the state, their plan would collapse.

Before Crary made his first official move, he plotted far into the night. He knew the cause of these other failures. It took a politician to outsmart another politician, and Crary determined to play the game through.

Michigan, in 1834, was in the embarrassing position, nationally, of being an illegitimate child in the sisterhood of States. The minimum conditions for statehood had been met and exceeded; Congress had before it the latest of a long succession of bills pleading for admission, and there the matter lay. Ohio, with its rich list of electoral votes and eloquent, voting congressmen, bitterly opposed Michigan's attempts to cling to its southern border, including the present city of Toledo. Ohio was blocking Michigan's attempts to be admitted as a State. And Congress was playing Ohio's game because Ohio had the votes and the representation. Michigan was a voteless Territory.

Crary knew that despite the threats of President Andrew Jackson, Acting Governor Stevens T. Mason, the Territorial leader, was going ahead rapidly with plans to force Michigan's admission. The chief citizens of both major parties, Democrats and Whigs, had been summoned to a Constitutional Convention to draft a constitution for the new State. Crary thought, as did most citizens in 1834, that the people would go ahead, elect a governor and act just as if Michigan were a State.

The place for Pierce's school plan was in that State constitution. Crary would get himself elected to the Convention and work for it there. He would influence Mason to include provision for schools in the Constitution. Once the school plan was safely a part of that document, Crary must then be elected to Congress and get to Washington in time to write into the terms of admission a watertight clause tying up every acre of school lands forever under State control, thus removing it from the hands of venal township boards.

He discussed his difficulties with Pierce. They agreed that without

definite control by the State the plan would collapse. If the reservoir of money for buildings and teachers' salaries, represented by the land grants, were allowed to be drained by township boards, as the other States had done, nothing would be accomplished.

Governor Mason held the key to the situation, but neither Pierce nor Crary knew him. Pierce had met him once, during the cholera epidemic of 1831, but it was on the night his wife died and he did not remember very well. Crary, therefore, undertook to go to Detroit and sound Mason out in advance. Pierce gave him a comprehensive draft of the whole plan.

It was another startling coincidence that Mason was a youth whose craving for education had led him to all sorts of extremes and all-night sessions with books to fit himself for his lofty position. In 1834 he was twenty-three years old and battling nationally with figures like Jackson, Webster and Clay. His post as actual leader of the embroiled Territory of Michigan had come to him unsolicited when he was nineteen, as a sort of gesture of contempt by Jackson directed at the overwhelming Whig population of Michigan.

His early education, interrupted constantly, had been sketchy. He had attended Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky, for a short time, but most of his instruction he had obtained by himself, night after night, from his father's library. This experience had left him with a profound reverence for universal free education. One of his chief aims in the new Constitution he was sponsoring was a workable school system.

Crary's uneasiness was straightway relieved. The young Governor listened with growing enthusiasm to the Pierce plan. It placed the fate of the schools squarely in the State's lap, Crary said, by providing, first, a State Superintendent of Public Instruction who would administer the whole system; second, a Board of Regents, to be appointed by the Governor, who would have entire charge of the University; and third, a system for guarding the land grants so securely that all the political bombardment in the world would not release an acre of them.

Instead of carping, Mason applauded. The plan was just what he

wanted. He instructed Crary to send for Pierce forthwith; Mason wanted to talk to him. When the Constitutional Convention was held during the winter of 1834-35, Crary was Chairman of the Committee on Education. He wrote the Pierce plan into the document, drafted the article defining it, and got it adopted on the floor.

The Rev. Pierce received Mason's summons and hurriedly packed his few personal belongings. These he piled on a lumber wagon and started for Detroit, with only a few dollars in his pocket and no idea of where he was to live, or how.

The beardless Mason, outrageously handsome and dressed in expensive New York broadcloth tailoring, must have stared a long time at this big, ham-handed, black-bearded educational messiah. Each had a great deal to offer the other. Pierce was forty-one years old when they first met in the Governor's chamber at the little capitol in Detroit, at the peak of his physical and mental vigor. Mason was twenty-four, a nationally known figure becoming hardened to incessant political lashing and intensely desirous of leaving to Michigan this enduring monument to his administration.

Pierce had the system Mason needed. Mason had the means to put it into execution. The Governor solved Pierce's subsistence problem by putting him on the pay roll as a sort of scout. He sent the missionary East with instructions to study all the worth-while colleges and academies he could; to consult with college presidents, and to compile a report of the schools' advantages and faults.

During the year 1835, events moved a little faster toward the fulfillment of Pierce's plan. Michigan's people endorsed the Constitution of 1835 overwhelmingly at the polls and hailed the educational provisions as a milestone in American government. They elected Mason the first Governor of their illegal State, and Crary their first (and voteless) congressman.

Crary left for Washington before Pierce returned to Detroit. Neither was in touch with the other, but they were working along identical lines as closely as if they occupied adjoining offices. Crary was called into consultation almost immediately upon his arrival in the national capital, since it appeared that Michigan might be

admitted almost immediately. He began to study the terms of admission proposed by Congress, especially the section dealing with the Federal lands to be allocated to the support of schools. Then Mason, in Michigan, became the object of a vicious Congressional plot to keep the State out of the Union indefinitely. The aftermath of the border struggle with Ohio had made him the official Congressional scapegoat. Crary was told that Michigan would never be admitted as long as Mason remained in power.

The Rev. Pierce had scant time to read the papers and wasn't much interested in politics. In the East he went from one college town to another, talked to the reigning peers of the intellectual world and told them what Michigan was attempting to do. They encouraged him. He was invited to speak at teachers' conventions; during 1836 he spoke at the American Institute of Instruction at Worcester, Massachusetts, and at the College of Teachers at Cincinnati. Everywhere, the idea of a State Superintendent of Public Instruction and a university climaxing the public-school system was received with open acclamation. Educators throughout the country were convinced by the eloquent Pierce that state control was vital. "Everything under one department with a single head," as Pierce put it. "Only in that way can responsibility be delegated and the confusion born of duplicating local and county functions be avoided."

Pierce collected such a wealth of data on schools and colleges that he had figures enough to answer any argument. Finally, late in 1836, he returned to Detroit. Mason introduced him to the Legislature, where he talked for three hours. He went over the system in detail, explained that the Department of Public Instruction would be on a par with all other State departments, and that he had all the necessary data to start immediately. There was a long question period, but he was not heckled. Pierce's notes were too complete to admit of much argument. Finally the Legislature endorsed his program with, as he said, "scarcely a dissenting voice."

It remained only for Congress to reverse itself, as it had been known to do, and admit Michigan as a State, incidentally conveying the land grants to the schools and University. It was a long wait, until January,

1837. Meanwhile, the ingenious Crary pored over the complex clauses in the Act of Admission carefully. One of the clerks consulted him on how the section describing the land grants should be worded. Crary smiled.

The way Crary dictated it, every sixteenth section in each surveyed township was reserved from sale and given to the State in trust for the support of schools. In Michigan, this totaled seventy-five sections, each a mile square, initially; that is, at the time the State was admitted. To the University, as its share, went 48,000 acres. It was substantially the same school land grant as that given to all new States upon admission. The difference in the Michigan version came about when Crary dictated the provision that these lands be given to the *State* in perpetuity, rather than to the townships.

Crary had waited about two years for the chance to slip that provision in. When the Act came up for Congressional approval, nobody read it and it was passed listlessly on a voice vote. The State's control of the land was not challenged.

State control was the chief reason why Michigan proceeded immediately to organize the University and prepare it for opening. Governor Mason in his legislative message of 1836 said that only forty-nine sections of land had as yet been located; he asked for speed in locating the remainder and in placing all this land in a common pool under the control of the Department of Education, so that funds could be audited correctly. He also asked that a speedy decision be made as to the location of the University, which, he declared, "will become an honor and an ornament to the West."

From 1835, when the constitutional provision for the University was adopted, to 1841, when it opened its doors, Mason and Pierce worked together efficiently and harmoniously. They liked each other and they shared a common enthusiasm for their project.

They agreed with the Legislature on the location for the University at Ann Arbor, largely because Elijah Morgan and his partners in the Ann Arbor Land Company had bought the remnants of the Rumsey farm and had offered forty acres of it, free, as the site. The company owned all the adjoining land and planned to build boardinghouses

for the students, thus making the gift an investment. They had previously offered it to the State as a site for the State capitol, which was not accepted.

With the selection of the first Board of Regents, Pierce regarded his work for the University as done. He had a staggering burden of administrative detail in running his department, establishing rural schools and a normal school and directing their actual construction. He sighed with relief as the first Board of Regents met in Ann Arbor in 1837 to assume control of America's first real State university, as yet unborn but already close enough to reality to suggest the proportions and the personality of the University of Michigan.

CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDING FATHERS

1

THE law which authorized the University, approved March 18, 1837, was vague and full of meaningless generalities. There was nothing much in it for the Board of Regents to go on. The Legislature didn't know any more than Mason did about how to organize a university. Pierce knew that he wanted it to offer its students a complete university program, but he wisely left to the Regents the details by which such offerings were to be made.

The Legislature, in naming the Board, was confronted with a lack of talent for the job in the brand-new State. Thus they fell back on the time-tried system of naming the Governor, members of the State Supreme Court, the Lieutenant Governor, and the Chancellor of the State, as well as 12 other politicians selected at random from the city of Detroit and the State at large.

They were a queerly assorted collection. There were John J. Adam, who kept most of the records around the Capitol building; Col. John Norvell, Postmaster of Detroit, and a warm personal friend of the Governor; Ross Wilkins of Detroit, a glittering Whig socialite who had money and time to devote to such a purpose; Isaac E. Crary of Marshall (who had written the Act and who represented Pierce); Senator Lucius Lyon, and later the fierce old war horse from the Detroit branch, Major Jonathan Kearsley.

They dominated the Board. In addition there were four other newly appointed Regents, recommended by the Legislature. Seba Murphy, Gordon C. Leach and George Whittemore, representing the political element, were not expected to be scholars. But Samuel W. Denton and Dr. Zina Pitcher, along with Henry Schoolcraft, geologist,

explorer and noted scientific author, represented the scientific side.

These men, with Governor Mason, read over copies of the Act which Crary had provided for each member, and saw that it provided for a loosely organized institution with an independent faculty headed by one of its members who held the title of Chancellor.

Three complete college departments were provided for – a college of Literature, Science and the Arts, a Department of Law and the Department of Medicine. These were regarded as the necessary minimum for a University worthy of the name. The College of Literature, Science and the Arts was, of course, the catchall for most of the curriculum. The Board hoped to offer in it courses in Arts and sculpture, in the classics, in botany, zoology and mineralogy and other subjects, including theology.

As a departure from the usual educational practice, the Act rejected demands from ministers all over the country to make the institution denominational. As a concession to the feelings of the ministers, who thought a nonsectarian college would be outrageously heathen, regular chapel services for students and faculty were provided for. Compulsory chapel services continued until 1871; voluntary services were finally abandoned in 1893.

Pierce's idea was to establish a chain of six branches throughout the State to prepare students then in secondary schools for the first class at the University. Governor Mason had gotten the Legislature to authorize such academies at a number of additional points, including Detroit, Pontiac, Centreville, Niles, Grand Rapids, Palmer, White Pigeon, Jackson, Monroe, Kalamazoo and Mackinac. No one expected all of them to be organized, but it was felt that six academies would provide a few graduates who might constitute a first class for the new Institution.

When this class would enter the new University was a moot point. The Board felt that there was plenty of time to plan carefully. It considered the grant of 40 acres for the campus. The Board decided to have a look at it.

Sauntering through the oak-shaded streets of Ann Arbor in their stovepipe hats and formal tail coats, their high boots gleaming in the

summer sun, the Board reached the woods on the eastern outskirts of the village and stood at the edge of a long narrow clearing cut through the towering oaks rising from thick undergrowth.

They were told that this was State Street. Their 40 acres lay on the other side of this road. The Board noted that the tract was almost flat, and gave way within a few yards to a stubble field where somebody was growing a grass crop among the remains of last season's corn. In the distance was a rail fence marking the boundary of the 40-acre field. On the north side of the field was a pile of charred logs, marking the remains of a cabin built there many years previously by Judge William Asa Fletcher, who was Mason's Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a member of the Board of Regents who was unaccountably absent.

Fletcher had come to Michigan with a few law books in his saddlebags, a pioneer lawyer who had to build his cabin with his own hands. His wife had died in that cabin; a disastrous fire had ruined his law library and reduced him to despondency. He couldn't stand the sight of the place.

The Regents probably understood why. The whole tract was a wild, overgrown open space in the virginal forest, lonely and seemingly haunted. A path led beside the cabin, tempting the visitors to walk northward along it. After a few moments they came out on the brow of a high, open hill. A hundred feet below them, down a sharp slope, the silvery Huron River lay unconcerned in the summer sun. Far away, across a pleasant valley, a ridge of timbered hills wavered along the horizon.

A discussion broke out among the Regents. They could have the 40-acre field for nothing, but some Regents preferred to buy this hilltop from a near-by farmer who was one of the Ann Arbor Land Company partners. They thought it would be an imposing site for a university. The hilltop location, they said, would be an inspiration for the students. This spreading panorama certainly presented a beautiful picture.

Others pointed with their walking sticks to a deep, rock-filled gully which came angling out of the river bed and extended almost up

to the Fletcher cabin. In 1837 it was a forbidding-looking place, its sinkholes concealed under swamp weeds and stunted tamarack, and full of snakes. The first students at the University had a horror of the place, and dubbed it the "cat-hole." It would have bisected a hilltop campus and effectively barred expansion as the University grew.

The original 40-acre tract won by a margin of one vote. The Regents abandoned the idea of building their University on that hill. But time has tamed the "cat-hole" and clothed the whole hill in University buildings now. The gully was a serious problem, but was solved by a line of buildings screening it from the campus. The gulch was built up in places, excavated further in others. A railroad spur was run into it and a mammoth power plant was built there in later years. Thus engineering science eventually defeated this natural obstacle, but in 1837 it presented a most formidable, fearsome appearance.

The Regents kept no minutes of this first *al fresco* meeting and we do not know what the discussion covered. The one-vote margin, however, which led to the acceptance of the free 40-acre site, was significant.The theme provided a subject for debate for fifty years afterward. Were the regents wise in deciding against the proposed hilltop campus? From an aesthetic viewpoint, probably not. From the standpoint of practical construction problems, they were.

With the decision to erect the buildings for the future University on the Ann Arbor Land Company's 40-acre gift, the Regents turned their attention to financing the construction of the first buildings. The State of Michigan held the Regents firmly to the revenues from the sale of school lands, but many parcels were not even located and few had been sold. It became necessary, therefore, to borrow $100,000 from the State treasury, on which the State charged six per cent interest. Spurred on by this debt and the interest payments, the Regents began immediately to construct the buildings.

As the first member of the proposed faculty, the Regents appointed Dr. Asa Gray, a native of Michigan and a distinguished botanist. He was in New York at the time of his appointment, anxious to visit Europe and conduct some library research. Benjamin Witherell, of

Detroit, who knew Dr. Gray, prevailed upon him to become Michigan's traveling ambassador. He visited the heads of European universities and collected books for the future library. During his absence the Regents established professorships of Moral Philosophy, Mathematics (algebra and geometry) and Law. Each of these professors was required to teach a variety of subcourses. For example, the mathematics professor also taught courses in civil engineering, architecture, and other subjects. The professor of Moral Philosophy was burdened with courses in natural theology, rhetoric, oratory, logic and the history of religions. Professional salaries were fixed at "not less than $1200 or more than $2000 per annum." A librarian was appointed at a salary of $100 per annum. To offer some kind of exhibits in the so-called civil engineering course, the Board purchased the collection of an explorer named Baron Lederer, consisting of minerals, rock samples and various kinds of ore, for $4,000 cash. They thought it would prove valuable, but it never has.

In 1838 came a crisis which the Regents had long expected. This was a political attempt to sell off land which was the University's sole support. During 1838 and 1839 politicians both inside and outside of the State administration fought hard to grab the land, after unhallowed precedent set elsewhere. It was almost instinctive with them. They couldn't understand Governor Mason's attempt to thwart them.They naturally supposed that all they had to do was to introduce a bill setting the price of this land at the standard $1.25 per acre. When Mason vetoed the measure with a stinging letter of rebuke they were astonished. But they kept trying incessantly.

Mason and Pierce were holding out for $15 an acre, since all this land was prime residential and business property in organized villages, or the very choicest farm land outside them. Pierce sold one section of it for $31,000 showing the care with which it had been selected. He reported to Governor Mason that he estimated the value of these lands to be about $1,000,000.

But many squatters had usurped the school lands. They fought to stay in possession, used more and more pressure on the Legislature, and by devious means gained title to many excellent parcels. In 1841

the enemies of the University won a major victory. They forced the Whig Legislature to declare a valuation of $12 an acre on all this land, retroactive to May 1, 1837. Thousands of dollars were rebated to scheming local promoters; the University's endowment shrank like ice in the sun; the total sum received was about half the estimated return and the University was halted in its construction program.

The original plan had been to provide a residence for each of the four professors, two matching classroom structures ranged along the State Street frontage, and on the other side of the tract, a separate medical building. A library building had also been projected.

Some of the Regents, unknown to their colleagues, had been arranging with the famous architect, Alexander Davis of New York, for a truly impressive building to house the entire University, at an estimated cost of $500,000. The rest of the Board, knowing nothing of this, had told the contractor, Harpin Lum, to go ahead and build something he thought suitable. The four residences were already under construction, financed by the State's $100,000 loan. Work on the first of the two classroom buildings, the northern one, was in progress. Now, suddenly, the Regents found that there was just enough money to finish that one and nothing to equip it.

Mason's retirement from the governorship was the chief factor in this turn of events. William Woodbridge, who succeeded him as governor, immediately began overturning the entire structure raised so carefully by Pierce, Crary and Mason. He greeted the astonished Dr. Gray on his return from Europe with the blunt statement that he was dismissed. He cut the salary of the Superintendent of Public Instruction to such a point that even Pierce could not live on it. So Pierce resigned, sadly, and re-entered the ministry.

Then Woodbridge, after a year in office, went to Washington as a senator. Governor Barry, who inherited what was left, inventoried the one classroom and dormitory building and the four houses at Ann Arbor. He said, "Well, we've got the buildings. . . . I don't think they're good for anything else, so we might as well declare the University open."

On this note of despair, in September, 1841, the University opened.

2

The principals of the four branch academies were notified by letter and invited to nominate candidates who could pass the University's entrance examination. The net result in September was six students.

The four residences, gleaming with white paint and bright green window shutters, looked like unnatural stage sets against the background of hasty weed-grubbing, the raw clay scars of uncompleted grading and a general appearance of contrast as if the buildings had been picked up and set down in somebody's back yard. A thick forest of stumps had just been cleared from the campus at a cost to the University of $346.81.

The lone classroom building stood naked and stark amid a bristle of stumps. There it loomed, a rectangular box 110 feet long and 40 feet wide. Its four rows of long, narrow windows were piled one on another like those of a newly built jail. At intervals along its length there were narrow little doors that looked as though they led to various cell blocks.

The building was brick and stucco, painted white. It had cost $16,000, which even in those days wasn't enough to finish a building of this size properly, except for the walls and floors. Inside, though, there were a number of wooden stairways which proved to be two feet six inches wide. The ceilings were low and the structure looked flimsy. Writers for the various weekly newspapers called the building "elegant," "outstanding," "imposing," and "distinguished." It stood facing State Street, perhaps 100 feet from the line of stakes that marked where the street itself would be built someday. A couple of plank walkways led to it across the mud.

The four graceful little residences were built in pairs along the northern and southern boundaries. The rest of the tract was a jumble of kitchen gardens, patches of wheat and other grain, and a struggling orchard, the only trees left on the whole 40-acre tract. They were the property of a squatter named Pat Kelly, who was industriously farming the actual campus, oblivious of the construction going on

for the past two or three years. No one had told him to move, so he stayed.

The residences had cost the Regents a total of $30,850, and were attractive for their day. With the passing of years they seemed to be hallowed campus landmarks. Each had eight rooms, a basement full of cordwood, and a carriage barn in the rear. The first of these homes to be occupied was the westerly one on South University, into which the first professor moved with his family during the summer of 1841. He was the Rev. George Palmer Williams, graduate of the University of Vermont and a Methodist minister promoted from an ill-paying post as principal of the Pontiac branch to a $1,200 professorship of languages. The neighboring house on North University was occupied in August, 1841, by his colleague, the Rev. Joseph Whiting, a Yale graduate and a Presbyterian minister. A conflict developed at once; both men expected to teach languages. Williams decided to assume the chair of Mathematics instead, and became the spokesman for the faculty and a sort of principal.

After the announcement of the opening in September, Williams and Whiting were informed that there was no more money for the other two professors' salaries, and that they would have to carry on alone. However, the Regents appointed a Librarian, the Rev. Henry Colclazer, whom neither of the professors knew. The library collected by Dr. Asa Gray would be delivered in time for the opening, the Regents said, as well as a set of books they had bought independently of him: *Birds of America*, by a painter named Audubon, complete with a lot of hand-colored illustrations. When Governor Barry heard that the Regents had spent $976 for these books he screamed that they were trying to bankrupt the State. Today the University could collect more for that original "Elephant Edition" of Audubon than some of the buildings and their equipment originally cost. Governor Barry couldn't foresee that.

Dr. Gray's $5,000 collection of foreign works, in a long wagon train loaded with crates, arrived in August, 1841, and was found to contain 3,700 volumes in every sort of language. The puzzled Rev. Williams called his librarian to decide what to do with them. Nobody could





From paintings by Cropsey, 1855.

(*Top*) *First view of the campus at Ann Arbor.*

(*Bottom*) *The Detroit Observatory.*

read them, but the engravings in the books showed that they pertained to educational subjects such as anatomy and botany and chemistry.

This collection was the actual nucleus of the modern million-volume University of Michigan Library. It was tucked away on the third floor of the classroom building to make room for the chapel on the first floor, recitation rooms and a mineralogical collection on the second floor, and bedrooms for the students in the remaining space on the third and fourth floors.

While Williams and the librarian, in old clothes and dust aprons, were sorting and classifying Dr. Gray's books, they looked up to see a serious-looking youth standing in the doorway, a paper in his hand. He said his name was Lyman D. Norris, and that he lived in Ypsilanti and had a certificate authorizing him to enter the University. Where did he register?

Williams, with a sigh, took him downstairs to the extreme north end of the first floor, where he had set up a desk, and announced that this was the place. Lyman D. Norris signed his name at the top of the student register. Following him came Judson D. Collins, from a Lyndon Township farm near the town; Merchant H. Goodrich, from Ann Arbor; George E. Parmalee, from Ann Arbor; George W. Pray, from the remote shore of Lake Superior; and William B. Wesson, of Detroit. They were the six students who constituted the first class. Before being admitted they were examined in such elementary and advanced subjects as geometry, arithmetic, algebra, English grammar, Latin and Greek grammar and reading in Latin and Greek. These examinations were held on the second floor at the southerly end of the building, under the library.

All of these boys, except young Pray, had come from the branch academies and had the rudiments of a secondary education, but no more. They all passed their entrance examinations and were admitted. The Rev. Williams didn't care about their preparation. He would be able to adapt instruction of any kind to a class of six.

For the first school year, 1841-42, those six constituted the entire undergraduate body of ahe University. In the fall of 1842 they were

joined by a few more and by the time they had completed the ful course and were ready to graduate in 1845 enough others had joinec them so that the graduating class numbered twelve.

The students all lived on the fourth floor of the classroom building On State Street, at the northern end of the campus, a boardinghous suddenly appeared. Others sprang up along William Street, connect ing the village with the University and running at right angles t State. The students took their meals there and at the professor houses. At night they returned to their chilly bleak cells upstairs.

Life was not pleasant. Out behind the building there was a pin pole with a brass locomotive bell on it, which Pat Kelly had eithe purloined or obtained from the Michigan Central Railroad, whic terminated at Ann Arbor from its arrival there in 1839 until 184 Kelly, in return for squatter's rights on the otherwise unused bul of the empty campus, was made to help out in all sorts of ways. H was called "Professor of Dust and Ashes." One of his chief delight was clanging that bell.

It was usually pitch dark when the bell pealed like a fire alarm a five o'clock in the morning. Half an hour to wash and dress, afte breaking the skin of ice in the cracked china water pitcher. The be clanged again at 5:30, when all students had to be in their place at chapel. One of the professors was always there and, being a mi ister, knew how to conduct a devout and apparently interminab service. The schedule suggests that it seldom lasted more than a hour. At 6:30 the half-awake students were free to go to breakfa "unless the class period intervened." Sometimes they were herde into a Latin recitation after chapel and before breakfast.

Pat Kelly let no one oversleep. As soon as he rang the rising be he came galloping up the stairs, yelling, "Hey! Hey! Get up wi ye! Didn't ye hear the bell?" He was used to bellowing at his liv stock, which ran at will all over the place. A rail fence present enclosed the whole campus, with a stile built over it so the studen could get out to meals. It must have emphasized the prisonlike natu of the institution.

After breakfast the first class recitations were held; there we

three morning periods. Afternoons were reserved for classroom study and preparation for the following day's recitations. Then, inevitably, chapel again at 4:30 or five in the afternoon. On Sundays the students were required to attend church again — a full-length service. The University was nonsectarian, but so far as the boys were concerned it might just as well have been a Franciscan monastery.

This impression is confirmed by a perusal of the daily schedule — which was none of Professor Williams' doing, but was forced upon him by the Regents. Major Kearsley may have been at the bottom of it.

Rising bell	5:30 A.M.
Chapel	6:00 "
Announcements	7:00 "
Dismiss for breakfast	7:30 "
First class recitation	9:00 "
Dismiss for noon meal	12:00 NOON
Afternoon study	2:00 P.M.
Vesper chapel service	5:00 "
Dismiss for evening meal	6:00 "
Bell for lights to be out	9:00 "

Williams interpreted this to mean that the students were not required to return to the campus until nine. They were allowed to go down to the village if they so desired, but were under the watchful eyes of monitors and Pat Kelly, and perhaps the cold, disapproving eye of the Regent who resided in Ann Arbor, George Whittemore, Esq.

The rigid discipline and incidental education thus provided cost the boys' families about the same, proportionately, as it does today. There was an entrance fee of $10, since the University finances were in such straits that free matriculation was impossible. Bunk space and use of the dormitory facilities, including a fee for janitor service, was $7.50 a year. Students had to pay their own board, about $1.50 to $2.00 a week, buy books and equipment, and even such items as candles. The average student in the first few years paid out $80 to $100 a year

for such items. This in many cases represented the entire cash income of the family.

The Michigan undergraduate of 1841-43 looked somewhat like a king-size Tom Sawyer. He wore floppy pantaloons, ending high over the ankle, sometimes tied down by boot straps under the instep of his thick boots. His jacket was short and full, not the tail coat of the professor, but more like a plain "bolero" jacket which, in the illustrations of the period, never met the trousers. There was always a gap of several inches of white shirt. Some of the older boys began appearing in starched collars with upturned points, black stocks and ruffled shirt fronts; but the bulk of the undergraduates were from farms and their garb probably was homespun. Stovepipe hats were evidently reserved for the faculty and Regents. The students wore a sort of broad-brimmed, floppy, low-crowned hat somewhat like Buffalo Bill's and delighted in turning up the brim in front.

Perhaps the oddest fact about them was that they seemed to consider the stern discipline of the University a rather normal procedure, and did not complain about it too openly. They had come from private academies and the out-state branches of the University where no discipline worthy of the name was maintained, and were full of pranks which had to be controlled in some way. The things they did were infantile by modern undergraduate standards, but the way they worked might tax the capacity of today's students.

Behind the classroom building, on the campus side, stood a sawbuck and a woodpile. "Athletics at Michigan in the early days," confessed one of those boys many years afterward, "consisted in sawing stovewood and lugging it up four flights of stairs every day." During the first few years there was always more dormitory space than students. Two boys were assigned to each bedroom and each two bedrooms were connected by another room used as a study. The rooms had to be swept and dusted by the students daily and were inspected by a faculty member. The sweepings were pushed out into the hall where Pat Kelly collected them. Professor Williams always assigned one student in each class period to sawing wood and filling the wood boxes. The students made their own beds and stoked the

tiny wood-burning stoves. They trimmed candles and carried water for their pitchers. These tasks, and the restrictions of the fenced-in campus, cut them off rather severely from the village of Ann Arbor. They lived in a world of their own.

Some of the old grads who attended Michigan during these years said that they looked back upon their undergraduate days with mixed feelings of pleasure and pain. The confinement and housekeeping tasks were not pleasant, but the boys made the most of life by plaguing the professors. They usually admitted in their memoirs, written in later life, that this was silly, but as students they thought such things were expected of collegians.

One winter morning about 1845, Professor Williams entered a classroom and found that the students had built up a little cage of books on his desk. Inside was a hoptoad, a big one. "New freshman, I see," Williams observed dryly. "He smells fresh and he's green." Williams was a solemn-looking man, but he had a dry sense of humor. He made life as easy as possible for the students by ribbing them, joking with them, and propounding tricky Biblical allusions and expecting the boys to figure out their meaning.

In one class Williams had a big-boned, slow-witted freshman who was always good for a laugh, as once when Williams was trying to find out who had caused the wave of shin-kicking in the classroom. "Sir," he said, "you remind me of Jeshurun; the Bible says 'Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.'" The students for no reason called him "Punky" behind his back. One day a gushing freshman blurted out: "Professor Punky, it says here. . . ." The class roared. Williams stared at him over the tops of his silver-rimmed spectacles and said nothing. Some sophomores told another freshman that Williams' name really was "Punky." The boy came in to sign up for a course. "Are you really 'Professor Punky'?" he asked. "I am, sir," said Williams. "What can I do for you?" When the freshman found out the truth, he apologized. "Don't believe all the sophs tell you," said Williams.

His colleague, the Rev. Joseph Whiting, who taught the classical languages, was a dry, humorless man who made life miserable for the students by demanding before-breakfast recitations, assigning

difficult translations on short notice and figuratively pounding Greek into them with a mallet. One of his classes infuriated him in 1843 by leaving the door open a little too long, and allowing one of Pat Kelly's calves to wander in. The calf ran around the room; the students were jumping on their wooden benches and shouting when Whiting walked in. His face, they said, grew livid. He thought it was a deliberate insult and was restrained with difficulty from causing a furore and expelling the students.

He died suddenly in 1845, during a class. Maybe it was apoplexy.

3

Within a few years of its founding, the University of Michigan found itself confronted by a number of undergraduate demonstrations against the vigorous discipline. If John D. Pierce's original plan for the administration of the University had been followed, it is doubtful if any of this trouble would have occurred. Following his resignation, the Regents quickly gathered all the authority into their own hands, gaining complete administrative control. They reduced the faculty to the status of clerks. These Regents were not intellectual giants; most of them were politicians. They regarded their appointment to the Board as an excuse for posing as educators. They strutted. They were proud of the title, "Regent of the University." The less formal schooling they had, the more they preened themselves. Being politicians, they quickly gathered in all the reins and began driving the faculty.

Others, rugged pioneer farmers who believed that a harsh life is good for a boy, insisted upon the pre-dawn bell-clanging, the wood-sawing and other hardships. There were Regents who were Baptists, others who were Episcopalians and Congregationalists. Each insisted on forced attendance by the students at the Ann Arbor church of his denomination. The boys were herded into them on a rotation plan.

In 1849 the University had grown to a faculty of seven professors, several assistants and laboratory instructors, and an undergraduate

body of 89. There was no President or any other administrative officer. The faculty were told by the Regents to pass around among themselves a purely honorary title of Chancellor, each professor holding it for a year. The Regents continued to hold all administrative authority in their own hands. They drew up an elaborate "Book of Rules" which governed each detail of undergraduate life.

One of those rules referred to the Gray Library, still unused on the third floor. It proclaimed that these volumes were not suitable for the students and were not to be read by them. It was found that one or two books in the library, in English, could be used as "ponies" by the Latin and Greek classes. Another rule, the famous Rule 20, became the source of the "Society War" anti-fraternity troubles a few years later. It read:

"No student shall become a member of any society connected with the University which has not first submitted its constitution to the Faculty and received their approval."

This rule stemmed from personal prejudices of a few Regents. At that time there was a political group, now forgotten, called the "Anti-Masonic Party," which believed that all members of secret societies were plotting revolution, and were enemies of the Republic. Several Regents were either members of this queer party, or in sympathy with it. They hoped by enforcing Rule 20 to institute a firm ban on Greek-letter fraternities and all other secret societies. The students were meek enough about all the other rules, but they balked at this one. Secretly they began planning a counterattack, which was kept from faculty ears.

Season by season a few more gains were made in attendance, and more money was found for building. Slowly, one professor at a time, additions were made to the faculty. It was difficult to find any qualified candidates. The Whig majority in the Legislature had defeated the University land sale by introducing a flood of bills "for the relief of" this or that favorite Whig settler, squatters on school lands, and speculative politicians. These bills had authorized the sale of school lands to these people for the standard $1.25 per acre. School lands were valued, in general, at $20 an acre. The reduction in University income

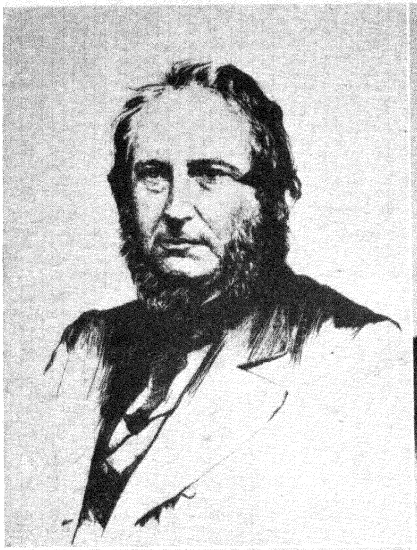
slashed the pay roll to such a degree that the minimum guaranteed salaries of $1,200 a year were cut in 1842 to $500, plus free house rent. It is a tribute to the faculty's seriousness of purpose that anyone stayed.

Ex-Governor Stevens T. Mason died in New York in 1843, after a hectic career in Michigan politics. A wave of sympathy for him swept the State. The faculty and students proposed that the classroom building be called "Mason Hall" in his honor, which was done early in 1843. The companion building, just like it, was in the process of erection a short distance south, also facing State Street. The Whig Regents fell to quarreling among themselves about a name for it, and couldn't agree. It became known simply as "South Hall" and never had any other name.

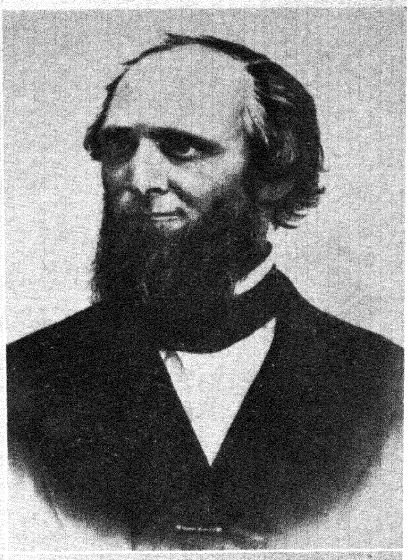
By the time it was finished, other new faces had appeared on the faculty. Tall, bearded Dr. Abram Sager, of Detroit, the first M.D. on the Michigan campus, arrived in the fall of 1842 to teach zoology and botany until such time as a medical school could be organized. He had a leathery face, deep-set eyes, and an expression of such stern dignity that he was left alone by the campus pranksters. After him, in 1844, came Dr. Silas Douglas, another M.D., to teach chemistry and help Dr. Sager with plans for the medical school. The Rev. Daniel D. Whedon came to teach Logic, Rhetoric and History. The Rev. John H. Agnew became Whiting's successor as professor of classical languages.

The University welcomed its first foreign-born professor into the faculty in 1846. He was Dr. Louis Fasquelle, LL.D., a graduate of the École Polytechnique in Paris and a fugitive from the French police. He admitted ruefully that he had backed the wrong side in a political uprising in Paris, and decided that it was a good time to get out of there. He came to teach French, and later added courses in Spanish and Italian. His arrival raised the academic prestige of the new Institution a great deal. Few colleges were offering courses in modern languages. Although Prof. Fasquelle was master of many European languages, his adventures with English were legends on the campus for many years. Van Buren wrote:

Henry Philip Tappan



Erastus O. Haven





Henry Simmons Frieze



James B. Angell

THE FIRST FOUR PRESIDENTS

"His voca-BUL-ary was adequate but he went up in his em-PHAS-is. He had no word for 'minister' and once dismissed a class in chapel because 'the praying professor' was late."

With Fasquelle in 1846 came serious-minded, serious-faced Andrew Ten Brook, to occupy the important professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at the University. He was a middle-aged man with stringy sideburns and a high, stiff collar, with a temperament to match. A Baptist, he was assigned to one of the campus residences and promptly took in student boarders at $1.50 a week, to pad out his meagre income.

Shortly after his students had grown accustomed to his sincere love of scholarship, Ten Brook became disturbed by mysterious goings on among the boys. He knew about Rule 20, and being a man of the strictest integrity, he had a suspicion that it was being violated. Professors Agnew and Whedon, both ministers, heard rumblings of some kind of student revolt about the same time.

In the academic year of 1847-48 the signs became ominous. Ten Brook believed that he could best serve the University by remaining aloof, but his student boarders insisted on showing symptoms of membership in some secret society which they, and he, knew was illegal. Whiting, at that time, held the honorary title of "Chancellor," and it was to him that the townspeople came with reports that students were burning rail fences and "committing acts of depredation." He assigned Ten Brook to investigate.

The serene Ten Brook was astonished to learn that some Michigan students had built a cabin in the depths of the forest east of the campus, and there, in flagrant violation of Rule 20, were holding fraternity meetings. He summoned Whiting, who rushed there. They identified the shack as the chapter house of Chi Psi, the first such structure built by any American college fratrnity. Whiting tried to get in, but the students, polite but firm, told him to stay where he was.

The weak faculty structure of the period was unable to cope with this outright defiance. Professor Whiting merely extracted a promise from the fraternities to abide by the rules of the University and from the students a promise not to join any society until it had been

approved. Alpha Delta Phi was organized as an approved substitute.

This compromise, however, merely made matters worse. Some students were defiant and were suspended. Chi Psi was banned. Alpha Delta Phi members had been granted faculty approval, but all of them had to go through the embarrassment of applying for readmission, and the whole student body was required to pledge itself to uphold Rule 20.

Opinion within the Board of Regents was divided. Chi Psi, cleverly, had initiated a member of the Board and had come out openly with the claim that it was not a University society because it did not meet on University property. The Regents were inclined to compromise again and relax the rule, but the faculty, which was overwhelmingly composed of ministers, replied with a plea for help.

They called the fraternities "a detail of obliquities," and said that their continued existence "extended a great irresponsible authority; a monster power, which lays its hand upon every college faculty in our country." They accused the Greek-letter members of "debauchery, drunkenness, pugilism and duelling" and of wielding "the despotic power of disorder and rowdyism, rife among their German prototypes." Some of the faculty sneered at this pious proclamation and would not sign it. But the Regents were faced with the question of whether to uphold the faculty or the students.

They upheld the faculty. They suspended all Chi Psis, Alpha Delta Phis and Beta Theta Pis. Seven suspended students appealed to the Legislature, hotly denying the ministerial charges. Families of Michigan students, many of them prominent in the State, descended upon the Legislature in person and demanded an investigation.

The citizens of Ann Arbor joined the fight, demanding that fraternities be abolished to preserve the peace and property of the village. Their petition said that the University was failing; that it was falling to pieces and in a state of internal war; that the only solution was to discharge all the faculty, expel all the students and make a fresh start.

The Legislature, however, put its official finger on the public pulse and discovered that the State was fed up with this bickering. It told

the Regents to clean their own house and to do so promptly. The Regents told the faculty to hush up. Some two or three bitter Fundamentalist faculty ministers resigned forthwith; the fraternities were left alone, and a few of the suspended students were reinstated. But by 1850, attendance was down fifty per cent.

CHAPTER IV

TAPPAN – A STUDY IN AUSTERITY

1

THE citizens of Ann Arbor were indeed justified in claiming that the University was falling to pieces in the year 1850. After a promising start and a gain in attendance and influence, the "Society War" had produced a wave of unpopularity which threatened to swamp the Institution. In 1850 enrollment had fallen off to a mere 64 students. Some ministerial professors had resigned in indignation over the fraternity issue, others over the Regents' refusal to denominationalize the University. The books showed a cash balance of $9.66.

Factionalism in the tiny faculty was marked by coolness of professors toward each other, and their attempts to gain the sympathy of the Regents toward their divergent points of view. Each insisted on lobbying for open affiliation with his particular denomination, and on the campus they squabbled over such issues as whether the "Methodist professor's" house was better located than the "Baptist professor's" house. One knot of three indignant educators hated Prof. Ten Brook for his liberal attitude, and were determined to force him out. Another clique was busily at work trying to oust Prof. D. D. Whedon, who taught Logic and History, and Prof. John H. Agnew, brilliant teacher of Greek and Latin. Whedon and Agnew talked too much anti-slavery, they declared.

In the midst of all this, with charges and countercharges flying like brickbats, two or three University figures were working hard to get the new Medical Building ready for fall occupancy. Dr. Abram Sager,

of course, was slated to become Dean of the Medical Department as soon as it was organized. He had been on the Literary faculty for eight years, patiently waiting, teaching zoology, botany and kindred courses. He brought one other colleague with him to the new department — Dr. Silas Douglas, who had been teaching chemistry. Dr. Douglas, a physician practicing in Ann Arbor, agreed to teach some of the medical courses to get the Department under way. In addition, Dr. Sager found help from Dr. Moses Gunn, Dr. Samuel Denton (one of the first Regents appointed by Governor Mason), Dr. J. Adams Allen and a young research anatomist named R. C. Kedzie.

The Medical Building was built for only $9,000, but it loomed impressively against the skyline on the opposite side of the campus from the two harsh classroom buildings. The location was chosen to give depth to the almost empty campus, and to put an end, finally, to Pat Kelly's squatter farming. It was a graceful little structure of pure Grecian design with a pillared portico in front. Low-built, of hand-cut sandstone, it was ready for students in October, 1850.

To the astonishment of the faculty, ninety would-be medical students appeared, were examined and matriculated. This one class of medics outnumbered the whole Literary roster. And their serious-minded pursuit of knowledge put the squabbling Lits to shame.

The Regents were awaiting the end of their term and the election of a new Board under the recently adopted Constitution of 1850, which for the first time provided for direct election. They realized that they did not stand much chance of popular election. None of them were very popular characters.

Before quitting office, they decided to have their final say about Professors Whedon and Agnew. The two scholars were summarily removed from office on a denunciatory motion by Regent Abner Pratt, a staunch Democrat. It was sudden, to take effect right then, which meant the close of the academic year 1850.

No clearer proof of the need for direct election of the Regents could have been provided than a spiteful action of this kind. Whedon and Agnew were sincere scholars. They had served half a dozen years or more through periods of reduced and sometimes nominal salaries.

True, they had spoken and written against slavery; those activities were strictly expressions of their personal viewpoints. But the Regents were mostly politicians and regarded such expressions as reflections on the national administration.

Unwittingly they did the University a service. When Whedon and Agnew left, the bulk of the work in the classrooms fell on the shoulders of other professors, in addition to their own classes. Such a muddle was intolerable; it demanded a cleanup. Ten Brook, for example, had to take Latin classes in addition to his own work in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Williams had to hear classes in Greek as well as in mathematics. This put the burden of Rhetoric classes on Prof. Fasquelle, who spoke English with difficulty and had only a reader's knowledge of the subject.

The confusion kept on being more confounded with the passing of each college day. Lit students dropped out in batches and entered other colleges. In 1851 Prof. Ten Brook, at his wit's end and under incessant pressure from the denominational ministers, suddenly resigned amid a surge of genuine bad feeling. At the close of the academic year 1851-52 there were *fifty* students in the Literary Department, and *nine* members of the graduating class.

In the nick of time the newly elected Regents took office and began the uphill task of bringing the University back to life. Selection of a president was the top-priority job. The Board determined to get the best educator in America. It was decided to spend as much as was necessary on an outstanding president; someone who could administer the powerful personalities on the faculty with some degree of success.

The Board agreed, naturally enough, on Dr. George Bancroft, the eminent historian. But long-range commitments prevented Dr. Bancroft from accepting, although his letter to the Regents expressed regret. He suggested that Dr. Henry Philip Tappan be invited instead. Dr. Tappan's name was easily recognized by the Regents and faculty as one of the best-known educators of the time. The previous Board in 1849 had considered inviting him.

Dr. Tappan had been living in Europe for so many years that his

writings did not have a wide audience in the United States. He was better known in Prussia than he was in Michigan. Judged by his scholastic attainments and his writings, Dr. Tappan must have sounded like an awe-inspiring person. He held five degrees, including two doctorates — Divinity, from Union College and Laws, from Columbia. In addition, he had done special graduate work in theology at Auburn Seminary, New York, and was internationally famous among pedagogues for his heavily phrased monographs on the purely technical aspects of the mind and of reason.

Dr. Tappan, in addition, was a New Yorker of the most distinguished Dutch ancestry, married to one of the mighty Livingstons and related to most of the Hudson River patroons. At the time he received the Regents' letter he was 47 years old and was living in Prussia with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. He had been receiving bids, at various times, from other universities. A call had been ready to go to him from the former Board of Regents in 1849 but it was blocked by Dr. Sager and other members of the new Department of Medicine, who had heard that Dr. Tappan had once called a homeopathic physician. This so shocked the doctors that they refused to join in the invitation in 1852. When it was issued anyhow, without their consent, they formed the nucleus of an opposition to him within the faculty even before his arrival.

Dr. Tappan received the Regents' call in May, 1852, when the University was regarding with despair its graduating class of nine boys. By July he had packed up, crossed the Atlantic and arrived in Ann Arbor. Tappan saw in this call an opportunity to demonstrate in actual practice the theories he had been propounding about the ideal university. On August 2, 1852, he was offered the presidency by a unanimous vote of the Regents. He accepted in September.

Dr. Henry Philip Tappan was a great man in an era liberally endowed with brilliance. He looked like a bronze statue somehow given the breath of life. He was about George Washington's size and general build, six feet three or four, head held erect, a vocabulary of the most terrifying complexity, and a personality so austere that he seemed like an emperor.

President Tappan went out of his way to be charming, but succeeded merely in being approachable. He never quite conquered the gulf between himself and the people of Michigan, although he tried. There was a touch of genius about him; a feeling that he dwelt in an intellectual stratosphere far beyond the reach of mere mortals. Naturally the backwoods politicians in the Legislature, and the more stiff-necked Regents, came to resent him. He was superior; they knew it and didn't like it.

Dr. Tappan moved his family into the Williams house, the western residence facing South University. Williams moved into one on North University left vacant by the bitter departure of Ten Brook. Tappan emerged each morning on his back porch as erect and stiff as a Prussian general, marched through the grove of apple trees to the campus, and then to his office at the extreme north end of Mason Hall. Dark-brown side whiskers framed his severe face. He had adopted the comfortable Midwestern costume of a thick shawl over his broadcloth coat, but clung to the aristocratic stovepipe hat. He usually led on a chain a huge, sad-eyed mastiff named Buff. When Buff died he was succeeded by another mastiff, Leo.

Henry M. Utley remembered well how when he was a freshman, Dr. Tappan, leading the big dog, once stopped him on the campus. "What's your name, son?" asked the great man. Utley told him. "Well, I don't know all of you by name," Tappan said, "but I trust I shall soon remedy that."

When President Tappan delivered his inaugural address at the Presbyterian Church in Ann Arbor on December 21, 1852, he chilled and frightened his audience. His hearers, mostly faculty and Regents, were astonished by the detailed summary he had prepared of the University's position. They interrupted him with applause several times, as the speech rolled onward in Tappan's queer, gravelly voice.

Before them they saw a reborn university taking shape as he talked. It seemed to some of them that Tappan had decided to jack up Pat Kelly's brass bell and build a whole new institution underneath. He couldn't understand, for example, why valuable classroom space and laboratory room was being wasted on dormitories. He demanded to

know whether the students were citizens of Michigan and residents of Ann Arbor, or mere wards of the State who had to be "institutionalized."

Tappan said he had found the University teaching secondary subjects like elementary Greek and Latin and Bourden's algebra. Why? Were there no academies or preparatory schools? "Take care of the big things," he urged. "Let the little things take care of themselves."

The institution needed more buildings, more money from the Legislature, and a reorganization which would set up a separate Law Department to match the new Medical Department. Then, he said, it would reach true university status, as contrasted with that of a college.

"This young University," he said, "shall we not carry it forward to perfection? We have described the University of Michigan as a place where all these knowledges are to be found – a shop of the Nine Muses where they sell their wares to the children of men. There should be a library, a laboratory, an observatory, a museum, a gallery of fine arts. There must be a postgraduate course established for those who wish to remain at the University and continue their studies. . . ."

A university on that colossal scale was something the Regents of the time couldn't visualize, though it sounded impressive. Tappan, however, saw it in excellent focus. And he wasn't exaggerating. He knew that what had to be done *could* be done. He set out to build that kind of university. In his inaugural address he appealed for help.

The audience arose and cheered. Tappan bowed and left. This gave rise to some criticism and a feeling, on the part of the glad-handers and well-wishers who would have crowded around him after the address, of having been snubbed. The truth was that Tappan was having a throat spasm, and had concluded the address in great pain. He had been forced to give up the ministry, his first career, because his voice would not stand the strain. Although he was a magnificent orator, his throat always troubled him. He had taken treatments, interrupted his work to ride and go mountain-climbing in an attempt to exercise his way back to normal, but he never spoke without effort.

He had said enough to let the people know what he intended to do. Then he stopped talking, took off his coat and went into action.

2

The University's real growth dates from President Tappan's inaugural address in 1852. At that time and for some years before, the whole structure was creaking and showing signs of collapse. The quick success of the Medical Department gave it a temporary reprieve until Tappan's arrival, but without him it seems certain that the professional jealousy and denominational rivalry in the faculty would have wrecked the place eventually.

The Medical Department had 130 students in 1852; the Literary Department, 150. The medics lived in boardinghouses nearby, and crossed the stile over the fence at the "Campus corner" only to attend classes and morning chapel. They were offered optional courses in Greek and Latin literature.

In contrast, the Lit students were younger (more than a year, on the class average). They lived in a dormitory and faced a classical course top-heavy with required Greek and Latin. They were roused out of bed by the clanging bell in chilly winter darkness and had to dress, attend compulsory chapel and usually a Latin recitation before being allowed the luxury of breakfast coffee. No wonder attendance fell off.

When Tappan arrived he made no change in the daily schedule, not even when he learned that a good many medics were cutting chapel and going direct to classes. George Allmendinger, Pat Kelly's successor as janitor, acted as monitor in the chapel and seemed to pay no attention to medical students' attendance or absence. But let a Lit student cut chapel and George was prompt to report that fact to the faculty. Five demerits for this cause meant suspension, and ten required dismissal.

Dr. Tappan noted that Mason Hall was always stone cold at that hour of the morning, and poorly lighted. It seemed a dismal place to conduct chapel, but he knew better than to antagonize the ministerial faculty by saying so. He usually attended chapel personally promptly at 6 A.M., sitting there as a spectator and declining his turn to conduct

services. He, of course, was an ordained Presbyterian divine and could have taken his turn. But he felt that such an act would be interpreted as introducing denominationalism into the University. He would not serve on the board of his local church for the same reason.

He listened to his three surviving Lit faculty professors, one representing each major denomination, drone on through morning prayers. As the resignations doubled the survivors' work, before-breakfast recitations became a daily irritation. About 7:30 the students were dismissed for breakfast and raced out, across the stile, to several near-by boardinghouses. There were two more recitation periods in the morning and one in the afternoon, the balance of the student's time being reserved for study. He was required to take one classical language, and one science course such as botany or chemistry, and had a slim elective list which included rhetoric, philosophy and Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

Anson DeP. Van Buren of Kalamazoo was one of the handful of freshmen during the faculty-feud period preceding Dr. Tappan's arrival. He did not like the place, and repeated his criticism for years after he had left to pursue his degree elsewhere. He tells of life in the dormitories in 1850. He explains what Tappan was trying to overcome:

"I don't know why it was so, but sleep was always the sweetest just at that hour when the early morning bell rang for prayers. To sleep over at such an hour seemed to the student like getting into elysium, consequently the means was made to justify the end with the student in securing such sleep. One morning the professor who conducted the chapel exercises found the chapel so full of hay that he could not get in. That morning the students enjoyed a delightful sleep. While the professors were at breakfast, the hay in the chapel was put in cocks again on the lawn from which it was taken. At another time in the winter, the college bell was turned upside-down, filled with water and frozen solid."

This bell-freezing prank was a frequent occurrence. In Tappan's time it happened once, but Dr. Tappan went stolidly ahead with the

chapel exercises anyhow, remarking that the bell was a mere convenience to the students and if they didn't want it they might freeze it every night. One of the conspirators found out that they were all being marked absent, and petitioned quickly for the return of the bell.

Van Buren describes a stunt used by the Lit students to get a little time off during classes to go down to the village. "One of the boys, whose seat on the bench was nearest the door, had a knack of knocking on the bench unseen by the professors. He could arise, go to the door, listen, and report: 'Jones is wanted.' Jones would be dismissed, and of course Jones would have a good time down town, perhaps. Another rap, and somebody else was wanted. Soon he, too, would be liberated to join Jones downtown." If a professor was late, the whole class would wait one minute, then bolt in a body for the door. Once Prof. Agnew arrived a little behind schedule, and found his Latin class amusing itself with a game somebody had thought up. Three students named Wheeler, Jones and Sam Agnew were already in the room when another student came in. They began to laugh uproariously, pointed to the back of the new arrival's coat as if it had a sign pinned to it. Of course the boy jerked off his coat and looked at it, and found himself fooled. He thereupon joined the others in playing the same trick on the next one to enter. And so it went until, Van Buren writes, each one had his coat laughed off. The game increased in noise and numbers. While they were in the midst of this roaring chorus of laughter, Prof. Agnew walked in.

"Jupiter Pluvius!" exclaimed one of the students. "What a damper!"

Prof. Agnew stopped, looked around, and as he stepped to his desk his lips compressed, his face blanched, and his chin quivered. "What would one of our townsmen, or a stranger, have thought had they passed by just now?" he demanded. "That this building was filled with wild animals! Howling wolves! You are a disgrace to the University!"

The noise stopped. Everybody looked at the floor. They felt ashamed of themselves. In after years they always remembered Agnew for the fierce, almost passionate way he pounded away at Greek and Latin, as if Xenophon and Plato were the most important

characters in the history of the world. Other professors had mannerisms which endeared them to the undergraduates. Whedon used to encourage the boys in his class by saying, "Now, excogitate your best thoughts." All of the first few classes remembered kindly old "Punky" Williams in mathematics class apparently dozing while the students demonstrated on the board. But let one of them make a mistake and Williams would quietly raise his head and mutter "Ah, how was that?" The students thought he could detect an error by the creaking of the chalk on the blackboard. Perhaps he could. He had been listening to the same chalk squeaks for a decade.

A student named Todd Palmer fell fast asleep in Williams' prebreakfast class in Bourden's algebra one time and the professor cautioned everybody to keep very quiet. On dismissal they filed out silently, leaving Palmer sawing wood and dead to the world. Sometime later he awoke with a start in the midst of a totally different class. Prof. Williams in that purring voice inquired, "Well, Palmer, did you get your sleep out?" Palmer replied, "Yes, Professor, I had a very refreshing sleep."

Dormitory dwellers then, as now, liked to steal signs from the merchants downtown: street signs, all kinds of signs. Complaints reached the University, and a professor was assigned to search the rooms. As he, accompanied by a student monitor, stamped up the stairs and down the hall, he heard pious voices coming out of one of the students' rooms, reciting a Biblical verse: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given unto it."

Van Buren says that all the Lit students seemed to have brought flutes to Ann Arbor in their carpetbags. They sat in chairs with their feet propped up on their window sills and tootled away until, as he said, "reason tottered."

The advent of the Tappan regime swept away the dormitory almost overnight and set up a museum in the empty space. Then the Lit students trudged with their horsehair valises and bulging carpetbags down William Street and around the State Street corner of the campus to move into boardinghouses. The real-estate men were

prepared. They had been building three-story frame dwellings in anticipation of an influx of Lit students.

The characteristic Ann Arbor boardinghouse and student rooming house dates from 1852. Some of the relics of that day may still be seen close to the campus, if the Ann Arbor fire department hasn't ordered them torn down. As of this writing some of them are still occupied by students whose tiny lights may be seen burning brightly late into the night as one walks down the sidewalk. There they are, in attics and on third floors from which the only way out in case of fire is by parachute.

The pre-Civil War University of Michigan regarded the student as a citizen. The Tappan faculty encouraged student participation in all sorts of Ann Arbor civic enterprises. This policy developed a new independence in the student's mind, a swifter transition between boyhood and manhood. The houses in which the boys were required to live were rather impersonal affairs, with long hallways leading to an astonishing number of tiny rooms, and a huge dining room sprawling over the ground floor where the parlor ought to be. The rooming houses represent a policy on the part of the University dating from Tappan's day. This policy is opposed to dormitories for men, and favors the integration of the student into the community via the rooming house.

The comparatively recent cloistering of law students in the Law Quadrangle does not represent a general departure from that policy, nor is the appearance of dormitories around the Michigan Union, made necessary by a rooming-house shortage. For women, the University provides resplendent halls like the Martha Cook Residence and a policy of sympathetic protection. But not for men. Generations of Ann Arbor landladies have waxed fat because of that plan.

When Dr. Tappan put this policy into execution in 1852 all the ministers of the village protested. They viewed with alarm the sordid influence of this idyllic village of a few thousand upon the students' immature personalities. There was a great hue and cry that Dr. Tappan was driving the students into lives of debauchery. The prim, starched landladies promptly put a stop to that nonsense, which was

presently revealed as a fear on the part of the clergy of what would happen if the students were deprived of their morning chapel exercises.

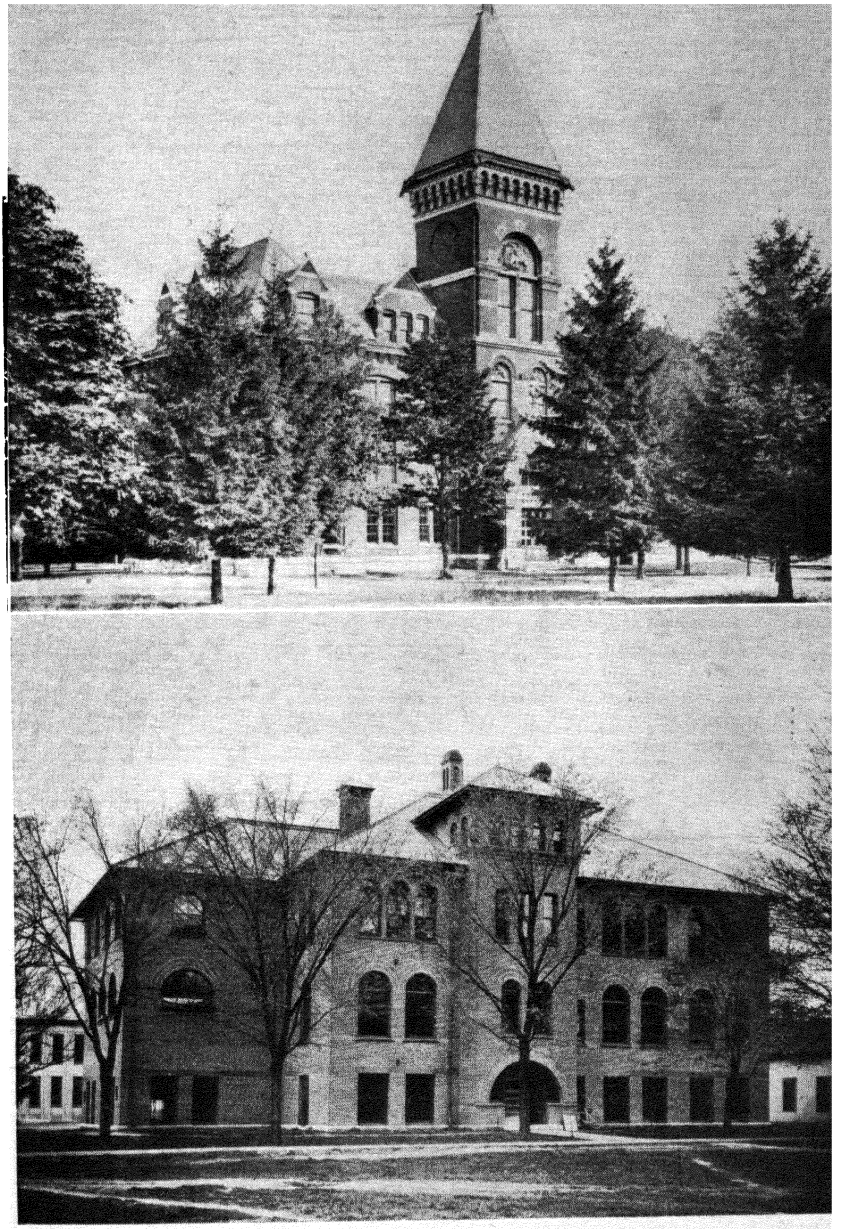
Dr. Tappan had other things more important to consider. He built up a faculty from the most renowned universities of the East, with hardly a Midwesterner on it. He had to start practically from zero, since upon his arrival the Lit school had only three faculty survivors — Williams, Douglas and Fasquelle. Of these Dr. Douglas was occupied most of the time at the Medical Building.

Specialists, glittering with degrees and academic prestige, arrived on almost every train. Dr. Tappan assumed the chair of Moral and Ethical Philosophy vacated by Ten Brook. He invited J. R. Boise to replace Agnew as Professor of Greek, and a Methodist minister named Erastus O. Haven to take over the Latin classes.

From all parts of the East more teachers came: Alexander Winchell to teach physics and geology; Henry Simmons Frieze to help Haven with the Latin classes, and young Andrew D. White, from Yale, as professor of History. From Germany came Franz F. E. Brünnow, who had studied astronomy with Humboldt and built observatories throughout Europe.

To establish Dr. Brünnow in an observatory worthy of his achievements, Dr. Tappan went to Detroit and interviewed several wealthy men, appealing for funds to build an observatory. He was more successful than he had dared expect. The richer citizens of Detroit raised and delivered to him $15,000 in cash, and with it he began construction of the observatory building on the brow of the hill overlooking the Huron River valley. Its lower floor was so small that it contained only one office and one classroom, but looming above it was a monstrous dome. In this dome was installed one of the biggest and finest astronomical telescopes in the world, which had cost about $18,000. Dr. Brünnow had built it himself in Germany with cast-iron trunnions and a meridian circle beautifully etched in bronze.

This observatory was proudly called the Detroit Observatory. The name has been a source of confusion to many Michigan students and alumni, who cannot reconcile it with the location of the building at



The "fire-house school of architecture." Two elegant red-brick edifices of the Angell period: (Top) The Museum, now the Modern Languages Building. (Bottom) The old Physics Building.

The Law Building, erected on its present site in 1863, was the last of Tappan's promised new buildings. He saw it completed and opened and then he suddenly disappeared from Michigan with astonishing abruptness.

3

The dismissal of President Henry Philip Tappan, D.D., LL.D., from the presidency of the University is one of the most embarrassing phases of the institution's history. It led to a state-wide scandal and a legislative investigation, during which the University was again maligned, attacked and inquired into by the Legislature, and its carefully nurtured prestige smashed for the second time in twelve years. Once again a University row led to a wholesale exodus of students, an upheaval in the Board of Regents, and a cleansing lesson.

About 1861 the University had reached a new peak of popularity and prestige. Its barnyard campus had been cleaned up. Prof. White, the historian, had expended his private funds in the purchase of elm seedlings, and he had begun the systematic planting of elm trees in the campus quadrangle. He had laid out paths from corner to corner without advice or assistance from anybody, and set out a circular pattern of American elms which he hoped would someday make the Michigan campus look like his beloved Yale. In the center of the campus he left a virgin oak, which came to be known as the "Tappan Oak."

Other professors and students contributed to the purchase of maples, which were set out around the wooden sidewalks bordering the campus. They personally watered each tree and cared for it until it grew large enough to care for itself.

The stile was gone from the "Campus Corner" at State Street, and so was the rail fence. In its place, along State Street, the Law Building and the two four-story classroom structures, Mason Hall and South Hall, now stood behind the new picket fence with wooden walks leading to their doorways. At the "Campus Corner" there were some

thick posts, "wide enough to admit a man but not wide enough for a cow," which kept straying livestock away from the delicious elm shoots and the newly planted grass. It also kept the student horses and buggies off the campus itself.

With a difference in costumes and in the tempo of the times, the Michigan student of Tappan's day seems like a modern undergraduate. He had his troubles, of course, as exemplified in a large-scale binge on record in 1858, in which fifteen students participated. They were illegally buying beer in a downtown restaurant in Ann Arbor, singing Heidelberg songs and banging the tables with their beer mugs, when the proprietor tried to quiet them. A fight started. When it was over one student lay dying and several more were badly battered.

The student played games, not quite the same as those of the present day, but amusing to him. From the beginning, impromptu wrestling had been a noisy feature of life in the Mason Hall dormitory. In Van Buren's student days, about 1850, there was a sort of society called the Bumptonians. Being led into a member's room in Mason Hall, the new initiate was seized by four husky members, one on each arm and leg. "They swung him like a battering ram," reported the horrified student. "Not head first; rather stern first. They would fling him against the wall, and as he struck it they would cry out: 'Bump . . . bump . . . bump!' When they got tired of it and the victim was a mangled wreck, he was duly declared a 'Bumptonian.' "

In Tappan's time, when a prankish mood appeared it was likely to develop into a serious melee. Drinking parties frequently ended in riots. Class "Fracas" celebrations sometimes were accompanied by insulting handbills circulated by one class against another, and by bloody noses and black eyes on an epidemic scale. It was a reflection of the harsh intolerance of the times, engendered by the fight over slavery in Congress and in the newspapers.

President Tappan wisely channeled this energy into an innocuous performance based on similar formal customs among Heidelberg students. He discovered a campus custom involving the burning in effigy of a "corpus" after a class finally completed Williams' course

in mathematics. He surrounded this celebration with all kinds of trappings. A parade was organized to carry the "corpus" to a clearing in the woods, where of course it was judged guilty of some crime. But the court had a Pontifex Maximus, a Judex, an Advocatus Pro and an Advocatus Con. All the classes participated, sometimes adorning the "corpus" with a skull filched from the medics and a mortarboard to show what they thought of the lordly seniors. Usually the "corpus" was hanged, shot and burned. Professor Williams was no doubt most uneasy on these occasions.

There were some interesting characters on the campus during the Tappan period. Several had returned from the California gold fields with money made in various ways. A typical example of ingenuity was George W. Topping, of Lockwood, New York, who received a medical degree in 1854 after having paid for it by operating a canalboat on the Erie Canal.

At Mrs. O'Toole's boardinghouse on the edge of the swampy "cathole," Charles Kendall Adams was working his way through college by acting as steward. He had some helpers: Byron M. Cutcheon and a youth with the odd name of Martin Luther D'Ooge. Charlie Adams graduated in 1861 and subsequently became president of Cornell and the University of Wisconsin, and diplomat. Byron Cutcheon made a fortune in Detroit banking and law and became a Regent of the University. Martin Luther D'Ooge remained at Michigan in faculty posts for more than forty years.

Phi Phi Alpha literary society struggled along almost unnoticed during the University's early years. It was largely a debating forum. By 1853 it had lost its effectiveness and some of its members reorganized it into Alpha Nu, a thriving society which still flourishes. It is the oldest student organization at Michigan. Phi Phi Alpha published a little four-page literary summary called *The Castalia.* It was succeeded by Alpha Nu's *Sybil.*

The literary discussions held by these societies must have seemed important to the students of Tappan's time. The subjects were no doubt selected carefully and given deep and earnest thought. Here are a few:

Resolved: That the benefits of novel reading will compensate for its injuries.

Resolved: That we have sufficient evidence for belief in ethereal spirits.

Resolved: That brutes reason.

Resolved: That woman has as much influence in the nation as man.

Resolved: That students should not form matrimonial engagements while in college.

There were no movies in that day, no radio, no co-eds, and debates on these abstruse subjects probably seemed amusing ways to spend one's time. Alpha Nu was widely imitated during the Tappan administration by class debating societies, none of which have survived. Perhaps the names they bore weighted them down: "Homotrapezoi," "Philozetian," and "Panarmonian," as well as the Douglas, Clay and Lincoln societies. Dr. Tappan encouraged anything on the campus that would stimulate a little original thought on the student's part.

The venerated President continued for eleven years to win increasing prestige for the University, the unquestioning respect of all the students and the sniping criticism of many ministers and faculty members. Whereas the students were numerically the largest group and could have supported him admirably, if organized, the clergy were letter writers and lobbyists who kept the Regents in ferment over Dr. Tappan's alleged indifference to their demands.

In particular, two Regents openly attacked Tappan and organized opposition to him among other members of the Board. One was the "resident Regent," Donald McIntyre, who lived in Ann Arbor and was a member of Dr. Tappan's church. McIntyre heard all the gossip about the Tappan administration. At Regents' meetings he charged Tappan in scandalized tones with serving wine at his table and living on the Prussian scale.

Dr. Franz Brünnow, the astronomer, had married Dr. Tappan's only daughter Rebecca in 1856. This too gave rise to criticism, and local patriots alleged that the Tappan household was more Prussian than American. Tappan's son John was an excellent librarian, but he continued to live in the President's house and enjoy his father's

paternal affection. Charges of nepotism reached the Regents. Tappan was accused of setting up a dynasty.

While Regent Donald McIntyre of Ann Arbor relayed these local doings to the Board, another and more formidable opponent appeared. He nodded, made notes, and said nothing. He was E. Lakin Brown, of Schoolcraft, near Kalamazoo, a medium-sized man with a long stringy beard and gold-rimmed spectacles. Regent Brown had made a competence as a land speculator and salesman. He was not a college man and had no previous experience with educational matters. Brown became the center of a clique of Regents composed of himself, Donald McIntyre, and Levi Bishop of Detroit. Each had personal reasons for wanting to get rid of the great Tappan. They plotted for more than a year, during which Prof. Alexander Winchell kept a journal of everything that might discredit Tappan and sent written copies of it to the Regents' meetings.

Winchell disliked Tappan for two reasons. First, Winchell was a strict churchman who thought the President's nonsectarianism was "ungodly." Second, Winchell was involved in a faculty intrigue against Tappan in which he solicited support and didn't get it, resulting in a bitterness which led Winchell to many acts of outright disloyalty. He and one or two other denominational professors went to Regent McIntyre's office in Ann Arbor with all their problems and gossip, forcing Tappan to protest that McIntyre was running the University. "His office is, in fact, the office of the University, and members of the faculty go to him with their problems."

Regent Levi Bishop, according to the official version of the Tappan case, was loud, argumentative and loved publicity. E. Lakin Brown was a schemer, a sly plotter who was evidently waiting for the right moment to strike at Tappan and remove him. Alexander Winchell was a professor whose first loyalty was to his church and denomination, and through him the churches of the State became involved and sniped at Tappan with letters to the Legislature and local newspapers.

"With a group of faculty members working against him within the University, and a group of Regents reviving the opposition of the public," comments the record, "Tappan had little chance of remain-

ing president unless his enemies failed to win over a majority of the Board."

Tappan was well aware that a number of these plots were in progress simultaneously. He countered them by establishing and maintaining a towering personal popularity and prestige, against which the shafts of his enemies shattered themselves in vain for three years, 1860-1863. During this time he was on the alert constantly for new symptoms of a conspiracy. In 1861, for example, the Regents on a motion by Bishop set up ten "standing committees" through which they attempted to seize all administrative authority and reduce Tappan to the status of a discredited figurehead. He thwarted this by appealing to the Legislature, which upheld him and forced the Regents to drop the idea.

Regent Bishop then directed a "vituperative" speech against him in a Board meeting. Tappan had one or two friends on the Board who managed to silence Bishop, but soon afterward they left for service in the Union army, and Tappan found himself facing a thoroughly hostile Board and a faculty conspiracy, backed by the churches.

In spite of this, he kept on courageously. Throughout 1862 and the spring term of 1863, the University prospered as never before. He presided at the 1863 commencement with every outward sign of satisfaction. The annual report which he compiled for the Regents showed 550 students in the three Departments — Literary, Medicine and Law — and a full-time faculty of 18 professors in addition to a good many recent graduates who were teaching classes as instructors. It was a tenfold gain on the conditions he had found on his arrival eleven years before.

The Regents had to act then, or let the opportunity pass. The terms of all but one were to expire simultaneously, soon afterward. None of them was a candidate for re-election. It was a poor moment for a deed motivated entirely by pique and a craving for vengeance, but they decided to act at once anyhow. The annual meeting at which Tappan's report was to be presented was scheduled for June 23rd. He was in excellent spirits. He strode into the Regents' room in his long broadcloth Prince Albert coat, his thick sideburns fairly

bristling with confidence. He looked at the Board. Their faces were glum.

Tappan put his report down on the table, but before proceeding to business, Regent Brown asked him to step outside the room. As soon as he closed the door, Brown introduced a resolution he had prepared in advance. It dismissed Tappan from the presidency and from his faculty post as professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. Further, it dismissed Dr. Franz Brünnow from the directorship of the Observatory, and John Tappan from the position he held as Librarian. McIntyre seconded the resolution.

Brown put the resolution to a vote. It was carried unanimously.

Then, amid a foreboding silence, Brown stepped to the door and motioned Tappan to enter. They read the resolution to him. The President was stunned. A feeling of disgust overwhelmed him. He could not speak. He stood there in silence, but his face was livid and he was struggling for enough self-control to avoid an outburst that would affect the University as well as himself. Finally he opened the door again, and said:

"The time will come, gentlemen, when my boys will take your places. *Then* something will be done for the University."

He left, returned to the President's House and told his astonished family to pack. They departed from Ann Arbor in the midst of the most violent feeling ever displayed on the campus. It was a veritable explosion. The whole State of Michigan was aroused to such a degree that the people forgot the Civil War for the moment and lauded Tappan as a martyr. The feeling rose to new heights when it was learned that the Regents, in this same meeting, had elected the Rev. Erastus Otis Haven to the presidency and to Tappan's faculty post as professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

The Tappan family voyaged to Switzerland and tried to forget Ann Arbor. But Michigan couldn't forget Tappan. Michigan has never forgotten, to this day.

CHAPTER V

THE CIVIL WAR CAMPUS

1

THE University's first contact with war came suddenly on a Sunday morning in April, 1861. The population of Ann Arbor was running to the town square from all directions. President Tappan had been in the town, at the office of the *Daily Argus,* on Saturday evening. He knew that Fort Sumter had been fired upon the previous night. On Sunday morning, April 14th, he called a meeting in the chapel. He said he was going to take immediate steps to get the truth of the situation before the people of Ann Arbor.

For this purpose Dr. Tappan proposed to address a mass meeting to be held in the courthouse square at three o'clock that afternoon. Students ran downtown and spread the news. They began building a high speaker's platform, hammering it together out of dry-goods boxes and crates on the south side of the square in front of the main doorway of the little wooden courthouse.

Prompty at the appointed hour Dr. Tappan appeared. He was wearing a fur-collared broadcloth coat and his polished high silk hat, and under his arm he carried the big scrolled-leather Bible from the University chapel. The crowd cried: "Dr. Tappan! We want Dr. Tappan!" He climbed up on the packing-case platform. Doffing his hat, he opened his Bible, read "a few rousing chapters" and then launched into a prepared address.

He spoke for two hours. Many of those who heard him took notes on everything he said. The Ann Arbor *Argus* had published a complete extra that Sunday morning with the front page devoted to the assault on Fort Sumter, President Lincoln's proclamation, and the response from several States. While the platform was being erected the *Argus* had printed two more extras, little handbills run off on a

job press. They were grabbed by boys and shouted through the streets. If anyone in Ann Arbor was ignorant that war had come, he must have been deaf and blind too.

Such was the concentration on Dr. Tappan's address that his words could be heard on the outermost edge of the throng, nearly a block away.

"Friends," he said in his husky voice, "the deed is done. What means this act of war? To what will it lead? Let us look into our own faces. The nation's future lies with us."

Warming to the subject, he reviewed for the citizens the course of events which had led up to this dramatic moment. He said that the coming conflict would be long and deadly, that many must fall, and others must rise up and take their places. As for himself, he said, his heart did not quail nor his step falter at the prospect. He declared in ringing tones that there was nothing to do but to go forward in the maintenance of the country's integrity, with a firm faith in God and in the righteousness of the cause of the Federal Union.

"Earnest, impressive and thrilling as he usually was on the platform," wrote Henry Utley, who was there, "Dr. Tappan was infinitely more so on this occasion. His address was inspiring. It aroused to even greater ardor the patriotism of the young men, and made an everlasting impression on every heart. It was a scene never to be forgotten."

By the time Dr. Tappan reached his office in Mason Hall the following day, the Michigan campus was mobilized for war. Every able-bodied undergraduate claimed that he was ready to answer "Father Abraham's" call for volunteers. The faculty, with its heavy clerical representation, did not want a prominent part in this sudden conflict. But Tappan did. He spoke to the students in the chapel auditorium and at the various churches. He was interviewed by the Detroit newspapers, and he repeated his staunch faith in President Lincoln and the inviolability of the Union. He committed the University heavily to the patriotic cause of "Union Forever!" He left no doubt as to his position.

The students needed scant urging. The fever was all about them.

Every college had the same experience. Many closed their doors. In others, student bodies practically vanished overnight and left the faculties staring at empty classrooms.

At Michigan, normal life continued on the campus for sixty days, until graduation day. Then it happened. The "War Class" of 1861 left for the training camps. They were big fellows — of twenty-five, and some of them almost thirty. Of 53 graduates, 24 left immediately and eight more who did not receive diplomas left anyhow. Before the fall term opened half the undergraduate body was in uniform.

Boys of Michigan's "War Class" wrote to President Tappan from hastily erected tent camps in New Jersey and New York State. They didn't like the tents, which were always blowing down; they thought their officers didn't know much, and each letter said that the writer would finish his training soon and then would be sent to a newly activated regiment in another state. Many letters written in 1942 read very much like them.

In one respect, the Civil War campus set a mark which stood until World War II and was equalled only with difficulty by a University with more than 14,000 enrollment. That was in the conspicuous gallantry and commanding rank attained swiftly by Michigan boys who had enlisted as privates. This graduating class of 1861, proudly wearing the aura of University degrees, came up through the ranks pretty fast. There was George Sanford of Lansing, for example. A private in July, 1861, he was commissioned a lieutenant in October and by December Governor Blair of Michigan had promoted him to a captaincy in the 32nd Michigan.

Byron M. Cutcheon of Detroit took his A.B. in the "War Class" of 1861. He was 25 years old. He enlisted at once. He won a commission as a lieutenant early in 1862, but was promoted to captain as soon as he joined his regiment, the 20th Michigan.

In that regiment Cutcheon met Claudius Grant, of Ann Arbor, who had taken his A.B. in 1859 and was principal of the Ann Arbor High School after a single year of teaching. The pair stayed together in the regiment for some time. Both were full colonels by 1865, Cutcheon in the 27th Michigan and Sanford in the 32nd Michigan. Byron

Cutcheon seems to have fastened his wagon to the rising star of General Ulysses S. Grant. He was a major after a year in the service and a lieutenant colonel within two years. He was serving with Grant in the Fort Pillow and Vicksburg campaigns as a battalion commander, when the General promoted him to full colonel of the 27th Michigan in August, 1864. At that time he had just over two years of service as a commissioned officer.

After Vicksburg, General Grant assigned Cutcheon to command a brigade, which is a general's job. His shoulder star caught up with him on March 13, 1865, when he was brevetted a brigadier general in the Army of the United States at the age of 30. His brigade was out in front in every skirmish and up on top at the Horseshoe Bend disaster. Gen. Cutcheon was caught in the awkward position of running across the battlefield with drawn sabre, yelling at the top of his voice for his brigade to follow him. The brigade was somewhere behind – behind the trees. Cutcheon was shot three times in quick succession, and the brigade tramped over him, thinking him dead.

But he survived, after weeks in the hospital. Summoned to Washington, he received from the hand of President Lincoln the Congressional Medal of Honor, dated May 10, 1865. He went back to the hospital and was there as a convalescent when the war ended. Gen. Cutcheon decided to come back to the campus and go to school again.

Two other members of the War Class of 1861 became brigadier generals. Of Civil War veterans who attended the University of Michigan before, during or after the period of hostilities, the Alumni Memorial Hall roster shows a major general, 10 brigadiers, four chaplains, 20 colonels, 18 lieutenant colonels, 53 majors, 117 captains, 187 lieutenants, 151 surgeons, 85 assistant surgeons, 95 hospital stewards and 405 privates.

The Regents were notified in 1867 that J. H. Burleson, Secretary of the Board, had located 1,205 veterans who at some time had attended the University of Michigan. There were, he said, 302 in the Literary Department, 537 in the Medical Department and 367 in the Law School. The search for Michigan veterans' service records went on until by 1900 the Alumni Society could show proof of 1,514 Michigan

udents having seen Army or Navy service during the period of ɔstilities from 1861 to 1865. As the years went by, original letters om Michigan boys in uniform turned up and were painstakingly ɔllected by the Alumni Society. From them we learn of Brig. Gen. lon Farnsworth, A.B. 1855, LL.B. 1858, and his gallant leadership f an infantry charge at Gettysburg, which cost him his life. We read /ith pride of the bravery of Capt. Allan H. Zacharias, Class of 1860, /hose regiment, the Seventh Michigan, was cut to pieces in an un-lentified battle. Dying, he wrote a touching farewell to his family n the back of an old envelope.

Thirty medics out of the 1861 Medical Department's 45-man class vent into the services as surgeons and assistants; many undergraduate nedics were accepted as hospital stewards. One by one these records vere added to the Alumni Society's files. Year by year, at commence-nent dinners, the oratory about a memorial building continued. In 1910 the structure finally materialized. It is a permanent monument /isualized as a tribute to the University of Michigan men who served :he nation in the Civil War.

The Memorial Building is a constant reminder of the vast scale ɔf Michigan's participation in that struggle. It has come to serve as a reminder of other Michigan men, too, who fought in other wars. In 1910 the projectors of this beautiful building did not visualize another war. They made no provision in the plans for Michigan's debt to future doughboys and GI's. Perhaps they thought there never would be another war. We, in this generation, fear that unless the world improves, the building will have to add wings as fast as the Michigan Union to hold the records of all those veterans yet to come.

The Civil War called away more men from the Michigan campus, proportionately, than any other conflict. They died by the score in Tennessee and by the hundred at Gettysburg, the bloodiest conflict ever fought on the American continent. They led their men through burning Atlanta and through the icy swamps of the Wilderness. Mostly they were young, 25 or so, with the iron stomachs generated by Ann Arbor boardinghouses and the nimble mentalities developed by stern Ann Arbor professors.

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Things didn't go so well on the campus during the Civil War.

The University had scarcely recovered from the wholesale exodus of its graduating class and upperclassmen when it was plunged into despair by the dismissal of President Tappan. We read in the official chronicle of those days that the Institution staggered onward somehow, mostly on momentum. By this time the University of Michigan was well past its birth struggle and was a going concern. The twin disasters of war and internal feud could not conquer its institutional will to live.

Throughout the war, the Michigan countryside poured out its annual flood of freshmen to matriculate at Ann Arbor. From New England and New York they came, too. The Michigan campus was far removed from the daily tension of the East, where desperate officials were bribing men to enlist in the Union army with fat cash bonuses, and the frenzy of wartime life was breeding scarcities and high prices.

At Ann Arbor the freshmen found a neat little rectangle of lawn, adorned by a profusion of young trees and a few severe, functional buildings. The streets bordering the campus were wretched lanes of unimproved clay, deep with dust in fair weather and quagmires when it rained. No wooden sidewalks had come to the campus with their inviting temptation to arson on the part of the impetuous young undergraduates. They existed only on the village streets. At the "Campus Corner," State and North University, the cow-proof posts were still there at the main gate. They were a formidable obstacle to the huge hoop skirts of the period, but fortunately few females felt the urge to enter the strictly masculine interior of the 40-acre campus.

Prof. Andrew White's painstaking work and excellent taste in landscaping was making its influence felt by 1861. He had completed a circle of maples as a backdrop to the serene Tappan Oak near the campus center. This tree was the only survivor of the primeval forest

which had greeted the eyes of Governor Mason and Superintendent John D. Pierce on the site in 1837, only 25 years before.

White had appealed year after year to the undergraduates for help in grading and seeding the lawns, clearing the topsoil and hauling gravel for the famous transverse paths from corner to corner of the campus. Prof. White designed these diagonals, and generations of Michigan students have thanked him and thought of him, years after his death. He built the campus.

The four original residences were glistening in new coats of white paint. Their carriage barns had three high pagodalike cupolas surmounting the haylofts, and were further adorned by lightning rods, which all folks thought to be preventative of disaster. Only the President's House had a remnant of garden and a few of Pat Kelly's peach trees. The plot was enclosed by a fence. The trees were not so good as fruit bearers, but they formed an effective screen which cut off curious student stares at the President's private activities around the back porch.

Around the entire campus stretched a new, and quite attractive, wooden fence, with carved posts and bent-wood Gothic decorations for a few feet at each side of the gate, after which it gave place to plain picket. It was a pretty formidable barrier, shoulder-high to a freshman. This fence was the freshman's somewhat abrupt introduction to Michigan traditions. On registration day, at the beginning of the term, it was quite common for a gang of sophomores to be lounging around the doorways at Mason Hall waiting for a newly matriculated freshman to come out. They would accost him, establish the fact of his matriculation by posing as a credentials committee, and then seize the boy bodily and toss him over the fence into the muddy road. This, it was claimed, taught the freshman the proper attitude of respect toward his betters. Some freshmen got up, vaulted back over the fence and laid about them with great gusto. Other freshmen would frequently join the fray while the sophs howled for reinforcements.

There was little else to do for recreation. Many of the upperclassmen pleaded with the faculty for some kind of gymnasium. In the



The President's Residence

village there sprang up a number of billiard and poolrooms, which were heavily patronized. The Ann Arbor bars, strictly off limits to Michigan freshmen, began to get some student attention.

The subject of drinking was a dangerous one. Judge Cooley, of the law faculty, had just settled one fracas known as the "Dutch War" because most of it had centered about a downtown bar called Hangsterfer's. Several students, despite the University's stern warning, were there one night drinking German beer. They became noisy. Some townsmen who were in the place told them to keep quiet. This made them even noisier, and the townsmen, aided by the proprietor, threw them out. Next night they returned with a fair-sized student delegation. All of them barged boldly into the bar and demanded free drinks.

Other tavern owners joined Herr Hangsterfer in denouncing this sort of thing to the University authorities. Warrants were issued for all of the student rioters. But they foiled the law by exchanging clothing, switching places at boardinghouses and in the classrooms, and dodging service of the papers by every sort of ingenious ruse.

Beer and politics excited the student of 1860-61 to unscholarly demonstrations. Just before the assault on Fort Sumter a famous speaker, Parker Pillsbury, was booked in Ann Arbor for an abolitionist lecture. The students booed him. When he refused to stop his warnings, and shouted that war was coming, the students rushed up the aisle toward him and Pillsbury, aghast, saved himself by jumping through a rear window. The angry students searched the adjoining streets in vain. Pillsbury had escaped. They returned to the Free Church while the astonished audience was still sitting there, and began throwing seat cushions, smashing windows and shouting for Pillsbury.

Most students knew war was coming, but they didn't want to hear it. Other lecturers tried to make them listen to the realistic facts about the national crisis, but so many riots occurred that tour managers found every auditorium door in Ann Arbor closed against them. At last, shortly before the attack on Fort Sumter, the great Wendell Phillips agreed to expose his famous neck to the dangers of Ann Arbor

violence. He was warned that there might be a disturbance, but he steadfastly refused to cancel his engagement.

His manager found all the church committees firmly refusing Mr. Phillips an opportunity to use their auditoriums. The University came into the spotlight because of it. Wendell Phillips was recognized as one of America's first-ranking orators. A refusal to hear him because of fear of violence certainly reflected adversely on the whole Institution, students and faculty. Finally, the deacons of the little Congregational Church on the corner of Fifth and Washington Streets, near the campus, resolved to invite Mr. Phillips in spite of the city-wide tension over his abolitionist message. The deacons expressed themselves eloquently in these resounding words:

"If the church building must be razed, let it go down in behalf of free speech and the great cause of liberty!"

At this, the Class of 1861 held a summary meeting. The big, husky seniors felt themselves responsible for the proper conduct of the rest of the student body. They planned a protection campaign for the Phillips lecture. They armed themselves with clubs, donned their oldest clothes, and on the fateful night they spread a net of sentries around the church.

Charlie Adams was only middle-sized, but he was tough and a natural leader. Byron Cutcheon was bigger, older, and his powerful voice rallied the seniors from all directions. Other seniors were inside the small church, standing at the front of the room near the oak pulpit, peering at the excited audience of bonneted, hoop-skirted Ann Arbor women and their bearded husbands, seeking the telltale short jacket of an undergraduate who might have wedged himself into one of the pews. The Class of 1861 was defending free speech, too, and the good name of the University. It was going to have peace if the seniors had to fight for it.

They carried the day, or evening, without a casualty. Mr. Phillips delivered his address, and as his resonant voice rose and fell across the attentive rows of listeners, not a sophomore moved. He was escorted out to his carriage in a flurry of congratulations and hopes for a safe return, while the deacons carefully looked under the pews

before pulling down the swinging overhead kerosene lamps to extinguish them. When the last hoop skirt had gone, the church was still standing. The Class of 1861 had won its first victory of the war. Mr. Phillips had to run a gauntlet of sarcasm and threats from invisible students hiding in the shadows, but he was not molested.

The Class of 1861 helped the University establish the first wartime drill company on the campus. There had been half-hearted attempts to start companies as far back as 1856. Prof. Trowbridge, a West Point graduate, had tried to lure students into a primitive R.O.T.C. with gaudy uniforms, provided free by the Government although his unit had no direct connection with the Army. Trowbridge managed to get a few dollars to erect a drill shed on the eastern edge of the campus, on a spot now covered by the engineering shops. It had a tanbark floor and open sides.

The students didn't like to drill there because it was cold and uncomfortable. They did not join. So the government called in the muskets and the uniforms and the tentlike building remained to blot the scene.

This shack became the "headquarters" of the campus drill companies immediately upon the outbreak of war in 1861. Further, the University donated a long ground-floor room in South Hall for winter drill. Three companies were organized at once. They elected their own captains. The "Tappan Guards" picked a senior, Charles Kendall Adams, Class of 1861. The "Chancellor Greys" followed suit by electing Isaac H. Elliott, Class of 1861. The third company, the "Ellsworth Zouaves," named as captain a junior, Albert Nye, Class of 1862.

In sections of fifty, these companies drilled an hour a day in the South Hall room all during the winter of 1861-62. When spring came, they paraded around the campus and staged complex evolutions in the tanbark shed. Each company had its distinctive uniform, purchased by the students individually. The Greys wore gray shirts and blue trousers and the small, slant-roofed enlisted men's caps of the Civil War. The Zouaves did not quite attain the true zouave garb of blue velvet breeches, gold-laced vests and white leggings. Such

finery cost too much. They compromised on blue shirts and trousers. The Tappan Guards sported a fancier uniform shirt; officers wore silk sashes and carried long, gleaming sabres. The enlisted men either carved muskets out of wood or carried ordinary sticks.

Throughout the first two years of the war these companies absorbed freshmen quickly and gave them the rudiments of close-order drill. From the student companies lads went forth to war as soon as they were old enough. The Class of 1862 lost nearly half of its membership before graduation, while the Class of 1863 lost about forty per cent. The Classes of 1864 and 1865 were not so seriously affected.

None of the three student companies survived the war. All three of the original captains were gone within a year – two by graduation and one, Albert Nye, by enlistment as a private. Nye was killed at Murfreesboro before the year 1862 was out. The three companies elected new captains, but they, too, capitalized on their training by enlisting and winning quick commissions. Gradually the ranks thinned, and by 1865 the cadet companies had disappeared.

Welfare work of various kinds occupied students and their families in otherwise idle moments. The Michigan Central Railroad took them to Jackson in an hour. On the northern edge of the town stood an immense tent city, the training camp for Michigan regiments known as Camp Blair. It performed all the functions of Fort Custer, its successor at Battle Creek. It was a reception center, quartermaster depot, basic-training area and administrative headquarters for all the Michigan regiments. On Sunday many students made up baskets for the "boys in blue" and took them there while others insisted on holding outdoor Sunday-school services right in the company streets.

President Tappan's last official act was to provide a new building for the Law Department. During the war, somehow, not one, but two buildings went up, the other being an addition to the Medical Department. The Law Building, a rococo experiment in jigsaw architecture, rose near the Campus Corner as the war progressed. The Regents appealed to the Legislature for funds, but discovered that there was a war on. The Legislature had not a dime to devote to a campus building. Thwarted, an appeal was made to Ann Arbor citizens, with

the same result. Taxes were high, and prices were even higher. Ann Arbor could not raise funds for such a purpose. At that point, the ingenious Mr. Vance reminded the Board that the University had funds of its own. No one, apparently, had thought of that.

Dipping into the reserves, the Regents found $16,000 wherewith to erect the Law Building. To us of another day, it is interesting to note that this is the same sum which, twenty years previously, had built Mason Hall, which is much larger. Inflation had come to Michigan. Labor was getting two dollars a day.

Back from the war came the Michigan students. On every train they came, some in tattered rags of uniforms, others sporting gleaming gold shoulder emblems and natty campaign hats. In the fall of 1865 the trek began, and it continued to swell throughout the academic year 1865-66.

Depression had laid a heavy hand upon America. The ruined South was a burned-out wreck, infested with carpetbaggers and famine. New York was in the vicious grip of political crooks. Unemployment was widespread, but Michigan's ample farms welcomed back their war-weary sons and produced money to pay their tuition fees at the University. Farmers as a class were prosperous; merchants and laborers were not. But there were war-won fortunes, quick profits of many kinds, swollen savings accounts in the banks.

The rosters swelled. Attendance doubled as the returning vets continued to arrive for the next three years. From a total undergraduate body of 526 in 1860, the record shows 1,255 by 1866, of whom 400 had seen active service in the war. In 1866-67, the peak year, enrollment stood at 335 in the Literary Department, 525 in the Medical Department, and 395 in the Law Department, which was the highest mark attendance would reach for the next fifteen years.

Most of these returned vets were quiet and studious. Some of them formed the habit of burning the wooden sidewalks to emphasize their need for repair or show the students' dislike for the occupants of near-by houses.

In one of his letters to President James Burrill Angell of the

University of Vermont, Prof. Crosby of the Medical faculty remarked that the students were howling around the streets at night and creating disturbances in chapel. One of the ribald songs which these lads were wont to bawl forth on their nocturnal wanderings through the town repeated over and over: ". . . Happy is the maid who shall meet us" – the Michigan post-Civil War wolf call. Another custom which the postwar faculty tolerated with increasing impatience was class bolting. When Van Amburgh's Circus played Ann Arbor in 1871, most of the student body bolted en masse. Some campus Gershwin concocted a song which the students sang in chorus as they paraded to the show grounds:

"We're going to see the Hamburg show,
To see the elephant and the wild kangaroo,
And we'll stick together through rain and stormy weather
For we're going to see the whole show through!"

The ditty has become familiar to many alumni who see it in collections of Michigan songs with no idea of how it got there. It records a circus day in 1871 and its aftermath, when a long list of freshmen and sophomores were sternly suspended from the University for bolting classes.

Class bolting and illicit beer guzzling had somehow become respectable, mainly through the tolerance of the faculty. Already, however, the more serious students had begun to cast about for a remedy and organized athletics were appearing.

As early as 1867, paragraphs urging an interclass athletic program began appearing in the *Chronicle*, monthly literary magazine. Other upperclassmen took up this plea; they wanted a gymnasium. In reply, the faculty and Dr. Haven pointed to the old drill shack. It was suggested that the students try to fix it up. In 1868 the Class of 1870 set up what it called a "gymnasium in embryo" – "two uprights with a cross-beam and ropes dangling from eye-bolts, the remains of some prehistoric effort toward muscular development." An effort by the students to raise funds for a gymnasium failed. Team games had been

attempted but had collapsed for lack of equipment, coaching or a place to play. Fencing and boxing were unknown, though one old-timer, Class of 1849, recalled that in his time there was a little boating on the Huron River.

In 1865, however, the Regents appropriated $50 for a cricket ground on the campus and the students organized the "Pioneer Cricket Club," with eight officers and twenty-five members. This was the first appearance of organized athletics at the University of Michigan, and it is remarkable that the first successful team sport was cricket, not a popular American game.

Word was not long in reaching Ann Arbor, however, about the discovery of General Abner Doubleday, the New York volunteer who had distinguished himself in the Civil War. *Time* has said of Doubleday that the world will little note nor long remember what he did at Gettysburg, but it will never forget what he did at Cooperstown, New York, where he evolved the present game of baseball.

The Regents' $50 cricket ground was painstakingly enlarged and improved to fit the new game. As early as 1863, the records say, John M. Hinchman, Class of 1862, and E. L. Grant, Class of 1866, had seen baseball played in New York State and had written to General Doubleday for information. They inspired others to raise funds for balls, bats and padded gloves.

In 1864, Hinchman was captain, president of the Baseball Club, and catcher on the team. Other towns in Michigan organized community nines, and the University's journeyed there to meet, and beat, the locals. No one wore uniforms; there were no baseball parks or tickets. But people came to see the college lads beat Jackson, Ypsilanti and Dexter in 1865, and also to see them go down in defeat before a farm-boy team from near-by Lodi Township.

By 1867 the University was in the grip of baseball fever. Each class had its team. A crowded spring schedule brought in one victory after another, climaxed in early summer by a railroad invasion of Detroit by the Michigan team and 70 loud-voiced rooters. The University, aided by Blackburn's pitching, beat Detroit 70 to 18 to win the State championship, and the campus celebrated for days.

Baseball, with its swarms of fans, created an immediate demand for some emblem or colors by which the University could be identified outside the campus. The official color had always been a plain blue. Whence it came, no one knows. In 1867, blue did not seem so appropriate to cheering baseball crowds. The Class of 1867, on Class Day, added the color of fresh Indian corn, or maize. The two ribbons, maize and blue, became the colors of the Class of 1867, and by general consent were adopted throughout the University. There was some disagreement about the precise shades. Originally, the tassel of fresh Indian corn was used to match the maize color. The present light blue was forced upon the University in later years by the great anthem, "The Yellow and the Blue." Its author, Gayley, defined it in his verse as "sapphire – blue as the curtains of evening." University scientists finally decided that the jewelers' stone lapis lazuli matched the shade exactly. Samples of Indian maize and lapis lazuli blue are now preserved in the University files to determine University colors for all time.

The bright new colors were used for the first time as ballroom decorations when the Class of 1868 inaugurated the pleasant custom of the Senior Ball, and home-town sweethearts, accompanied by their prim and proper mothers, arrived on the smoky railroad and staved overnight at rooming houses reserved long in advance. The seniors conducted the annual ball for some years, but the juniors managed to join it in 1877 and eventually elbowed the seniors out. It became the now-familiar J-Hop, organized by the junior class but regarded as the big night of the year for all classes but freshmen.

It was a problem, in the post-Civil War era, to handle student social affairs gracefully. There were co-eds at Michigan, a few hardy souls who followed the lead of Madelon Stockwell. The admission of this first co-ed in 1870 set the precedent. But the others were not of her gracious, feminine type. They tended toward the "medical missionary" sort. Class pictures show us the most awesome collection of stony-faced females ever seen outside an old maids' home. Probably they didn't intend to look like that, but in spite of the stiff styles of the period those co-eds must have been sour by nature. Perhaps

that's why co-education at Michigan was not popular until after the turn of the century. In the 1860's and 1870's girls at college were Souls with a Purpose. They encountered a prejudice against nice girls being at college at all, and reacted to it by becoming overserious and so prim that even in class pictures they seem to have come straight from a Salvation Army meeting.

Marjorie Nicholson, (Michigan 1914, A.M. 1918) once said that even a co-ed's Ph.D. degree was no guarantee of celibacy, but in the early days college women at Michigan assumed that education would replace matrimony in their barren lives. Miss Nicholson quotes the horrified Ten Brook: "Our universities should admit and train only those few women who see no possibility of being wives and mothers." Throughout the 1870's and 1880's Michigan was cursed with that sort of faculty philosophy about co-eds. Try as they might, most early co-eds could not bring themselves to face the terrors of social intercourse with a student. They were cloistered in rooming houses where few men students ventured to intrude. For fraternity balls, the J-Hop and other campus festivities men students invited their home-town sweethearts. Co-eds would probably be in the Library.

The campus bugbears that plagued the freshmen in post-Civil War years – where are they now? Once there were benches donated by the senior classes and strictly taboo to freshmen. Once there was a rigid ban against smoking a pipe on the campus, particularly on the long diagonal walk. Sophomores lay in wait on dark nights and attacked freshmen who didn't know. When those freshmen became sophomores, they did the same. The origin of the ban dates from the introduction of the friction match. It was a big wooden object that burned for several minutes – an effective instrument of arson. Considering the primitive state of fire fighting in those days, the tradition was well founded.

Michigan's best-known and longest-honored campus tradition, the wearing of distinctive little caps called "pots" by freshmen, dates from the big interclass rushes inaugurated about the turn of the century. It, too, began as the answer to a problem and ended when

the problem disappeared. Freshmen had to identify each other quickly in the midst of a class fracas. The freshman wore his "pot" everywhere. To be without it was to court disaster. At the end of his neophyte year, he joined his class and hundreds of others in "Sleepy Hollow," the gully near the Observatory, and took part in the dramatic ceremony of "cap night" by throwing his little flannel cap into the rising flames. Amid the dancing, the carousing and the speechmaking, he felt a new confidence. The ceremony signified his admittance into the real life of the University, denied to freshmen.

All these campus traditions, some more honored in the breach than the observance, signified a maturing student body and a secure University. Michigan was a big school for the post-Civil War period. It welcomed students from all of the Northern States and many from abroad. It was a famous school, the largest State-supported university in the nation. Michigan in the latter part of the post-Civil War era had everything except that which it needed most of all. It needed a president with the respect of the world's educators and the proven ability to lead.

CHAPTER VI

PRESIDENTS PRO TEM

1

IN 1863 there was sadness on the campus, while in the village many landladies wept over their fast-emptying rooms. The Regents who had caused the disaster crept silently into obscurity upon the expiration of their term, leaving behind them a bitter memory and a wreck of gigantic proportions for some energetic leader to clean up.

The situation was similar to that created by the "society war" of 1850 and its aftermath of public disgust with the University. It demanded a leader of Tappan's stature, somebody like Horace Greeley or Henry Ward Beecher. No one of high standing in the educational world, however, would have considered an offer from Michigan after the Tappan episode.

The new Board of Regents which came into office in 1864, had no choice in the matter anyhow. The new president had been elected by the old board the same evening when they fired Tappan. He was the kind of man who satisfied them; his qualifications were precisely those which they were seeking when they felt, as Regent E. Lakin Brown said, that Dr. Tappan "had qualities incompatible with his position."

His name was Erastus O. Haven, and he was, first of all, a Methodist minister whose primary loyalty was toward the Church. He was a faithful Methodist; none of this wishy-washy nonsectarianism for him. He taught Latin and English at the University from 1852 to 1856. When he realized that Dr. Tappan was not to be budged from his policy of religious tolerance for all sects and emphasis on none, Dr. Haven resigned from the faculty and went to Boston to edit a

Methodist publication, *Zion's Herald,* and engage in politics. He was elected to the Massachusetts senate and was still there when notified that the Board had summoned him to replace the mighty Tappan. He accepted, and his troubles began.

The faculty had begged everybody to keep an open mind and give Dr. Haven a chance. The new Board of Regents was saddled with him willy-nilly. It determined to give him every possible support. He admitted, on arriving in Ann Arbor, that he did not feel capable of filling Dr. Tappan's place, but he said he would try.

It seemed as if everyone were against Dr. Haven. His policies were unpopular and his faculty appointments met with cold disapproval. All around him were constant reminders of Dr. Tappan. On the campus, as soon as the fall term opened in 1863, there were student demonstrations against Haven and in favor of recalling Tappan on any terms. In fact, the new Board was seriously considering such a move. They wanted Tappan back. Haven, in self-protection, notified them that unless he were re-elected to the presidency by this new Board he would not serve. This left the Board no alternative. Tappan at the moment was living comfortably in Switzerland and declining all appeals to return. If Haven left, the public reaction would be one of utter nausea. The Regents might as well close up the place.

The Board re-elected him and sat back to see what he would do. He said nothing, and appeared only infrequently in public. Quietly he instituted certain "reforms" which were highly unpopular with the student body but viewed with satisfaction by the ministerial faculty. Among them was a return to strict observance of daily chapel services in Mason Hall.

"I maintain," Dr. Haven said, "that a State University in this country should be religious. It should be Christian without being sectarian."

Agitation mounted for getting Dr. Tappan back at any price. The Michigan newspapers took it up, and echoes of the demand were heard in the Legislature. Dr. Haven did not comment. On his reorganized faculty he had a scant majority of supporters, ministers like himself who saw their duties as an expression of their divine

mission. They backed Dr. Haven to the limit. They threatened a complete faculty schism if any more talk was heard about the return of Dr. Tappan.

About that time, "at the suggestion of some of his friends," Dr. Tappan loosed a literary blast against the politics of the University from his home in Switzerland. That stopped the Tappan movement in Ann Arbor. He could not have returned then without bitter warfare in the faculty, the Board of Regents and the Legislature.

Ex-Regent E. Lakin Brown, at his home near Kalamazoo, took a few bows in his autobiography, in which he claimed that the dismissal of Dr. Tappan made a great improvement in the University since attendance doubled from 652 in 1862-63 to 1,255 in 1866-67. The Civil War did it, not McIntyre and Brown.

Dr. Erastus Otis Haven seems a rather unfortunate figure. He was an able administrator, a kind Christian gentleman, and a capable teacher. In other circumstances he might have been selected as president of a small college on his merits and professional stature. He was propelled into the presidency of the University of Michigan by a Board of Regents who did not notify him in advance of their plans, and who placed Dr. Haven in a most uncomfortable position. He never enjoyed the prestige which adorned the Tappan brow like a laurel wreath. He lacked the commanding personality of a strong president, but in patient compromises he usually got what he wanted. The historians — Hinsdale, Farrand, Shaw — all say he was a good speaker. Shaw quotes an address in which the good Dr. Haven was trying to explain the pitfalls of logic:

"Might not the parasite on the back of an ox . . . having found out by actual measurement the circumference of the ox and by mathematical calculation, the diameter of the ox, and having ascertained that as he inserted his proboscis into the hide of the animal say the sixteenth of an inch, it gradually and regularly grew warmer infer, in like manner [as the geologist], that the center of the anima was red-hot lava?"

Haven was a scholarly-looking man, with bright twinkling eye which looked as if he were on the point of uttering some such pro

found thought as that. He had a Lincolnesque chin beard and a shaven upper lip which emphasized the bland smile he habitually wore. He wanted to be a bishop of the Methodist Church. Fortunately, Haven immediately displayed a talent for getting along with people, which was not one of Dr. Tappan's outstanding characteristics.

The task before the new President was more promotional than administrative. Courses were added and several entirely new departments were projected. This expansion would require more buildings. These, in turn, could not be provided until funds were found. Thus Dr. Haven tried to free his mind from faculty details as much as possible, but without success. He taught Logic, Political Economy and Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Haven's administration, fortunately, occurred during a period in American history when most people regarded a prominent Methodist minister as a great man. Dr. Haven obtained the ear of the Legislature, of civic bodies throughout Michigan and of wealthy citizens of Detroit. The state was enjoying a prosperous period. A good many alumni had grown wealthy during the war. The town of Ann Arbor, too, regarded the University as its biggest industry and fell in behind any movement to help it.

In 1867 Dr. Haven brought the University's situation before the Legislature in a well-detailed brief. He recounted the sorry plight of the land-grant reserve. He raised the subject of the $100,000 loan of 1840, pleading that it be absorbed by the State. He showed statistics to prove that the University should be put on an annual appropriative budget like any other government department. And he carried his point. The State agreed to give the University one-twentieth of a mill of tax valuation for its support, land being then the principal source of state revenue. Michigan collected about $16,000 on this basis in the first year. Dr. Haven got additional direct appropriations of $15,500 for each of the two ensuing years. But the Regents' delight became dismay when they learned that somebody on the legislative committee had attached a rider to the appropriations bill, imposing the condition that the University establish a professorship of homeopathic medicine in the Medical Department.

While the Board was arguing that this could not be done without antagonizing all the doctors, Haven transferred his fund-raising drive to Detroit. In a whirlwind campaign he raised $6,000 from Detroit and Ann Arbor for an addition to the Observatory; $20,000 to enlarge the Medical Building, half of the expense being met by an Ann Arbor bond issue; and funds for a new wing of the little Chemical Building and for remodeling the old residence on North University nearest State Street. It became the first University Hospital, a subsidiary of the Medical Department. The University School of Mines came into existence in 1864, when Dr. Haven was new in office and approved a course he did not understand. The school did not succeed and was reorganized as the Department of Mining Engineering. This too failed, for Ann Arbor was a poor place to teach mining in any form.

Haven's especial pride, the Latin and scientific course, was a great success. He announced it in the catalogue for 1867-68 and offered the freshmen an alternate choice of a modern language instead of Greek. Needless to say, most freshmen chose the modern language. This opportunity brought to Michigan many freshman who otherwise would have found themselves barred by the requirement of Greek in the entrance examination.

This modernization was quickly followed by the establishment of a course in pharmacy, new courses in both chemistry and physics, and a provision making it unnecessary for Ph.D. candidates to reside in Ann Arbor while preparing their theses. This sensible reform made it possible to conduct the research abroad when desirable.

The Legislature had dumped a hornet's nest on the campus, however, with their appropriation rider requiring a course in homeopathic medicine. The helpless Regents stood by and consoled the helpless Dr. Haven as the medical profession throughout Michigan erupted into revolt. Bitterness, which Dr. Haven had conquered once in 1864, broke out again in 1868. As always in such cases, the citizens of Michigan chose sides and got ready for a good old-fashioned fight. Most of the loudest partisans who howled about homeopathy from 1868 to 1870 knew nothing about it, but they were violently pro or con.

Since 1851 this controversial issue had caused partisanship and ill-

feeling in the Medical School and throughout the medical profession in the State. The scientific theory on which the homeopathic doctrines were based was not disputed by anybody. Advances in chemistry had shown the soundness of the homeopathic claims, but the medical profession did not agree about the effectiveness of homeopathic treatment for disease.

Homeopathy had become a cult, a sort of crusade, by 1868. Doctors practicing it became increasingly radical and stubborn, which made the "allopaths," or regular M.D.'s, equally stubborn in denying its value. The training of both schools ran parallel through anatomy, histology, pathology, bacteriology and kindred subjects in the early part of the course. It began to separate in the latter part, particularly in chemical and pharmaceutical studies having to do with the effect of drugs on human tissue.

The homeopaths believed and proclaimed that science proved that disease caused by a chemical condition could be cured by administering the same chemical substance in controlled dosage. Thus a man suffering from typhoid fever was treated by inoculation with typhoid germs until he had built up an immunity to it. That is the basis of modern systems like vaccination and all sorts of "shots" and injections to ward off disease. It was scientifically correct, but the homeopaths believed that all disease, all practice of internal medicine, ought to be treated by drugs. At that point the doctrine became a cult and was carried to extremes.

Like any minority inspired with fanaticism, the homeopaths fought loudly and bitterly. They lobbied in the Legislature and lectured in local town halls. They accused the M.D.'s of persecuting them. And they succeeded in arousing widespread public sympathy as well as a good deal of popular support for their cause.

Dr. Abram Sager, elderly founder and first dean of the Medical Department, was so worked up about the "homeops" and their political backers that he resigned from the faculty in great indignation. Alumni of the Medical Department all over Michigan threatened to take the medical school out of the University entirely if such a barbarous course as homeopathy were introduced. Appeals to the Legislature

were unavailing. The answer remained: no homeopathic course, no appropriation.

The Regents, finally, decided not to take the appropriation. Faculty raises promised by Dr. Haven were cancelled, in the midst of a national inflationary, high-priced period. There was muttering. Dr. Haven's smile was not quite so bland. It became a little forced. With doctors and politicians and faculty dinning their demands into his ears simultaneously, he chose the wise course. Suddenly, in 1869, he resigned as president.

12

The Michigan campus in 1869 resembled a summer resort getting ready to close up for the season. Some of the construction initiated by Dr. Haven was finished, other projects were half completed. It may have been Dr. Haven's resignation, or the medico-homeopathic battle, or both, but somehow the University was again plunged into public disapproval. Educators throughout the world nodded solemnly and declared that a state-supported University in America was foredoomed to failure. The Methodist Church attacked Michigan in its publications for making life miserable for Dr. Haven. The Legislature complained that by resigning he had "plunged the University into new difficulties." Haven wrote to Prof. Alexander Winchell at Ann Arbor: "No act of mine has been acknowledged. I was doomed from the start."

A great many students left in disgust when Dr. Haven resigned. They thought that he had given in to pressure, or that he had fled to escape being involved in a finish brawl with the Medical Department. At any rate, they left, and most of the new construction wasn't needed after all.

The Regents, at their wits' end, had to select an acting president at once. They had no time to pick and choose; a candidate must be found within the faculty, saddled with the newest crisis, and directed to work out some solution.

No one from the embattled Medical Department could be consid-

ered. The law faculty offered no suitable man either. Its renowned triumvirate, Cooley, Campbell and Walker, had become so famous that they were regarded as public figures and had been appointed to many Congressional and state boards and commissions. In addition, Cooley had been elected a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Campbell was the wealthiest practicing attorney in Michigan. Actually, they didn't know much about the affairs of the University. It would be 24 years before the Law School would have a full-time professor.

The new leader must emerge, therefore, from the Literary Department. Hurriedly the board scanned the list. They located Prof. Henry Simmons Frieze, head of the Latin Department, who had come to Michigan during the regime of Dr. Tappan.

Prof. Frieze was named president pro tem, and the Regents hastened to prepare the University for the fall term of 1869. While the bewildered old gentleman was adjusting his steel-rimmed spectacles and making timid moves in the hallowed Tappan office, the Regents sought a real president. The post was offered to several well-known college presidents, and went begging. President Anderson of Rochester University, New York, wouldn't even discuss the matter. Another invitation went to Prof. Seelye, of Amherst, who replied that he was convinced that politics would always dominate the scene at Michigan. Seelye, however, came out to Ann Arbor to look over the situation and talk to the Regents. Nothing came of it. A similar invitation was extended to President James Burrill Angell of the University of Vermont. He, too, traveled to Ann Arbor, met Prof. Frieze and the Regents, and went home. Later he declined the presidency repeatedly and emphatically.

In the midst of this dilemma, Dr. Haven announced his acceptance of the presidency of Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois. Thus was the tension relieved. Immediately, throughout the international society of educators and college presidents, the whole situation became clear. Dr. Haven had resigned to accept the call to Northwestern, a Methodist institution, as a further stepping stone to his goal of a bishopric. The political battle over homeopathy had nothing to do with the case. In a letter written by Prof. Andrew D. White dated

September 13, 1869, to Dr. Angell in Vermont, Dr. Haven stands revealed as a disillusioned man who chose that particular, climactic moment to resign to accept a more favorable post, without regard to the effect of his action on the University. Eventually he became a Methodist bishop, and no doubt died happy. But the feeling at Michigan was one of being abandoned in a storm.

The chief difference between Dr. Haven and Prof. Frieze was simply that Frieze knew he was not an administrative genius like Tappan, and made no pretense of presidental abilities. But Frieze, like many modest men, sadly underrated himself. He was a stooped, nervous old man with a beautiful mane of curly white hair and a snowy beard as luxuriant as that of Santa Claus. He loved the beauty of the Latin language, and spoke it easily in conversation. He loved Latin literature, and inspired his students with the pure rhetorical rhythms of the classical masters. He loved his piano, and played it as naturally as he spoke Latin.

Modest old Frieze was one of the best presidents the University of Michigan has ever had. Throughout his various terms as acting president, president pro tem, or whatever the Regents chose to call it, Frieze went placidly on his way from home to office and back again, without hurry. He was unexpectedly successful because no one could argue with Frieze any more than they could insult the Angel Gabriel. Besides, Frieze never assumed a dictatorial position. He always said: "I won't be doing this very much longer . . . . Pretty soon we'll have a regular president, and I'll go back to my Latin classes. . . . In the meantime let's see what we ought to do about this problem."

Under the gentleness of Frieze's benign smile, some of the ill-feeling melted away. The professors of surgery and medicine fought a valiant battle against the insidious foe, homeopathy. When Frieze peered into this momentous question, he could find nothing incompatible in the two medical points of view except a dispute over the subject matter of two courses, materia medica and pharmaceutical chemistry. He suggested that the medics let the homeops come in and share the facilities of the Department on equal terms. Both sides vetoed this plan instantly.

Well, then, Frieze went on, why not set aside some campus building and set up a separate Department of Homeopathic Medicine? The students of that course might use the Medical Department facilities for all instruction except that pertaining to their special medical creed, which would be given in their building. The doctors at length consented to this, but the question was far from being permanently settled.

Anyhow, the Regents forthwith reopened the question of the legislative appropriation at Lansing. When in 1870, the Legislature, in a moment of mad generosity, granted the University an annual $15,500 for *four* years instead of two, everybody seemed to see a resemblance between Frieze and Santa Claus. The faculty, particularly, thought it was quite marked. The raises which had been promised them for the past four or five years finally materialized. The boost brought a full professor in the Literary Department up to an annual $2,000 – the exact sum promised, but not paid, in 1837.

In 1869 Dr. Frieze was confronted with a precedent-shattering situation. A woman had applied for admission. What to do?

"Why, let her in if she's qualified," he replied.

"No!" roared the clergy. "Co-educational classes are unthinkable! University studies will produce shocking situations when men and women use the same classrooms!"

"No!" roared the Medical Department. "Can you imagine what will happen here if we attempt to teach the facts of anatomy to a woman in the presence of a classroom full of men?"

"No!" said the Literary Department. "It's not proper."

Frieze thought they were all a bunch of fuddy-duddies. He reported the matter to the Regents, with his recommendation that the University welcome "any person" able to pass the usual entrance examination. The Regents, after debate, agreed with Prof. Frieze.

The story of the first woman student at the University of Michigan is a chronicle of wheels within wheels – of pressure, lobbying, quiet discussions with people of influence, and determined force at work. The initial force was supplied by a woman high-school teacher at Kalamazoo, and it all revolved around the chubby figure of the

Kalamazoo girl named Madelon Stockwell. She probably was blissfully ignorant of the backstage maneuvering going on about her.

Madelon Stockwell was 18 years old when she entered little Kalamazoo College, the surviving vestige of the branch university established there many years previously. She was a good example of the well-bred, demure girl of the 1870's, frizzed hair in tight curls in front of her round face, and a slightly dazed expression. She told her teacher, Mrs. L. H. Stone, that she would like to go on to the University, but of course such a thing was impossible.

It appeared that Mrs. Stone, when a girl in Vermont, had also been imbued with the same ambition to attend college. She had been forced to stop her academic training at the academy level because the colleges would not take a woman student. For twenty years she had been teaching in the Academy, later the College, at Kalamazoo. It was coeducational, but it was a sort of combination high school and junior college, not authorized to confer degrees. Madelon Stockwell, one of her most brilliant pupils, was the first to come out in plain words with a statement about going on to the University of Michigan. Mrs. Stone at once began to investigate.

She and her husband, who was principal of the College, got a copy of the organic laws of 1850 governing the University. They read it carefully. It did not prohibit the matriculation of women. The pair sought out the Rev. George Willard, an Episcopalian divine of Kalamazoo, who was a member of the University Board of Regents. They had persuaded him to back their case before the Board, and when it convened at Detroit, he did so. The Board decided that the Stones' petition on behalf of Miss Stockwell had merit, and that it quoted the law correctly. There being no objection from Prof. Frieze, the Regents authorized him to admit women to the University on the same terms as men.

Word was sent to Kalamazoo that Miss Stockwell might take the entrance examination. This, in effect, was an announcement of policy on the University's part and precipitated a state-wide ministerial clamor. Immediately a faculty bloc was formed to fight this insidious thing.

The Medical Department served notice, backed in righteous wrath by the clergymen, that if any such goings on were contemplated, an entire duplicate staff must be retained and female instruction carried on in separate rooms.

Frail Prof. Frieze was unable to shake their determination. Hence, for several years, the University of Michigan presented to the academic world the absurd spectacle of medical instruction going on in two adjoining classrooms, one full of men and the other containing a few timid but determined girls who had resolved to become medical missionaries. The medical faculty members received $500 extra per semester for duplicating the instruction.

Miss Stockwell had difficulties. She was subjected to a most rigid examination while still at Kalamazoo, "much more severe," Mrs. Stone reported, "than that given the men students." She passed. In fact she had such a wealth of freshman credits that she was admitted to the sophomore class upon her arrival for the term 1870-71, with conditions in the reading of Latin and Greek. She was allowed to attend the classes and for a year she was the only woman student at the University. The timid medics came the following year.

Hinsdale says that Madelon was not subjected to any embarrassing situation, but Shaw says that she had a hard time. Her mentor, Mrs. Stone, kept a continuous record of her progress. Her report agrees with Shaw. She says that Madelon "had some unpleasant experiences during her lonely first year's course." She wasn't whistled at, but was the target of a lot of ill-mannered double-talk between professors and men students concerning the proprieties, woman's place being in the home, and the low opinion gentlemen had of girls who were bold and forward. Madelon, who was shy by nature, made no reply. She was not "rushed" by any of the campus societies and for the most part was completely ignored.

Frieze regarded the lone co-ed with some curiosity. When he grew to know her he was astounded by the nimble brilliance of her intellect. She told him in detail about the examination which the Literary faculty had required her to pass, which caused humane old Prof. Frieze to ponder. He couldn't understand why she, an honor student

of Kalamazoo College, should be required to pass an entrance examination as if she were some unknown stranger arriving from Europe.

Every freshman had to pass an examination for admission. Why? It was customary, Frieze found. It determined the adequacy of the student's preliminary education. But in Michigan, with all schools from kindergarten to the University supervised by the State Department of Education, why wasn't there a uniform system for admitting all graduates of approved schools without examination?

When he sounded out the Regents on this forward-looking bit of policy, Frieze found them, as usual, receptive to the idea. He helped the Board draw up a minimum list of requirements for admission, and the University placed most of the city high schools on the accredited list.

Madelon Stockwell did a lot for her alma mater. She pioneered the attendance of women at Michigan, and by her exemplary conduct in the face of occasional rudeness she demonstrated that Frieze was right. The viewers with alarm were a lot of old fuddy-duddies. She incidentally hastened the adoption of the certificate system of freshman admission, which has saved countless freshmen countless hours of anguish over a very tough examination.

12

To our twentieth-century minds the title of "doctor" is synonymous with the term "scholar." We cannot imagine a physician and surgeon going forth to practice medicine with the benign approval of the state, unable to spell the names of the drugs he administers. But this was a common medical situation in 1850. In Tappan's time at the University of Michigan there was only a hazy idea of what a doctor ought to know. We gain the impression that the whole faculty of the Medical Department was confused on the subject.

When the University's Department of Medicine was established in 1850 there were only a few medical schools with any claims to scientific prestige, and they were in the East. Their graduates usually

became professors, not practicing physicians. Michigan's medical school, the first one in the West and the first to be opened to women, rapidly became one of the leading centers of medical study.

Across the campus in their colonnaded Greek temple, the medics chewed pen tops and frowned at examinations in secondary-school English while the Lits were debating in Latin in Mason Hall. The requirements for admission placed less emphasis on classical languages than those of the Lit school. The National Medical Association drafted a list of proposed admission requirements, which the faculty followed closely.

We learn from the Catalogue of 1850 that the requirements included: ". . . a knowledge of English grammar, rhetoric and history; Literature, Natural Philosophy [now called natural science – biology and so forth], Mathematics through geometry, and enough Latin and Greek to enable the student to appreciate the technical language of Medicine and read and write prescriptions."

The medical students of 1850 found a strange faculty awaiting them. Dr. Abram Sager and Dr. Silas Douglas had been serving on the Lit faculty for some years. Sager, in addition to the deanship, taught obstetrics and diseases of women. Douglas, the chemist, taught chemistry, pharmacy and medical jurisprudence. Dr. Moses Gunn held laboratory and classroom sessions in anatomy and surgery. Venerable Dr. Samuel Denton appeared occasionally to lecture on the theory and practice of medicine and pathology. The faculty also included Prof. J. Adams Allen, who taught material medica, therapeutics and physiology.

There was a young laboratory assistant, R. C. Kedzie, who as "Anatomy Demonstrator" conducted most of the anatomy classes. The roster shows, in addition, the name of Dr. Zina Pitcher, one of the original Regents in 1837 and a well-known friend of Governor Mason during the organization of the University.

These doctors, with the exception of Kedzie, were all practicing physicians. Douglas and Denton maintained offices in downtown Ann Arbor and followed the twin careers of professor and physician for many years. Sager practiced in Detroit. Dr. Zina Pitcher was one of

the richest and most famous surgeons in Michigan. His faculty function was more ornamental than useful. No doubt the Regents thought his name would lend prestige to the school.

The students attended lectures every morning. In the afternoon, while most of the faculty were holding office hours, the students worked in the laboratories under the eyes of Kedzie and Allen. Four days a week they followed this schedule, and one day was spent in preparing a weekly thesis which each student was required to deliver on Saturday. Each thesis, after being laboriously read by the student, was debated by the faculty and the student had to "defend" it. Following this, and also on Wednesdays, there was a sort of clinic held whenever and wherever the students could gain access to some of the doctors' patients.

Within a few years the Medical faculty became strangely absorbed in these student theses. They set up two kinds of them — a rather mild form of discourse for the special student not aiming at degrees, and most rigid requirements for the full-time student who was working for a degree. As he approached graduation, he was required to prepare and present an elaborate "final thesis" in English, French or Latin. It carried a great deal of weight in the judging of candidates before graduation.

Originally, Medicine was a three-year course which included two terms of lectures at the University of six months each, and three years of actual experience with a licensed physician. This explains why the faculty men were required to maintain the status of community physicians. The candidate for a degree, in addition, was required to be 21 years old and to pass a final examination which included the classic thesis.

If a medical student already held a degree from the Literary Department he could be excused from one of the two six-month lecture terms. This also applied to practicing physicians who had already been admitted and who were working for a degree merely for the ornamental value of a framed diploma. A great many special students were admitted in the early years, physicians who wanted laboratory experience or certain lecture courses without a degree.

During the Tappan regime the faculty of the Medical Department underwent the same expansion and overhauling as that of the Literary section. Moses Gunn stayed for years, but as Pitcher, Denton and Kedzie disappeared from the little building they were replaced by Corydon L. Ford, A. B. Palmer and Alfred DuBois, to name but a few Tappan appointees. The original building was enlarged to twice its original capacity during the Civil War, but it continued as crowded as before. Since most of the medical faculty practiced in Detroit, they led an energetic campaign in 1858 to move the whole medical school to the metropolis. They had a splendid argument: the presence of clinical facilities, a large number of practicing physicians, and a big population to provide hospital study and bedside experience.

Dr. Tappan fought against the removal of the medical school, because such an action would have robbed the campus of its most flourishing department. He was sustained by the Regents, who held that removal of the school was illegal. The organic act authorizing the University stipulated that it be located in Ann Arbor. When the proposal was defeated, some of the Detroit faculty members resigned, but others appeared to take their places. The school continued its steady growth until the outbreak of the Civil War.

From an original class of 90 when the medical school opened in 1850, attendance rose to 158 the following year and 242 by 1860. Immediately after the close of the war when great numbers of veterans returned to the campus to complete their interrupted education, the medics showed a roster of 525 students for the year 1866-67. But following the graduation of these veterans, and under the influence of Dr. Haven's sudden resignation, the medical school's roster fell off to 315 students by the year 1870.

These graduates — what did they know about medicine and surgery? Well, look at old copies of the *Ann Arbor Argus*. After each class's graduation we see little classified advertisements in the back page, like this : "Doctor John Jones, lately graduated with honors from the University of Michigan and possessed of the latest collection of surgical and obstetrical instruments, together with manuals on their use, has opened an office on Main Street across from the Post

Office, where he will be found daily attending with diligence to such professional calls as he may be favored with."

They did not have any clinical experience in the modern sense; they had no internships since no hospitals existed in Ann Arbor; they could administer chloroform and set fractures with iron clamps and wooden stretchers. They were adept at the obstetrical practices of the time, confined mainly to measuring the dilation in centimeters, catching the baby, delivering the placenta, and cutting and binding the cord. They learned that art quickly. They disdained the practice of midwifery and spoke of it with contempt. Yet they could do little more.

In medicine, Michigan medics of the Civil War period were beginning to understand a relationship between a symptom and a drug. It was the era of Pasteur and Lister, of violent debates on the germ theory; of disbelief in the benefits of sterilization. Also, it was the heyday of puerperal septicemia – childbed fever – and high infant mortality.

It must be emphasized that until 1867, medicine at Michigan was still largely a practical course in a trade. The faculty believed that it could be taught best by actual companionship with a horse-and-buggy doctor on his rounds. There, in the presence of the patient, the doctor carried on his instruction. The course was supplemented by the lectures, the strict theses and the laboratory work. Doctors in those days operated in long black Prince Albert broadcloth coats and starched cuffs. Anaesthetic was used rarely and only in the most desperate cases; the patient was as likely to die from chloroform as from the wound. Internal medicine was largely a mystery. But the doctor had outgrown the leech and bloodletting stage. He had quinine and ipecac and calomel. He knew their effects.

If we moderns feel that the Michigan medic of this period was in the Dark Ages scientifically, we are in error. The medical course was so far in advance of contemporary medical practice that it attracted licensed physicians from all parts of the country. It provided laboratory experiments on each new drug as it was discovered, and opportunity for tests. Its courses in physiological chemistry and pharmaceutical procedure were probably as comprehensive as those given at any school in the nation. At Michigan, students and doctors alike were

exposed to the cultural influence of eminent men like Pitcher as well as the scientific truths of anatomy.

On the campus, the medic regarded himself as a scientist. He was encouraged to develop a professional manner. His weekly thesis forced him to think in terms of long Latin names out of Gray's *Anatomy*, and to know what he was writing about. Before he won his coveted degree, the Michigan medic was thoroughly at home in the organic chemistry lab, the anatomy dissecting room and at the pharmacy pill-rolling bench. He had had three years of bedside experience with patients, under the tutelage of a veteran doctor, and many modern physicians agree that, for the times, his preparation was excellent.

He had no campus hospital facilities until 1868, when the old 1840 residence on North University was fitted up with a few beds. Not until 1878 did the medics get a pathological laboratory. They waited until 1890 to obtain a full four-year course of nine months in each year.

After the Civil War, scores of veterans returned to the campus to matriculate in medicine or to finish interrupted courses. They had seen men blown to pieces at Chickamauga, at Cold Harbor and at Fort Pillow. They had seen men dying of hemorrhage at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness. These boys had seen typhus and smallpox sweep through the crowded wards of Libby Prison. They brought back to Michigan a new curiosity about medicine. The war created a new demand for medical research.

Hinsdale's history says that, dating from this time, the medical faculty has strongly emphasized the duty of its professors to carry on investigation and research as well as to teach. In later chapters we shall see what happened in the Medical School as Michigan scientists won world renown for original medical and biochemical research.

PART TWO

THE ERA OF PRESIDENT ANGELL

CHAPTER VII

A GENTLEMAN FROM VERMONT

1

ON the surface, there was no sign that James Burrill Angell would ever accept the presidency of the University of Michigan. He was a blue-blooded Easterner, as Tappan had been, but he lacked Tappan's cosmopolitan poise and the polish that goes with easy familiarity with world capitals. Dr. Angell was a Down-East Yankee who spoke with a noticeable twang and whose mental processes were as New Englandish as codfish and baked beans. As a young man he had a hard-shelled provincialism that was characteristic of New England – not a distrust of the West, exactly, but a feeling that it failed to match New England's stability and culture.

A number of faculty members at Ann Arbor began a sort of clandestine correspondence with Dr. Angell, mostly unknown to each other. They wrote him constantly, telling him everything that went on. They explained the embarrassing incidents that drew unwelcome publicity in the newspapers. They evidently did not like Dr. Haven and were quite voluble in expressing themselves. They did like Dr. Frieze, the acting president, and represented him to Angell in correspondence as a saintly character whose only thought was for Michigan's welfare.

A volume of these letters was carefully collected some years after World War I. There is a preface which gives a little thumbnail profile of the writers, and fits each into his niche in Michigan's faculty in the post-Civil War era. The most hectic period of the Angell letters covers the period from 1869 to 1871, when Dr. Angell was publicly not interested in offers from Michigan, but privately was bending an ear to the undercurrent of whispering by the faculty.

One of the most prolific letter writers, and the author of the most graphic account of the University of Michigan campus at that time, was Dr. Frieze himself. Several professors wrote to Dr. Angell saying that if he came to Michigan as president, he would not embarrass Frieze one whit. Frieze repeated this, and was moved to rhetorical heights in urging Angell to come and relieve him of the high post.

From these letters, we of another day see Dr. Angell being figuratively torn by two opposing forces. His presidency at the University of Vermont had been a phenomenal success. The grateful trustees and alumni had built him a new house, raised his salary, and given him every campus honor they could bestow. Well they knew the Michigan habit of luring away good men wherever they were to be found. Only too well they knew that Michigan was after their "prexy." They determined to keep Dr. Angell by the same means Michigan was using to win him — bigger offers.

While this interesting competition was in progress, between 1869 and 1871, Dr. Angell remained quiet and allowed himself to be fought over. He evidently did not enjoy being the prize in this contest, but he would not be high-pressured by either side. The decision was his to make and he took his time about it.

Dr. Angell was born in Scituate, Rhode Island, a village a day's wagon ride from Providence toward the Connecticut border. At the time of his birth, January 7, 1829, Scituate was a little mill village on the road from Providence to Hartford, and it is just the same today. Young Angell went to a one-room schoolhouse in the village for some years; then, when his father's business prospered, he was sent to a private academy in Providence called the University Grammar School, which prepared him for Brown University at 16. At Brown, James B. Angell had a meteoric career. He took scholastic prizes and was hailed by his instructors as a brilliant youth. One of his Latin professors was Henry S. Frieze, who thus knew Angell before anyone else at Ann Arbor.

Upon graduation from Brown in 1849, Angell, with a sigh, resigned himself to the drudgery of many brilliant college graduates — tutoring and library work at his alma mater. But after a year or so he



The old Engineering Building.

began to grow pale and listless. He was inherently too active to go on tutoring, but had no other livelihood. Soon he quit the Brown campus and struck off boldly into the woods of the Southern states on horseback, calling himself an engineer.

The outdoor air was good for his health and he liked the simple timber cruising and estimating work he did. He saved enough money to go to Europe and take a postgraduate course. While there, living simply as an expatriate American student, Angell learned that he had been appointed to the professorship of modern languages at Brown University.

It is characteristic of the man that he did not interrupt his European jaunt. He accepted by mail, on condition that the post would still be open when he returned, whenever that might be. So he stayed on in Europe, gossiping in French sidewalk cafés, arguing with Swiss hotel gougers, observing with curiosity the brutal sword slashings of the students at Bonn and Heidelberg. After two years abroad, Angell returned to the Brown University campus in 1853 and settled down.

Before long the sedentary life of the university professor again bored him. Seeking an outlet for his boundless energy, Angell began to write short pieces for the Providence *Journal.* Soon he was writing column-length features.

The daily Providence *Journal* was hand-written by the staff. Its editorials, "state-of-the-nation" columns and national news had to be scratched out on foolscap with a pen, by a writer who could analyze and interpret what material came in to him by telegraph and mail. Prof. Angell succeeded so well in his editorial assignments that when the editor, Henry B. Anthony, was elected to the United States Senate in 1860, Angell was offered the editorship. He resigned from the Brown faculty and accepted. Quickly his pen became a widely known instrument of public enlightenment. The Providence *Journal* attained, and held, a tremendous national audience. As the Civil War approached and became inevitable, Angell pleaded for loyalty to the Union.

Throughout that conflict he directed the *Journal* staff at Providence

and a corps of special correspondents in the field. He threw all his energies and abilities into the fight for his paper. He built it into one of America's most influential dailies. It was a recognized spokesman for the Union, widely quoted by other newspapers with no such staff as the *Journal's*.

At the close of the Civil War, Angell was so imbued with printer's ink that he had almost forgotten his long years as a professor. He was reminded of his academic standing, however, in 1866, when a committee of trustees from the University of Vermont visited him and offered him the presidency of that small but famous institution. Angell, as usual, meditated and fingered his beard, which was then eight inches long. He looked about him in the newspaper office. He saw a large, able and correspondingly expensive staff which had covered the war with notable brilliance now reduced to drumming up the proper things to say in routine obituaries. He saw his work on the *Journal* finished. There were new worlds to conquer.

He was 37 years old, and bore only the initials A.B. after his name. But the trustees knew that Angell was the man. He accepted Vermont's offer. When he arrived at the campus in Burlington, he quickly estimated the problem to be one of revitalizing and rebuilding a a proud old school. Angell's personal influence with students and alumni accomplished this completely, within five years.

No longer did the college president wear only the A.B.'s plain gown. He was now Dr. Angell, no thanks to Vermont, but to his own school, Brown, which conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him in 1868. His ties with Brown were more than academic and cultural. He had married Sarah Caswell, daughter of a professor at Brown, while he was a young professor there in 1855. His home and all his family ties were in Providence and near by, and most of his intimate friends were in Burlington, Vermont. He was securely tied to New England. Nevertheless, in the confusion following the resignation of Dr. Haven, Dr. Angell was one of the college presidents who came to Ann Arbor to look over the situation in the fall of 1869.

But Dr. Angell returned to Burlington, spent several months in meditation, then wrote to the Board of Regents firmly declining to

become president of the University of Michigan. It seemed to him, he said, that Vermont needed him more at the moment than Michigan. Besides, he had a better salary and a better house.

This was interpreted by the hopeful Regents as leaving a little crack in the door by which negotiations might be reopened. Regent E. C. Walker at Ann Arbor believed that by stretching the budget a little, the salary question might be solved satisfactorily, and he knew the Board would do anything Angell wanted about the house. The salary the Regents wanted to offer Dr. Angell was $3,000 per year plus the house. It wasn't enough. He wanted $5,000.

The Regents tried offering $4,000 and the house. His reply opened the door a little wider:

"I am sorry that my circumstances in life compel me to give more consideration to the question of salary than I could wish. But so it is. I must therefore regretfully decline."

"Let's meet him half-way," thought the Regents. Forthwith they sent off a telegram, reading:

"Ann Arbor, February 7, 1871. To President J. B. Angell, Burlington, Vermont. YOU WERE UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED PRESIDENT. SALARY FORTY FIVE HUNDRED AND HOUSE EXPENSE OF REMOVAL. E. C. WALKER."

Walker accompanied this with a letter which Angell received on February 10th. In it, the Regent said that all the Board unanimously urged him to accept; that they would rebuild the house during the summer vacation and would forward him any sum he named to defray the cost of packing and shipping his household goods as well as for personal transportation. Walker continued:

"We had fixed our hearts too strongly upon you to allow $500 of salary to stand in the way . . . your term is by the election to commence August 1st . . . we have arranged matters with Professor Frieze and shall make his salary in the future such as to hold him and satisfy him entirely . . . kindest regards to Mrs. Angell and I am Yours very truly. . . ."

At this, Angell finally sent his long-awaited letter of acceptance. He had done a good turn for his old professor and friend, Henry S.

Frieze, who was incapable of bludgeoning the pinchpenny Regents into giving him a long overdue raise. Angell had dropped a hint that consideration for Frieze might influence his decision.

There was bitter disappointment at Burlington when Angell regretfully announced his decision to leave. Alumni wrote him from all over the world, repeating their warning that their well-loved "prexy" would regret it. Amid this shower of reproof in the mail there was one kind word. It came from Providence, from Angell's old father-in-law, Prof. Caswell:

"It becomes a question of whether the University of Vermont will suffer as much by your going as you will sacrifice by staying . . . without urging you to take any course, it seems to me that you are at liberty to consult your *own* interest."

Years later, his son James Rowland Angell wrote:

"It was providential, both for the man and the institution, that my father went to Michigan when he did."

On June 26, 1871, the Angell family arrived at Ann Arbor. An epoch was born. It inspired the University, students, and faculty alike, for 38 years.

2

Dr. Angell must have thought, after a look at the University of Michigan, that what it needed at the moment was one of the Providence *Journal's* war correspondents. Faculty friction over the homeopathic question was at its height; the students brawled in the village and rioted in the chapel and classrooms. The Regents were fighting the Legislature for a $75,000 direct appropriation for University Hall, and in return were being lambasted with an investigation aimed at banning the admission of women.

Dr. Frieze provided the only peaceful note, but as Angell talked to his white-bearded friend it became clear to him that Frieze did not know what to do about these numerous skirmishes and had adopted the policy of ignoring them. The campus seemed like a house full of overgrown children whose mother had left the father in a huff, leaving him sitting there amid the din, wondering what to

do about it. Angell had warned the Regents not to interfere with the students or the faculty until he arrived. He had a plan. In his first few weeks on the campus, he would have a chance to test it.

He had arranged with Frieze to come into town quietly and make his first appearance at a cornerstone-laying scheduled for that evening, June 26, 1871, and to stay over for Commencement exercises the following day to present some diplomas. Hence, Angell's first public appearance at Ann Arbor was at the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of University Hall.

At Commencement, Dr. Angell, resplendent in the purple-banded academic mortarboard and gown of a Doctor of Laws, had noted with disapproval the informality of the occasion, at which the graduates came forward in a long line in all kinds of costumes from homespun to rich broadcloth. There was not a cap and gown to be seen. Frieze said the graduates didn't wear them at Michigan; it wasn't the traditional thing. Inwardly, Angell resolved to inaugurate a new tradition. He liked to see the graduates in their caps and gowns; he encouraged them to wear the classic garb throughout graduation week.

He said good-bye to Prof. and Mrs. Frieze and waved them off on a two-year sabbatical leave in Europe, on full pay. Before the fall term opened in September, the Angell family moved into the remodeled residence on the campus.

With the first day of class-work the old, noisy student demonstrations broke out again. Angell put his plan into execution. Let him tell it in his own words, in his letter to Peter Collier, his brother-in-law:

Ann Arbor, Sept. 28, 1871

My dear Collier:

I had so much talk with you about my expected difficulties here that you may be interested in hearing of my first week's experiences. It has of course been a week of fearful solicitude, but has come out so well thus far that I think I ought to be satisfied.

You know that it has been the custom to be very disorderly here before and after, not to say during, chapel exercises, and especially the

first few days of the year the chapel became a bedlam. For 20 years the custom has been growing, and no President has been able to put it down, though the officers were so disgusted that they did not come to prayers, or but rarely.

On Sept. 20th, the first day, they began as usual, singing, throwing missiles, etc. — before we went in. I did not officiate. After prayers I made a brief address (not referring to the disorder) which was well received. But on going out the boisterousness was resumed. The next morning I went in early. Soon some Sophs got ready to throw nuts at the freshmen. I immediately, kindly but firmly, asked them to desist. They did so, and that was the last of that. The janitor afterward picked up a large quantity of missiles, etc., under the seats. I did not attempt that morning to stop the shouting, only the missiles, but there was not much shouting. The next morning there was not a particle of disorder of any kind. The exercises were as orderly and beautiful as could be (they have a capital choir). At the close I took occasion to make some remarks on the general subject of this old disorder which were taken in the best spirit. And from that time until now the service has been as quiet as yours at B-[Burlington]. I even wonder that 500 can go down one long staircase with so little friction — indeed with none at all yet. The professors seem surprised and gratified, and nearly all come to prayers every day.

The whole bearing of the students to me has been all I could ask. Of course this reform may not last, but so far it has been very encouraging. The Sophs, I hear, had got ready to rush the Freshmen the first or second morning, but I had continued to detain the Freshmen in chapel and so the chance was lost. Now the Freshman class is so big that the Sophs, I think, dare not pitch in.

We have had to date 222 applications for entrance — about 200 to the Freshman class — and 17 women. We shall probably throw off 25, leaving the class about 175. But more will probably come in. The exams were splendidly rigid. We turned off several who certainly would have got into any of several New England colleges and most of those admitted were conditioned. There are some excellent Professors and the boys are worked pretty hard, I think, though I am going into recitations and learn more of that. There seem to be no cliques in the Faculty, though of course there is difference of opinion in so large a number. I find several unsettled questions, which have been hung up awaiting me. It is fortun-

ate that I did not attempt to teach this term. My time is fully occupied with administrative work and looking into things.

We are fully settled in the house. Socially, we cannot yet make Burlington good here. . . . I sent a report of the Regents' meeting in the paper to you, chiefly to show you our financial exhibit. The receipts, $104,000, are $12,000 more than usual, owing to exceptional things. But I feel confident that if we can get the Homeopathic matter settled, we can get liberal help from the State.

I see very little chance of my being able to get away for the wedding. There is a mountain of work to dig through.

Yours truly,

J. B. ANGELL

The chapel, at that time, was a big lecture room or auditorium on the second floor of the new Law Building. The library was up there, too, and all the University's administrative offices had been moved out of Mason Hall to the first floor of this same structure. Dr. Angell did, in truth, have a mountain of work to dig through. It was all administrative, and from his own estimate the outrageous squabble over homeopathy headed the list.

Then there was the faculty to meet, study and appraise. It was a problem. Andrew D. White, the stalwart young professor upon whom Angell had planned to rely heavily, had resigned. Ezra D. Cornell had urged him to organize and become first president of the new Cornell University at Ithaca, New York. But reliable old Ten Brook was there, as Librarian. Winchell was still teaching geology and botany; Corydon Ford was glowering at his anatomy students; and Silas Douglas (who looked like a stage villain of the period) was frightening the co-eds in his smelly chemistry laboratory. Brilliant, absent-minded and exotic Moses Coit Tyler held the important professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature. Somewhere out of the half-forgotten mists of memory, the astonished Dr. Angell encountered a name he thought he should know — Prof. George Palmer Williams. Dr. Angell found him teaching physics.

Adams was there too, Charles Kendall Adams, who had worked his

way through as a table waiter and a steward at a boardinghouse, and commanded a cadet company on the campus during the Civil War. Adams was a full professor now and a respected member of the University Senate, a faculty executive committee instituted by Dr. Frieze to assist him in administrative work. Adams held White's chair as professor of history.

Charles A. Kent, an "Uncle Sam" character with his thin chin beard and bootstrapped trousers, lectured on jurisprudence in the Law School. He held the Fletcher Professorship of Law, endowed by Richard Fletcher, the friend of the University who also donated the Fletcher Law Library in 1866, though he had never attended the University himself.

It was a company of irrepressible individualists who had been used to having their own way under Frieze and knew that Angell would henceforth call the tune. But they welcomed him, some more enthusiastically than others. They were 35 in all, a large faculty for so young a school.

Scaffolding thrust its angular branches to the soft Ann Arbor sky when Angell arrived, and scaffolding, wheelbarrows, mud, plank walkways and the screech of contractors' donkey engines annoyed him for nearly two years without relief. The narrow plot of ground between Mason Hall and its twin, South Hall, was dug up. Stone masons laid a huge foundation. A big, imposing building slowly took form between the two original classroom oblongs, which were seen to be the wings of a structure that would look strangely like a state capitol.

Thus came University Hall, most famous of campus edifices, into being. The $75,000 appropriation was lobbied through the Legislature by Michigan alumni in the House and Senate. It was not enough. In 1873, $25,000 more was appropriated to finish it. The Regents selected an alumnus architect and awarded construction contracts to firms well sprinkled with old campus boys. The contractors employed students as laborers as often as possible. Reminiscences of old grads for many years included nostalgic references to the blisters on their hands from pushing wheelbarrows up the plank ramps that surrounded



the exterior stonework. They were proud to have had a part in creating it. University Hall, like the arrival of Dr. Angell, marked the beginning of a new period at Michigan. A campus big enough to have that kind of a building became, of course, a big school, a famous school. There was a sky-piercing tower surmounting the building originally; on it rested a cast-iron dome like the one on the capitol building at Lansing. The building was full of administrative offices on the lower floor, but a mammoth staircase led to a 3,000-seat auditorium on the second floor. In addition, there was a smaller chapel room on the first floor.

When University Hall was built it required numerous changes in the campus, and in State Street, adjoining. Down came the picket fence from State street, which would have screened the new building and destroyed its architectural effectiveness. A wide macadam walk led from the curb to the sculptured entranceway. A big post was erected right in the middle of the walk, where it joined the unpaved street. It seems that freshmen attempted to drive buggies on the walk. A double row of trees was transplanted to line the walk, creating a most impressive approach.

Every Michigan chest swelled with pride as the new hall approached completion. It quickly became the center of all campus activity; it dominated the University from the time a freshman matriculated in the Registrar's offices on the ground floor until he received his degree in the auditorium. There, painted in gold letters across the vast arch of the proscenium, he saw the historic sentence from the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 which had led through such a devious chain of events to this great University:

"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

The two old residences on the northern side of the campus were no longer used as dwellings. Together with their carriage barns, they were being used by the Medical Department – the westerly one nearest State Street as the first hospital, and the easterly one committed to the Homeopathics whenever they reconciled their differences with

the Medics. All these buildings, including University Hall, were heated with fireplaces, stoves and hot-air furnaces, and lighted by sputtering gas jets installed by the Ann Arbor Gas Company.

There was no concrete used anywhere on the campus, as yet. The ornamental fence continued from the traditional Campus Corner a short distance along State and North University, then stopped. A row of business blocks appeared on State Street just north of the campus, and blossomed forth with bookstores, clothing stores, and various other emporiums catering entirely to the students.

With Dr. Angell, the New England version of the boarding club came to the Michigan campus. Possibly he had nothing to do with it, but certain purely functional clubs were formed in the early 1870's at various side-street boardinghouses. Chubb's, on State Street, a block north of the Campus Corner, early attracted many of the faculty as permanent boarding members. Prettyman's, on North University near the brink of the forbidding "cat-hole," drew the baseball clubs, the campus athletes and many upperclassmen not affiliated with fraternities. In the late 1870's, Prettyman's began to be called the "pie-foundry" for some forgotten reason. After the turn of the century, when Yost took his meals there, it was known simply as "Pret's" until it was razed in 1946. The "Apostles Club" and similar informal organizations were other boarding clubs.

Boardinghouses and student rooming houses gradually became a good-sized business in Ann Arbor. As the University grew, they multiplied. They organized into a tight little lobbying group which kept rates up and expenses down. It was powerful enough to fight and defeat every timid approach of the University toward a dormitory policy until World War II.

13

Dr. Angell's inaugural address brought into relief one curious phase of Michigan's operation. He said that for the past twenty years the educators of the world had been watching the University of Michigan to see what would happen to certain of its academic innovations.

One of the foremost, he continued, was the practicability of University dependence on the State. The admission of women, the long list of elective courses, the offering of modern languages, practical sciences and special subjects in history, he felt, were distinct departures from established university practice.

In addition, Dr. Angell appealed to a large body of former Michigan students throughout the world. Come to the aid of your alma mater, he urged. Help us here at Ann Arbor. The Legislature will never be generous enough to do for us everything we need. Every famous university in the world shows on its campus, he continued, the fruits of the generosity and continuing school spirit of its alumni. Private gifts will never become either unnecessary or undesirable.

This summary of Michigan's position came as something of a shock to many alumni. They had never stopped to consider that everything seen on the campus came out of the coffers of the State Treasury. Many had an impression that the University was wealthy in its own right through little-known land grants and benefactions. Angell showed clearly that this was not so. The University had somewhat the same political position as a prison — it was a financial drain on the State year after year and was supported because the Constitution and organic act required it.

In the first year of Angell's administration, for example, the total income of the University was $104,000, of which $60,776.67 was paid out in salaries and $15,927.49 in necessary overhead like heat, light and labor to dig out the campus after a snowstorm. The remainder was not enough to begin any of the great undertakings Dr. Angell visualized. He urged a solid backlog of endowment from wealthy alumni and friends to plug the frequent holes in legislative appropriations.

Until this time the alumni had been noticeably indifferent. The greatest gift to the University was the Fletcher Law Library and the endowed professorship of the same name, donated by an Eastern lawyer who never set foot on the Michigan campus, as far as we know. The Houghton mineralogical collection was placed in Mason Hall after Dr. Douglas Houghton was drowned in a rowboat in a Lake

Superior gale. There was not a building of any sort, not an endowment or an important gift, that memorialized the loyalty of any alumnus to his school.

Not even the graduating classes had extended themselves to any spectacular extent. The class of 1858 had done the most, with its tree-planting campaign and stone commemorating the Tappan Oak. Some classes had discharged their graduation duties by hauling huge boulders to the campus and adorning them with bronze markers, but these did not survive after a serious campus-beautifying plan was adopted. The famed cut-stone "senior benches" which represented other class memorials had to be moved away, too, for the same reason. The Class of 1870 left a statue of Banjamin Franklin by way of commemoration. It lasted only a few seasons. It was too tempting; every freshman and sophomore class used it as a home plate in the annual class rush and it was plastered with so much red and green paint that no one knew whether the statue represented Franklin or some other character tarred and feathered by a mob.

Baseball had become such a consuming hobby at Michigan that everybody played it and no one wanted to be a spectator. The class teams played in their own intramural league most of the season, then chose a Varsity squad which played around the State, usually outclassing the locals. But baseball was no longer considered the spectacle it had been in 1865-66. Some students organized a few hockey games in 1871-72 on the Huron River ice. It was fun, but it was cold, too.

When football was first introduced on the University of Michigan campus in 1873, it showed little promise. Football was not a spectator sport at all. The game had no rules, no teamwork, and no crowd appeal. Mark Norris, Class of 1879, describes football at Michigan when he first saw it in 1875: "There was no organization and no chance for systematic work. Football was a contest between classes, and a mob of 100 to 150 men on a side chasing a huge inflated ball all over the campus was a sight to make the football expert of today go into convulsions."

It had been that way ever since the sport was introduced in 1873.

That year the two upper classes fought the two lower classes on the campus. The "game" lasted a whole afternoon, getting the ball and wading through the other side with it, men falling in all directions and being trampled by friend and foe alike. The ball was a big round object bigger than a modern basketball.

In that year, 1873, Michigan students selected a team of 30 of their biggest bruisers and issued a challenge to Cornell for a football game to be played on neutral ground in Cleveland. Andrew White was President of Cornell; he had been there three years and was still, apparently, the quipster he had been throughout his long professorship at Michigan. Once more he took pen in hand to write to his old friend Angell:

"I will not permit," he wrote, "thirty men to travel four hundred miles merely to agitate a bag of wind."

So the game was never played and White's letter became a football classic. The various class committees organized a Football Association in 1873 to promote the sport, much like the existing Baseball Association which conducted interclass games. In 1876 the two associations merged to form the University of Michigan Athletic Association, which undertook to handle all kinds of collegiate athletics. Football did not assume anything approaching its present character at Michigan until about 1880, when intercollegiate games finally began.

While the students were evolving a primitive form of football, the faculty was working earnestly to overhaul the entire undergraduate course of study and modernize it to fit the times. With a hundred and twenty courses in various subjects offered, students could no longer commit themselves in their freshman year to long prescribed classical programs. They must have an opportunity to choose courses more freely as their collegiate careers progressed. They were therefore offered the innovation called the "credit system," based on class hours of work. A student was required to attend five hours a week throughout the academic year, in classroom or laboratory, and pass examinations on the work to earn one course credit. Twenty-four credits were required for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. Twenty-six were required

for the advanced degrees, now almost forgotten, of Bachelor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Letters. But many credits could be made up of less intensive courses; for example, a course offered two hours a week, plus another of three hours, equalled a five-hour credit. The freshman could take two electives in addition to the required foreign language and science course. He began specializing in junior year and in senior year was free to devote his full time to his special field.

All entrance requirements were dropped for special students not working for degrees, the only stipulation being that they must be 21 years old and able to keep up with the class work. This ushered in the parade of teachers in the summer school, of scientists wishing to use University research facilities, and of those who wanted to learn a smattering of the law in a hurry.

Dr. Angell was worried about how the students would react. He conducted his own study of what electives they were choosing, to see whether the easiness of a course was the determining factor more often than the student's real need of the instruction. The following year he wrote: "It is too early, after only one year's experience, to justify me in the use of unqualified statements of opinion on the subject, but no reason appears to weaken the expectations of the authors of the plan. We have seen no disposition in our students under an elective system to choose studies because they are easy, or to avoid those which are usually thought difficult. The fears of those who had supposed that Greek might be dropped were allayed in observing that the number of persons studying Greek was never before so great."

Perhaps Angell's eyes were not as keen as they might have been. Others saw tendencies of quite the opposite kind. The trend toward getting through the easy way was not so marked at first as a few years later, but it began as soon as Angell opened the door in 1877. The credit system and reduction in the number of required courses ushered in the "course sleuth" who devoted his university career to spotting the easy ones. Then appeared the "pipe course" and its attendant imp, the fraternity grind in the attic bedroom who patiently compiled examination questions and worked out the answers for the brothers. Then came the "faculty advisor" who unraveled the fantastic course

schedules undergraduates chose for themselves, and knit up a logical progression from general to specialized courses. He steered the bewildered student through the catalogue.

When Michigan's generous system of elective studies was made known throughout the country, the University embarked on its greatest period of growth. No wonder. At Michigan, a student prepared himself for his career by learning those arts he could practice best.



The old Library, with the famous clock tower.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

1

NOTHING better illustrates the stimulus Dr. Angell gave the University of Michigan during his first decade as President than the publicity he brought. The school became fashionable. It entered an era of smooth prosperity. The Legislature couldn't do enough for the Regents; money flowed to the campus in a six-figure deluge. Old grads, stung, no doubt, by the Angell appeal in his inaugural, came forth with a few small gifts at first, and later with rich, important ones.

Throughout America, the University of Michigan led the nation's colleges in three important respects – it had the highest attendance, enjoyed the biggest income, and offered the greatest number of undergraduate and professional courses. Typical of the attention centered on the University is an article in *Harper's Weekly* for July 26, 1879:

"*Teaching How to Teach:* The University of Michigan, located at Ann Arbor, Michigan, is one of the most progressive as well as efficient of our great schools of learning. The most striking fact in its recent annals was the establishment of the Chair of the History, Theory and Art of Education, the value of which will be seen at once from the fact that the public schools of Michigan generally fall under the control of graduates of the University. This action will promote the highest interests of education, not only by tempting future teachers to the training of the University, but by apprising the public that teaching is itself an art and that the knowledge how to teach may make all the difference between school money well or uselessly spent in a community."

The new course wasn't a separate professional school like law or medicine, but a specialty within the Literary Department. It was the first program in the United States devoted to the science and art of teaching; not a normal school, but a laboratory of educational technique. Henceforth, the faculty required applicants for teachers' certificates to pass a prescribed set of courses that would qualify them to go out as school principals and, in some cases, superintendents of small-city systems.

In keeping with its scope, the Literary Department, which included engineering, chemistry and pharmacy as well as education, resumed in 1880 its original name as the Department of Literature, Science and the Arts. A writer in that year, comparing Michigan and Harvard, declared that although Harvard had existed two centuries before Michigan was born, Michigan within forty years had excelled Harvard in "the range of its departments, the compass and thoroughness of its course of studies, and in student attendance. Like Harvard," the article continued, "Michigan is independent of government and religion, although geared to the public school system of the State. The University has led American institutions of higher learning along a new road, that of direct state support, and proved it to be safe."

Money for new buildings was being appropriated at such a rate that Dr. Angell confessed in despair that the campus would not hold them all. He approved plans for a physics building, an engineering building and shops, a library, a museum, and a mammoth central steam-heating plant. The campus residences were altered again for schools of dentistry and homeopathy.

Many uncomplimentary names have been applied to the collegiate architecture of this period. "The Fire-House School of Architecture" is perhaps the mildest. The red-brick fortresses which reared their towers and gewgaw façades to the Michigan sky in the 1880's made even the hodgepodge residences and classroom-stables look neat and artistic. "French-and-Indian Renaissance," one campus wit declared. That blockhouse tower on the Museum Building must have been inspired by Custer's Last Stand, and built that way as a defense against Indian attack. Up rose the Library in mid-campus, with two

stone towers with open balconies evidently designed for observation points or the emplacement of sharpshooters. Martin L. D'Ooge, who after many years as Professor of Greek retired from the classroom and became curator of the new museum, said he could remember when the museum building was erected, and that the inspiration for it had come from the Smithsonian group in Washington. What sort of architect could derive inspiration from the Smithsonian Institution, which defies description, D'Ooge didn't say. But the architect was not a University man — the campus had no School of Architecture until 1906.

President Angell was less concerned about the appearance of the buildings than with their utility. The opening of the new Library gave him a chance to move the general library out of the Law Building, where the books had reposed in temporary stacks for thirty years. Its growth during those three decades was slight. There was no room for expansion or for a capable and enthusiastic library staff. Librarians were always something else, too, such as University steward, business agent, pay-roll clerk, or instructor in Latin or Greek. The new building had one disadvantage, wooden floors, and students tramped mud and snow inside faster than they could be scrubbed. President Angell had to wait until 1904 — twenty years — to get tile floors put in.

The Library was, beyond doubt, the structure that Dr. Angell liked the most personally. He was responsible for its location at the crossroads of the campus, as close to the center as the diagonal walks would allow. He wanted students to use it, and lured them there by providing long racks for their bicycles and interesting picture collections on the walls.

Dr. Angell was selected by President Rutherford B. Hayes in 1880 to head a United States commission to China, although he knew little of the country or its people. It has been said by historians that he was named Ambassador to China. This is an error. The news announcement of his appointment, dated July 31, 1880, reads as follows:

"*The Chinese Commission:* The Commissioners recently sent to China by the United States Government are charged with the important duty of negotiating a new treaty with the empire. The commis-

sion consists of *Dr. James B. Angell* of Michigan, who is also clothed with the powers of Envoy Extraordinary, and Ministers Plenipotentiary, *John B. Swift,* of California, and *Mr. William H. Trescott,* of South Carolina."

President Hayes and a heavily Republican Congress were about to revise the so-called "Burlingame Treaty" with the Chinese Empire which was supposed to restrict the importation of cheap coolie labor into the United States. The treaty had proven ineffective. The current American minister to China was a career diplomat who never seemed to have time to get around to the business at hand, being occupied mostly with the social duties of his position. A revision of the treaty by a special Presidential commission had been suggested by Congress, and President Hayes had to appoint commissioners.

His appointment of Dr. Angell as chairman of this commission and *de facto* minister to China led to a delicate diplomatic situation. Dr. Angell met his two colleagues in San Francisco, whence they took a ship for Yokohama. At this point the trio was met by an American man-of-war which conveyed them to Shanghai. When the ship anchored in the open roadstead off Woosung, Chinese officials became excited at the presence of these distinguished passengers. Word of the manner of their coming was spread over the countryside as they traveled slowly overland toward Peking, a distance of 900 miles.

Upon arrival at Peking, Dr. Angell found himself most cordially welcomed by Chinese officialdom, but coolly contemplated by an aloof American and European diplomatic colony. By the terms of his commission he was instructed to relieve the incumbent Minister and assume his functions, which greatly distressed the colony.

Dr. Angell did not say just how he did it, but he and his colleagues succeeded in obtaining a treaty within two months. It specifically established the barriers against coolie labor and Chinese emigration in general which our State Department demanded. The commission continued its efforts and put over another treaty sternly outlawing the opium traffic, at the same time.

Angell was glad to make some concessions, of course, Chinese immigration was not outlawed entirely by the terms of the new treaty.

But it was reduced to a mere trickle, composed mostly of students, businessmen and others who had legitimate reasons for being in the United States and a good likelihood of returning to China when opportunity came. The types of Chinese citizens admitted under this new treaty were the best people of China. To these, the Angell Commission extended Uncle Sam's heartiest welcome.

Dr. Angell encouraged the wealthy Chinese to send their sons and daughters too — to Ann Arbor. If they were to be admitted to the United States for an education, under student passports, what better place to receive their college training than the University of Michigan? There is no record that Dr. Angell went out of his way to praise Harvard, or Princeton or Vassar or Bryn Mawr. He sang the praises of old Ann Arbor, and before he left China his eloquence had established the beginning of that perennial parade of Chinese costumes which is such a distinguishing mark of the Michigan campus.

Angell's salesmanship has had interesting repercussions. So many leaders of modern China are Michigan alumni that campus slang pops up in the most impossible places. Strong alumni associations were maintained in China until World War II. The University has helped Chinese colleges and exchanged professors and established Michigan libraries at the request of, and with the aid of, Michigan alumni of Chinese birth. Although the University has never gone all out with an institution like Yale-in-China, Michigan pulls the brilliant Chinese to Ann Arbor instead of taking the University to Changsha.

12

Dr. Angell overstayed his sabbatical year's leave by almost eight months. During his absence the venerable Dr. Frieze assumed the title of Acting President, and upon his return, strangely enough, Dr. Angell found a set of conditions almost parallel to those which had prevailed when he had assumed the presidency ten years earlier.

He found the Homeopathic Medical College in a bitter internal feud, and again embroiled in quarrels with the Medical Department.

He thought he had settled that question for all time when, in 1875, he had obtained a compromise between the two factions which enabled him to announce the organization of the Homeopathic College. In the first year of its operation, 1876, it admitted 24 students, and the attendance had slowly risen to 88 in 1881.

About the time of Dr. Angell's return, students were leaving the Homeopathic school, and it was being attacked throughout the State by some prominent homeopathic physicians, including a few of its own alumni. The faculty, it was said, was getting too radical. Doctors had no wish to make a crusade out of homeopathy. This spirit of moderation was opposed by the Homeopathic College faculty, which could not forget its long legislative and professional quarrels.

In addition, the President found his patience sorely tried by a legislative inquiry into a shortage of funds in the Chemical Laboratory, coupled with a civil suit brought by the University against Dr. Silas Douglas, head of the department, and his assistant, Dr. Rose. The shortage amounted to about $5,000, and seemed to point to Dr. Rose as having juggled the books for a period of years, beginning about 1875. Whether this was so, or whether the shortage came about through negligence, the money was gone and the Regents demanded an explanation.

Most serious of all, the controversy split the harmonious Board of Regents into two factions which at times almost came to blows. The churches came into the situation; Dr. Douglas was an Episcopalian and Dr. Rose was a Methodist, and each had powerful backing among his denomination.

The fight began when the University's business office demanded an accounting from Dr. Douglas, after having discovered the shortage. The money came from two sources — fees paid by students for chemicals and use of special equipment, and appropriations from the University for laboratory expenses. Dr. Douglas, horrified by the discovery that the books were fraudulent, impetuously blamed Dr. Rose for the loss. Dr. Rose lost no time in starting a counteroffensive against Dr. Douglas himself. At that point the University brought a civil suit against both of them for recovery of $4,624.40. This, of course, touched

off explosive publicity. Dr. Angell had suspended both men while the investigation was in progress. When the Regents' investigation showed that both were at fault, he abruptly dismissed them from the faculty and instituted action to recover the lost funds. Meanwhile, the University's own investigation revealed that a number of invoices on file in the laboratory were at the bottom of the mystery. They bore forged signatures.

The court, however, handed down a judgment against Dr. Douglas in the amount of $2,000, plus costs. Dr. Rose owned half interest in the Beal-Steere Ethnological Collection, then on loan to the University Museum, and it was attached on a similar judgment. Both men appealed to the State Supreme Court, where the battle was fought all over again. The high tribunal decided that the pair were victims of their own carelessness at the hands of unscrupulous students, and were without personal liability. On the campus, everybody breathed a sigh of relief. The University returned Dr. Rose's collection and Dr. Douglas's $2,000 payment. Both were reinstated on the faculty. The University absorbed the loss, as most of the campus wagers had indicated it would throughout the trouble.

The University continued its growth as the crises was passed. Even the "Douglas-Rose controversy" did not halt its onward march. New campus activities sprang up; athletics took on new importance, and bordering the campus more new buildings were erected — the first regular fraternity houses.

Michigan's first sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta, made its modest appearance just before Dr. Angell's departure for China, in 1879. Most of the campus publications, for some reason, thought that the idea of a women's Greek-letter society was funny. The writers, mostly fraternity men, would have sprung to arms in violent fury if their fraternities were lampooned, but the girls, as always, were fair game. Their Kappa Alpha Theta survived six years, then languished for a time, and was revived in 1893. By that time it had several rivals.

Both fraternities and sororities found a rich field at Michigan. The absence of dormitories, the squalid conditions of some student rooming houses, the growing spirit of clannishness among student groups

as the attendance soared — these and other factors have made the Greek-letter society flourish in Ann Arbor.

On the site later occupied by mammoth Hill Auditorium, on North University across from the original residence hospital, there was a queer octagonal house. That design had come into fashion among Michigan pioneers about 1840-1850; the mid-State counties still exhibit many octagonal houses. The reason for the design was the appearance of the first central-heating plants at that time—furnaces in basements instead of stoves in each room. This house was on the same site where the first Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, eccentric William Asa Fletcher, had built his spacious log-house in 1833. The log-house lay in ruins in 1840, destroyed by some unrecorded fire. This octagonal house, therefore, must have been built later than 1840. During the school term 1875-76, Alpha Delta Phi rented the place, which thus became the first fraternity house at the University of Michigan and one of the first at any American college. A few years later the fraternity, which had grown apace, built a new house; Prof. Alexander Winchell moved into the old one.

In 1880 Psi Upsilon erected a high-porched, red-brick structure with a high bell tower which so strongly resembled a church that many visitors doffed their hats when passing by. This was the first house at Ann Arbor built especially for a fraternity. It occupied the corner of State Street and South University, across the street from the present Union Building and now part of the big Cook Law Quadrangle. The Psi Upsilon house was a magnificent structure for 1880, thoroughly in keeping with the red-brick "fire-house architecture" which was dominating the campus.

Alpha Delta Phi built a house in 1884, the second new fraternity building. Within the next few years almost a dozen more were erected — among others the Delta Kappa Epsilon house, 1889; Delta Upsilon, 1887; Phi Kappa Psi, 1893; and Zeta Psi, 1891.

New streets were cut through, hundreds of new frame houses went up for a mile in all directions from the campus. From State Street to downtown, Ann Arbor was solidly occupied now. No longer was there a fringe of activity on the State Street side, then acres of empty lots

down to Division Street, with William Street a slender connecting link. State Street was lined with stores and business buildings for three blocks north of the campus.

The city of Ann Arbor built a grade school on State Street opposite the Law Building. Its municipal council attempted to drain the swampy bottom of the infamous "cat-hole," the gully which put such a slash in the University's plans for future expansion. Tracks were laid up William Street, around the Campus Corner and out North University. Presently a jolting horsecar appeared, fare five cents to downtown. Students rarely rode in it, preferring their usual noisy parade on foot. City delivery of mail had not come to Ann Arbor in the 1880's. The post office was downtown on the town square, where the new brick courthouse stood amid its trees in the little park. From the first days of the University's existence, students had to trudge down there on foot, then stand in line at the window while a clerk slowly sorted out everybody's mail – students and townspeople alike.

In Tappan's time there had been some noisiness around the post office, and he had appealed to the students in chapel to be quiet there. But the post-Civil War generation had forgotten the warning. During the late 1860's we first hear of the "post-office rush." This was a horde of running students dismissed from classes at the same moment, galloping at top speed down William Street, along Division Street and thence to the square, and bringing up in a shouting, jumbled mass in the post office doorway. The worst times for the "rush" were at noon and about six. Townspeople were trying to get their mail at the same time. The "rush" was one of the most chronic causes of town-and-gown friction. Students wrestled each other and jostled the citizenry. There were frequent casualties in both groups.

The "rush" was one of the few noisy demonstrations in that sedate era. For some forgotten reason, probably the influence of Queen Victoria on the world, dignity and decorum were fashionable in the so-called "elegent eighties." On the campus, many class, society and activities' records show us a collection of prim, self-conscious ladies and gentlemen.

Now came the University Christian Association as a major influ-

ence, and University Bible classes in all the churches. In 1879, students and faculty trooped into the gaslighted chapel room on the first floor of the University Hall to see (and partially understand) a play – Terence's *The Adelphi* – recited in Latin.

The theatre, in general, was frowned upon in that prim generation. The great Barrett and a few Shakespeareans were booked for campus "recitals" (not performances) as a stimulus to culture. After his appearance in 1879 as *Hamlet,* the Lit students admiringly formed a "Barrett Club" for the purpose of staging other edifying classic dramas. The first production of this club was a farce called *Dollars and Cents,* hardly a Barrett vehicle, but funny and well received. So the tragedians assembled a small orchestra and rehearsed the currently popular Gilbert and Sullivan opus *Iolanthe.*

Dozens of short-lived clubs appeared, many doomed to a brief life as the elegant era began to dwindle. Others founded at this time grew to become major campus efforts. The Choral Union, founded during the 1879-80 term, was originally just a little community-sing group set up as one of the few excuses for men and women students to join something which they could enjoy together, under proper chaperonage. It outgrew that phase quickly, and began to sponsor nationally famous musical artists and stage big festivals. The Engineering Society, the Oratorical Association, the Medical Society, the Philosophical Society and others were born in 1880's, to serve their special academic fields.

The appearance of a Philosophical Society was a gesture of admiration toward John Dewey (Vermont, Class of 1879; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins, 1884; LL.D., Michigan, 1904). John Dewey was the national sensation of the moment in philosophical circles. A brilliant student under George Sylvester Morris at Johns Hopkins, as a young graduate he had followed the master, Morris, to Michigan in 1884-85. Morris was installed as head of the Department of Philosophy, and Dewey as a young instructor. But Dewey's personal magnetism singled him out quickly for both fame and reward. He went up quickly. Assistant Professor in 1887 and Professor of Philosophy at the University of Minnesota in 1888, after the death of Morris he returned to Michigan

as Professor and head of the Department of Philosophy from 1889 to 1894.

While an Assistant Professor at Michigan, Dewey wrote his two textbooks, *Outlines of a Critical Theory of Ethics* and *The Study of Ethics, a Syllabus,* which gained him a high place among philosophers as well as gratitude from students, who found them understandable. Personally, he was an active, effervescent man with a perpetual attitude of good-natured skepticism toward every accepted idea. Under his leadership the Department of Philosophy experienced a sudden spurt, both in size and prestige. He gained his greatest campus popularity with a series of lectures on practical psychology, eagerly attended by all the law students.

Dewey was the creator of a personalized school of philosophy which is still honored at Michigan and carried on in much the same fashion as in Dewey's day. He was an "idealist," a "pragmatist," or as Dewey preferred to call himself, an "instrumentalist." Whatever he was, he was good at it, and attracted to himself a group of gifted disciples. When Dewey left to become head of the Department of Philosophy at the Unviersity of Chicago after the 1894 term, several disciples left, too, and went with him.

On the changing campus one basic fact was clear. The University of Michigan was no longer merely the higher-education branch of the State school system. With the advent of the Angell regime, Michigan had quickly grown into a cosmopolitan national institution. The President and most of the faculty were products of other states and almost half of the student body, 642 out of a total of 1,427, in 1880, came from outside Michigan.

Kindly old Prof. George Palmer Williams had been one of Governor Mason's academy principals before joining the original faculty in 1841. He registered the first student and taught the first class in the University at Ann Arbor. He had seen the whole phenomenal achievement. For forty years he had lived and taught and battled, and sighed in defeat, throughout the whole period of the University's existence. He died in 1881.

With him, the old days at Ann Arbor passed into oblivion. Before the

decade had run its course, registration had passed the 2,000 mark and the University of Michigan was setting a fast national pace.

13

"Can you, an alumnus, afford to send your son or daughter to the University of Michigan? Are you able to give your children the advantages your parents gave you?"

This seemed a highly personal question to newspaper readers of Detroit in 1886. President Angell was disturbed about it. Somehow he could not get the thing out of his mind. It haunted him, and eventually he gave up his immediate tasks, canceled appointments and set himself to the task of answering a timely question.

The mild national panic of the early 1880's, after the assassination of President Garfield, worsened about 1885 in a "hard money" shortage and depreciation of local-bank currency. Michigan enrollment dropped from 1,427 in 1880-81 to 1,269 in 1884-85. It was no news to Dr. Angell that times were hard. But he felt that he could not stand by and allow a newspaper to spread the impression that costs at the University were exorbitant; that the topheavy majority of out-of-state students all came from wealthy families, and that a plain citizen of Michigan could no longer afford to send his children to Ann Arbor.

Dr. Angell undertook a long, patient survey. He did it himself, by personally interviewing astonished students whom he stopped on the campus and called to his office. Once again he had a crusade, and he was a born crusader. It was like the old days on the Providence *Journal.*

Apparently feeling that the results of a quick look would be inconclusive, Dr. Angell kept up this strange practice of interviewing students for more than a year. He sent letters to alumni. He wanted to know all about the financial affairs and community standing of the parents of Michigan undergraduates, how many students had financial help at Ann Arbor from campus incomes or other sources, and

whether they felt that a college education tended to make them "aristocratic." Some of these queries were embodied in a printed questionnaire distributed to each student.

In all Dr. Angell collected 1,406 replies, including one from Dr. Will Mayo, M.D., 1883, who had gone to the town of Rochester, Minnesota, to practice. The student body showed 502 farmers, 171 merchants and small tradesmen, 93 lawyers (including six professors), 83 doctors, 52 men owning or operating small factories, 54 mechanics, 51 clergymen, 33 men who confessed to being in the real-estate and insurance business, 28 bankers, 26 teachers, 24 lumbermen, 17 contractors and builders, 16 druggists, 15 tailors, 14 dealers in livestock, 14 traveling salesmen, 12 dentists and 8 common laborers without any formal education.

These fathers were paying all, or almost all, of their sons' and daughters' expenses. A check of the list showed Dr. Angell that 45 per cent of students' fathers earned a living by manual toil of some kind and that only 22 per cent of the fathers were in a profession which required a college education. Dr. Angell was pleased. It gave him a statistical foundation for a lecture which he delivered widely throughout the United States, at other colleges and universities and at city auditoriums. The theme was that a university education lay within reach of anyone; that it definitely was not limited to the children of the rich, and that, at Michigan at least, it did not tend to produce flabby "aristocrats."

That was not true of some other colleges, notably a few expensive little schools in the East where traditions kept a constant supply of "first families" and blue-bloods in attendance. The "elegant eighties" produced, unfortunately, a good many fops who regarded college as the birthright of the "upper classes" only.

The proportion of University of Michigan students, alumni, and those with some Michigan training to the State's total population was one to 1,802 in 1890. Dr. Angell hammered home his theme again and again — *no one* can say that he cannot achieve a college education because of financial difficulties. There is opportunity everywhere. Scores of cases in Dr. Angell's hands testified to the

success of boys, many without fathers, who had worked their way through the University of Michigan or earned some of their expenses under a benevolent policy whereby every possible help was offered.

This was militant education on the march, battling defiantly at an old prejudice and inspiring countless fathers to find ways, somehow, to send their sons to college. Dr. Angell's efforts in this crusade on behalf of popular education firmly established a sort of personality for the University of Michigan. It seemed, to those who read about it or heard Dr. Angell speak, that Ann Arbor was a land of opportunity.

There were unseen bars then, as now, which kept many an able student out of the fraternity he craved to join and which somehow managed to close against him when honor societies named their candidates. But no one committed suicide upon failure to make Quadrangle, the very ultra upperclass honor society. No families hung crepe on the door when their son failed to be tapped for that Michigan equivalent of Yale's "Bones."

The idea of higher education for everyone regardless of station, was still not entirely accepted in the United States. Dr. Angell realized that when he undertook his crusade. The ideal embodiment of his precept was the University of Michigan, which has gained immeasurably from the resulting popularity. It has become commonplace to overhear students conversing in the present-day "Pretzel Bell" or in the Union about why they came to Michigan, and learn that at home they had no particular social standing, and did not care to carry that handicap into college in their own localities. At Michigan everyone comes in on an equal footing, at least socially. A man can create his own position.

By 1887 the Michigan traditions were well understood throughout the educational world. In that year the University arrived at its fiftieth birthday as an organized corporation and a department of the State of Michigan. A half century had passed since the historic day in 1837 when the people of the Peninsula had trooped to the polls on foot, on horseback and in covered wagons. They had elected Stevens T. Mason as Governor and voted overwhelmingly for his provision for the University. Congress, in that year, had finally passed the legislation

admitting Michigan to the Union, incidentally putting the plans for the University in motion.

President Angell agreed with the Regents that some special ceremony should mark the observance of the occasion. Accordingly, during graduation week, on June 29 and 30, 1887, the great figures of the educational world journeyed to Ann Arbor.

President Angell made the principal address in the big auditorium of University Hall. He led the visiting dignitaries on a trip around the campus, and joined them in the Law School lecture hall in a round-table discussion of educational problems in general. The following day, with this glittering crowd of visitors as background, President Angell conferred a number of honorary degrees. Very rare at any time, an honorary degree from Michigan was regarded as a signal honor.

During a big banquet which was staged for the distinguished guests under a canvas pavilion on the campus, Mr. Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court delivered a pithy speech. Not one to mince words, he declared that the State of Michigan's chief distinction among her sister states lay in her university, and laid down the principle that election to the Board of Regents must of necessity be regarded as a public trust of the highest importance. The venerable Justice thought he was being original, but he was not. Long before the semicentennial ceremonies, the Regents themselves had arrived at this conclusion.

The baccalaureate address, climax of the ceremony, was delivered in University Hall by Henry S. Frieze. He was an old man, his wavy mane snow-white, his shoulders stooped, and his voice quavery. His listeners felt that they were witnessing his last public appearance, and they were right. He died two years later.

Frieze was in semiretirement at the time of the semicentennial in 1887. He conducted one class, in Virgil, for a handful of upperclassmen who were selected for the honor only after examination by other professors. Most of the time he puttered around his home, playing his beloved piano and receiving a daily group of undergraduates and young instructors who liked to visit him and talk with him.

On the coldest winter days, Frieze could be seen plodding around the campus in his overshoes and thick woolen muffler, dropping in here and there to see what was going on. He always enjoyed a cheery greeting from a co-ed as she flounced along the campus walk in her long, heavy skirts and prodigious high-top button shoes. If she said "Hello there, Santa Claus!" Frieze was happy all day.

Frieze was never a distinguished man in his own humble estimation, but others regarded him as such. Once more, before he took his final turn around the campus he loved, he was called into the presidential responsibilities. He became Acting President when, in 1887-88, the Secretary of State became embroiled in a diplomatic row with England over fishing rights off Newfoundland. The Secretary called for Dr. Angell once more as chairman of a treaty commission.

Dr. Frieze liked to wander about from building to building, looking at some of the changes he had made in the University's physical appearance. When he was on his first sabbatical year's residence in Rome, he had bought an extensive collection of plaster busts and casts, together with many fine paintings of characters in Latin history and literature. He and Mrs. Frieze donated it to the University and it formed the nucleus of the Fine Arts collection. Later Frieze was appointed curator of all the University fine arts exhibits. He talked the noted sculptor Randolph Rogers, who was born in Ann Arbor, into donating a remarkable collection of plaster reproductions of great works of sculpture.

Frieze lived in the old campus residence on South University adjacent to the President's House until about 1878, when it was taken over for the primitive Dental College. After being forced to move, he and Mrs. Frieze built two homes in Ann Arbor in the next decade. The grounds of each house, while they lived in it, were beautifully landscaped and laid out in flower gardens. There, at the very end of his long life, Dr. Frieze could be seen any fair day trimming hedges, pruning plants and happily contemplating the beauties and wonders of nature.

When he died of old age in 1889, there was another gathering of university titans at Ann Arbor. President Angell delivered a mem-

orial address. Presidents of other colleges and universities paid tribute to Frieze posthumously, as they had in life. He had been awarded no less than four LL.D. degrees, from Chicago University, 1870; Kalamazoo College, 1870; Brown University, 1882; and the University of Michigan, 1885. A procession of caps and gowns followed the hearse to Forest Lawn cemetery. Frieze's monument was a replica of the sarcophagus of one of the Scipio family.

Frieze's portrait and his name are encountered everywhere at the University. The big pipe-organ in the University Hall auditorium, purchased after the close of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, is dedicated to him. His bearded face looks down in portraits and sculpture from the Library, the Music School, Hill Auditorium and many other University buildings. The Frieze art collection is on daily display at the Museum, and becomes more valuable with each passing year. He was a gentle soul, and Andrew White said of him in 1870, "a more lovely spirit never abode in mortal frame."

CHAPTER IX

MICHIGAN'S NOT-SO-GAY NINETIES

1

IN 1891, Dr. James Burrill Angell had been President of the University of Michigan for 20 years. He was in an administrative rut. The various deans and department heads were younger, more active men. They and the ever-changing Board of Regents, which had new faces every few years under the law staggering the members' terms, entered into a benign conspiracy against Angell. They wanted him to "ease up." So they detoured around his office whenever possible, settling the University's affairs in conferences.

The situation called for a new post, to be called the "executive assistant to the president." But Michigan in 1891 wasn't quite big enough for that. Dr. Angell made all of the policy decisions personally, and there was often considerable delay in getting an answer from him. The Secretary of the University, James Henry Wade, handled the business affairs, and the deans fell into the habit of consulting him instead of Dr. Angell. The University Senate, too, took on some strangely administrative functions.

Under this bureaucratic control the University prospered as never before. The three original Departments which Dr. Angell had seen upon his arrival — Literature, Science and the Arts; Law, and Medicine, had expanded to seven by 1896 — including the Homeopathic Medical College (1875-1922), the College of Dental Surgery (1875-76), the School of Pharmacy (1876-77), and the separate Department of Engineering (1895-96).

The little 35-man faculty of 1871 which had met Dr. Angell had expanded to 235 professors and their assistants by 1899. Dr. Angell

had been overwhelmed by the size of the student body when he arrived, but two decades later there were three times as many students; 3,123 in 1898-99. Professors' salaries had jumped in the same two decades from $1,200 annually to an average of $3,000. The campus was full of new buildings erected during the 1880's, with more under construction and yet more being planned as rapidly as sites could be found for them.

The University's physical prosperity was in some degree a reflection of the State's general era of business expansion. The State of Michigan in the 1890's led the United States in the production of iron, lumber and salt. Lumber and salt were the twin creators of many an industrial fortune in the northern section of the Peninsula. Rich natural brine was pumped out of Saginaw Bay and thereabouts and boiled down into salt, using scraps and refuse from the sawmills as fuel. The lumbering period was at its height, the Paul Bunyan legends were already famous.

The University's expanding student body was creating a bigger and bigger problem as it grew. The business office could handle the building program, but 3,000 boisterous students made the welkin ring a little too loudly for comfort. No one, apparently, had any practical solution for the problem of noise. During the "Gay Nineties" a Michigan student almost had to be noisy and aggressive in order to be noticed. It was the era of the great beginnings of Michigan football, and the realization on the part of the students that they were part of a rough, tough, fighting band of Wolverines. But football wasn't the only reason why students shouted loudly on the sidewalks, paraded down Williams Street and before the State Street stores, organized impromptu processions at the slightest provocation merely to demonstrate the vaunted "Michigan spirit." It was mostly the pure exuberance of youth, repressed for generations, and only in the sunset of the Victorian Age, beginning to free itself from traditional shackles and sense the new, extrovert Twentieth Century ahead.

It must be said in fairness to the students, however, that most of them tried to behave. Never were the campus literary societies in

finer form. The presence on the diagonal walks, and in classrooms, of young men like Ray Stannard Baker, Class of 1891, Stewart Edward White, Class of 1895, and James Oliver Curwood, Class of 1911, was in itself a stimulus to culture, although the latter pair sought peace in Alaska after graduation. The Student Christian Association and the Sunday-school classes at the churches built up loyal followings, all determined to behave as Sunday-school pupils ought. The "better element" among the student body decided to set an example to the rowdies who seemed to have come to Michigan mostly to play.

In 1892, none the less, two distinct situations were growing critical. One was the increasing problem of student control. The other was the understandable assumption that the University was rich and could afford to build anything that was proposed. For example, at this time the Buildings and Grounds Committee of the Regents contracted for a rebuilding job on the Law Building, didn't like it, and a few years later tore the whole thing down and rebuilt it entirely. At the same time they were planning a large, impressive home for the new Department of Engineering. A new general classroom building was needed, but no room could be found for it. Finally the Regents decided to crowd it in between the Museum and the President's House. They christened the new building Tappan Hall, and went on to something else. Hundreds of thousands of dollars went into a new central-heating plant. More dollars went into re-laying all the macadam walks in concrete.

Money was no object. There was always an appropriation from the Legislature sufficient to start these projects, seldom enough to finish them. But no one worried. It was the era of "McKinley Prosperity," and everybody knew that good times had come to stay.

The good times stayed until 1893, and then the national bubble burst. Some economists say the Panic of 1893 was the worst in the nation's history. Others say it struck hard and was soon over, as witness the record-breaking success of the so-called World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago that year. Most of the University's 3,000 students found ways to get there during the year, on special trains,

on excursions and during vacations. They set up a Michigan Club on the grounds, and Dr. Angell himself came to Chicago to dedicate the Michigan Pavilion. Some students dropped out temporarily and accepted employment at the Fair during its run.

They had a good time, but the University's business office saw only trouble ahead. The Regents had to postpone other projects until better times. One of these projects was a new art gallery, a real need. Art collections were being donated to the University and there was nowhere to put them. Books were easier to handle. In 1883, wealthy James McMillan of Detroit presented his fine 4,642-volume Shakespeare library to the University. The Hagerman Collection of works on political science and history (2,666 volumes and pamphlets); the Parsons Library (4,325 volumes and 5,000 pamphlets), devoted to the science of political economy, and the Goethe Library of a thousand volumes in German, presented by the German-speaking citizens of Michigan, took their places in the stacks. Several lesser collections were added until in 1894 there were 125,000 volumes in the Library.

"I do not know of any library in the United States," President Angell was moved to remark, "which gets as much use, day after day, as that of our University."

It was the beginning of Michigan's first period of endowment. True, the first bequests were small and the only important gifts were libraries. But in 1893 Miss Elizabeth Bates died in Port Chester, New York, willing to the University of Michigan a pile of gilt-edged securities with a market value of $130,000. These, said the will, were to set up and support the Bates Professorship in medicine and surgery. Acceptance of the bequest would mean considerable new equipment in the Medical Building to handle it. And there wasn't room.

But the Medical faculty wanted very much to accept that gift. It was something new in United States medical procedure, designed to train women medical students to become specialists in the diseases of women. Miss Bates had never visited Ann Arbor. She had never seen the medical school she aided, but she chose Michigan because it was a place where a woman medical student could succeed. Her bequest was accepted and plans were drawn up at once for a bigger

Medical Building. The old one was brutally overcrowded anyway, as it had been most of the time since it was built in 1850. There were no funds to build a new structure. The Regents scratched their heads.

There was, however, a new gymnasium going up on the northeast corner of the campus, where the old cricket ground had been. This new building cost the University nothing. It was another large and welcome gift. Two Regents, Levi Barbour and Frank Fletcher, helped engineer the benefaction. They first appealed personally to Josiah W. Waterman, a Detroit real-estate owner and not a Michigan alumnus. Waterman was wealthy enough to sign a check for $20,000, and canny enough to hold it in his desk until the alumni had matched it, dollar for dollar, with small contributions. The gymnasium fund began with this $40,000, but contributions from the Athletic Association were added to round out the construction cost of $61,876. The Regents found $6,000 in an old account dating back to 1878-79, the remainder of the baseball revenue which the students of those years had saved to begin their dreamed-of gymnasium "some day." This was added to the equipment fund. By the time the Waterman Gymnasium was opened in 1894 and the first freshman slipped on its highly polished maple floor, it was almost entirely paid for. No wonder the Regents viewed it with pleasure.

That problem was settled. But the lack of an adequate art museum continued to plague the Regents. The need became acute in 1884 when Michigan's wealthiest art patron, Henry C. Lewis, died at Coldwater, leaving his nationally famous art collection intact to the University. It contained 600 paintings and more than 100 statues, friezes, bas-reliefs and plaster copies of great Vatican masterpieces. When Dr. Angell saw this wagon train of heavy *objets d'art* approaching the campus he had to admit that he was baffled. The Regents had no suggestions, either. Finally the whole collection was jammed into an unused upper gallery above the main reading room of the Library, where the big paintings packed the walls from floor to ceiling and statues rubbed elbows with each other like a subway mob in embarrassing costumes. They stood there for years, simply because there was no other place for them. Somehow the arrangement produced a

super-acute transmittal of sound. A whisper at one door went all the way around the horseshoe-shaped gallery and could be heard at the other door. The "whispering gallery" became a popular place.

Regent Levi Barbour, a wealthy, artistocratic Detroit lawyer, for eight years was chairman of the Library Committee. He became reconciled to this crowded art gallery eventually, and came to like it. He served the University for twelve years, in two terms. During the latter one he deeded some Detroit lots to the University as a gift, which brought enough cash to build a girls' gymnasium adjoining the bigger one used by the men. Thus came the Barbour Gymnasium next to the noisy Waterman Gymnasium. From the Barbour family came, too, the Betsey Barbour Residence for Women, a gift of Mrs. Barbour after Levi's death. Mrs. Barbour's first name was Harriett. She is not the building's namesake because she modestly felt she did not deserve such an honor. The Betsey Barbour Residence was made possible because Mrs. Harriett Barbour owned the land on which it stands. It was the site of her girlhood home. After Levi's death just prior to World War I, Mrs. Barbour presented the property to the Regents together with a large sum of cash from her husband's estate. It was Mrs. Harriett Barbour who selected the name for the new Residence. Betsey Barbour was Levi's mother.

12

In 1895 the Board of Regents was a group of eminent men who had all the money they wanted and who, somehow, seemed to work as hard for the University as they had for themselves. The talents which had made them rich were devoted to the task of developing the University into the finest educational center in the United States. Year after year they worked like beavers at the unpaid job of being Regents. They grew to know each other intimately. Harmoniously, efficiently and rapidly, they tackled one problem after another.

Levi Barbour was a tall, thin, studious-looking man with a drooping moustache, professional and rather aloof in manner. He was the aristocrat of the Board. He was the boy of good family whose success in

life had been clear from the time he was a gangling undergraduate on the Varsity baseball team. Some of the others on the Board were richer than he, though as undergraduates they had been obscure and unnoticed. They had won success in the business world. Roger Williams Butterfield, Peter N. Cook, Hermann Kiefer and Frank Fletcher, all businessmen, were doing a number of other civic chores at the same time that they were acting as Regents. Hermann Kiefer was also a physician and had made a great name for himself in the field of public health. Fletcher, a florid, square-jawed millionaire from Alpena, was one of the city's most ambitious promoters, and its leading citizen.

Under the law, the terms of the eight Regents extended for eight years, two places being filled at each biennial election. Thus the membership of the Board changed slowly, the members working together for years. From 1900 to 1910 the Board continued to show some of the same moustached countenances it had displayed ever since 1890. They liked each other and enjoyed their responsibilities. Meetings of the Board had a sort of club-like atmosphere. Each Regent had his own pet interests and sometimes the club debated vigorously about whose project was going to get priority. Fletcher was all for breaking ground at once for a new home for the College of Engineering. Barbour opposed that, holding out for a fine arts gallery. Hermann Kiefer waxed eloquent in his harsh Teutonic accent for a new medical building — at once! None of these structures could be built in the recession period following the Panic of 1893, but a smaller, less expensive project was considered possible. So in a cooperative spirit they all agreed on that.

They decided to acquire land for a playing field for all the popular outdoor games. The gymnasium had been donated; in it the teams had locker space, rubbing rooms and trainers, and a well-constructed playing field was vital. The Regents found ten acres of low land a few blocks south of the campus, down State Street hill and a short distance beyond Packard Street. They bought this land for $7,500, and for a few hundred dollars more they put up a stout fence and a primitive bleachers at one end of the field. Regent Fletcher thought that within a decade the place would pay for itself in student admissions to foot-

ball and baseball games. It was opened in 1892 and called Regents' Field, mainly on Fletcher's account. He was Chairman of the Building and Grounds Committee and did the actual superintending of the job.

How could Fletcher have known that Michigan stood on the threshold of its golden age of football? Within that decade he had spoken of, Regents' Field required more than $60,000 worth of bleachers and additional construction, and never caught up with the crowds. It turned back a fortune to the Athletic Association, enough to build a bigger field in Yost's time. Regents' Field was built at precisely the right time. Football, whose evolving rules had already given the game much of its present character, quickly became a student craze and a favorite public entertainment.

In 1894 the bone-crushing "flying wedge" formation was outlawed, a change followed soon afterward by a ban on the "center rush" play, which made the big center the butt of flying knees, feet and fists. By 1895, football had become the classic college sport, and its broad-shouldered, tousle-haired players were the heroes of the American campus. At Michigan, the volume of paid admissions forced a reorganization of the little Athletic Association with faculty help. The Athletic Board of Control was born at the same time as Regents' Field.

Starting with a rush in 1892, the football team rang up a few victories for two seasons and then fell upon discouraging days. Other colleges were catching on, too. Opponents were tougher. Coaches of the visiting teams seemed to be fiendishly clever. The 1892 schedule of twelve games proved to the Midwestern college world that football was going to be a big sensation and that the various colleges which normally played each other ought to regulate it somewhat. Accordingly, the schedule was arranged to match Michigan with Purdue, Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northwestern. That was a mistake. Michigan, which had no trouble beating little Albion College twice, was trampled on by Purdue (24-0), Cornell (44-0) and Minnesota (16-6). A return game with Cornell played at Regents' Field drew a good crowd of cheering students, but another defeat (30-10) ensued.

The 1893 and 1894 seasons were not much better. Both Cornell and Minnesota beat Michigan again. In 1895, after most of the players had suffered through three years of this tough seasoning, Michigan came back with a rush and took every game on the schedule but one – a 6-0 win by Harvard.

The scene at Regents' Field about 1895 was one to be remembered. Long tarpaulins stretched around the place, giving it a sort of circus-day air. Hawkers yowled souvenirs around the main gate; long lines of buggies and tail-switching horses bordered both sides of State Street and backed up beyond Packard Street almost to the campus. Yellow and blue pennants bearing the name MICHIGAN, tied to little rattan canes, were seen everywhere, waving ecstatically when a Michigan play suddenly opened up the opposing line, drooping in dejection when it failed.

Beside the players' entrance stood two or three long horse-drawn omnibuses with steps at the rear and seats along the sides. These bore the opposing teams in triumph to the field from the dressing rooms at Waterman Gymnasium, followed by a mob of cheering students. Afterward, with the crowd in a hurry to fight its way out into the chilly autumn twilight, these buses bore the battered survivors back to the gymnasium and the ministrations of the rubbers.

With football came, inevitably, the fraternity banquets before the game, the mass meetings of the students in the glen at "Sleepy Hollow" and the songs and cheers around the roaring bonfire. With football came the song fest. As early as 1899 there appeared a little book bound in the college colors, entitled *Songs of the Yellow and the Blue.* It became immensely popular with students and alumni. In its first few pages it presented and disposed of some half-forgotten old tunes that few students in 1890 fully understood, such as:

"Where, oh where, is Doctor Tappan?
Gone now to the promised land.
He's gone up on Buff and Leo,
Safe now in the promised land."

Later they sang the same tune but changed the question to ask what had happened to the "verdant freshmen." In moments of great enthusiasm before a football game, students sang from the same book the lilting tune about the "Hamburg Show," and how they were going to see it through. Most of them probably didn't know what it meant, but it was a good song, made to order for football rallies.

In this book appeared a new ballad written for the Glee Club, a strange sort of lyric that sounded, without music, like a classic ode to nature, full of ponderous allusions to the ribbons that nature has spun, and the yellow moon on the harvest wain. A blazing bonfire and a couple of thousand cheering students did something magical to that song, "The Yellow and the Blue," with the University Band's big tuba holding organ-like bass notes while the horns phrased the anthem:

Sing to the colors that float in the light —
  Hurrah for the Yellow and the Blue!
Yellow the stars as they ride through the night,
  And reel in a rollicking crew.
Yellow the fields where ripens the grain,
  And yellow the moon on the harvest wain ——
    HAIL!
Hail to the colors that float in the light —
  Hurrah for the Yellow and the Blue!

Blue are the billows that bow to the sun
  When yellow-robed morning is due.
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun,
  The slumbers of Phoebus to woo.
Blue are the blossoms to memory dear,
  And blue is the sapphire, that gleams like a tear.
    HAIL!
Hail to the ribbons that nature has spun.
  Hurrah for the Yellow and the Blue!

Here's to the college whose colors we wear;
  Here's to the hearts that are true!
Here's to the maid of the golden hair,
  And eyes that are brimming with blue!

Garlands of bluebells and maize intertwine,
And hearts that are true and voices combine —
HAIL!
Hail to the college whose colors we wear;
Hurrah for the Yellow and the Blue!

Charles Gayley who wrote this anthem, was a young English instructor at the University. He fitted it to the music of Balfe's *Pirate Chorus.* Like the formal anthems of most colleges, "The Yellow and the Blue" has come to be surrounded with tradition which restricts it to certain times and situations. The University Glee Club always concludes its program with "The Yellow and the Blue." It is played once at football games, and the huge crowd stands and uncovers in tribute to the music. At alumni gatherings, if an orchestra is available, it concludes the program and is sometimes used to call the noisy crowd to attention. It is the custom for Michigan students to rise and remain silent while it is being played, and to sing it, if at all, while standing. Gayley never intended his song to rise to such heights of dignity. He wrote a really formal anthem called "Goddess of the Inland Seas," which he hoped would become the University's official song, but few Michigan students sing it today. Gayley was a cheerful, effervescent chap who enjoyed his undergraduate days at Ann Arbor and gained a wide campus reputation as a young instructor. He wrote "The Yellow and the Blue," so the story goes, as a Glee Club number in 1899, and as such it was included in this song book. He evidently intended it to be used for close harmony and tricky quartette work where the words would not be subjected to rigid literary scrutiny.

13

Sometimes, even with football, song fests and plenty of class spirit, the Gay Nineties were not quite so gay. Rowdyism was a disease of the times, not limited to Michigan but reported pretty generally throughout the country. President Angell, in 1871, was a firm man. In

1892 he was not so firm. The students either sensed this or gave in to some prankish impulse which they could not have defined.

Perhaps one reason was that with each year's freshman class bigger than the last, the campus was becoming crowded with youngsters just out of high school. The freshmen and the sophomores were the chief offenders, organizing shouting groups that stalked down the sidewalks and boldly marched in anywhere their fancy dictated.

One of the places most likely to be invaded by these student hordes was Joe Parker's saloon on Main Street, near the courthouse. Another saloon, a few doors away, bore the name Oriental Bar, probably because it was on the east side of the street. Freshmen were barred from both places. Being caught in Joe's in a conventional hat instead of a freshman "pot" was a doubly punishable offense.

Joe Parker was a respectable citizen, and he ran a good place. He tried various schemes to cut down the attendance of Michigan students, but gradually became used to it. He determined to make his place as club-like as possible, and to run it with the greatest care, just as if the Regents themselves might drop in at any time. He served beer from big, cool vats in the basement, pumped up into shining, dew-studded bar taps. He fixed over his back room, and put in a number of round oak-topped tables.

The students thronged into Joe's from the time he determined to make his place a legitimate off-campus clubroom for the upperclassmen. He was as careful as the faculty about keeping freshmen out; in fact on "cap night" in the spring, after the freshmen had burned their caps and were admitted to the major privileges of the University, they all made a rush for Joe's as soon as the ceremony was over. There, in the commodious back room, they carved their initials on the tops of Joe's tables. Engineering students, particularly, were fond of carving elaborate designs, big block initials and class numerals. They sat there over schooners of lager beer and planned campus activities and sometimes some deviltry, too.

Joe's was a favorite stopping-off point on the way to or from the post office to get mail. So was the Oriental, which got the overflow when Joe's was full. Larry Damm's, later, was another such student

gathering place. After a big football victory it became the custom for the students to foregather in these emporia and organize parades and "rushes" which became an intolerable nuisance. Gangs of students in singing, weaving lines simply forced their way into any place they chose.

In May of 1892 the King and Franklin Circus played Ann Arbor for the first time. It was a big show, one of the biggest on the road, complete with side show, big top, menagerie, performers' tents and a big force of canvasmen, stake pounders and barkers.

The students tried to "rush" the evening performance at the circus lot on West Washington Street. Who led the riot, no one knows. About the time the performance started, an estimated 300 students in a long, snake-like line, howling at the tops of their voices, appeared on the circus lot and attempted to jam through the gates. The gatemen shouted for help; all the canvasmen picked up tent stakes and the animal trainers grabbed picket-like rods. The circus crew swarmed out of the menagerie tent and stopped the onrushing students in front of the main gate.

The snake-dance procession blew apart under the drive of the circus crew's bludgeons. The students yelled in anger. They rallied along the midway in front of the line of side-show banners, now illumined in a fitful, wavering glare from a few gasoline torchlights. There the students, organized a "flying wedge" and hit the circus crew like an infantry charge, but the roustabouts held. Stakes and fists were flying, canvasmen and animal trainers were pummeling tousled Michigan heads, burly Michigan students were laying about them with big, hard fists.

The ringmaster stopped the performance. Inside the tent, performers raised the canvas walls so that the audience could escape in the opposite direction from the battle at the gate. People in the audience yelled for the police. Ann Arbor had only two or three policemen, who carefully stayed away from this maelstrom of flying fists, feet and tent stakes. One or more policemen ran uptown to summon the Mayor. He, in turn, sent them to sound the alarm at the Armory and summon the militia.

Other people turned in a fire alarm. Fire bells were ringing, men were running through the streets shouting for the militia to get dressed, and the whole population of Ann Arbor seemed bent on running to the scene. When the excited townspeople arrived they found some Company K militiamen there in parts of uniforms, setting up guard lines to hold the crowd back. It was an eerie scene, the roaring of flames from the burning side-show tent mingling with the roar of battling men fighting each other in the light of the flames, and the savage roar of animals whose cages had been hauled outside when the menagerie tent caught.

The fire department's red helmets mixed with the battlers. They had laid a couple of hose lines from a near-by hydrant and were aiming hissing hoses at the main top. Quickly they wet it enough to keep it from catching fire, then turned their attention to the crazy jumble of bleeding men still fighting it out along the midway amid the wreckage of the side show.

Casualties had merely staggered out of the battle zone and fallen on the scuffed sod. The powerful fire hoses soaked them as they lay there, and by brute force the fire-hose pressure separated man from man, students from circus men. Thousands of Ann Arbor citizens and most of the Michigan student body pushed against the guard ropes and looked upon a picture of drenched, charred desolation. One man after another staggered out of the melee, clothes dripping water, hair in his blackened eyes, mouth bleeding. But he was happy. He had done his duty. The student thought that he had vindicated Michigan's honor after being attacked by the roustabouts when in the normal, traditional process of crashing a circus gate. The roustabouts and canvasmen were happy because they'd shown those college dudes they couldn't do *that* to *them!*

It was midnight. Someone, probably a good many people simultaneously, had summoned President Angell. The venerable, white-bearded prexy stared at the smouldering scene with a sigh of despair. Beside him stood the circus people, demanding explanations, threatening, scolding. Angell didn't know what to do. He couldn't give them their circus back.

While he was listening in stunned silence to this tirade, the militia were rounding up the bruised and battered Michigan rioters. They were taken to the jail, but when that was overcrowded the rest were taken to the Armory and kept under guard all night.

In the morning Dr. Angell appeared in police court to defend his boys. He couldn't offer any excuses. He said he didn't understand what had happened, or why. But he would offer bail from his personal funds for the students who were awaiting trial, and he would guarantee restitution to the circus for the damage.

Eventually the affair was settled out of court, but Dr. Angell never forgave those who took part. The circus had to go back to winter quarters, and the publicity from the fight discouraged other circuses from playing in Ann Arbor for several years afterward.

The faculty members who had to investigate the mess were not prohibitionists by any means, but they felt that somehow Joe's and the Oriental and Larry Damm's provided an atmosphere that produced ideas like that "rush." They urged the creation of a bigger and better social center, on or near the campus, where students could meet under better conditions.

Like the "Hamburg Show" song which memorialized a previous case of circus "rushing," the students who made Joe's a Michigan institution left a song behind them:

> I want to go back to Michigan; to dear Ann Arbor town . . .
> Back to Joe's and the Orient,
> Back to some of the money I spent.
> I want to go back to Michigan, to old Ann Arbor town.
> I *want* to go back — I *gotta* go back
> To Mich-i-gan!

White-haired old grads, distinguished judges and doctors now, remember with pleasure the songs and the beer they had at Joe's. Some who attended Michigan from 1900 to 1910, the heyday of Joe's, say that it was just a popular bar which sold only beer and rigidly excluded freshmen. Others imply that Joe's never had the nostalgic ties

in the memories of Michigan grads that the present-day Pretzel Bell restaurant has. "Now, there's a place," they say. "A thousand old Michigan boys can tell you anecdotes about the Pretzel Bell for every one who ever was a regular at Joe's." But partly because of this swingy, rhythmic song, Joe's and the Oriental Bar, which was just a place that caught the overflow from Joe's, have become a legend.

Joe's got more acclaim in a simple song than that fine stone building known as Newberry Hall, which housed the Students' Christian Association in those days. The building, still there at the old stand across from Angell Hall, is now an archeological museum. Nobody ever wrote a song to Newberry Hall. Donated by Mrs. Helen H. Newberry in memory of her rich husband, John H. Newberry, Class of 1847, Newberry Hall was a first step toward a Y.M.C.A., but it didn't fill the need seen by the faculty for a real campus meeting place for the students. There were some 3,000 students on the campus at the time, and the Students' Christian Association had its own ideas about how to be helpful. Newberry Hall provided neither the restful atmosphere of a club nor the excitement of Joe's.

There was not even a bulletin board there. The Michigan *Daily,* which began publication in 1890, was set up mostly to provide a sort of printed bulletin board to notify the throngs of students of what was going on. It captured their fancy at once and became a successful publishing venture in its first year. But it seemed to call out loudly for a place where the students could read it.

Perhaps the spectacular "rushes" and the stiff formality of the Students' Christian Association didn't lead to the formation of the Michigan Union, but they had considerable influence in that direction. Money was scarce throughout the latter part of the 1890's. The time for the Union had not come. But plans were being formulated for such a place.

Despite the money shortage and the sudden, strange halt to the incessant building projects, Michigan seemed to be in a sort of idyllic age. The comparatively new buildings gave as good a physical plant as any university had — better than most. Michigan was the largest university in the United States in point of attendance — 3,060 in

1899; 3,303 in 1900; 3,482 in 1901; 3,508 in 1902; and 3,509 in 1903. By 1905 attendance stood at 4,180.

The professional schools were constantly improving their standards. The new hospital facilities on the brink of the hill were made available to the people of Michigan and became crowded with patients sent by doctors for special study. Dentistry became a four-year course, but attendance fell off in 1903 and it went back to a three-year basis.

For twelve years, 1894 to 1906, Michigan football teams held the topmost position in the intercollegiate world. Regents' Field became the best-known football stadium in the country, even with its little wooden grandstand. On the faculty were new names beginning to gleam forth like stars in the educational firmament, John Dewey among them.

But Dr. Angell was aging, too. He kept pretty much to himself, thinking, writing, and corresponding with colleagues in many parts of the world. The University swam around him, leaving him becalmed in a little world of his own. He was interrupted in 1897, when the President of the United States appointed him as temporary Minister to Turkey to perform another treaty-making feat. He took a sabbatical year's leave and attended to the task, leaving the University in the quiet, calm and capable hands of Harry Burns Hutchins, Dean of the Law School.

It was a golden age. Michigan was growing up gracefully.

CHAPTER X

"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"

1

THE Spanish-American War of 1898 had no such effect as the Civil War upon the University, although by that year conditions had changed to such a degree that Michigan's main contribution to the war came from alumni, not student, participation. The faculty, too, sent some of its best personalities to the war. Michigan's enrollment of over 3,000 could well stand the loss of the 400 students who donned uniforms. But when two deans and a senior professor left, the loss was felt at once.

Dean Mortimer E. Cooley of the new Department of Engineering rejoined the Navy. Dean Victor C. Vaughan of the Department of Medicine accepted a surgeon's commission in the Army as a major, and left for a training camp. Dr. C. B. G. De Nancrede, one of Dr. Vaughan's most gifted medical professors, left, too, to accept the same kind of commission.

In Washington the advent of the Spanish-American War again placed Michigan men in the limelight. Cleveland's two terms had been distinguished by the eagerness with which he raided the Michigan alumni lists for many important appointments, including one to President Angell on a treaty commission and another to Judge Thomas M. Cooley in the new Interstate Commerce Commission. In 1898 Michigan men occupied all three of the policy-making positions bearing directly on the conduct of the war: William R. Day, Class of 1870, was Secretary of State; George De R. Meikeljohn, Class of 1880, Law, was Assistant Secretary of War and in personal charge of mobilization of the country; and Senator Cushman K. Davis, Class

of 1857, of Minnesota, was Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. President McKinley was thus virtually holding a Michigan alumni meeting whenever he called a council of war.

Davis was an odd character, one of the crusty old men with a heart of gold who typify older Michigan alumni of the latter years of the last century. He was born in 1838 in a little New York State village, came to Michigan as a boy, worked on a farm, finally owned the farm and sold it to put himself through the University of Michigan. He graduated in Law shortly before the original jigsaw Law Building was erected on the campus, being one of the last Law students to argue his classroom cases in Mason Hall. Davis started to practice law, but the Civil War broke out, whereupon he gave up his career and enlisted as a private. He was mustered out as a captain, went to St. Paul, Minnesota, set up again as a lawyer and became Governor of Minnesota in 1873 and United States Senator in 1877, a post he held for twenty-four years until his death in 1901.

William R. Day, Secretary of State, was ten years younger and miles away from sharp-tongued old Davis in his point of view. Day was for many years a State and Federal judge in Ohio, until McKinley appointed him Assistant Secretary of State in 1896. In 1898 old John Sherman, the Secretary, resigned in protest over the rising friction with Spain which he thought unnecessary and dangerous to the United States. The President thereupon appointed Judge Day, as he was always called, to the high office of Secretary of State. Later he rounded out a long career of service to the nation on the Supreme Court bench.

Ten years younger than Secretary Day, middle-aged, bearded George Meikeljohn of Michigan played a little known but vital part in the national administration's conduct of the war. He was a good friend of Secretary of War Russell A. Alger of Detroit, who had been appointed to the post by McKinley in 1897 and promptly threw the War Department into such confusion that he was attacked by practically every newspaper and career Army officer in the country. Alger, in recognition of his own inadequacies, sought out Meikeljohn and begged him to take the Assistant Secretaryship. Then Alger sat back

throughout the Spanish War and let Meikeljohn alone to run things efficiently. But Alger's bumbling brought so much discredit upon McKinley that he relieved Alger in the latter part of the war and appointed Elihu Root.

Senator Davis and Secretary Day, who was Chairman, dominated the peace table at Paris after the war and did more than any other two statesmen to set up Uncle Sam as a colonial power. Another Michigan alumnus influential during the Spanish-American War was Prof. Dean C. Worcester, Class of 1889, Hon. Sc. D., 1914, an instructor and later Assistant Professor of Zoology at Michigan. In 1898 he was appointed by McKinley as a member of the first Philippine Commission, and served from 1899 to 1913, during which time he was one of the men who kept after General Funston and General Shafter and Colonel Stotsenburg to keep after Emilio Aguinaldo, the rebel leader.

America was running along so smoothly that this small-scale war did not upset her economy. It was primarily a naval war, and the Navy handled it very well with its regular fleet plus a few converted yachts, colliers and supply vessels. One of these converted yachts, the *U.S.S. Yosemite,* was fitted out as an escort cruiser, and Dean Cooley sailed aboard her as Chief Engineer. When he signed on he sent out a call for Michigan boys to sign on, too. Most of his crew was from Ann Arbor. Edwin Denby (Class of 1896, Law), later Secretary of the Navy, made his first voyage on the *Yosemite.* Within a month after being commissioned, the *Yosemite* was in action. She was detailed to convoy a beach-landing operation in Cuba when 800 Marines were landed on the shore of Guantánamo Bay from small boats. The leathernecks didn't know Guantánamo Bay was the main Spanish naval base until the Spanish opened fire. But the landing was made anyhow, and the Alumni Association's records say that the very first American flag carried ashore in that action was planted upright by a Michigan student from the *Yosemite.*

Later that year, 1898, the *Yosemite* was cruising off the north coast of Cuba when she unexpectedly encountered the armed Spanish supply ship *Antonio Lopez* running ammunition to the Spanish troops at San Juan. The battle which followed must have made many of those

Michigan boys wish they were back in Ann Arbor. The *Yosemite* opened fire with its small deck guns, forcing the larger vessel in toward shore. When the *Yosemite* followed her within range of the shore batteries their heavy guns began throwing big shells at her. Trying to dodge the shore fire but taking a number of destructive hits, the *Yosemite* kept slugging away at the *Antonio Lopez* until the Spaniard grounded on the beach. Three small but fast Spanish gunboats raced out of the harbor and circled the *Yosemite*, keeping up an irritating attack. The *Yosemite* went after them one by one, twice driving them back into the harbor.

Dean Cooley's grimy berth as Chief Engineer of a small convoy ship in such an action must have been a happy assignment for him. He liked the sea. He had sailed as Assistant and Chief Engineer in many ships. He was an Annapolis graduate (1878) who had been shifted from sea duty to a shore assignment with the Bureau of Steam Engineering at Washington. He came to the University originally in 1881 as an official Navy representative. He was assigned to teach a course in steam engineering and iron shipbuilding, and he became so fond of Ann Arbor that he resigned from the Navy in 1885 to accept the professorship of Mechanical Engineering.

It was Dean Cooley, who, a few years after the Spanish-American War, insisted upon a long experimental tank for naval architecture models in the new Engineering Building. The existence of such a big tank brought ship designers to Ann Arbor from many parts of the country and gave Michigan another boost in prestige. At that time there were only three such facilities in the country, and Michigan's was the best.

Michigan's contribution to the land forces was split up on the rosters of fifteen States. Since war was declared during the summer vacation, the boys who enlisted joined their home-town companies. Many University students served with the 31st, 32nd, 33rd and 34th Michigan regiments. There was a sizeable Michigan contingent in the 9th Massachusetts, a composite, catch-all unit in the early days of the war. All these regiments were first organized into a brigade called the Michigan Volunteers, under the command of Brig. Gen.

Henry M. Duffield of Detroit, an elderly, fiercely moustached warrior who had fought in the Civil War and had held a reserve commission ever since. He was a Michigan alumnus of the Class of 1858, and member of the Law class of 1859. His boys were among the first to see action in Cuba.

Duffield's boys gathered in recruit camps and then went for basic training to Camp Alger, Virginia, where the Volunteer brigade was federalized as the 9th Massachusetts Brigade. From there to Tampa, Florida, by boat was an easy trip. But at Tampa trouble developed with the food, with contaminated water, and with yellow fever. More of Duffield's men succumbed to disease than to Spanish bullets, but enough of them survived and got to Cuba to add eight more names after those entered in the Alumni Association's Civil War records as "killed in action."

One of these lads, Oliver B. Norton of the medical class of 1901, was killed by a shell while storming San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Norton had enlisted in the 1st Volunteer Cavalry because he liked horses. When his outfit became the Roosevelt Rough Riders, he knew it wouldn't be long before he was in the thick of it. He was right.

News of Norton's death was relayed to Siboney, a new American camp near the town of that name east of Santiago, where it reached two medical majors, both of them Michigan medical faculty members. Both were Norton's good friends. Dean Victor C. Vaughan and Dr. C. B. G. De Nancrede were stationed in Cuba to help with the rush of casualties. Soon De Nancrede returned to his regular post, a convalescent camp at Montauk Point, Long Island.

The Michigan *Daily* dutifully recorded the progress of General Shafter and Admiral Dewey, but there were other problems that seemed closer to home than the "little brown brother" in Luzon. During the summer, for example, an astonishing new electric-light plant was built and placed in operation. It had the innovation of underground cables to eliminate the forest of poles and wires which disfigured most electrical installations of the time. What such a thing would have done to the stately elms and oaks of the campus is obvious,

and that was why the project had been delayed two years until a satisfactory cable had been developed.

In September, 1898, the entire campus was saddened by the death of one of Ann Arbor's and Michigan's most interesting and useful men, Judge Thomas M. Cooley. In fact, Judge Cooley for years had probably been Michigan's foremost citizen. He was recognized here and abroad as a brilliant legal mind, and beyond all that he was a popular local character whose death the people of Michigan felt as a severe loss. Cooley was a remarkable man who achieved distinction without any apparent desire to become great. Fame was almost thrust upon him. Legal authorities said he was the greatest constitutional lawyer of the day; maybe he was. Scholars respected his definitive *History of Michigan*. As Associate Justice and then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, he attained such prestige as comes to few lawyers.

The townspeople and the University faculty knew all that, yet Cooley never seemed to act the part of greatness. He was just a loyal home-towner who lived in a rambling stone house across from the campus on State Street at the corner of South University. The students and faculty saw him sitting on the porch every day in the summer, and he always smiled and spoke to them and called many of them by name.

It was something of a shock, therefore, to recall after Judge Cooley's death that he had drafted the legislation creating the Interstate Commerce Commission, served as its first Chairman at Washington, turned down a Cabinet appointment, and declined one of the nation's most lucrative legal posts as general counsel to a huge railroad network. Cooley was such a big man nationally that he could have had his choice of posts. Instead, he chose to stay in Michigan, enjoying his home and his family and occasionally teaching a course in the University. He was a tall, homely man who spoke in a high voice and looked something like Lincoln, especially in a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat. The people of Ann Arbor seldom saw him in such a costume. They really didn't think of him as a famous man until they read his obituary.

Yet Cooley held no college degree; he was a self-educated lawyer who had begun practice in Adrian, Michigan, and then moved to a smaller village, Tecumseh, to build his career. While there he was selected to help codify a new edition of the State's public laws. This led to an appointment as official reporter to the Supreme Court, and it was in this capacity that President Tappan picked him to help organize the new Department of Law at Michigan. Cooley moved to Ann Arbor and lived there the rest of his life.

He was elected to the Supreme Court and served on it twenty-one years. During this entire period he taught occasional courses at the Law School, leaving only for one three-year period when he lectured at the Johns Hopkins Law School, Baltimore. He was still teaching in 1887, but the pressure of his public and private affairs forced him to retire in that year. From then on he lived quietly at home until death came in 1898.

The President of the United States sent a personal emissary to the funeral; a Justice of the United States Supreme Court came, too, and tributes arrived from Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and remote corners of the world. Judge Cooley's stone-porched house, at the request of his family, became the first home of the Michigan Union. The present Union building stands on the same site. If he could see the thousands of students milling in and out of it every day, Judge Cooley would be happy.

12

By the turn of the century the campus and its own business section, surrounded by miles of elm-shaded streets lined with rooming houses and beautiful fraternities, seemed like a self-contained world within the city of Ann Arbor. It was no longer necessary for the University people to maintain close contact with the citizens of the town.

Such a division between town and campus seems to be inevitable in the course of time when the campus is that of a nationally known institution, with a student body drawn from near and far. At Michigan, until about 1900, there was a marked interrelationship between town

and campus, tied together by the churches, the post office, the necessity of buying supplies downtown, and of course the belief that the rooming houses were part of the town. At the turn of the century the increasing divergence became apparent. Today relatively few occasions arise for the student to go downtown. Mostly it's the other way. The townspeople come up to the campus area. There they have access to bigger and better theatres, fine dress shops and specialty stores which offer things not usually found in a city the size of Ann Arbor. The merchandise is not only different in the campus shops, but higher in price. Many swank New York firms maintain branches on State Street, at the University, but not on Main Street, Ann Arbor. A similar situation applies to the newspapers. The Ann Arbor *Daily News* is not widely read on the campus, not as widely as the Detroit, Chicago or New York papers. The Michigan *Daily*, conversely, is not popular in the city of Ann Arbor.

The town-gown divergence became marked, at first, in the riotous clothing seen on the students. Such costumes would have caused a furore on Main Street, but they were sold in great quantity by the campus shops and worn with glee by the students – until they went home. They probably would not have dared astonish their parents with these outrageous garments.

Look at the old pictures of the 1900 period. Pick up any campus publication, and what looms forth in both text and advertising? Enormous four-in-hand cravats with knots more than two inches long . . . stiff, stand-up collars, horseshoe stickpins, starched shirt fronts, suède gloves, bamboo canes. And what are these queer three inch checks and plaids on full jackets and skin-tight trousers? Where did these white spats come from? A burlesque show? No, the Michigan campus.

It was all part of that national phenomenon which historians call "McKinley Prosperity." The college student became the fashion plate of the country. At Michigan the trend was probably more extreme than elsewhere, because Michigan was the nation's foremost example of a co-educational college, the biggest in point of attendance, which intensified the competition among the men students.

So severe was the competition, in fact, that the co-eds were kept busy in their free time by the upperclassmen, and the freshmen perforce had to dazzle the town girls. I was told by the manager of the first electric interurban line connecting Detroit with Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and Jackson that the line between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor was a gold mine for the first few years of its existence. There was a fifteen-minute schedule each way in the evening, purposely arranged so that students could get to Ypsilanti for dates with the Normal School girls and be back at the corner of Packard and State at a reasonable hour.

The *Inlander,* widely read campus monthly, referred to this nightly exodus to Ypsilanti with the comment that a Michigan student's romance progressed like this: as a freshman he met the town girls at church and Sunday school, as a sophomore and junior he found the Normal School girls at Ypsilanti more responsive; as a senior he was finally able to get some attention from the co-eds. Then, after graduation, he returned home and married a girl who had lived across the street from him since babyhood.

There wasn't much entertainment to offer a girl in those days before the era of movies, radio and the modern social diversions. The students were not encouraged to visit the co-eds at their guarded rooming houses, although many did. If he were musically inclined, the student could play the mandolin. If not, he might rent a buggy and drive the co-ed out for a Saturday afternoon in the forested range of hills bordering the Huron River.

Walking, meaning hiking, was fashionable, too. Co-eds had some tennis courts, and men students had others, but co-educational tennis was not popular until a decade later. Co-eds seldom attended football games at Regents' Field in its early period because, there being no grandstand, they were required to run up and down behind a wall of excited men who followed the plays, without being able to understand or see much of what went on.

In the late 1890's, co-education at Michigan began making progress. Until about that time there had been prejudices against the presence of women at a university attended also by men. The era

of the exalted, sexless Souls with a Purpose was pretty well discredited by now, and with the changing times co-eds began to pay some attention to their appearance as well as their class standings. The "Gibson Girl" era was in full swing. Co-eds arrived on the campus with beautiful clothes and a strong desire to display them at campus social events.

The explanation is found in a broader social trend of the Gay Nineties period. While certainly not an emancipated era, it showed the beginnings of a national consciousness of women as citizens and full partners in the life of the country. Michigan, the largest university in point of attendance, had been the first to welcome women into the full academic activity on the campus. At first confined largely to co-eds seeking permanent careers in teaching or missionary work, the feminine contingent increased gradually throughout the 1890's until by 1900 it represented about a quarter of the total attendance.

Personal interviews with ladies who were co-eds back in the 1890's have shown me that the life of a college girl was considerably more fun then than it is today, but also more difficult. The fun came with a feeling of liberation and new opportunity on the co-ed's part. She was regimented in a strict boardinghouse, but she was treated there like an adult, instead of like a child as at home. She could choose her friends and accept invitations to scores of exciting parties and meetings which would have been denied her at home. Her class work was no more difficult for her than for the men; sometimes easier. She felt a sense of belonging to the world beyond her own family or local social group. It is noteworthy that in the 1890's she considered it both possible and probable that she would marry and lead a normal home life after graduation. She had ceased to regard a college education as a substitute for a lost opportunity to marry. In fact, I have been told that in the 1890's she began to feel that the Michigan campus was a very good place to fall in love.

But college life was more difficult physically for her. The dress of the period was heavy and clumsy. Also, it was elaborate, and one Michigan co-ed of the period told me she had to spend an hour a day merely doing her hair and undoing it at night. She had, she said,

fifty-seven hairpins, each of which had to go in a certain position.

Skirts were floor-length, meaning that they were mud-catchers. Corsets reduced the normal waist measurement to a painful eighteen inches. Shoes were high on the ankle, and usually a size too small because a "dainty foot" was highly prized. Girls wore tight kid gloves and enormous hats which balanced precariously on a swirl of hair, the whole held together by an intricate framework of nets, "rats," hairpins and anything else that was handy.

In 1900 appeared the "rainy daisy" skirt which ended at the ankles and allowed the wearer some freedom. But the newspapers ridiculed it on the ground that girls with trim ankles wore it when "there was not a cloud in the sky." Ministers thundered against it. Girls who wore "rainy daisies" except in rainy weather were looked upon as "fast"—a serious accusation in 1900.

But the men were having a fine time in the grotesque costumes which passed for college fashion in that year. The "Oxford blazer" swept the colleges of the country, though it never became popular at Ann Arbor. A tight jacket of some light background material, it bore vertical red or blue stripes, an inch wide, from top to bottom. The little class caps looked grotesque with it; only a straw hat looked well with such a jacket. Since the class cap was more important at Michigan, the "blazer" was less worn there than elsewhere.

The was a fad for exhibiting class numerals on everything – carving them with a big block "M" on any sort of surface. This combination appeared in silver on the bowls of stubby briar pipes. It was worn everywhere, by anyone who ever made any sort of class team. Activities running the gamut from debating to wrestling were signalized by the wearing of class emblems. Numerals appeared on everything from shirt pockets to turtle-neck sweaters.

Clubs of all kinds blossomed forth to add more opportunities for the display of emblems. Of course there were a Mandolin Club and a Banjo Club. The junior and senior classes sponsored a succession of literary and scholastic clubs under such names as Toastmasters, Owls, Friars, Pipe and Bowl, and Alchemists, and, for the women, the Senior Society and the Mortarboard. Most of them are famous institutions

now. In addition to them there were, in 1900, sixteen Greek-letter fraternities, seven sororities and ten other fraternities in the professional schools.

The general campus organizations appealing to everybody grew faster during this period than ever before. One of the biggest was the Choral Union, which grew at such a rate that by 1893 it was able to organize the May Festival concerts on a small scale. By 1900 they had become very successful. Year by year these concerts brought to Ann Arbor the most gifted musical artists of the world. At first they performed in University Hall, in the second-floor auditorium. Big iron stairways were built on the outside of the building to handle the crowds more safely than the single interior staircase. Dr. A. A. Stanley, Director of Music, was largely responsible for the May Festival successes, although his University School of Music, located on Maynard Street a block from the campus, was not an official part of the institution until much later.

The Michigan Glee Club was booked as far away as Salt Lake City and San Francisco. It sang, in 1900, popular ballads like "Lindy Lou" and chorus numbers from Victor Herbert and Reginald De Koven. At each appearance in other cities it seemed to grow more popular. Audiences liked good music and paid well to hear it.

Baseball came rushing back into high student favor. Each fraternity had its team, each class its own baseball squad. In 1899 and 1900 some of the younger instructors worked up a team good enough to take on the class teams. The Athletic Association organized an intramural baseball league for this interclass play, and a Pan-Hellenic League for the fraternities. The baseball diamonds at Regents' Field were in use almost every warm day. The small grandstand at the western end of the field looked like something from "Casey at the Bat," with its wooden roof and big, pillared supports, painted green. The keen interclass baseball rivalry developed a spirit of class loyalty seldom seen nowadays. The student's belief that his own class was better than any other was put to the test every year in the big Class Rush in the first weeks of the term.

These spectacles became surrounded with their own aura of tra-

dition. One of the first requirements was the formal challenge from the sophs to the "frosh" in the form of an insulting handbill. Some of them went into gruesome detail about the horrible ways in which the sophs intended to annihilate and assassinate the lowly freshman, who were supposed to tremble in fear.

On the day appointed, usually in mid-October, the two classes donned their oldest clothes and trooped to the campus. A leader from each class daubed the foreheads of the combatants with paint, so that recognition would be easier – red for the sophs, green for the "frosh." Singing and shouting, the crowds paraded down to the Huron River. A giant ship's hawser had been stretched between the banks, and the first contest was a tug-of-war in which one class pulled the other into the cold river. Sometimes this was varied by a pushball game at Regents' Field, using a gigantic ball about six feet in diameter which each class tried to get across the opposite goal line.

The winning class always celebrated by doing something to make its numerals famous, or notorious. One class painted its numerals on the foundation stones of the new Law Building, where no amount of scrubbing could get them off. They became known as the "human skunks." The class of 1900 ran up a flag bearing its numerals to the top of the campus flagpole, near the Library, then cut the lanyard. A sharpshooter from the sophomore class parted the thin line with a rifle bullet.

Publications, too, reflected the changing student personality. The nonfraternity "independents" published their own literary monthly, *The Castalian*, until 1896. That same year the fraternities' old *Palladium* gave up the ghost too, after 36 years of publication. They were succeeded in campus favor by *The Inlander*, which was easier to read. In *The Inlander* many a Michigan student made his literary debut. It published many excellent articles.

As became a serious publication, however, *The Inlander* offered no humor. The humorous magazine that was bound to appear first made its bow on the Michigan campus in 1894 in a form now forgotten but said to have been excruciatingly funny. The magazine, a biweekly, was called *The Wrinkle*, and by 1900 it was a howling success. It bor-

rowed jokes from outside sources when they struck a campus note. Typical of these was a scene from a Weber and Fields comedy, popular then, wherein a man consults a fortuneteller.

"Oh!" exclaims the medium. "Oh! This is terrible! I see that you will die of starvation among strangers!"

"Shipwreck?"

"No, boardinghouse."

The professional schools published their own sedate journals, to which some classes added publications of their own, to wit, the Law class of 1894 and its humorous *To Wit*. *The Michigan Technic* came out regularly from the Engineering School, with a series of confusing-looking graphs and a text that somehow resembled English but was so much Greek to one who could not read mathematical symbols. When *The Castalian* and *The Palladium* ceased publication in 1896 they were succeded for a time by *The Argonaut*, but beginning in 1897 all of the annuals were merged into a big, thick volume the size of the Detroit telephone directory, called *The Michiganensian*.

This bulky volume is only one of a long list of campus, society and class publications which have distinguished the University ever since *The Palladium* first appeared in 1860. Michigan has given free expression to the students' urge to see themselves in print. Many publications have appeared and quickly perished for lack of popular support. Others, like *The Oracle*, published annually by the sophomore class from 1869 to 1916, *The Medical Journal* and the Law School's *Res Gestae*, were well read for years. Old grads still think nostalgically about the old *Inlander*, *The Wrinkle* and *The Castalian*. They faithfully mirrored the Michigan student in that odd era known as the nineties.

3

The policy of nominating and electing as Regents only graduates of the University is, at times, a two-edged sword. Occasionally a non-graduate is elected to the Board, but when this happens the candidate is well known, has a background of service to the State in some other

field, and is elected to represent some special section of the population which feels that the University ought to heed its viewpoint.

In 1889 this happened when Hermann Kiefer, German refugee doctor, was elected. He served until 1902. He was not a graduate of the University, but of course held degrees from famous universities in Europe. He was a hard-driving sort of a man who had made himself famous as a champion of doctors in general; a spokesman for the medical profession. He saw his election to the Board as a mandate to help medicine at the University.

The immediate goal announced by Dr. Kiefer was a new Medical Building, and he kept everlastingly at it. His campaign was set back during the latter half of the 1890's, though by then he had managed to put through the new hospital building on the hill. Dr. Kiefer waited as patiently as possible until legislative appropriations from the State again made new construction possible. That time came in 1900, when enough money was appropriated to give the University one new building. Which was it to be — Medical or Engineering?

This question caused a furore among the Regents. Dr. Kiefer championed all doctors in and out of the University who demanded better facilities for their profession on the campus. Frank Fletcher, representing the Engineers, was just as adamant. Furthermore, as Chairman of the Building and Grounds Committee, Fletcher had the inside track. He said it was to be the Engineering Building first.

They were interesting characters. Dr. Kiefer, as a poor young man, had escaped from Germany during a political uprising when he backed the losing side. He came to the United States, began to practice medicine, and made a fortune. He was a member of top-ranking scientific bodies throughout the world. He had served the United States as Consul in his native city, Stettin, and years later became Health Officer of Detroit and saved it from a heavy death toll in recurrent epidemics. He was a member of and a national figure in the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Medicine, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the American Historical Society. He had snapping, gleaming eyes and a bushy beard which seemed to be always in motion. In 1900 he was getting old and

determined to retire when his term was up in 1902. But until then he was using all his failing energy to get that new Medical Building.

Frank Fletcher had nothing against medicine, or the Medical School, but he was loyal to Engineering. Everybody on the Board called him "Frank" and treated him like an intimate friend, without the polite formality used in the presence of Dr. Kiefer. Fletcher was a lumber baron who had spent many years in the logging camps. His wide, massive shoulders, thick neck, wavy hair and bushy moustache made him look something like a Bowery bartender.

The lean, ascetic Levi Barbour, the musician Henry Stewart Dean, and the dour old millionaire, Arthur Hill, carefully refrained from supporting either faction. Hill had plans of his own, but in his own way he kept them to himself. He was the richest man in Saginaw, a a railroad tycoon who was ominously silent most of the time. Hill had bought some eighty acres of standing timber three miles from the campus and presented it to the University as a study field for forestry students. He asked the Board to name it Saginaw Forest in honor of his home city, which was done. A little later, in 1900, the late Prof. Alexander Winchell's queer octagonal house came on the market. It was located on North University across the street from the campus, in the midst of a large lot with ample street frontage. Hill saw here a chance for future expansion. He didn't know then exactly what would be done with it. But in his quiet way he said he thought the Regents had better buy it while they had the opportunity. The Board purchased the property for $14,000, and left it idle for several years. Dr. Kiefer made no objection to this purchase, which so impressed Hill that he decided to throw his vote with the Doctor's for the new Medical Building. That decided the issue. Fletcher finally gave in, with a proviso that the *next* appropriation was to go to Engineering. Everyone agreed to that. The Medical Building is Dr. Kiefer's monument. He fought for it, designed it, supervised the details of its equipment, and lived just long enough to see it opened. The cornerstone was laid in October, 1901, and the edifice was finished two years later.

The Medical Building had to be built next to the old, original structure because class work could not be interrupted during construction.

It was thought to be big enough in 1903 — 175 feet by 145 feet, four stories high, with laboratories, lecture amphitheatres, and pickling vats in the basement for cadavers, next to the dissecting rooms. That was a spooky place — a most unfortunate place on the campus for a timid co-ed to get lost in.

After 1903 we hear very little about the Old Medical Building. For a time, classes were held in both buildings. But finally everything was moved out of the historic old relic and it stood forgotten and forlorn. By this time, enrollment was enormous and the east side of the campus was thronged every day with medics and engineers who walked hurriedly past the gaunt old structure, seeming not to see it. The trees which had once framed its classic façade were gone; it was hemmed in between the new Medical and Engineering buildings, and by 1910 students had to ask old-timers on the faculty what it had ever been used for.

That building erected in 1850 and enlarged in 1864 meant as much to American medicine as any structure in the nation. There serums were developed and tested which saved the lives of vast numbers of sufferers throughout the world. There the first experiments in surgical sepsis were conducted, which cut down the loss of life in operating rooms and proved the validity of the theories of Pasteur and Lister, disparaged abroad. Vaccines born in that old building carried their protection to millions of children everywhere. Dozens of medical and surgical techniques, standard today, were first demonstrated in the little stone-pillared temple. By 1864 the building was so overcrowded that the campus wing was added, topped by the little dome which shows prominently in old illustrations. The edifice was busy until about 1905, when it gradually grew too old to be practical. So the venerable temple was left to rot. In 1910 a serious fire destroyed its front portion, followed by another fire in 1911 which left it a burned-out hulk. It was finally torn down in 1914, and on its site rose the tremendous Randall Physics Laboratory. I find no tablet or other sign on the Randall Laboratory to show that the old Medical Building ever stood there. Nowhere on the campus is there any memento of it.

The "new Medical Building" of 1903 is the Old Medical Building of

today. Some day its turn, too, will come. On such a crowded campus that is inevitable. But those who cherish Michigan's traditions and history hope that something will be done to perpetuate the memory of buildings which have to come down. Without them, there would never have been the University we see today.

With Dr. Kiefer happy about his new building, Frank Fletcher went ahead with his plans for a new home for the Engineering School. While the Medical Building was going up, Fletcher and Dean Cooley were busy at drafting boards laying out a sort of special colony on the northeast corner of the campus. They had such a complex problem that their solution was ingenious in its economy of space, but precedent-shattering in its creation of a whole new college within the University. Their new College of Engineering was quite like one of the separate colleges at, say, Cambridge.

It was there on the campus, but it withdrew into itself. The main building was L-shaped, located on South and East University, with the intersection cut off at an angle and hollowed out in an archway over the diagonal walk. Between the ends of this queer building the architects tossed in about everything they thought they might need. There were all kinds of shops and special machinery. There was a powerhouse with a squat smokestack, and another shop humming away in what had once been the carriage barn back of Prof. Frieze's house.

Opened in 1904, this Engineering Building became almost as famous a campus landmark as University Hall. The odd way it carried right on over the diagonal sidewalk seemed to express the practical nature of engineers: never waste an inch of space or a minute of time. Photographs of the Engineering Arch are the commonest souvenirs of the Michigan campus, because there's nothing just like it any place else in the world.

In this busy area Dean Cooley set up a college that came very close to being independent of the main University. As a technical school it had little in common with the other professional schools or the College of Literature, Science and the Arts. Cooley had his own 3,500-volume Engineering Library. His boys had their own publica-

tions, their separate fraternities and societies. He had special off-the-campus facilities like the Saginaw Forest and Camp Davis for summer field work.

Dean Cooley's catalogue was almost as extensive as that of the whole University a few years earlier. In addition to the pure science fields of physics and mechanics, he offered major courses in electrical, mechanical, civil, marine, chemical, ceramic and automotive engineering, as well as majors in forestry, theoretical physics and mathematics. Now the list is twice as long, with famous courses in electronics, aeronautical engineering and plastics. In later years all these courses have branched out into such technical fields of graduate study that a layman cannot even understand what the subjects are. One fact, however, is plain. Engineering has a worse expansion problem than even the Medical School. No matter how fast it expands eastward into new buildings, more engineers want to come to Michigan than space will allow. I expect to see the whole thing moved some day to Willow Run, where there are 1,800 acres for the engineers to lay out into new buildings on their drafting boards.

CHAPTER XI

"HURRY-UP" YOST

1

FROM the University of Michigan have come many of America's best known men of affairs. But the most widely publicized character in Michigan's campus history was a football coach named Fielding Harris Yost. In mileage of newspaper columns printed about him, interviews, gossip, prognostications about what he would do and explanations of why he didn't, Yost was the University's best-known man. Throughout the country the words "Yost" and "Michigan" were synonymous.

Part of Yost's career was contemporary with Knute Rockne's and Yost was his twin in the football world. Yost and his Michigan teams leaped into fame a good many years before Rockne and his Four Horsemen, and Yost hung up a record which Rockne didn't even equal. In fact, very few football coaches have ever won so many football games, so fast, as Yost.

More than any other man, Yost changed the aspect of college football and brought about the gigantic stadium, the million-dollar receipts, the big-business trend of the sport. It was not something he set out to do consciously. Yost's simple goal was to teach football and good sportsmanship in equal doses. He loved football and admitted once that the first game he ever saw so stirred him that he got into it and played one of the positions.

This happened in 1895, when Yost was a law student at the University of West Virginia. He was born in that state, at Fairmont, in 1871, and went to a normal school there before going to college. At the University he found he had a natural flair for athletics. He was a middle-sized, husky kid with a square jaw and a thick mop of chestnut

hair, which all footballs heroes wore in those days. The West Virginia coach came on the field with exactly eleven men – no substitutes. When one was needed he turned to Yost, who was sitting in the first row of the grandstand. "Hey! do you think you can get in there and do that?" Yost thought he could.

He learned fast. The following year, 1896, Yost popped up in the line-up of the Allegheny Athletic Club of Pittsburgh, at Lafayette University and in several of his own games at West Virginia. Lyall Smith, of the Detroit *Free Press,* asked Yost some forty years later how he could switch around like that when he was supposed to be studying law at West Virginia. Yost grinned.

"We didn't have the eligibility rules then that we have now."

Between games, Yost managed to recover his fumbled law course and win an LL.B. in 1897. A law office held no attraction for him. He wanted to play football–or coach football. A coaching berth appeared at Ohio Wesleyan, a little Methodist college in Ohio. Yost went there and stayed a year, then moved on to a bigger post at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln. He coached there two seasons and his team did well.

In 1900 he was invited to become head coach at Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. His 1900 Stanford team was a national sensation, and it made Yost, then 29 years old, one of the best-known professional football coaches in the United States.

His bid to come to Michigan was almost inevitable. He was the kind of coach Michigan teams needed. Not that there was anything wrong with Michigan football – quite the contrary. Beginning with 1895, Michigan had been banging away at every college that would schedule a game, winning monotonously, piling up huge scores. Michigan had been undefeated throughout the 1898 season and had won the Western championship in a spectacular game at Chicago. In the seven previous seasons, Michigan teams had won 57 games, lost eight and tied three – a record that stood out like the rubber nose-guard on a football player's face.

Michigan's team was already hailed as "Champions of the West," meaning the Middle West. Since Michigan was the biggest university

n the country, with the best football team, its Athletic Board of Con-rol wanted the best coach. Yost seemed to be the man. He hurled his Stanford team from obscurity to the Pacific Conference championship n 1900. He was invited and he accepted.

Facilities at Regents' Field were not good, the field was only about as big as the usual high-school playground. Ten acres, indeed! Two baseball diamonds, a few tennis courts, a quarter-mile cinder track, a big wooden bleachers and a covered baseball grandstand — almost everything was crowded together in that little field. Then there was the long, annoying distance between Waterman Gymnasium and the gridiron; not so much as a shower spigot at the field.

The small grandstand capacity limited attendance at Regents' Field to something under 10,000, even with the stands full and standees at both ends of the gridiron. Students and visitors hung precariously from telephone poles and perched on the roofs of near-by dwellings. A famous team like Michigan's always made money on the out-of-town games: Chicago, Minnesota, Northwestern and Ohio State. But there was never very much left over.

With the problem thus made clear to him, Yost began. At the outset two men plunged into the task with him. One was Prof. Albert H. Pattengill, who taught Greek but who devoted all the rest of his time to fostering the athletic program. The other was an alumnus, Charlie Baird, Class of 1895, Law, Graduate Manager of Athletics, who was the business genius of the early Yost teams.

What happened is now enscrolled in football history. Yost's first Michigan team, 1901, went through ten opponents like a cyclone. Michigan, 550 points; opponents, 0; Chicago, 22 — 0; Iowa, 50 — 0; Northwestern, 29 — 0; Ohio State, 21 — 0; Indiana, 33 — 0; the University of Buffalo, 128 — 0.

So much clamor arose about the Michigan team that the national excitement had to be satisfied with a post-season game. The Football Coaches' Association at length matched the mighty Michigan team with a Pacific Coast rival which had never played in the Middle West. The contest was scheduled to be played in Pasadena, California, on New Year's Day, 1902. This was largely because the promoters of the

annual Tournament of Roses had asked for the game and provided a playing field in a public park in Pasadena.

Yost saw the game as an excellent means of keeping football alive after the season closed, and moreover he was anxious to show off his new Michigan eleven among his old Pacific Coast colleagues. To represent the Pacific Coast Conference, the Coaches' Association picked Leland Stanford. Yost's happiness was complete.

But the Athletic Association at Ann Arbor didn't have much money and Yost was told he would have to cut the squad to the bone. He took only 15 players, his first-line squad and four substitutes. They didn't make any elaborate preparations; they just got on a train and traveled. The trip was long and exhausting; Yost snoozed most of the time and the players, Harrison ("Boss") Weeks, Neil Snow, Hugh White, Dan McGugin, Willie Heston, Paul Jones and the other 1901 stars, kept themselves amused by leaning out of the car vestibules at station stops and shouting greetings at the townspeople.

The park at Pasadena turned out to be the terminus of the Tournament of Roses parade. It had a small grandstand which had been enlarged for the occasion and held about 5,000. But it seemed to Yost that there were more photographers, reporters and correspondents than paying spectators. Every press association ran a wire into that grandstand. Every sports figure on the West Coast was there. The atmosphere was that of a championship prize fight, and the yardage of newspaper publicity was probably as great as the yardage Yost expected to gain in the game.

After one quick warm-up on the day preceding the game, Yost was ready. The team began grumbling about the heat and the lack of sod on the park gridiron. Their cleated shoes threw up a cloud of dry, black dust which choked them and irritated their eyes. The Pasadena water, lacking the calcium-carrying hardness of Ann Arbor's deep-well supply, put the Michigan men off their feed and made them dispirited.

The temperature stood at 85 degrees. Coach Fisher of Stanford had 40 players on his bench before the game. He came to Yost before the game and insisted on 35-minute halves, which the Association officials

approved if Yost would agree. Yost agreed; he couldn't gracefully refuse. The kickoff saw the regular starting Michigan line-up on the field and the four substitutes on the bench. They stayed there throughout the game. It was a massacre from the opening whistle. Michigan just seemed to march in formation through Stanford, one first down after another. Stanford never had the ball except when Michigan kicked off, and then lost it before making any important gains. At the end of the first half the score stood 37 – 0 for Michigan and Coach Fisher wanted to give up. He said his team was exhausted, substitutes as well as regular players.

"Well," grunted Yost, "rest 'em. I'll hold up the game until they get their wind back."

So after a breathing spell the slaughter of Stanford went on. In the middle of the second half the score stood at Michigan 49, Stanford 0. Fisher gazed at his crumpled, battered, breathless men and waved them off the field, the first case of a team leaving the playing field before the final whistle sounded.

Yost was jubilant. He danced around the field with his arms flying, and Willie Heston joined him. The press wires sent the news humming to the front pages of the nation, and the first of all Rose Bowl contests immediately intrigued the fancy of sports followers everywhere.

Somehow the records on the game were lost; the Coaches' Association couldn't, or didn't, call it an official contest, and Yost suffered the humiliation of seeing this magnificent triumph expunged from the official records of intersectional football. Years later, about 1922, he made a speech which brought out the story and pointedly inquired why he had been denied credit for the victory. The records were corrected, and that 1902 Pasadena game is now accepted as the first Rose Bowl contest.

The following season, 1902, Yost's mighty Wolverines again ran roughshod over the opposition, scoring 644 points to their opponents' 12, and the yellow-and-blue banners of Michigan again waved over the Big Ten – the Western Conference. The 1903 team was scored on only once, by Minnesota, and the conference title stayed at Ann Arbor. The

1904 team played a very heavy schedule but conceded only 22 points to all of its ten college opponents, winning the Big Ten title for the fourth year in succession. Then, in 1905, the long unbroken string of victories came to a dramatic end – a 2-0 defeat by Stagg's Chicago men in the very last game of the season.

This superlative performance on the gridiron was without precedent. Football jumped from an entertaining college activity to the aspect of a mania. Every student who wore a football uniform, even for a few minutes' play, was a big man on the campus. Football changed the students' habits, their speech and their costumes. The padded-shoulder type of campus clothes appeared. The football player's wild mop of hair, which he carefully cultivated to take up the shock of combat, became fashionable everywhere. In team pictures, Michigan players always parted these ample locks in the middle and smeared them down on both sides to make themselves look less like Airedales and reveal their noble brows to the camera. The thing got to be a fad, and the "football haircut" was adopted everywhere.

Throughout the country, boys who shone at high-school or prep-school athletics packed their bags and came to Ann Arbor, hoping desperately for a nod of recognition from the mighty Yost. Michigan's prowess on the gridiron was a national topic, the subject of vaudeville jokes, smoking-car gossip and newspaper editorials. The University, perhaps unfortunately, was in for a period of popular adulation and newspapers regarded the whole institution as a backdrop for the football squad.

Dr. Angell, well into his seventies, seemed unconcerned about the football craze. He came down to Regents' Field occasionally in a buggy in which he was driven ceremoniously past the gates onto the field. Though the squad never stopped practicing, substitutes and student managers would come over and greet their "Prexy." They told him they needed a bigger sports field, more grandstand space, and a house of some kind where the players could change clothes. Angell would agree, nod to them, and be driven away.

Prof. Pattengill had realized in 1901 that the greatest football wizard had come to Michigan, and was likely to stay a long time. He

wanted, above everything else, to make Yost feel contented. Little Regents' Field, outgrown and inadequate, would have to be improved. The official history of athletics at Michigan prepared by Phil Pack, Class of 1918, in 1937, credits Pattengill with the first major effort to do something about a modern stadium. The Regents obviously were bound hand and foot with the demands for campus construction. The Medical Building was going up, and the huge new engineering center would follow. These things were the Regents' duties. The football team was not a duty, but a hobby. It must stand on its own financial feet. Besides, the Regents had done their share when they purchased and equipped that little field. Pattengill therefore sought a donor, preferably a wealthy alumnus, with a passion for football. After several disappointments he was directed to Mr. Dexter M. Ferry of Detroit, not an alumnus, but a man who had the money for such a gift. Whether he had the urge to donate it was the question.

Mr. Ferry, a sedate, rather elderly gentleman with a strange twinkle in his eye, had a special fondness for Michigan. His son Dexter, Jr., was a recent graduate and Mr. Ferry himself was a football fan, often attending the games at Regents' Field. At any rate, Pattengill didn't have much of a sales problem. Mr. Ferry became interested in a new football gridiron. Unknown to Pattengill he put some representatives into Ann Arbor who bought the 21 acres lying along State Street between Regents' Field and Hoover Avenue. In March, 1902, he deeded this land to the Regents.

The Regents, in turn, assigned the land to the Athletic Board and named it Ferry Field. But it was just a long, open field, somewhat muddy, lying at a low level which sloped away from the sidewalk on State Street, westward toward the railroad tracks and the Hoover Steel Ball Company factory. It was ankle-high with rank grass, in which a few cows were pastured. The Athletic Board was forced to find about $35,000 for improvements, which was such slow work that Ferry Field remained in this half-improved state for four years — until 1906. By that time the Board had erected a high wall along State Street and Hoover Avenue to foil the boys who stood on buggies and climbed telephone poles to watch the games at Regents' Field. The Board had

completed some drainage and grading and built a new football gridiron running east and west. A wooden grandstand had been erected on the Hoover Avenue side.

The new field had a cinder track around the football gridiron and a baseball diamond on the State Street side. When Varsity football was transferred to Ferry Field in 1906, the old Regents' Field became a practice football field and the remainder of the space was devoted to tennis courts and another practice baseball diamond.

The wooden grandstand was far from being adequate to hold the crowds. Before the first game of the 1906 season, therefore, the other wooden stand at Regents' Field was torn down and set up on the same foundations facing the other way – to the north. It thus became the south stand of the new Ferry Field. Some extra lumber remaining was used to add an open bleachers on the north side, and a big enclosed press box on the roof of the north grandstand, at the 100-foot section where it was covered. Into this press "pagoda," as the scribes called it, came so many press and telephone wires that the main cable entering the pagoda was as thick as a man's wrist and several hundred feet long, writhing like a lead-covered snake from the telephone poles behind the grandstand on Hoover Avenue.

Mr. Dexter M. Ferry, Sr., was not finished with his contributions to the field which now bore his name. Lack of funds had forced the Athletic Board to nail up some crude slab gates at the main entrance. Mr. Ferry thought these an eyesore, and said so. At his expense an artist from the faculty of the brand-new School of Architecture and Design (opened in 1906) drew sketches of an impressive entrance with delicate wrought-iron gates and a row of stone ticket houses with gates between them. Mr. Ferry paid for these beautiful gates and the ticket houses too.

The capacity of the grandstands in 1906 was 25,000, and slowly Ferry Field added one section of seats after another. Concrete stands replaced the old wooden ones on the south side in 1910, as the first unit of a proposed U-shaped stadium. But before long it became apparent that a U-shaped stadium wouldn't solve the need for increased capacity. The only solution was an entirely new start—a huge new bowl-

type stadium at another location. The modern Michigan Stadium, with its capacity of 87,000, was opened in 1927.

Ferry Field is still in use, still claims the affection of the old grads, and to a high degree is one of Michigan's best-loved landmarks. Those graceful old wrought-iron gates appear in all kinds of Michigan publications, on the covers of programs, and in Alumni publications too. They have become as much a symbol of Michigan during the "good old days" as the Engineering Arch.

Today the Michigan athletic plant is valued at somewhere between $3 and $4 million, and has been paid for out of football receipts entirely. The Regents gave the first playing field. Josiah Waterman, Levi Barbour and Dexter M. Ferry added their gifts to help get things started. But these grants are the only help ever received by the Athletic Board. Yost's fame, and the prowess of his teams, provided the revenue. As Athletic Director after 1921, Yost continued to expand the plant year by year. Sports writers agree that Michigan has bigger and better athletic facilities than any other university in the world. Small wonder Yost remains Michigan's most famous personality.

12

For all his modesty in interviews and apparent humility in declining honors, Yost was a showman at heart. On tour with his Michigan teams the players noticed that he hurried to get the local newspapers at each college they visited. He would read slowly and carefully, then grab the nearest player, star or substitute, and chortle gleefully: "See that? See what it says about me?" Cartoons, especially, tickled Yost's fancy. He cut out and saved great numbers of them. Every football that figured in a Michigan victory was saved and painted with the date, the name of the opposing team, and the score. Before the clubhouse was built, these were displayed in Waterman Gymnasium Later, at the Ferry Field Athletic Administration Building, the collection rooms attained the size of a museum, full of lighted showcases and wall panels crowded with trophies, footballs, plaques, pictures and paraphernalia.

Long before the 12-year "golden age of football" ended in 1907, Yost had become a national figure and a great hero at Ann Arbor. He acquired the nickname "Hurry Up" Yost almost as soon as he stepped out on Regents' Field for the first time in 1901. He was a quick, nervous, impatient man. He seemed to be everywhere, watching every move. He would suddenly appear in a practice line, take the ball and go plunging through, shouting, "Hurry up! Hurry up! Get through there! Don't waste time!"

Yost's ingenuity in formations was almost limitless. He brought not only new speed and drama to the game, but an entirely new concept of the functions of the line. When he played his first game in 1895, football was mostly a matter of stamina. Yost introduced cunning. He had found opposing teams using a trick whereby the play was maneuvered against the side-lines. The defending team usually didn't know how to use half of its line, which was wedged up against the linesmen and spectators. To counter this, Yost unbalanced his line completely.

In an early Yost formation he might have the center out on one end, and both right- and left-ends in the middle. He introduced the "line shift" to confuse the defending line. At each new play the Michigan line would be jumbled up in a new combination. Quarterbacks called signals in those days before the huddle was introduced. The center crouched over the ball, flanked by the offensive line, the backfield took its positions, and the quarterback, in a loud voice, started calling a series of numbers to designate the play. Yost was a magician at disguising plays with odd numbers.

Yost's own football book, which he called *Football for Player and Spectator,* was published in 1905. Here he explains how he arrived at these cabalistic number combinations. They were always double numbers: "twenty-nine, forty-one . . . sixty-two. . . ." After the third series was called, the center snapped the ball to the quarter, and he, in turn, put the play into motion.

The first number called was a fake to confuse the opposition. The second was the number of the play to be used, and the third number indicated the ball carrier. Yost's quarterbacks had to re-designate

plays and use different numbers as fast as their opponents began to recognize certain ones. But some like "Old 83" became famous. Opposing quarterbacks winced every time they heard it.

Yost's men lined up, the quarterback bellowed for "83," or some number meaning that play, and the whole team, line and backfield, threw its total weight against the right of the opposing line. Michigan's big fullback would gallop and plunge through the welter of bodies like a wild bull. Being big and husky, he was usually the center of attention and everybody saw the opposing team converge on him; linesmen and officials running alongside to keep up until he was stopped, exhausted.

But he didn't have the ball. The little quarterback was hiding it all this time. Before the referee's whistle sounded ending the play, the quarterback passed the ball to another backfield man who started like a streak around the other end where nobody was watching. A football historian who knew Yost and watched "Old 83" for many years wrote:

"This trick baffled officials as well as Michigan foes, and was stopped as often by referees getting in the path of the ball carrier as by the enemy. With variations, Yost used "Old 83" successfully through more than thirty football seasons."

He became an early advocate of long, spectacular passing as soon as the rules permitted it. The so-called "aerial game" was brought into use largely by Yost, Rockne and Stagg when trickery in attack formations lost its effectiveness about the time of World War I. By that time all the bigger colleges were playing scientific football. They scouted each other's games and were well aware of all the familiar tricks.

The game had returned to the old-time, classic plan of steam-roller gains, a yard or two, on downs. The slowness and dullness of this spectacle induced Yost to think up ways of making it more rapid and dramatic. The pass was the answer. With the opening up of the game by long passes, fumble recovery was a frequent occurrence. It brought thousands of people to their feet, out of breath. Long broken-field runs by fast backfield men filled the stadiums again with cheering crowds.

Along with fast football, Yost influenced the development of big,

well-trained University bands in resplendent yellow-and-blue uniforms to parade the field between halves. The Michigan University Band developed with Yost's teams. Headed by a fancy-stepping drum major, the Band appeared on the field playing the stirring march "The Victors," and was always greeted by a wave of welcoming shouts that drowned out the music. When, between halves, the Band formed its famous "M" right on the midfield line with the drum major spinning his baton like a pinwheel, the crowds yelled again. But when he was replaced by the musical director with his small baton and white gloves, the crowd knew what was coming. Everyone stood, uncovered, and joined in singing the anthem "The Yellow and the Blue."

The music is as much a part of the scene as the game itself. The Band used to parade down State Street before each game, filling the street with a a solid wall of humanity that crowded up against the bass drum. Under the long line of fine conductors, from Ike Fisher to Prof. William Revelli, and drillmasters like the brilliant Lieut. R. R. Coursey, the Band still finds ways of doing the unexpected along with the familiar. It can paraphrase almost any musical composition into march time. It begins some selection with a flurry of flutes, a roll of drums and a blaring forth of trombones as if Wagner himself had written the orchestration, and then suddenly changes to some opus at the level of "Open The Do-oo-r, Richard!"

The most famous of all Michigan football songs, and the one most likely to be demanded by the football crowds, is "The Victors." It was an inspiration that somehow came to a Michigan undergraduate named Louis Elbel one night in 1898 in Chicago. Louis, a mild-mannered young man, had gone to Chicago on a special train from Ann Arbor to see the final game of the 1898 season played in the White Stockings baseball park between Michigan and the University of Chicago.

At this game the Big Ten title lay there on the field waiting to be claimed. At the end of the first half the score was almost tied, 6-5. Michigan had a touchdown and Chicago had a field goal. Early in the second half, when the ball had been forced down deep into Michigan territory, history was made. A thin, unknown substitute on the Michi-

gan team named C. H. Widman broke loose between left end and left tackle and ran down the field 60 yards with the whole Chicago team after him. The Chicago fullback caught him on the five-yard line, twisted little Widman around and almost threw him. But Widman got away. The fullback hung on, but not hard enough. Widman squirmed his way across the goal line on his stomach, and scored.

Pandemonium broke loose in the stands. The game was eventually resumed, and Chicago won another touchdown, but the final score stood 12-11 for Michigan, and the Big Ten title came back to Ann Arbor. That night the Michigan students paraded up and down Chicago's South Side, where they had no business to be in the year 1898. They sang, they marched and they roistered. Louis Elbel sang, too, but he found himself improvising a new song, words and music. He wrote it in a hotel room in Chicago, and every Michigan student knows it now:

Hail to the victors, valiant –
Hail to the conquering heroes –
Hail, Hail to Michigan, the leaders and best –
Hail to the victors valiant,
Hail to the conquering heroes –
Hail, Hail to Michigan, the Champions of the West.

Now, admittedly, that does not require the poetic touch of a Byron. It is about what anyone might expect an undergraduate to dash off in a moment of sheer inspiration. But the Band, as usual, works its magic. When the resplendent Band wheels through the gates onto the gridiron with the sun glistening on the drum major's big silver baton and the drums vibrating throughout the concrete cliffs, that song is enough to make anybody stand up and cheer.

The Band's arrangement of it is inspired. The tempo keeps going throughout a long twelve-bar transition from verse to chorus with a thumping of drums, a bold passage indicating defiance by the trombones, and a penetrating high obbligato by the flutes to build up a whopping *Tannhäuser*-like crescendo introducing the chorus. The

Band plays "The Victors" more impressively at football games than anywhere else. That is due, no doubt, to the stimulating effect of the crowd, the big stadium, and the sense of anticipation before a big game.

There is no doubt that the Band helped Yost to build up a sectional interest in football which would crowd bigger stadia year by year. The public interest in certain games, too, was important. A Minnesota game, whether played at Ann Arbor or at Minneapolis, always drew sellout crowds. One reason for that, perhaps, was the story of the Little Brown Jug and its wanderings.

They say that there was once a little brown jug, just an ordinary five-gallon earthenware jug with a cork stopper of the kind which can be bought at any hardware store, but is not quite so popular now as in the home-brew period. In 1903, the Athletic Board bought this homely jug as a water bottle for use during time-out periods in the games at Regents' Field. The water boy ran across the field with it when a player indicated that he was perishing of thirst, or when some victim was knocked cold by a sudden bang on the head.

It came to pass that on a certain day at Minneapolis in 1903 the Wolverines and the Gophers were having at each other in the time-honored manner, but the game did not go according to Yost's pre-game briefing. The year before, in 1902, Michigan had trod heavily on Minnesota's players and her collegiate feelings with a score of 23-6. Evidently Yost thought this game would be a repetition of the last. The contest, however, developed into a bitterly contested tie and ended that way, 6-6. Yost, much upset, shook his head and began directing the squad to pack up for the return trip to Ann Arbor.

While the crowd was filing out of the stadium, one Oscar Munson, property custodian of the Minnesota squad, did with felonious intent purloin, steal and carry away said water jug.

The little brown jug stayed in the Minnesota trophy room until 1909, when the next game was played between the two teams. Michigan won it, 15-6, and bore the jug home in triumph. It became famous. The jug was adorned with a painted panel on which the score of each Michigan-Minnesota game was carefully lettered. It occupied a

reserved box seat at each game, being snatched up and carried off by the winning team. The legend about the jug grew with the rivalry between the two teams. In 1931 it was described by sports writers as the most famous football trophy in America. Attracted by its fame, someone stole it.

The jug disappeared from the trophy case at the Athletic Building at Ann Arbor just a few days before the crucial Michigan-Minnesota game of that year. Minnesota was ready to howl for justice, claiming that the Wolverines had secreted it by stealth rather than risk its loss, when it dramatically reappeared. The jug was found nestling in a clump of shrubbery near a filling station.

In the meantime the embarrassed Yost had sent out and bought another jug exactly like it, and decorated it with the ribbons, the painted panel and the big "M" of the original. When the two jugs were placed side by side neither Yost nor Assistant Coach Capon could tell which was which. Finally an identification was made, and the game proceeded. The fuss was all in vain. Michigan won again, 6-0.

13

The early years of Yost's regime were noteworthy because of an almost possessive attitude toward football on the part of the alumni. There was a prevailing opinion, nationally, that any stratagem was justified as long as it kept a dumb, but powerful, football player in class. Michigan was not the only university in the country which idolized its stars. The University was far from being the lone example of player segregation in special training quarters, but there was the prevailing impression at Ann Arbor that football men were a class apart.

Michigan was probably no worse than other schools in this approval of segregation for athletes. But with the close of the 1905 season, the Big Ten universities began to be apprehensive about what they called the "enthusiasms and rivalries between competing institutions." They declared that football was getting entirely too rough to be tolerated in its current form. Furthermore, the presence on football teams

of certain players who had trouble writing the simplest English themes led the authorities of the Western Conference to assume that something was being concealed from them.

President Angell took no part in the preliminary debates on this question. Finally, in 1905, the other presidents in the Western Conference appealed to him to call a meeting to look into the matter. The venerable Michigan "Prexy" had to stir himself and assume a position. He consulted with campus leaders, faculty, graduate managers and students. These consultations continued for several weeks, after which Dr. Angell agreed to sign a call for a meeting in Chicago.

In the call, Dr. Angell pointed out not only the "roughness and dangerous character of the game of football, but also the absorbing interest and excitement of the students and the general public," which he deemed injurious to the conduct of educational institutions.

When the Conference met in Chicago in March, 1906, the various university presidents stated vehemently that famous coaches like Yost, Stagg and others had built up a national craze that went far beyond the original concepts of athletics at the universities. They had, in fact, overshot the mark – done their jobs too well. Football games in the Western Conference took on all the characteristics of miniature wars; there was the recruiting and training of specialized players, their outfitting and uniforming, feeding and supplying, all at no expense to the player. The athletes were so specialized that they were certainly no credit to their institutions in the classrooms, whatever they were on the gridiron. Where did they come from? Where did these gigantic Irish, Scandinavian or Polish athletes go to school before matriculating at the universities? How did it happen that most of them had no apparent source of income, yet always were well supplied?

George Ade, writing about a little Midwestern college he called "good old Siwash," detailed the manner in which a coach recruited "ivory" in those days. He'd find some big-muscled lumberman or a Slav steel worker with shoulders like an ox yoke. He'd work on him with a sales talk about the delights of going to college. Mysterious alumni supplied the recruit with equally mysterious jobs wherein his

chief duty was collecting a salary. Other alumni took some books, kidnapped the recruit during the summer and crammed enough knowledge into him to get him admitted. Then the fraternities took over.

To counter this, and limit football teams to bona fide students, the Conference drafted the so-called "freshman rule," requiring one year's residence at the university as a prerequisite of football. Varsity competition was limited to three years' play, and graduate students were no longer eligible. The special training table was abolished and special training quarters were forbidden. Players had to live normally like other students, not barracked in places where the universities didn't know what was going on. The number of Big Ten games allowed to any member team was cut to five in any one season.

There was bitter campus debate at all the universities which belonged to the Conference. None of the points won any individual support. Alumni meetings stormed in indignation about the "freshman rule," which at Michigan raised the biggest protest of all. Some of the best players on Yost's squad had played as freshmen, notably Willie Heston, who had starred for four years. The three-year rule would deprive Yost of many of his best players. They would be forced to sit idly in the stands during their senior years, when their skill and stamina were at their best.

The "Angell Conference" was a prelude to the regular formal meeting of the Western Conference, held the following day. Since the same people formed the membership of both organizations, the Conference voted to adopt the recommendations set forth the previous day. They went back to their own campuses, and the big storm broke.

Argument went on for a year. Nobody seemed to like any part of the recommendations. One result, at Michigan, was the setting up of the Board in Control of Athletics as a subordinate administrative department of the University, responsible to the Regents. Through the faculty, the Board came under the influence of the University Senate, where athletic matters could be debated in the same manner as any academic subject. The Athletic Board had a complex membership which the Regents believed would be a fair cross-section of all the elements having a finger in the athletic pie. The members included

the Professor of Physical Training, the Director of the Waterman Gymnasium, one professor each from the Law, Literary, Engineering, Medical, Dental and Pharmacy faculties, one alumnus selected by the Alumni Association, and two undergraduates selected by the Student Athletic Board.

Correspondence was heavy between the Athletic Board and similar groups at other universities. Some of them thought that football was going to be abolished altogether, on the ground that it caused too much friction. Coach Alonzo Stagg of Chicago wrote in April, 1907, that Chicago would stay in the Conference and would schedule games with Michigan, "if Michigan will observe Conference rules in all branches of athletics." Michigan's Board did not reply to the note or take any position on the question.

But the Board, under public pressure and newspaper criticism, abolished the famous training table which had been operating at Prettyman's boardinghouse on North University for almost a dozen years. It was held to be a form of subsidy for athletes, which it probably was in the literal sense of the word, although it was one of the chief factors in Yost's ability to build up superb loyalty and teamwork on his squads. With the training table gone, the Board outlawed special training quarters for athletes and any direct support from an outside source. If the source of a player's income couldn't be proved legitimate, he was ousted. The public demand for reforms was supported by newspaper accounts of subsidized athletes at other schools. These stories attacked college football as artificially stimulated by superathletes given special diets and expert handling by trainers, and all sorts of care in guarded training quarters. Michigan had to follow the trend, regardless of conditions at Ann Arbor which made Yost's case somewhat different. He did not have the slightest worry about subsidized players. He had plenty of varsity material from the best families of Michigan and other states, which could wade through all the subsidized "ivory" of the Western Conference, and had been doing so for the past five years.

But they needed the regulated diet of the training table. Yost went into battle to restore it. Acting on his appeal, the Michigan members

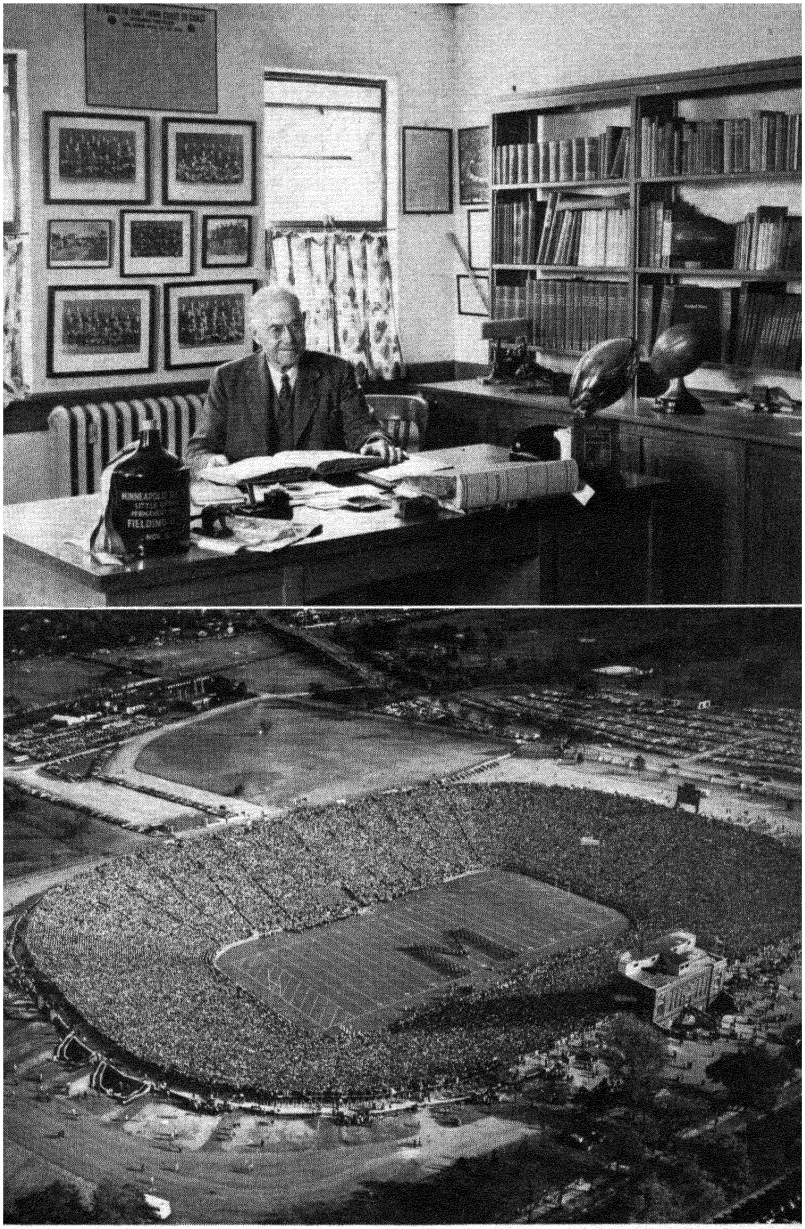
of the Western Conference tried to get the training table restored in 1907. Failing, they attacked the three-year rule with eloquence and persistence. Michigan's suggestions encountered a brick wall of indifference in the Conference.

I suppose this refusal to make any exception for Michigan was the major cause of the University's decision to withdraw from the Conference. There was bitterness on the campus. Yost remained discreetly silent, but influential alumni and legislators joined members of the Board of Regents in personal protest. The students felt stunned; there was a feeling that this bickering would end by robbing them of the great Michigan football teams entirely.

Anyhow, growing out of all these causes, the demand for a complete break with the Western Conference continued to rise throughout 1907. That was the last season played under the new Big Ten rulebook.

The Board in Control of Athletics salvaged something from the wreck of Dr. Angell's attempt to be helpful. It decreed that all of the Conference rules would apply to Michigan football except those against which it had specifically protested. Thus, beginning with the 1908 season, the training table again groaned with rare roasts of beef, currant buns and pudding (no pie, cake, gravy or whipped cream). The members of the football squad were regimented about as closely as before, their hours of sleep enforced with embarrassing strictness and even their infrequent social dates selected for them by officious Board representatives. The five-game schedule was raised to seven. The three-year rule, chief cause of the trouble, was released from the retroactive provision. This left those football men who had played as freshmen undisturbed to finish their senior years on the team. But no more freshmen were named to the Varsity.

Yost now made every possible effort to lead the United States in strictness of interpretation of the eligibility rules for players. Several boys who turned out for spring practice were summarily released because Yost, or the Board, could not locate the source of their campus expense money. The slightest hint of scandal involving a football man was enough to bring the brisk command, "Turn in your suit." The



(Top) Fielding H. Yost and the Little Brown Jug.
(Bottom) The Michigan Stadium, with the University Band forming the traditional "M" in mid-field.

training table became an exclusive social club as well as a physical training aid. Thus it continued for a decade more.

Michigan stayed out of the Big Ten for twelve years. During that time the student demands for a resumption of the "Little Brown Jug" games between Michigan and Minnesota were so insistent that the games were scheduled anyhow, in 1909 and 1910. These were played without the Big Ten restrictions. Immediately the other universities in the Big Ten howled with indignation. They met, and drafted another restriction aimed at Minnesota alone, which they quaintly called the "non-intercourse rule." This forbade any member of the Conference having athletic relations with any "former member," meaning Michigan, the sole secessionist.

At the time this rule was announced it appeared to be a simple case of ostracism, aimed at keeping Michigan from playing any more games with Minnesota. Time has revealed, however, that the rule was dictated largely by the instinct for self-preservation. Other members of the Conference were on the point of bolting. One university actively campaigned on its own campus for withdrawal, but did not quite take the step. The Conference was on the point of breaking up over the protests arising out of the freshman rule and the limitation of the season to five games. The new concrete stadia being constructed at that time could not pay for themselves with five-game schedules.

In general, Michigan alumni never quite approved the restrictions imposed by the Big Ten, and they led an uprising which culminated, some years after 1907, in a gradual change in the attitude of other universities. In the meantime the game itself changed. It became so dramatic that the crowds cheered speed, daring and cleverness more than brute force. The day of the football superman closed with World War I. Then the University of Michigan decided to come back.

With the Northwestern game of 1917, on November 20, Michigan returned to the Big Ten. All, apparently, was forgiven. The Big Ten regarded Michigan's readmission with some misgivings, which were justified when the Wolverines began again to win games and championships, produce All-America players, and attract ever-increasing football crowds.

CHAPTER XII

CHAMPIONS OF THE WEST

WHILE Yost was making football history on the gridiron, the University was making academic history. The same years, 1901-1907, which saw Michigan rise to fame in the sports world saw an equal rise in prestige. At the time of President Angell's quarter centennial as President of the University in 1896, educators and statesmen had been lavish in their praise. In 1908 the University could find this tribute in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: "The University of Michigan has always been known for the thoroughness and high standards of its scholarship and the excellent equipment of its graduates."

As an example of the high standards about that time, only 42 per cent of a freshman class graduated as seniors, the rest having dropped out, or been dropped, during the course. A degree from Michigan came to be recognized everywhere.

Attendance in 1905-06 was 4,293, *not* including the growing number of graduate, special students, and summer students. Of the undergraduate, full-time, resident students at Ann Arbor, the enrollment by separate schools and colleges was:

Literature, Science and the Arts	1,566
Medicine and Surgery	369
Department of Law	902
School of Pharmacy	78
Homeopathic Medical College	82
College of Dental Surgery	131
Department of Engineering	1,165

The roster rose to about 5,500 in 1910, but Michigan no longer held first place nationally in attendance. In 1908, the University dropped to second place in enrollment, led by Columbia University with an enrollment of 5,600 in 1910.

Columbia's position was an abnormal one from an enrollment viewpoint. Located in the metropolis of the nation, it was full of special students who attended occasionally for a few classes, graduate students financing the long fight for a Ph.D. by working throughout the day and attending classes at night, and teachers thronging to the summer school at Teachers' College.

Columbia's enrollment had never kept pace with the growth of New York City until the turn of the century. The university began to grow about that time. But it grew largely in classifications of students who were not in the majority at Ann Arbor. The very year, 1908, which saw Columbia tying Michigan for the lead in attendance saw a full-time, resident body of little more than 2,000 — less than half the number attending Michigan.

However, this was one of the turning points in Michigan's history. Long known as the biggest, Michigan perforce now turned her attention to becoming the best. Michigan was generally conceded a high place in the list of great universities of the world, and began to emphasize that phase of its institutional life more strongly. The Graduate School, the professional schools and the research facilities at Ann Arbor finally came into their own. They still hold the spotlight today.

There were other reasons for this shift of attention to scholarship rather than growth as a criterion of success. One reason for the change was the number of small colleges dotted across Michigan and the presence in the State of several other big scale universities. Denominational colleges like Olivet, Albion and Hillsdale vied with specialized institutions like Michigan State College of Agriculture, Central Teachers' and Western Teachers', Michigan State Normal and the famous Michigan State College of Mines.

In Detroit, city students had their choice of the University of Detroit (maintained by the Catholic Church) and the Detroit College of Law. These institutions gave the city dwellers full college curricula with the advantage of part-time city jobs and residence at home. Thus the 50 per cent of the University's enrollment normally drawn from the State of Michigan could not go on indefinitely at its 1910 peak. The

other state institutions were growing, too, notably Michigan State, which grew like one of its own prize pumpkins.

The University was far from being, in 1910, merely one state's "capstone of the educational arch." It had arrived at the status it occupies today as a world-famous center of learning, truly international in scope and attendance, and only incidentally located in Michigan.

But somehow the freshman classes grew, year after year. Things were tougher beginning about 1910. The first year that Dr. Angell arrived, 1871, he had written that the Registrar had turned away many students who could have matriculated at "any eastern college." More of them were turned away in 1910, and the following years. There wasn't room for more.

The crowded campus now began to be jammed, and the streets surrounding it were invaded, too. The little Ann Arbor grade school on State Street was purchased in 1902 for $16,000 and renamed "West Hall." The Homeopathic Medical College got a large, roomy, separate hospital in 1900, at a cost of $100,000 paid for by a separate appropriation. It was erected on the very brink of the old "Cat-Hole" gully.

On all four sides the University burst out of its narrow little 40-acre campus and flowed into adjacent territory. Student activities accounted for some of this: the original Union Building and the use of Newberry Hall for a girls Y.W.C.A. Still there was a little section of the campus yet untouched by the profane diggings of the steam shovel. That was the square of earth in front of Tappan Hall, between the Museum and the corner of South University. It was reserved.

Since the Civil War, the University had been talking about that alumni building. There had been a growing demand for it among alumni since 1890, though it was just talk for another decade, leading the official historian of the University, Prof. Burke Hinsdale, to remark: "It furnished a good deal of oratory on Commencement day for many years, but nothing was done about it." In 1903 the first step was taken. On Class Day, when the alumni were gathered at Ann Arbor and could see how few facilities were provided for them, the subscription rolls were opened. Contributions began to come in.

Colonel Claudius B. Grant, Civil War commander of the 20th Mich-

igan, and former Regent, said on that day in 1903 that the project had better hurry up, that he had been listening to promises for forty years, and didn't think he had another forty left to devote to mere listening. He said he wanted to live to see the dedicatory tablet unveiled and read the names and records of the Michigan boys who had served in "the war," meaning of course the Civil War.

By 1907, alumni contributions exceeded $145,000, and work began. Slowly, stone by stone, the building grew. It was built of a clean white stone that was polished to look like marble, but wasn't. The approach was dignified by a colonnaded portico, reached by several rows of classic stone steps. It looked like a temple right out of ancient Athens, only bigger. It was, in fact, an art gallery with two big floors of display rooms and a rotunda big enough to hold all the sculpture Randolph Rogers had donated.

Claudius Grant didn't live to see the building dedicated. But President Angell did. He tottered there in 1910 and posed on the long stone veranda for a fine camera portrait, his last. He saw his dream realized. The Alumni Memorial Hall was the finest art gallery in Michigan in 1910; on its walls hung the rich Lewis Collection and the smaller collection donated by Dr. Frieze. Most of the statues were exhumed from the "Whispering Gallery" over the Library and finally displayed in a setting they deserved.

Alumni Memorial Hall is just across from the Union. Angell's boys were off the streets. No longer did the students have to hang around the campus doorways, plaguing freshmen only because they lacked a place to go except for Larry Damm's and Joe's and the Oriental Bar. The Union, remodeled from Judge Cooley's old home, was full of boys reading, playing checkers and gossiping.

12

When Dr. James Burrill Angell finally laid down the burden of the presidency in 1909, the University of Michigan was a unique place which had many things in common with Princeton, Yale, Heidelberg, Harvard and Cornell, but remained very much itself. Its campus had

the great spreading elms of Yale, the red-brick buildings of Cornell, while the squalid boardinghouses surrounding it reminded a visitor of the vicinities of the Universities of Edinburgh or Glasgow.

At this time the University had a population as big as many cities with their own post offices, and the Government decided to recognize the changing times. The Post Office Department set up city delivery of mail and rented a store on the Maynard Street side of the new Arcade Block, running trom State to Maynard. There went the student with his laundry to send home and his letters to bewildered parents. From there a squad of carriers brought mail to the rooming houses, eliminating the old "rush."

Gestures in the direction of controlling students had been feeble for some time but were gradually getting firmer. The University had a bad scare occasionally when word flashed through the buildings that a riot was in progress downtown. Classrooms and laboratories emptied in an instant, in spite of emphatic protests from the faculty. One of the worst and the last riots in campus history occurred in 1908 at the Star Theatre, a small vaudeville house on Washington between Main and Fourth Avenue.

The Star was a small, dingy, single-store space which had been remodeled with an eye to future use as a nickelodeon if the flickering films ever became practical. The stage was about fifteen feet wide, which allowed only acrobats, specialty dancers and comics to get much of a response from their audiences, mostly composed of students and Ann Arbor workmen. Singers worked well there, but the kind of entertainment provided at the Star wasn't on a very high musical plane. In those days a singer was judged in such houses on the volume of audience response resulting from her bellowing of a popular refrain. If the audience howled too, she was a success.

The Star's manager confused enthusiasm with rowdyism. Michigan students liked to join in the refrain. They came there mostly to bawl forth comments and indiscreet suggestions to the performers, under the impression that that was what one went to the Star to do. The manager thought they ought to be quiet, which was the last thought which would have occurred to a student patron at the Star.

He went there to make a noise, and he did. Of course the noise irritated and frightened the performers, and the manager, on that fateful afternoon, got up and shouted that if the students didn't quiet down, he'd throw them out, or some such idiotic statement.

As one man, the students arose and wrecked the theatre. They ripped up seats and threw them through windows, tore down curtains and filled the piano full of stage properties. During this time somebody carefully rolled up the rugs in the aisle to protect them from damage. The actors fled; the manager arrogantly threatened huge damage suits, but the students merely punched him again. He annoyed them.

The Student Council had been in existence since 1905, but it was just learning how to handle outbursts like this. The Council had no direct authority in 1908; it could only plead with the students to be better boys. Rowdyism was a long time dying, and in spite of all the tributes paid to the Student Council, I think the faculty did the deed. They did it by upping the classroom requirements to such a point that the greatest concentration and effort was required to stay in college. Rowdyism, as a fad, passed out of favor nationally about the same time. The increasing sophistication of the nation made it look silly.

While the Michigan student at the close of the Angell era was noisy, high-spirited and aggressive, it was mostly in the spirit of fun. He felt that if he didn't play some pranks or make some noise he wasn't being a typical college student. The influence of George Barr McCutcheon and George Ade in the crazily popular "good old Siwash" stories cannot be overlooked. The illustrations by McCutcheon showed the pennant-waving, high-collared "rah-rah" type of college boy who was always outwitting a professor or stealing examination questions.

Turtle-necked sweaters became the fad from 1890 to 1910. Huge, wide-shouldered coats that looked about four sizes too large loomed above short, thick, narrow-cuffed trousers, the cuff rolled up above the ankle. There was displayed about five inches of the wildest socks insane designers could concoct: polka dots, plaids, checks, black-and-

white whirls like candy canes, and even plain purple now and then. The socks could be heard coming down Willam Street before the wearer could be identified. Long dangling watch fobs of leather or black moire adorned with gold footballs, gold skulls, brass "M" letters, or something equally subtle, made such a costume an assault upon the senses. But college students everywhere dressed like that in 1910.

Freshmen didn't permit themselves these costume fads, or the Student Council would have had them on the carpet. Class distinctions were scrupulously observed. It became dangerous for a freshman to disobey. Class handbills announcing the interclass "rush" sometimes listed about a dozen heinous offenses of which a dumb freshman might be guilty at any moment. These, it was implied, were punishable by death or something much worse.

Threatened with mayhem if caught within a block of Joe's, forbidden the first five rows at the Whitney Theatre, the "Grand Opera House" of Ann Arbor, doomed to everlasting conspicuousness with his compulsory "frosh pot" cap, the freshman had a hard life. He could not wear his class numerals on his sweater because they were awarded only to intercollegiate sports contestants, and he couldn't compete. He was seldom pledged to a fraternity until after his freshman year, which forced him into the topmost, coldest cubicles in the rooming houses. All the best rooms were occupied by you-know-who, the class-numeral boys. The Student Council, composed of upperclassmen, regarded him with suspicion, and let him know frequently that they had their eyes on him. He was represented in the publication cartoons as either a baby with a bib and a "frosh pot," or a dizzy, toothy adolescent clinging to his mother. In one of the annual class-rush handbills the freshman was pictured as a round-faced chubby child cowering in fear beneath the towering figure of a huge sophomore in a turtle-necked sweater bearing a gigantic "M." How the kid changed in one short year!

This was part of a propaganda campaign current on the campus for many years. It was a serious attempt to indoctrinate the freshman with a sense of his own inadequacy and general unimportance. It was based on a belief that unless firmly squelched, the freshman would

carry over into college some of his adolescent high-school habits. The upperclassmen didn't care how famous a freshman had been at high school. It became traditional to treat him somewhat like an army rookie, to mold him to the Michigan pattern and make him conform.

There were exceptions. In the case of exceptionally gifted boys the freshman bans had a way of melting into nothingness. If the freshman's father had been a Michigan athlete and a fraternity member in his day, and was now wealthy enough to buy Junior a trunkful of New York clothes and a brass-trimmed roadster with no muffler, Junior was greeted like a long-lost rich uncle. He was rushed by the fraternities, pledged as soon as possible at midyear, installed in the fraternity house attic with the privilege of lending out all his ties, scrubbing the floors, and collecting bales of I O U's for the cash his father had given him. The chapter president or its biggest promoter, whoever was stronger, got Junior's car and drove pell-mell to Ypsilanti with it, thereby establishing himself as a person of great importance among the Normal School girls.

When the Union opened its first home, the freshman had a place to go which welcomed him on equal terms with the upperclassmen. It was a great step forward. In 1907 another institution opened its doors on State Street, with the same idea. The Houston brothers of Detroit opened a big poolroom across from Slater's and Wahr's bookstores, where the student, of course, should have been.

Roscoe Houston, later Postmaster of Detroit and a prominent man, was one of the brothers. All three were students themselves at the time, but money-makers. Their poolroom became almost as much of a campus legend as Joe's. It grew, in the next thirty years, to include two floors of recreational facilities including bowling alleys.

In its first decade, Houston's adopted a policy of strict adherence to University rules, no noise, and every assistance to the faculty. Hard by the front door there was a little stand where pipe tobacco and campus publications were sold. Behind it stood the manager of the place. He was a medium-sized, broad-shouldered man with a soft, friendly voice but a pair of sharp eyes that glinted with authority. For more than thirty-five years he was one of the students' best

friends. His name was one of the first they learned on the strange campus after arrival. They couldn't forget a name like that — "Pick" Fingerle.

"Pick" had a megaphone by his side, and there was an air shaft above him so that he could be heard all over the building. At hours when the classes changed on the campus, he would place his long megaphone to his lips and bellow. His voice became a clarion call to duty:

"*Hey, frosh!* Get over to West Hall for English class. *Charlie!* Y'got a class in economics; get started. *Professor!* I'd like to remind you that you have a class in eight minutes in Mason Hall."

Yost depended heavily on "Pick" to see that his athletes got home and into bed early. The Student Council and the Union directors came to him for advice, knowing that he was as close to the real feelings of the students as anyone. He was the undergraduate's friend as long as the House of Houston had a billiard table to its name, which was a quarter of a century. The business block containing the Houston enterprises was remodeled into stores and offices about 1937, and "Pick" thereupon became manager of the billiard, pool and bowling facilities of the Michigan Union. He stayed there until 1945.

People used to say: "It's not the game of pool that causes the trouble; it's the atmosphere of the poolroom." Houston's showed that a properly run poolroom could be a great influence for good. Located only half a block from the "Campus Corner," it provided a convenient recreational spot for a few minutes' extra time. It was never noisy, always full of students who enjoyed the game and the House of Houston. It was, in effect, a branch of the Michigan Union. "Pick" continued in his quiet way without complaint about the students or their behavior, except to erupt occasionally in loud denunciation when a dentistry student would steal an expensive ivory billiard ball to carve up for his class assignments in prosthetic technic.

13

The great era of President Angell came to a close quietly, like an engine slowing down and stopping for want of fuel. Retirement came

to him inevitably, and he could have stepped down any time after 1900, had he so desired. But for all his years and frail strength, "Prexy" Angell was a determined man who wanted to retain control as long as his strength would permit. It was his wish that he be regarded as President in fact as well as in name. But for several years prior to his retirement, this impression was maintained by the faculty with increasing difficulty.

He was 80 years old when he finally yielded up his office. He had been President of the University for 38 years. It seems incredible. Before coming to Michigan in 1871 he had won success in the East, dating back to 1850. He was one of the few surviving links between two vastly different ages.

For example, Angell was 21 years old at the time of the Mexican War of 1848, and almost enlisted for service in it. During the last days of his life he read about war again – the Kaiser's hordes converging on Paris in World War I.

His career at the University of Michigan began and ended with two buildings which stand quite close to each other. At the age of 42, eager, powerful and dynamic, Angell appeared dramatically on the campus to lay the cornerstone of University Hall. Almost at the end of his life he dedicated Alumni Memorial Hall. Both of these occasions saw Dr. Angell in fine form; his addresses were splendidly written and ably delivered.

The death of Mrs. Sarah Caswell Angell in 1903 affected him more than anything else in his career. She was a sprightly, vivacious little woman of immense personal charm, whose elfish humor endeared her to the faculty. Professors liked to gather at the President's House and tell her all the faculty gossip; she listened, but did not repeat it. She remembered how old Alexander Winchell used to tell her anecdotes of Tappan; how Winchell almost refused his appointment to Michigan's small faculty because he was a Methodist and Dr. Haven at the time was occupying the "Methodist professor's house," one of the four original campus residences.

Always a leader in the struggle for recognition of the co-eds, Mrs. Angell entertained large groups of them at the official residence,

helped them out of personal difficulties, and was instrumental in the appointment of Elizabeth M. Mosher as the first Dean of Women (1896-1902). She then turned to helping Dean Mosher's successor, the famed Myra Beach Jordan. Mosher-Jordan Hall, Sarah Caswell Angell Hall and other places on the campus carry Mrs. Angell's work on in our day, but she will always be remembered as one of the University's best-known people. It was Mrs. Angell who suggested the name "Apostles' Club" for the faculty dining club organized around the turn of the century.

After her death in 1903, Dr. Angell grew listless. He wanted to resign. He finally did resign, emphatically, in 1907. When word of his decision reached Cornell, the older professors relayed it to Andrew White, who for many years had been retired as Cornell's first president, and had won success as a diplomat. White thought that the most fitting place to hold Angell's retirement ceremonies was Cornell. He issued an invitation for all the university presidents to join in.

Angell was 80 years old, and his family bundled him up carefully for the long train journey. His son, James Rowland Angell, was with him. The younger man was thrilled and deeply moved by the eloquence of the tributes paid to his father by the Association of Presidents of American Universities. Dr. Angell smiled a bit too.

"Through the soundness of your judgment . . . persuasiveness of your eloquence . . . breadth of your culture . . . you have laid not only these two institutions [the Universities of Michigan and Vermont], but American education as well, under a debt beyond all reckoning. America in her diplomatic emergencies has again and again had recourse to your aid. Your whole life has been devoted to the highest objects, alike in the realms of scholarship, and that of practical affairs. As scholar, editor, teacher, orator, administrator, diplomat, most noble achievements have been yours. On this life of service, and honor, we congratulate you."

Dr. Angell's life had indeed been filled with service to the highest principles. During his 80 years he had collected honors that come to few men. It was time he penned his valedictory. In 1907 he wrote that he simply must insist on his resignation being accepted. In 1908,

the Regents replied with an inspiringly worded letter which went over the same ground as that of the assembled presidents at Cornell. They set forth their belief that "no one" could ever replace him in the hearts of Michigan men and women.

The matter of succession, for once, was no problem. Harry Burns Hutchins, Dean of the Law School, had acted for Dr. Angell on a prior occasion when a diplomatic junket took him to Turkey for a year. Hutchins was asked by the Regents to succeed to the presidency. He agreed, but with certain reservations. One of them was that, since Dr. Angell had lived in the President's House for nearly 40 years, he be left there undisturbed to finish out what few years of life remained to him. Dean Hutchins owned a big house in Ann Arbor and didn't need another. He made the further condition that he serve but five years, and then resign.

Both of these conditions were agreed to by the Regents, and Harry Burns Hutchins entered upon his duties as President, temporarily, in 1909. However, in 1910 the Regents unanimously elected him to the post permanently, and he repeated again his determination to resign in 1914. The Regents had no choice but to agree.

Dr. Angell sat quietly at home, usually in a high-backed rocking chair, looking out of the window and watching his boys and girls pass by on South University. His son James Rowland Angell, A.B. 1890, A.M. 1891, was rising to fame, too, in the university world, first at Chicago and later at Yale. The old man's work was finished, and he had no worries. But no one in that position is really happy.

He had plenty of time to think about events and people. That young Hutchins, for example. Harry Burns Hutchins, by a coincidence, was the first graduate to stand in line that June day in 1871 and receive from President Angell a degree from the University of Michigan. It was a plain A.B., and Hutchins, like Judge Cooley, had educated himself in the law and become famous without benefit of a law degree.

The 1909 campus must have seemed crowded to the aged Dr. Angell. He remembered what it had looked like when he arrived. In 1871 there were 1,207 students registered. In 1909, enrollment

stood at 5,223. His faculty of 1871 had numbered 35. In 1909 it had grown to about 400, including the administrative staff.

There were only nine buildings of any kind there when he came, and four of them were residences. When he retired, the University was crowded with 54 buildings and more were going up. In the matter of income, the comparison was even more marked. His first year, 1871, saw the University's receipts total $104,000. In 1909 the receipts had grown to $1,170,000 for the same 12-month budget period.

More than in its physical growth, perhaps, Dr. Angell took pride in the University's growth in prestige. He found it confused, weakened by internal warfare, and regarded with suspicion abroad. When he left, the tribute he received at Cornell showed what he had accomplished. His mail showed even more. Until the day of his death in 1916, it was full of applause from educators everywhere, outdoing each other in laying at his feet every heartfelt tribute they could inscribe.

He had reached his goal. Well could he afford to bask in his rocking chair, serene in the knowledge that the University was successful, prosperous and happy. He had raised it to the leading position in America in matters of attendance, plant and buildings, and student opportunities. Personally, his efforts had been recognized by testimonials and honorary degrees in a long list which represented both Europe and America.

After his death in 1916, a volume of Angell correspondence was collected at the instigation of Wilfred Shaw, the historian. James Rowland Angell wrote a little character sketch of his father as a preface. It sums up very well the Angell attitude toward life, and toward the University:

"He brought to Michigan a highly cultured mind familiar with the best in ancient and modern literature, a thoroughly catholic outlook on both European and American education, a profound and sympathetic understanding of the problems of the plain man and a sincere conviction of the saving power of education in a democracy. Gifted with unusual powers of persuasive public address, in which

his wit and humor were always in ready call; possessed of a rich store of infallible common sense, and with a deep and simple religious faith to support his rugged character, he gave to Michigan a leadership which few men could possibly have offered."

PART THREE

THE VICTORS

CHAPTER XIII

THE GOOD OLD DAYS AT ANN ARBOR

1

THE State of Michigan reflected the peace and prosperity of the world in that tranquil decade prior to World War I. The university progressed easily from one academic year to the next. There was an unhurried sense of comfort and enjoyment noticeable among both faculty and students. Campus anecdotes about those days are hallowed by old grads. Perhaps they had reason to feel that they were living and studying in a golden era.

In spite of the increasing emphasis on class standings, the old grad says that during the pre-World War I decade he had a good time, lived comfortably at Ann Arbor for four years, and eventually got a degree. How this feat was accomplished is a matter that baffles today's student. But even the *Michiganensian* annuals from 1908 to 1917 reflect this spirit of camaraderie, and nowhere mention the academic grind.

Avery Hopwood and Arthur Pound were on the campus, preparing to follow Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.) into journalism. Arthur Vandenberg's twinkling eyes and ready smile illumined the campus about the same time; Burton K. Wheeler, Class of 1905, Law, was even then dreaming of his senatorial toga. Avery Hopwood was writing his first Broadway play as an Ann Arbor undergraduate. Franklin P. Adams, Class of 1903, and the erudite scholar Arthur Pound, Class of 1907, both seemed to have time for anything of interest that turned up. Pound wrote later:

"In my day it was simple. We had a number of convenient courses hat did not take a great deal of time, courses that anyone could ass if he could write fluently on simple matters of common observaion. If we attended classes once in a while, and took the examinations, t was all right."

It wasn't all right for the professional students in law and medicine. Nor for the more serious scientists, among whom there was, at that ime, a young graduate student in zoology who was working himself nto a frenzy over his elaborate Ph.D. thesis. His name was Alexander G. Ruthven; a herpetologist, or student of the science and zoology of eptiles. What a specialty! But young Ruthven liked it.

T. Hawley Tapping's square jaw and owlish spectacles were already greatly in evidence around the place, as he dashed from office to office gathering feature material for *The Inlander.* He already had an A.B. from Iowa (1911) and was working for his law degree (1916). Ruthven, too, had taken his undergraduate work at a smaller college (Morningside, 1903).

Mr. Justice Frank Murphy, the august figure who is today the only survivor of many Michigan men who have served on the Supreme Court, was, during this decade, a thin, nervous young law student who agitated his expressive eyebrows in the class debates in Haven Hall and rattled the big windows with the power of his voice and energy — usually on the negative side.

Prettyman's boardinghouse on North University was again providing sustenance for the athletes in a regulated training table. The football squad did all right with those steaks, but didn't do so well with the new teams it met in the so-called "Ivy League" — a loose confederation of Eastern universities and small colleges which had replaced the Big Ten schedule.

In 1912 a sophomore named George Sisler turned out for baseball, and soon began breaking windows in rooming houses all around Ferry Field. Branch Rickey was coaching the baseball team. Sisler developed a unique adoration for Rickey and thought him the greatest man since General Doubleday, who developed the game. Rickey encouraged him, and Sisler, between grateful blushes, won three base-

ball letters in a row — 1912, 1913 and 1914. This mutual-admiration society continued in the big leagues for years afterward. They were together on the St. Louis Cardinals, then separated when Sisler took his fast-ball pitching wizardry to the Washington Senators. Rickey seemed satisfied with the Cards for a good many years. He led them to the top in the baseball world, and then, for some reason, turned up as major-domo of that great Brooklyn institution called "Dem Bums" — the Dodgers.

Every spring brought new life to the campus elms, and new photographic plates from the huge view-camera of the official photographer, Lyndon, who went about recording everything that might make a good picture for *The Michiganensian.* In any voluminous collection of old plates we see the stiff, stand-up collars of the class officers and club members, the starched petticoats and swirls of hair adorning the co-eds.

Lyndon found a new way to photograph the girls' basketball team in 1910, in Barbour Gymnasium, that would have done credit to Ziegfeld. The girls wore middy blouses and big, full bloomers over black stockings. The figure, said Dean Myra Jordan, "must not be shown." Stumped, Lyndon got the girls to lie down on the floor facing the camera, their elbows on the floor and their chins in their hands. The observer can see only this line of faces and arms, with an incongruous basketball in the middle.

The girls had no swimming team, and it would not have been photographed had there been one. They had a cloistered exercise field, west of the old Observatory on the brow of the hill. In 1909 it was opened for physical-culture classes under the name of Palmer Field. Thomas W. Palmer, a rich Detroit merchant of the Class of 1849, had left a small bequest to the University for any purpose the Regents saw fit. On Palmer Field in 1909 one could see, if the indignant lady instructor didn't chase him away, a few lines of girls in ankle-length "exercise costumes" engaged in archery, tennis and a discreet form of baseball involving only catching and throwing. (The swinging of a bat was considered too dangerous for the female physique.) Horseback riding and mild forms of fencing were offered.

The co-eds were always being protected from harsh exertions, but somehow the men involved themselves in increasingly outlandish campus customs. For example, the Michigamua, famed senior honor society, apparently evolved out of a reconstructed Indian massacre. Its ritual includes painted bodies, Indian costumes, feathers, and a ceremony called the "Rope-In," in which new pledges are suddenly surrounded by a band of whooping, prancing Indians with tomahawks. Onlookers from abroad think the initiates are going to be scalped.

Sphinx, the junior society, is equally terrifying. The poor victims are seized, trussed up like sides of beef, painted in violent colors like Easter eggs, tossed into the bed of a hay wagon (or a truck), and made to lie there like imbeciles, tinkling silly little bells. There is nothing more deflating to a junior's ego.

Phi Beta Kappa was not represented at Michigan until 1907, when the traditional "pass-or-flunk" system gave place to a more exact one of graded markings. As soon as it was organized at Ann Arbor it admitted a long list of alumni distinguished for scholarship, which is the explanation of the presence of Phi Beta Kappa keys on campus oldsters who were undergraduates back in the 1890's.

Student musicals and theatricals kept the undergraduates short of pocket money constantly as the sale of tickets for something or other grew almost continuous. The Comedy Club was reorganized in 1908 and staged a succession of farces: *The Private Secretary, All the Comforts of Home, The Recruiting Officer, The Admirable Crichton.*

In 1908, during this same delightful decade, the young Michigan Union began its immensely popular series of operettas. The Union followed the policy in effect at other universities whereby the complete score and the book were composed by bona fide, full-time students without outside professional help. Rehearsals of a Union operetta still go on for weeks, but the results are well worth the trouble. Here are the big-boned football men acting as chorus girls. The costuming is good and the music frequently excellent.

The first Union operetta, *Michigenda,* was an instant hit. The plot, if any, centered around burlesqued features of life at Michigan,

Year by year, as the Union's facilities grew, the annual operetta became one of the high points of the student year. Often the productions went on tour, played Chicago and the Middle West.

Tom Dewey, as an undergraduate, played in one of them; sang a good baritone, too. He faced his first audiences from the stages of cities where the Union operetta played. That was only a few years before he migrated to New York and engaged in Republican politics.

It was during this decade, too, that the esteemed old *Inlander* reached its circulation peak; *The Wrinkle* died of what Shaw, the historian, called "inanity," to be succeeded by *The Gargoyle*. The *Daily* was selling 4,000 copies a day and showing a good profit in spite of the heavy expense of membership in the Associated Press. In 1910 the enrollment was up to 5,383 students, of whom only about half, or 2,832, were from Michigan. That trend continued for another decade. In 1920, about the same proportion was reported — 5,793 Michigan-born students out of total registration of 9,401.

12

Harry Burns Hutchins was the first graduate of the University to become its President. Although he was a native of New Hampshire, he was a long-time resident of Michigan. While he was expanding the University's size and streamlining its creaky operation, Henry Ford built the Model T into the biggest automobile business in the world not fifty miles from the campus; General Motors grew into the giant it is today about the same period, and throughout Michigan other great enterprises flourished as never before. The very atmosphere was full of hustle and bustle; even Ann Arbor was slightly affected.

Hutchins, furthermore, was the first President of Michigan to face the world clean-shaven and in a modern business suit. His iron-gray hair, brushed back neatly from a central part, revealed the high forehead of an intellectual and the hard, severe eyes of a business executive. President Hutchins brought to his task the valuable background

of several years as a practicing attorney plus the administrative experience of having organized and directed the first Law School at Cornell. He was a forceful speaker, a practical man of affairs, and a sincere scholar as well.

The Twentieth Century was flowering before him, rendering obsolete certain cherished notions about education in general. Hutchins became President under the academic handicap of a plain Bachelor's degree, as Dr. Angell had when summoned to the University of Vermont. He had educated himself in the law, taught it at Michigan even as he was continuing his studies. He became famous as Jay Professor of Law before becoming Dean of the Department, in which he followed exactly in the footsteps of the famed Judge Cooley.

His opening moves as President strengthened the belief that he would usher in a period of physical expansion and enlarged endowment. He began overhauling the administration of the professional schools and defining the functions of the faculty in the Literary College. The business office, too, came in for some reorganization. When he had regained complete administrative control of the University and knew every detail of its operation, he turned to the second point on his program.

It was Hutchins' belief that the alumni ought to know the modern University better. Michigan's alumni spirit, at this time, was perhaps stronger than that of any university in the country, but Hutchins saw room for improvement. He went on long tours, speaking to alumni groups everywhere, shaking hands, reminding businessmen of their continued obligation to the school.

In these meetings Hutchins talked about the "new" University of Michigan. He told alumni about his plans for new buildings. He wanted endowments, grants, gifts. He stressed again and again his theme that "the need of private gifts and endowments to supplement grants made by the State" would increase as the institution grew.

He was organizing and exploiting a huge field of alumni affection which never had been really tapped. It wasn't really practical to do it on a national scale in Angell's period; travel was difficult and alumni were faced with recurrent panics and private troubles. But Hutchins

had a well-to-do alumni body scattered all over the country. The nation was increasingly prosperous; Michigan was one of the most famous universities anywhere, and alumni spirit was at its peak.

Hutchins seemed the perfect figure of a college president. He was a big, sturdy man in middle life, wearing the stiff collars and the pince-nez eyeglasses of the Woodrow Wilson period, and he bore the aura of a dignified scholar. He met America's great men in their Wall Street offices, and they respected him. He could, and did, remind men like Robert P. Lamont, Class of 1891, Engineering, that they were only Michigan boys with a little more gray hair and a lot more money in the bank. He called on William Wallace Cook, Class of 1880-82, who was handling the intricate legal problems of Clarence H. Mackay's telegraph and cable empire. New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco millionaires with Michigan degrees found President Hutchins sending his card into their offices.

He told them about the "new" University. It was not to be so much a physical as a spiritual change, he said. These boys who had become successful were not natives of Michigan and had not made their fortunes there. It was not fair, he declared, to saddle the State of Michigan with the entire cost of operating such a truly national center of learning. The boys who had benefited by their educations had a responsibility, too. Other boys like them were coming, in the future.

"The only times in your lives," he once remarked to an alumni group, "that you ever visited the State of Michigan was the period of your residence in the University. If we are to grow, as we must, our University must train you, the people of New York, and of Pennsylvania, and of Colorado. The State of Michigan cannot do it all. The rest must come from you."

What was needed, he said, was more and ever more facilities. Grants and endowments for graduate study and special research meant, Hutchins said, that the University would be able to offer the best in higher education to those who needed its benefits. He had an excellent sense of timing. That was the period to go after endowments. Michigan alumni, most numerous of any university in the country, were getting rich.

These were the days of great fortunes, and small taxes. When the income tax went into effect in 1909, the first $5,000 of net taxable income was entirely exempt, and only one per cent was collected on the next $5,000. In addition there was the usual provision about gifts to educational and charitable institutions being exempt from taxation, but there was no limit to the value of such gifts. Taxpayers could give any portion of their income they chose, and the entire amount was deductible. Heavy inheritance taxes, about this time, played into Hutchins' hands too. Bequests to the University were nontaxable in those days. He could not have chosen a more appropriate time to make his plea for wide alumni support.

Local alumni chapters began collecting small sums. They could not endow libraries or build auditoriums, but the sum total of small collections was to be seen every day in the beautiful Alumni Memorial Hall. The Union Building was overcrowded, and a new one would have to be erected. The alumni chapters began on this project about 1912. Small amounts, five dollars to fifty dollars, began coming in. In one year, 1910, small contributions from individual alumni totaled $140,000, which shows that President Hutchins was an excellent judge of trends. These small sums did more than anything he could have said to weld thousands of separate individuals, dispersed across the country, into a single, loyal, dependable alumni body. If an alumnus gave even a five-dollar bill toward the new Union Building, he had a share in it, a feeling of partial ownership, and a sense of loyalty to his college. He would never forget it.

The Hutchins campaign was so successful with the wealthy donors that within a decade, 1910-1920, it produced 130 major gifts totaling more than $3,600,000. The secondary effect of these gifts was to interest a good many other wealthy men like Peter White, the Croesus of the Upper Peninsula, who was not an alumnus. They began thinking of ways to carry on the good work.

One of the first direct results of the campaign was Hill Auditorium. Regent Arthur Hill died in 1909, the year Hutchins became president. He had a deep personal liking for Hutchins. In his will there was a small bequest of $200,000 for the building, which he requested

should be built on the old Winchell property across from the campus on North University. Hill himself, as a Regent, had selected that spot and urged the Board to buy it. The massive building with its 5,000-seat auditorium and great pipe-organ was finished in 1913. It was Hill's idea that commencements could be held there, which was done for a time. But it is best known now for its musical prestige: Hill Auditorium is the best-known musical center of the Middle West. Musicians of note have performed there for 35 years; Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, Heifetz, Kreisler, Pons, Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony; Spike Jones has played there, too.

In 1910, in response to a Hutchins appeal, wealthy Robert P. Lamont announced a large gift to build a new astronomical observatory. The old one, on a now busy street, was surrounded by hospitals, nurses' homes and clinics, and had a big main-line railroad shaking its seismograph and sooting its telescope lenses. The Lamont Observatory got far enough away to find peace – half way around the world in South Africa, where few students have ever seen it or heard of it.

Mrs. Helen Newberry donated a long residence hall for women on State Street in 1913, followed a year later by a tentative gesture by William W. Cook, toward a building on South University. It was to be called the Martha Cook Residence. When Cook heard about the Newberry Gift he decided that it wasn't going to be big enough to house the co-eds; there should be another. The University was astonished and the co-eds delighted when, in 1915, they saw the little effort Cook had made. The Martha Cook Residence cost $468,478.89, but it was just a sort of "feeler" to Cook, a preliminary move in a much bigger endowment program upon which he had embarked. He wanted to see how it would look on its site, across from the dilapidated confusion of small shacks on the Engineering School's corner of the campus. It looked very well.

Satisfied, Cook began thinking of the other property along South University. From New York he sent agents sniffing up and down the block to see if they could detect any vulnerable titles. There were a couple of wooden residences with some student rooms, and the big brick Psi Upsilon house on the State Street corner.

William Wallace Cook was a curious character, never really understood at Michigan in spite of his many donations. He was a man much like Judge Cooley. He had amassed a fortune as Postal Telegraph's chief counsel, but wasn't satisfied with mere wealth. A scholar at heart, his bulky tome, *Cook on Corporations*, was the best-known legal manual of the time on that subject. He hadn't thought much about the University between the time of his graduation in the 1880's and the date of Hutchins' first visit about 1910. But Hutchins made a profound impression on Cook. The two became firm friends. Cook did not come to Ann Arbor, but for lengthy periods he invited Hutchins to Long Island as his house guest.

He had plans. But he could do nothing so long as the Psi U house occupied that corner, and the Cook millions meant nothing to the members. He was unable to buy it. So he turned back to his interests in the money marts of New York, in the belief that the red-brick house would be outgrown pretty soon in the normal growth of everything around the campus. When the Psi U boys wanted to build a new and bigger house somewhere, he would return.

In 1917 Regent Levi Barbour died, and Mrs. Harriett Barbour announced the gift of the Betsey Barbour Residence on State Street, to be a matching structure to the Newberry Residence farther down the street. Mrs. Newberry's house cost $75,000 in 1913, but a few years later, in 1919, Mrs. Barbour's house, just like it, cost $196,345. Plumbers were getting $18 a day and carpenters about $20, material was scarce and delivery was erratic.

While all these gifts were lining the streets surrounding the campus, President Hutchins managed to do a little clearing on the old 40 acres itself. On North University, both the old original residences vanished, together with their carriage barns and outbuildings. A new Chemistry Building went up in 1910, and a large Natural Science Building followed in 1914, cut off at an angle to accommodate the campus diagonal walk. Between these two new buildings, the Regents left a little space exactly opposite a street that terminated at the campus. They extended this street right into the campus itself, like a boulevard. There, at the end of it, stood the ivy-covered Library. This

was laid out as one end of a future esplanade to be called "the Mall," the other end a quarter of a mile up the street. The new expansion of the campus was to be in that direction.

Long-range plans were made. The old Library was doomed. It could never keep up with the rate of expansion. A new building was designed to replace it, but it had to be built in such a way that the stacks of the old building were not disturbed. It was erected *around* the existing book stacks, a most difficult constructional feat.

Far up the street, acting as a backdrop at the other end of the Mall, plans were made for a new Graduate School administrative building. The Graduate School became a separate department of the University in 1912, but it had no home. Part of it was in Haven Hall, another part in University Hall. President Hutchins was denied, repeatedly, money from the State to build this Graduate School building. The need for it was obvious. Someday, he felt, he'd find a way to get it.

Perhaps an alumnus would donate it. Anyway, an attempt to solicit such a gift would let the Legislature know how badly the University wanted such a building. Hence, after 1915, we begin hearing a great deal about the Graduate School and its manifold troubles.

13

Strangely, throughout the big period of gifts and alumni generosity, Michigan's superb football machine seemed to be getting nowhere. After leaving the Big Ten in 1907, Michigan scheduled games in the "Ivy League" and spent long periods on the road. The Wolverines played Cornell, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. Michigan was also matched with schools like Case, Mount Union, Marietta College, Kalamazoo Teachers' College and Syracuse University.

Yost had so little to do that he dug out his law degree and developed a profitable law business during this time. He promoted and developed a hydroelectric plant for the Tennessee Power Company during the period 1907-1914, when Michigan football was in the doldrums. He was a director of the Dixie Cement Company down in

Tennessee from 1908 until 1914, and astonished everybody by appearing as a director of the rich Cumberland Valley National Bank of Nashville, from 1912 to 1919.

Athletic receipts kept the players in uniforms and the sod on the surface of Ferry Field, but fell far short of estimated returns. Michigan students and alumni couldn't work up much enthusiasm for a game between the mighty Wolverines and a school like Lawrence College, for example. Lawrence went down valiantly in defeat, 39-0, but the dollars didn't cascade merrily through the gates.

Receipts were enough to allow Yost to build his cherished field clubhouse in 1912, five years after Michigan left the Big Ten. Then he had showers, lockers, rubbing rooms and offices for the Athletic Board of Control and the various coaches. Good crowds turned out to see games with Cornell and Pennsylvania, because victory was fickle and the scores were usually close. But there were not enough real challenges to develop the super-players of former years.

Adolph ("Germany") Schultz made Walter Camp's All-American team during the last year of Big Ten competition, 1907, but such awards were increasingly rare as the years rolled on. Albert Benbrook, Class of 1909-10, Stanfield Wells, Class of 1910, and Johnny Maulbetsch, Class of 1914, were followed by Ernest Allmendinger, Class of 1917, and Cedric Smith, Class of 1917, the same year. Each made All-American, but each was a great individual star, winning distinction in one or two games. Maulbetsch won his award on the basis of one game – the single game Michigan played with Harvard, in 1914.

Phil Pack, the all-observing athletic historian, was an undergraduate during this "Ivy League" period. He joins the general chorus of lamentation. His classic study of Michigan athletics says that for the whole 12-year period, 1906 to 1918, Michigan was vainly trying to prove that suitable opponents could be found, that the secession from the Big Ten meant practically nothing. That was just a pose – everybody in athletic circles knew better.

Things didn't go right. Michigan's lone game with Harvard is an example. Harvard won, 7-0, in spite of Johnny Maulbetsch, and declined politely to schedule another. Princeton would not appear on

the Michigan schedule and neither would Columbia, also a mighty name in Eastern football. Agitation mounted for a return to the Big Ten. Arguments went like this: they brought up the honored name of Neil Snow, Class of 1902, Michigan's greatest athlete, who had starred in football, baseball, tennis and track. How could Michigan produce another Neil Snow, asked the friends of athletics, in the face of a curtailed athletic program brought on by bobtailed gate receipts? How could other facilities be built, more tennis courts and baseball practice diamonds added, if football money wasn't forthcoming?

That argument convinced the faculty. Some professors were in correspondence with their colleagues at other universities in the Big Ten. They found that sentiment had changed in the past decade. The problem of eligibilility, which had come close to a scandal in 1906, was almost forgotten in 1917. The other universities, too, had been protesting about some of the Big Ten restrictions. Thus in 1917, the University of Michigan and the Big Ten reconciled their differences and plans were made for a return of the black sheep to the fold.

This fortunate circumstance was a couple of years too late. War was threatening the country from 1915 onward. Schedules were subject to cancellation if America entered the conflict. Being made up two years in advance, these schedules were somewhat vague and Michigan was not able to book much of a Big Ten representation in 1917. But during that season and the next, Yost was able to challenge Northwestern, Chicago and Ohio State, even if Minnesota could not appear.

Records seem to indicate that only two outstanding personalities came out of Michigan's participation in the "Ivy League." One was, of course, Johnny Maulbetsch, who became the second player from Michigan to win selection as one of Walter Camp's All-Americans. The other was Phil Pack, who did as much for Michigan football as Maulbetsch, or more. By carefully collecting statistics and records, by hoarding pictures and anecdotes, Phil compiled a magnificent history of athletics which was noteworthy enough when it appeared in 1937, but today is priceless. A successful Detroit attorney in later life, Pack served with distinction in both World War I and World War II and

gave two more years to the State as chief of the Michigan Office of Veterans' Affairs. Everyone who cherishes Michigan's athletic accomplishments gratefully thanks Phil Pack for the facts which show how great that record really is.

Another outstanding personality of the "Ivy League" period was Earl V. Moore, Class of 1912, who provided Michigan with a beautiful football song just at the moment when inspiration was most needed. Moore was a mild-mannered, cultured young music teacher, no husky line-plunger. He could caress a pipe-organ's pedals better than he could kick a football. But he wrote "The Varsity," one of Michigan's most famous marching songs. His colleague, J. Fred Lawton, Class of 1911, wrote the words to fit the music.

In contrast to Louis Elbel and his spontaneous inspiration which gave Michigan "The Victors," Moore approached his problem with the technical brilliance and creative frenzy of a Chopin. He sat down to write a march for the University Band. At that time, 1912, it mustered about 30 pieces and was mostly trombones, cornets and clarinets. Nothing daunted, Moore unhesitatingly wrote in orchestrations for the contra bassoon, the glockenspiel and the French horn, the implication being that if the band didn't have 'em it ought to go out and get 'em.

Moore's march was instantly successful. It was played by urchins on mouth-organs and squeaked forth by fiddles at village square dances. "The Varsity" was pirated wholesale by vaudeville performers who used it for tap-dancing routines, and by pit orchestras which scraped through it as an overture. Had there been a "Hit Parade" in 1912, "The Varsity" would have led it week after week, and periodically ever since. It's the swingiest, smoothest melody any march ever had, simpler to play and sing than "Stars and Stripes Forever" because it ranges only an octave and a third. That's why it can be played with exciting effect on slide whistles and ocarinas, on plastic flutes and anything that will make musical sounds. When played by a big band, it has a Sousa-like quality of making people get up on their feet and yell. Stokowski led the Philadelphia Symphony through it as an encore at Hill Auditorium once, and the students nearly tore the roof off.

Harry Burns Hutchins

Marion L. Burton









Clarence Cook Little

(© *Randall and Maedel*)

Alexander G. Ruthven

THE FOUR MODERN PRESIDENTS

Fred Lawton's lyric, in contrast to Elbel's paean in "The Victors," is a sensible plea for action reduced to a march tempo. No repetition of "hail" to this and that; Lawton urges the team to get in there and fight, which is the function of a football song:

> Varsity, down the field, never yield – raise high your shield!
> March on to victory for Mich-i-gan, and the Maize and Blue.
> Oh, Varsity, we're for you; here for you to cheer for you –
> We have no fear for you, oh, Var-si-ty!

Prof. William Revelli, conductor of the modern University of Michigan's 110-piece Band, has twice the range of instrumentation that Earl Moore had in 1912. But he always carries "The Varsity" in wood winds and soft reeds, the drums throbbing instead of exploding. People always sing it, whenever the Band appears. Whether they ever attended Michigan or not, the melody is an old friend and in that song the Band's function is to accompany a chorus, not to perform spectacular orchestral fireworks as in "The Victors." After a swingy introduction you will see the professor's white-gloved hand raised in a soothing gesture of supplication quieting the Band while the flutes and clarinets swing into the first bars of the song. Then you will hear voices raised. It's contagious. Other voices take it up, and presently the conductor's sweeping hands are urging thousands of people to sing out in a song they love.

"The Varsity" was too late to influence the indifferent gate receipts at Ferry Field. The year 1913 was an average one for football and things continued like that for several years. When the song first appeared it was the bright spot in an otherwise listless football season. Before the Big Ten brought football mania back to Michigan in 1918, America was at war. "The Varsity" became a marching song for military bands.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SOUND OF THE BUGLE

1

WORLD War I came to the University of Michigan dramatically but not unexpectedly, in almost the same manner as the Civil War 56 years before. It climaxed a long period of campus debate, with some bitterness on each side. Once again, in a mass meeting the University found itself shaken out of its peacetime languor and confronted with the harsh fact of war.

Since 1915 the campus had been seething with argument. Not that many Michigan people were pro-German, because few were. But a great many were against warfare in general and this war in particular. They declaimed in Ann Arbor churches, and in Felch Park, and from any raised point they could find close to the campus. They denounced American meddling in European affairs, and demanded that Uncle Sam stay "militantly neutral."

Thousands of students shared these views, in some cases because they dreaded the thought of donning uniforms and going away to fight a war. Other thousands felt equally strongly that the United States was already involved and would have to face the issue with force. The University was officially of that opinion, too. On November 8, 1915, it took the first step toward preparation for war by voting for a system of compulsory student military training during the first two years of a war. The University Senate, by this vote, stirred up a hornets' nest. The Regents refused to authorize student military training. They tabled the resolution. But the Michigan *Daily* took it up and

conducted a straw vote on the campus which showed that the student body was overwhelmingly in favor of military training *right then,* not waiting until the outbreak of war.

For eighteen months the argument waxed hotter. The "pacifists" held indignant meetings attacking any mention of war as ridiculous and unpatriotic besides. The students appealed again to the faculty. Prof. William H. Hobbs, a Navy reservist, acted for both groups late in 1915 by organizing at Ann Arbor a chapter of the National Security League, and was elected Chairman. In 1916 this Security League attracted to the campus several noted speakers, including Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, who in a gruff voice, said: "I tell you now that every one of you must prepare himself, and his country, for eventual participation in this war."

General Wood visited the campus with this message several times. Admiral Robert E. Peary (Retired) came with him on one occasion. As a result, voluntary training started in 1916 under Major Clyde Wilson of the Michigan National Guard, a Professor of Engineering at Michigan. A long list of distinguished faculty members signed a memorial of sympathy with the Allies which provoked storms of protest from the pacifists. Some professors of German in the Department of Modern Languages were found to be using their classes as rostrums for outspoken German propaganda, and were dismissed. This action heightened the tension on the campus.

In March, 1917, when Woodrow Wilson was soundly berating the German government, and war seemed imminent, the *Daily* took another student poll on the subject of compulsory military training. The vote, confined to men students, was 3,369 for, and 632 against. At the time total enrollment stood at 7,517.

Despite this overwhelming demand by the students, the Regents refused to budge. They regarded military training as a "controversial issue." The minority was small, true, but it represented many prominent people of the State: the clergy, the wealthy businessmen and the conservative citizens who looked upon any mention of war as horrible. To them, war was too terrible to think about. Therefore they didn't think about it, and the Regents reflected that attitude.

Early in March, 1917, it appeared that war was inevitable. The Security League under Hobbs' chairmanship asked for and received permission to stage a mass meeting of students in Hill Auditorium on April 2nd. There, a series of resolutions were to be put to the students. After the vote, the Regents promised, they would give the matter more consideration. If it turned out to be favorable, they might change their minds.

It was coincidental but decisive that on that date, when the students trooped into Hill Auditorium, President Woodrow Wilson in Washington drove to the Capitol and appeared before a joint meeting of Congress urging a declaration of war. Ann Arbor knew it; extras were on the streets and excitement was at its height. The Security League made the occasion dramatic as well as historic by inviting the two Naval Militia battalions organized at Michigan to appear in uniform, together with National Guardsmen and Reserve officers in Army khaki.

When the news of Wilson's address electrified Ann Arbor, everything stopped. There was no use attempting to hold classes. Faculty and townspeople jammed every inch of available space in the huge auditorium, which became a seething mass of excited, noisy humanity. Presently Hobbs called the meeting to order with repeated raps on a small, speaker's stand. Outside the hall, the University Band was heard in an ominous roll of drums, followed by the inspiring strains of the national anthem. The milling crowd struggled to its feet and remained standing, while down the main aisles came the uniformed Navy units behind two large silk American flags, heavy with gold fringe.

"The whole atmosphere became charged in an instant," reported *The Michigan Alumnus.* "The gathering took on more and more of the character of a great consecration to the nation in its hour of need."

On the stage beside Hobbs stood Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War. He was "visibly affected;" his voice shook and he stood straight and tall, at attention, as the flags floated down the aisles. Frederick R. Coudert of New York, able international lawyer, was there, too. He was almost in tears. "My, that's inspiring," he sighed.

Over the vast auditorium a hush fell when Stimson arose. Everyone

remembered how imposing and distinguished he looked as he spoke – a personification of the American leader who had come to accept the pledge of loyalty now offered by the students. The audience was impatient. Finally Hobbs offered the main resolution: "Resolved!" he shouted. "That the University of Michigan encourage and support the training of its students for service to the nation – *through the medium of compulsory military training*!"

Instantly the auditorium exploded into roars. The noise almost took the roof off; outside the Band members impulsively broke out with "Yankee-Doodle" and the thumping of the big drums could barely be heard through the din inside.

"The roar of the 'ayes' which followed the voting suggested a touchdown at football, and there could be no doubt of the earnestness that lay behind it," reported the Michigan *Daily*. "Michigan became aroused as never before!" commented the *Alumnus*. The following day Major Wilson's voluntary drill squad had 900 students clamoring for space in the ranks.

With a war of continental proportions raging in Europe for two years and nine months, the United States Army had nothing wherewith to fight a battle. A Michigan undergraduate from Jackson, Michigan, the famed Lafayette Escadrille pilot Paul Eaton, had quit the campus in 1916 and enlisted in France. He was flying Spad XIII fighters with twin Vickers machine guns at a time when the United States Army had only eleven old crates, all obsolete and none fit even to train pilots. Germany sent a giant submarine, the *Deutschland*, through the British blockade to Baltimore in 1916 with a load of chemical dyes. The United States Navy could only stare at it in astonishment. Nothing like it existed in the Navy.

If the Army hadn't been aware of the inevitability of war, the young men of the country were on the whole less confused about it. Michigan students sensed that they'd be in it. They couldn't believe men like William Jennings Bryan, who came to Ann Arbor to tell them that America wouldn't become involved in the war. Bryan had recently resigned as Wilson's Secretary of State over the President's determination to get tough with Germany. Yet Bryan was talking about "a

million men springing to arms overnight" if necessary, without training. The students could read. They knew it wasn't going to be an Indian skirmish. It was a war of submarines, airplanes, poison gas, flame throwers, bombs and machine guns. The students thought that Bryan's theme was ridiculous. And Norman Angell's, too, and Albert J. Beveridge's, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise's, all of whom came to Ann Arbor to tell the students that they should not hold warlike views about Germany.

Immediately after the declaration of war on April 7, 1917, the Civil War experience was repeated on the campus. On the 14th another mass meeting was held in Hill Auditorium. The 7th and 8th Naval Militia units were ordered to mobilize and left Ann Arbor on May 8th, after a farewell meeting in the same auditorium, presided over by President Hutchins. By May 1st, a thousand Michigan students had left to enlist. Drill companies appeared everywhere. Spring vacation, 1917, a week or so after the declaration, found a couple of hundred eager students voluntarily staying at the University, drilling four hours a day at Ferry Field to insure themselves rapid promotion after they entered the services.

Some of the Medical, Dental and Engineering faculty members developed special courses in military hygiene, field surgery, dental procedures, and all kinds of engineering techniques that might be found useful to a soldier. These courses were given to anybody who wanted the instruction.

The spring and summer of 1917 brought cold fogs and dismal weather to Ann Arbor. This unpleasant atmosphere was made even more uncomfortable for the men students, who marched incessantly up and down State Street and South University, drilled in Waterman gymnasium, and carried their obsolete Enfield rifles grimly on the shoulders of tight blue-serge civilian suits while their flannel caps became soaked with rain. The Army, in May, sent an officer to help out.

He was an old retired major named C. W. Castle, who was an invalid and couldn't get around much, but his presence was a signal from the Army that Michigan wasn't being overlooked. He was an able examiner, and in his first few weeks he examined and passed 315 stu-

dents for entrance to the officer training camps then being set up to produce "ninety-day wonders." Major Castle got the faculty to donate full academic credit to these boys for the bobtailed term, without examination.

During the summer of 1917 nothing much happened at Ann Arbor to further the war effort. The whole program was going along in a series of sudden starts and stops like the Model T Ford engines the engineers were rebuilding for ambulance service. Behind the scenes, President Hutchins and the University Senate were exchanging a series of irritating letters with the War Department. As everybody knows by now, the War Department corresponds with no one. It issues edicts, fiats and General Orders. It told President Hutchins in one of these imperial decrees that it had promulgated General Order 49, establishing a Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and that a unit thereof would be established at Ann Arbor in time for the fall term of 1917-18. President Hutchins read over the list of regulations, and the red tape, and groaned. Compliance would have removed all of the active control of the University from his hands and given it to some unknown Army instructor.

He didn't care how dictatorial the Army became. He wouldn't stand for loss of control. There followed, in the summer of 1917, a series of conferences between Army officers and a committee representing all the larger universities. President Hutchins was a member, and he was instrumental in toning down the Army's demands into something workable for both sides.

Pursuant to the agreement reached at this conference, Lt. George C. Mullen, U. S. A. (Retired), arrived on the campus in September to activate and administer the new R. O. T. C. detachment. By mid-October, he was busy drilling 1,600 men daily at Ferry Field, and by the end of the month, 1,800 men. He was successful. His R. O. T. C. boys were shipped away to officer candidate schools as fast as they absorbed basic training. By Christmas vacation the strength of the R. O. T. C. unit was cut in half by these transfers. It was replaced by a new Army creation called the S. A. T. C. — the Student Army Training Corps.

This appeared after America had been at war a year. In outline it was a sort of ancestor to the V-8 and other ASTP (Army Specialized Training Programs) activities of World War II, whereby the students were mobilized immediately, inducted into the Army, and then kept on the campus attending classes until they could be absorbed into new training units.

Prior to the advent of the S.A.T.C., President Hutchins and the University seemed to be doing all right. Throughout the undergraduate departments and some of the professional schools every ounce of energy was going into the war program. The faculty had given credit *in absentia* to hundreds of students who had quit classes to help stranded farmers with their crops. It had set up reserve units in the Medical, Dental and Engineering Schools, so that professionally trained students could go immediately from the classrooms to a commission in the Army. The faculty had voted to ask the Regents to open all the vacant University property around the campus for use as canteens. The beautiful Alumni Memorial Hall was taken over by the women as a Red Cross center.

As fast as R.O.T.C. and S.A.T.C. membership went up, attendance went down. Perhaps even faster, because the University lost 1,239 students to the Army and Navy by enlistment the first week the R.O.T.C. was set up. Lt. Mullin did very well with his unit. It quickly became the largest college training corps in the country, so big that the old soldier had to wigwag the Army for reinforcements.

He got a couple of sergeants to run the orderly room, who, between salutes, kept the paper work flowing smoothly. He got another retired lieutenant, like himself an old war horse from the Philippine campaign, Lt. Losey J. Williams. Both Mullin and Williams had been career enlisted men who, after thirty years, had retired as lieutenants. It wouldn't happen today; no master sergeant wants to be a lieutenant.

They taught drill and little else. Putting more than a thousand college boys through the manual of arms and close-order drill must have strained even such vocabularies as theirs, cultivated during three decades of life with Army mules in the jungles of Luzon and elsewhere. And the fancy drill they had to teach in those days was nightmarish.

State-wide prohibition was clamped down suddenly, ostensibly as a means of saving grain. Joe's, the great and well-loved landmark for decades of Michigan students, closed its doors forever. So did all the other bars in Ann Arbor.

1917

Perhaps the premature appearance of age and haggard strain that lined Huchins' countenance and whitened his hair so early was caused by the Student Army Training Corps. It's a likely possibility. All the records deplore the situation. The *Michiganensian* for 1919 is full of pictures of this outfit doing everything calculated to drive the faculty into a frenzy. The whole academic routine was uprooted. Three six-week class periods were substituted for the two regular semesters. Draftees crowded the campus. Fraternity houses became casualties of war.

Building was going on just the same, the phrase "total war" not having entered the vernacular. Million-dollar edifices of stone and steel piled up their construction confusion along with temporary Army shacks that popped up like mushrooms after a rain. Some attempt had to be made, however, to keep the University running. There were numbers of civilian students unable to get into the S. A. T. C., and also 1,600 women, for whom no uniformed jobs could be found in those days.

The old stone residence of Judge Cooley on State Street, which had served the Michigan Union so long as a clubhouse, was coming down. Adjoining it, the old Pond family residence was being carted away stone by stone, too. The two large lots were occupied by a towering steel-and-brick building which in the skelton stage looked like a sky-scraper. This was to be the new Union Building, erected with the million dollars raised from the alumni.

It was designed, by an odd coincidence, by Irving K. Pond, Class of 1879, and his brother Allen, Class of 1880, famous architects who had grown up there. Irving K. Pond was President of the American

Society of Architects in 1910, when the Union's directors first broached to him the subject of tearing down his boyhood home. At first he didn't like it, but by 1915 he had agreed to help with the project. He was a wiry, white-haired old gentleman with a springy step and a constitution nothing short of amazing. He had played football during Michigan's first attempt at an intercollegiate schedule, 1879. He could turn back flips and forward somersaults without a springboard when he was 70 years old. White-haired though he was, he donned a track suit and sprinted around Waterman gymnasium faster than most freshmen, to the consternation of Track Coach Steve Farrell and the undergraduates of 1917.

The construction of this enormous building tore up the street and mangled President Hutchins' already frayed nerves. He could not move his office to the rear of University Hall to escape the noise, because the noise was even worse there. The Library, best loved of all the old Angell buildings, was falling down like London Bridge. Wreckers carefully lowered the soft-chimed clock from the tower and prepared to set it up in the old Engineering Building. Pneumatic chisels stabbed viciously at the hard Michigan clay. Concrete mixers and throbbing riveting-hammers were all over the place.

In this confusion, President Hutchins stared at a letter from the Army. Washington had inquired how many S.A.T.C. trainees he thought he could handle, to which he had replied 200. So the Army notified him that they were sending 500 and there would be more to follow. A Capt. Ralph H. Durkee was being assigned as commander. He would arrive in April, 1918, and the University was directed to place its complete facilities at his disposal.

Captain Durkee turned out to be a big, husky, friendly fellow with about eight months' service, a "ninety-day wonder" himself. He had been a high-school physics teacher and football coach prior to his induction. Captain Durkee became Major Durkee pretty soon. His unit became the largest S.A.T.C. corps in the United States, at a college or anywhere else. Originally set up for 200, it actually began with 800 men, expanded to 2,800 by the beginning of the fall term of 1918, and by Armistice Day was feeding and housing 3,600.

The erstwhile happy campus was a madhouse. Eight hundred men were quartered in the unfinished Union Building, laid end to end in blanketed rows like one of those queer statistics. Waterman Gymnasium became a barracks, too. Kindly old "Doc" George A. May, the Director, was ousted from his office and moved down to the Ferry Field clubhouse. Almost every fraternity house was full of S.A.T.C. boys, and troops moved in everywhere as if they were a victorious army of occupation.

In September and early October, 1918, they were being quartered in front yards. The Alpha Delta Phi house had fifty bunks out on the grass, looking as if the furniture had been moved out by some sheriff's eviction order. The unreal atmosphere of the campus was shown by the way the S.A.T.C. built a mess hall. A complete building, 110 feet long by 20 feet wide, was erected in a single day and fed more than 1,450 men that evening.

The faculty found "Sleepy Hollow" dug up in a crazy pattern of practice trenches. A forest of naked telegraph poles sprang up amid the campus elms between the Engineering Building and the Library, and student linesmen clambered up and down them like monkeys. Temporary shacks appeared between the Medical and Pharmacy buildings. The S.A.T.C., it appeared, had started a production line factory for the rebuilding of old automobile engines donated by various citizens. The engines were used to train more students in motor repair and maintenance.

President Hutchins leaped from his chair in alarm one morning when he heard the yells of an approaching mob bearing down on University Hall. It was just Major Durkee staging a mock battle with a couple of thousand troops. The deans of all the departments came to him in high dudgeon. They couldn't hold classes; the instructors and drillmasters of the S.A.T.C. had ordered all the students out for drill and told them to disregard any instructions from the faculty on peril of court-martial.

Memories of the S.A.T.C. persist in faculty minds to this day. It was a hectic outfit compared to the smoothly efficient Naval units in training on the campus at the same time. Somehow the Navy stuck to its

guns and its engineering, turning out technicians by the score who won rapid promotion at sea. The Army's Major Durkee became a campus character at once. But the Navy's older, grizzled Rear Admiral Robert M. Barry was seldom seen and almost never heard.

Admiral Barry had retired in 1912 after 45 years of active duty. He had interrupted his Annapolis course to sail as an ensign in a Union frigate during the Civil War. His sea duty had carried him all over the world; he had been in the Artic with rescue expeditions and in the tropics on patrol. He had once commanded the old ironclad *U.S.S. Michigan,* forgotten for a generation or more. He had commanded and helped to create the great Navy yards at Brooklyn, Baltimore and Pensacola.

He knew precisely what the Navy wanted from these boys. As a flag officer under the Navy's odd system of individual responsibility, he could develop about any kind of training program he chose. When he arrived he found the reserve units, the 7th and 8th Naval Militia, activated and gone. They had left behind a loyal Naval reservist who was a professor at the University, Lt. (jg) A. E. R. Boak. With Boak as excutive of a new training unit, Admiral Barry began training navigators, gunnery officers and junior deck officers.

He requisitioned a small staff of personnel from Great Lakes and organized two new training battalions. Membership was rather select, held down to 600 trainees in what the admiral humorously called the "Student Navy Training Corps." He didn't go in for squads-right drill. He put his boys into the old observatory to learn navigation, into the new Engineering Building with its long naval tank, to learn what makes a ship stay afloat, and into the shops to learn which end of a heavy gun makes the noise.

The Militia did everything but go to sea. Organized in the old West Engineering Building on November 4, 1916, these boys realized that war was coming in spite of what Byran said. They proposed to join the Navy largely because most of them were engineers and Dean Cooley had served in the Navy. They were called out just at the time America entered the war. They went to Great Lakes, were re-examined, and every man passed. Because they had learned about big guns at

Ann Arbor, they were given intensive training on huge twelve- and fourteen-inchers on Navy gunnery ranges commanded by the famous Marine officer, Major W. C. Harllee.

They were ready when Admiral C. H. Plunkett conceived the idea of dismounting these enormous battleship guns and using them as railway artillery in France. The Navy gold braid pooh-poohed, at first. They said: "Where can you find men who can operate guns as big as that?"

Plunkett replied: "The Michigan battalions, from Harllee's ranges."

"How about officers?"

"We'll make 'em," said Plunkett. "And they'll be damn good ones, too."

They were. Ten of the 33 Navy officers aboard these railroad batteries in France were University of Michigan students, and so were 16 petty officers who served under them. These odd units smacked of salt water even when hurling giant shells at the Germans from French railways. They corrected their traverse with "port" and starboard," they climbed around "for'ard" and "aft," and they threw such a tonnage of steel at the battered German line that they became famous all through the A.E.F. The last big-gun shell fired at the Germans roared out of a Michigan Naval Militia fourteen-incher at exactly eleven o'clock, November 11, 1918. That shell ended World War I.

13

Influenza swept through the crowded S.A.T.C. dormitories like a prairie fire. Everywhere, that fateful September of 1918, people looked with apprehension at sniffling neighbors. A powerful sneeze was enough to clear a room in an instant. No one really understood the epidemic nature of the disease until the death toll began mounting nationally and doctors found the most deadly scourge in American history confronting them.

"Spanish flu," they called it. Whatever it was, it began with a common cold but progressed in a matter of hours to fiery temperatures, dizziness, pneumonia, and death. People were stricken in the stores,

on the streets, and in churches. The disease appeared in Ann Arbor in late September and caused a swift wave of deaths. By October 10th it had assumed epidemic proportions and doctors were warning everyone to stay indoors and avoid crowds. The disease apparently doomed everyone at such a crowded place as the Michigan campus. Every drill formation and every class spread the malady.

The influenza epidemic, added to everything else that was popping about his ears, was almost more than harassed President Hutchins could bear. In the confusion he didn't know exactly what to do. On October 17th he ordered every person on the campus to wear gauze face masks which were distributed wholesale by the newly established University Health Service. Major Durkee called off S.A.T.C. drill. The Army doctors, mainly faculty men, fought desperately to keep the first symptoms of the disease from turning into pneumonia, which usually caused death.

A heavy silence fell across the campus. Alumni Memorial Hall, operated by the University women as a service center for the S.A.T.C., was closed. The old Angell residence on the campus was closed too, forcing the Red Cross to halt its program which had been operating there. The canteen across the street was shut down and hardly a place remained open where a soldier could buy cigarettes.

By November 1st, 1,207 members of the S.A.T.C. companies were under treatment for influenza and the spectre of swift death was turning the campus into a morgue. All uninfected men were moved out of the gaunt shell of the uncompleted Union Building, and its freshly plastered rooms were turned into hospital wards. The old stone Newberry Hall on State Street was cleared of its Y.W.C.A. girls and turned into another emergency hospital. Barbour Gymnasium was full of flu victims too. Waterman Gymnasium was already crowded with S.A.T.C. cots, or it would have been pressed into service as well.

Fraternity houses switched soldiers rapidly, the well ones going to other quarters, and the sick ones being segregated in makeshift wards in the spacious Greek-letter manors. University Hospital was so overcrowded with serious cases that the epidemic broke out among the student nurses.

Then the scourge disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. On November 9th all contagion regulations were revoked at the time the University received the "false armistice" news. Two days later, when the real tidings came, everybody forgot the flu and celebrated in earnest. Most of them were just as happy about having survived the flu as having survived the war.

Doctors who fought this epidemic in Ann Arbor accomplished one of the best survival records in the United States. With the big laboratories available for serum culture, adequate staffs of trained nurses and medical students to help out, and above all the great capacity of campus and fraternity buildings which could be segregated and quarantined, they kept terminal pneumonia from snuffing out the lives of all but 57 S.A.T.C. boys, two student nurses, and 58 citizens of Ann Arbor.

Shortly after the Armistice, the S.A.T.C. unit was disbanded and the campus soldiers began receiving discharges. "The whole history of the S.A.T.C. would be pleasant to overlook," said the record, placing an emphatic period to one of the University's most difficult experiences.

In 1919 and 1920, when the Michigan men in the A.E.F. had returned, noses were counted and the all-knowing Alumni Association statisticians found that in proportion to the size of the student body, student participation in World War I had not equalled the Civil War record. As in that earlier war, however, Michigan men rose swiftly to commanding rank. Almost 13,000 University of Michigan alumni and students saw service in World War I at some time. In 1941 the Alumni Association could name 12,601. Of them, 234 enlisted men died while in service, including the 57 S.A.T.C. boys, and 97 officers, mostly in the trenches during the bloody Saint-Mihiel offensive in October, 1918. One out of every three Michigan men in the services won a commission — a total of 4,761 brass wearers hailing from this one Midwestern campus.

Among them were two major generals, including the Surgeon General of the Army, four brigadier generals, and two rear admirals. The alumni files list only two Michigan students who fought with the German army. One of them was a fighter pilot in Von Richthofen's squadron. He was shot down in a sky battle in October, 1917. Michigan's

ornament to the Lafayette Escadrille, Capt. Paul Eaton, had transferred to the 91st U.S. Squadron, Eddie Rickenbacker's "Hat-In-The-Ring" outfit, and was flying in that same area. Could that aerial battle over France have involved two University of Michigan men, as enemies?

Little by little, during the winter of 1918-19, the campus tried to return to normalcy. The awkward line of telegraph poles came down, the temporary shacks folded up or blew away, the scars of the trenches in "Sleepy Hollow" were filled in. President Hutchins had aged perceptibly. He was exhausted. He waited only until March, 1919, to hand the Regents his letter of resignation.

The winter was one of extreme temperatures. For two weeks in February, 1919, the temperature hardly rose above zero. Snow, deep-drifted, covered the scars of the S.A.T.C. drilling on Ferry Field. The fraternities hesitantly moved back into their fine houses, fearful that they would not find enough left to justify the effort. Once more the ancient campus residence where Dr. Angell had lived for 45 years, and where he died in 1916, stood empty and in sad need of repair. About the only building which showed no ill effects from the war was the famed stone Alumni Memorial Hall. Not a window was broken in it, not a floor marred or a picture adorned with penciled moustaches. You see, the University women had been placed in charge, and they had kept house very well indeed.

Not until 1919 did the last hobnailed S.A.T.C. boots leave the campus. Then the Union building was opened for partial service, and the students finally saw that promised land. The floors were raw lumber subflooring; the walls were rough plaster and in many cases merely partitions of builder's tile. None of the paneling was in, nor the marble wainscoting in the basement. Part of the cafeteria fixtures had been installed, however, and meals were being served to the students with coffee urns, G.I. crockery cups and aluminum forks left over from the "army of occupation."

The S.A.T.C. didn't hurt the building and may have done it some good. The thousands of boys in khaki who were billeted there formed

lasting attachments to the place. They pledged $60,000 in life memberships during the brief life of the S.A.T.C., and many of them returned in 1920 as regular students under the Army's benevolent education plan, the forerunner of today's G.I. Bill.

When the Union was opened in the fall of 1919 its cafeteria, barbershop, bowling alleys, billiard room, reading room and lounges were crowded. During the first few months 7,500 men passed into the building every day, and 2,200 meals were served in the cafeteria.

The Union was comfortably large then, but it has had to grow new wings, quadrangles and dormitories until today it occupies a whole block and looks rather like a New York apartment development. The tower, commanding a view all over Ann Arbor and the Huron River valley, was originally set aside for small rooms for the campus societies. The fourth floor of the main building boasted 48 bedrooms when it was completed in 1919, most of which were reserved for visiting dignitaries who ought not to be subjected to the dubious hospitality of Ann Arbor's ancient inn opposite the courthouse.

The cost of construction had jumped 40 per cent during the war, and the million dollars raised by the students and alumni wasn't enough. Even the S.A.T.C. memberships, and $110,000 more pledged by the student body in 1919, could not quite keep up with the soaring costs. The Union directorate, after some debate, put a $300,000 mortgage on the building to complete it. The mortgage was paid in full long before it fell due, liquidated by the astonishing support of Michigan's international army of loyal alumni. People said that Michigan's alumni were the most loyal college group in the world.

The Union was the first such building to be erected at any American university. Like the Ferry Field clubhouse and the sports structures, the Union was invented at Michigan and has been duplicated at many other universities since. But all those campuses sent delegations to see the marvelous Michigan Union. Surprisingly, it was conceived, financed and executed by students and alumni. At the head of the whole Union directorate stood, in 1919, the handsome figure of an engineering senior, Donald M. Springer, Class of 1919, from Youngstown, Ohio. He was President of the Michigan Union, student manager of

the football team, Assistant Chairman of the Union opera, a Sigma Chi, a Michigamua, a member of Triangle, Mimes and Alchemists, and had been on the sophomore prom committee. Oh, yes; he was also voted the most popular man in the class.

Springer was helped by a board of directors representing the students and faculty, and heavily sprinkled with alumni. But he was also Chairman of the Board of Governors and thus in actual command of the enterprise. He had some help from the Regents, the Secretary of the University, and the Alumni directors. But it was mostly advice — the responsibility was his. As any good executive would, he picked a full-time manager, Homer Heath, Class of 1907, who ran the building successfully for a good many years.

The end of the school term in June, 1919, marked the close of an abnormal, exhausting period. The war was over, the Union was reopened, the Library had been carefully constructed around the old bookstacks. Dr. Hutchins on retirement was revealed as the possessor of four Doctorates of Law. How that happened was a mystery to the Regents. They had been so busy with the war, the S.A.T.C. and construction program that they had forgotten that President Hutchins held a plain Bachelor's degree throughout his administration. Other universities didn't forget. They applauded his success with the alumni and with donors like William Wallace Cook and Robert P. Lamont. He, in his modest way, had taught them a great deal. They acknowledged that debt with honorary degrees. The University of Wisconsin, the University of California, Wesleyan University and Notre Dame University thus honored him.

Somewhat belatedly, the University of Michigan awarded him the same degree, Doctor of Laws, three years after his retirement, in 1921. It no longer mattered much then, but he smiled as he received it from the hand of his red-headed successor, Dr. Burton. Hutchins had had time to rest and restore his strength by 1921, and the hectic days of the S.A.T.C. were only irritating memories to him.

CHAPTER XV

BURTON THE BUILDER

1

DURING the decade of Harry Burns Hutchins' businesslike administration, the University of Michigan held its position in the forefront of the whole American university field. It had consolidated that position and had clearly won a high place in the estimation of other universities. Then there came a day of grave risk. A new presidental choice was thrust upon the Regents. The choice had to be made at once.

Hutchins was 73 years old, worn out, incapable of continuing. The faculty was full of famous scientists and teachers, but none had been carefully developed as an administrator, a potential President.

It was a dangerous decision to make. To the Regents it seemed that there were only three or four men in America capable of guiding the University of Michigan, of following in the great traditions of Tappan, Angell and Hutchins. They were, at the moment, presiding over other institutions such as Harvard, Yale and Johns Hopkins.

There was an added danger in that particular period. Right after World War I the magazines, for some reason, were full of articles by educators advocating some of the most radical ideas ever expressed on education. Critically they reviewed everything about teaching, especially college teaching. A good many pedagogues of the time seemed to have a flair for publicity, and the Regents were not scholars, were not expected to be scholars. Jittery faculty men felt sure the Regents would be misled by the publicity surrounding certain educators, and invite them solely because they were famous.

When the choice was announced, there was some division of opinion about it. The Regents had invited Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton, D.D. (Yale, 1906), Ph.D. (Yale, 1907), to the presidency. Dr. Burton was

a famous man, frequently quoted, occasionally the author of a magazine article, and a widely sought lecturer. Because he was famous, some of the more mossbacked faculty members murmured in their beards.

He was then President of the University of Minnesota, and the fame he had won was a tribute to his skill in the difficult dual responsibility of educator and administrator. Minnesota had been transformed under his administration from a small school to a very large one, bigger than Michigan. He had succeeded the equally famous Dr. George Vincent at Minnesota when Vincent left to become President of the Rockefeller Foundation, and Burton had won lavish praise from Minnesota faculty, students and alumni.

Burton looked his part as a public character, a celebrated authority on something or other. He was six feet two, almost as tall as Tappan, and with the most beautiful speaking voice ever heard in Ann Arbor. He had fiery red hair and plenty of it, a football physique that gave him an aggressive, erect posture, and an air of immense dignity. He was younger than any previous president, extremely handsome, irresistibly charming.

While the campus conservatives were worrying about what horrible innovations he might introduce, Dr. Burton arrived in June, 1920, to attend Commencement, and was awarded an LL.D. even before being inaugurated. This looked very odd indeed to those professors who saw President Hutchins award it to him and who knew that Michigan had not yet honored Hutchins himself with such a degree. It seemed there must be a story behind the selection of Dr. Burton, and his acceptance. He was very highly regarded at Minnesota; on the surface there seemed no obvious explanation for his acceptance of Michigan's offer.

There was, indeed, a story there. The Regents had realized for more than a year that the University needed a complete administrative overhauling. In addition there was a construction program in the offing so vast that it would go on for several years and again change the whole appearance of the campus.

Dr. Burton was the best-qualified college president in America for

such a task. Expansion was his specialty. He had just finished a similar program at Minnesota, and before that, as President of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, he had rebuilt the whole institution physically and academically. The Regents knew that Michigan would never attain capacity enough to handle all the students who applied for admission. The race between attendance and new building would always go on, probably bringing with it an educational and administrative problem which required the deftest handling. Dr. Burton was a master of such things.

Dr. Burton flung himself into the morass of accumulated problems with energy and enthusiasm. During the summer he made his own survey of conditions as he found them, and prepared recommendations. The Regents rubbed their hands in glee. Burton was their man. He was young, energetic and extremely able. He would be another Angell, guiding Michigan for years.

The parallel between Angell and Burton was a strong one. They had similar backgrounds and seemed to be cast in the same mold of character. Both, at the beginnings of their administrations, revitalized the whole institution.

Dr. Burton tightened the administrative reins immediately. He and Shirley Smith bought modern bookeeping machines, tons of filing cabinets, intricate tabulating machines to keep track of nearly 10,000 students. He called mass meetings of his 500 faculty members, and in the most delightful phrases told them that they ought to meet with him more frequently to discuss "mutual problems." These meetings turned out to be virtual classes taught by Dr. Burton who instructed them in observing the line of demarcation between the teaching and administrative functions.

He inaugurated the custom of a special column in the Michigan *Daily* for announcements setting forth the various meetings and cultural lectures scheduled for the day. Burton would call mass meetings of the various classes, ostensibly to get acquainted. But in doing so he hammered home his point about the need for closer cooperation, observance of the rules, more hard study. He was gently telling them who was boss. Morale soared to new heights all over the campus.

One effect of all this was to scare undergraduates into unfamiliar wrestles with their required classroom work. Campus characters who had boasted that they were "getting by" with a choice collection of "pipe" courses suddenly vanished. Deans notified their professors and students alike that they were going to pare down attendance ruthlessly to fit capacity, and that only the best would survive.

It was modernism of a sort Michigan needed, applied brusquely and efficiently. Dean Effinger, of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts, was best at that sort of thing; it was he who "bounced out" the failing freshmen at midyear in appalling numbers. But it was true that the campus was overcrowded and the only way to be fair to the good student was to get rid of the deadwood. Other universities were doing the same. Attendance at American universities had never been so great. The postwar rush transformed many schools into great institutions larger than Michigan in campus acreage, physical size and number of students.

As soon as he had grasped the administrative reins firmly and set the academic pace of the University, Dr. Burton began drafting his construction program. There was on hand an appropriation of $300,000 for an addition to Waterman Gymnasium and some other supplementary construction. A series of new buildings was projected on East University, across the street from the Medical and Engineering Buildings. And on the campus, between them, Dr. Burton found space on the site of the original Medical Building for the new Randall Physics Laboratory. Across the street his architects showed him plans for East Medical, East Engineering and several other new structures.

But these were not enough. They were solving the graduate students' problem, but the freshman and the Lit undergraduate were not provided for. These students were crowded into drafty old West Hall, a former grade school, jammed into makeshift classrooms in the basement of Tappan Hall, and cooped up in tiny cubicles in ancient Mason Hall. Dr. Burton demanded more classroom buildings. The freshman and sophomore classes were unusually large that year because of the returning veterans. The crowding became uncomfortable, then intolerable.

These veterans had been through soul-searing experiences overseas. Many had fought with the Canadians at Vimy Ridge; others had survived the gas, the trench mouth, the incessant shelling of the muddy trenches at Château-Thierry. In Hill Auditorium one day they heard Dr. Burton, in a jaunty mood, say: "Fellow freshmen, you and the University are going to mature together." He never made a more erroneous statement. The freshmen of 1920-21 were already mature. A very large percentage were in their thirties. Among them, sitting there listening to Dr. Burton, was Arthur Harold Furlong, Class of 1924, (Medicine), who sat quietly with a Congressional Medal of Honor ribbon in his buttonhole. He didn't need University help to mature. He was already a man.

12

Dr. Burton's success at Michigan was, like his personality, phenomenal. He quickly won the hearts of students and alumni as he had at Minnesota. His height alone made him appear more important than ordinary mortals. He loomed up in a crowd as if a spotlight were on him. The vivid, carrot-hued hair attracted attention as much as his height. On Sunday morning he attended the Congregational Church at William and State, afterward doffing his conservative black Homburg hat to greet faculty wives and congratulate the minister on his sermon. Earl V. Moore, composer of "The Varsity," was organist there. He saw people stand on the sidewalk and gaze at Dr. Burton in simple awe, much as their grandfathers had gazed at Dr. Tappan.

Dr. Burton was as great a man in his time as Tappan had been in his. They would not have agreed on any major point of educational doctrine, but the debate certainly would have been worth hearing. Burton was as sincere a scholar as Tappan, but he had a broad, liberal tolerance that Tappan lacked. Burton didn't have to try to be friendly. He was friendly by nature. He liked everybody, even the deans of the departments.

Perhaps his success at an early age had something to do with his

vivacity. As a boy he had worked on a farm near the village of Brooklyn, Iowa, where he was born on August 30, 1874. When he moved to Minneapolis he was a grammar-school boy. His parents were not wealthy, and every one of his degrees had been sweated for, literally, by hard work in putting himself through college. He was 26 years old before he got his A.B. at tiny Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, in 1900.

He taught country school until there was a scholarship available at Yale, which he won by competitive examination. The scholarship led to a degree in divinity, but Burton took it anyhow. Simultaneously he worked on his Ph.D. thesis, and was the first Michigan president to earn one. At the age of 33 he had his A.B., D.D. and Ph.D.

Two Regents, Junius Beal and William L. Clements, were as close to Burton personally as anyone during his incumbency. They wondered, and the wonder still persists, that he could maintain the pace he did. Dr. Frank E. Robbins, now Assistant to the President, was then assistant to the business manager, Shirley Smith. He says Dr. Burton "burned himself out" – literally killed himself with overwork.

Regent "Junie" Beal thought otherwise. Beal served on the Board of Regents for 32 years, 1908-1940. The University was his major career, and he mastered every detail of its operation. He was one of those who insisted on the invitation to Dr. Burton, and Beal never lost his high admiration for the red-headed president. Beal thought that Dr. Burton was a victim of some strange malady that was slowly sapping his life. He said that Burton was a "white knight" . . . "a gallant gentleman who knew he had not long to live and determined to dedicate every ounce of his vitality to the University."

Dr. Burton had heart disease, that malignant killer of so many outstanding men. He knew it, and tried to keep it from being known on the campus. He had not occupied the presidential chair for two years before symptoms appeared. Valiantly Dr. Burton fought them down, and continued holding meetings, lecturing, receiving long lines of students, galloping about the campus overseeing constructional details. His physical condition, on the surface, appeared excel-

lent. He suffered some heart seizures from which he recovered quickly, and they were hushed.

Bit by bit Dr. Burton began confining himself to the necessary problems connected with money raising and the budget. He turned over most of the administration to the various deans, who, however, were told that he was merely delegating authority, not relinquishing it. Joseph A. Bursley took over as Dean of Students in 1921, freeing Dr. Burton of the disciplinary problem which all presidents had assumed before then.

Blithely, even jauntily, Dr. Burton appeared striding around the campus much as before. There was no outward sign to indicate the weak heart, and his friends kept the secret well. Though he had a monstrous problem with the new construction, he kept up with it without showing any obvious signs of fatigue. The University Hospital had been partially erected and then left unfinished. The sum of $2,990,000 more was needed for completion. Dr. Burton, accompanied by Regent William L. Clements, went to Lansing and made a spellbinding speech to the Legislature. He didn't stop with the hospital appropriation. He asked for $19 million more in a long-range program, $5 million of it right away.

The audacity of such a demand threw the Legislature into confusion. The whole body, members of both houses, piled into automobiles and came to Ann Arbor to see for themselves where these millions were to go. Dr. Burton was a charming host. He showed them the underprivileged freshmen grinding away in the basement of Tappan Hall like some scene out of Dickens. He made old West Hall seem like a haunted house.

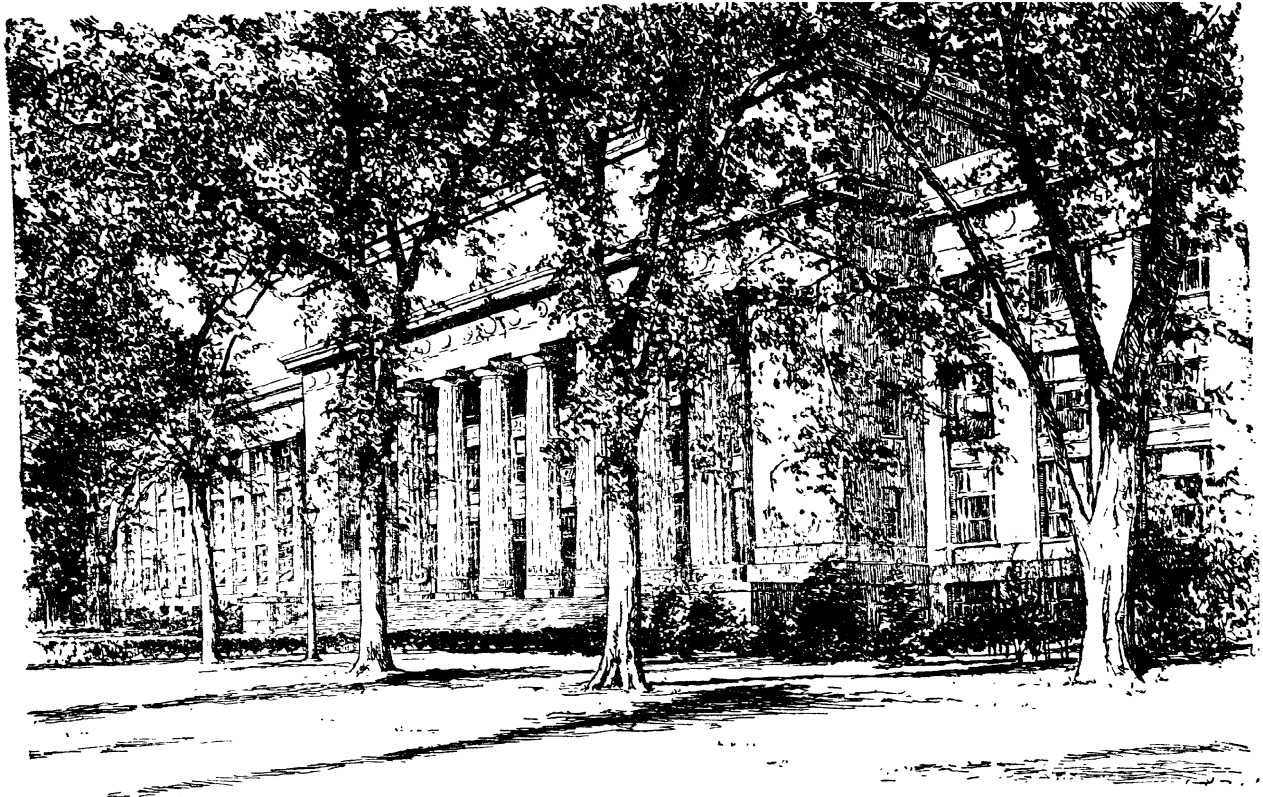
The Legislature, profoundly impressed, voted $4,800,000 immediately for construction in 1921-22, with a promise of more to follow. In 1923 Dr. Burton succeeded in getting an appropriation to finish the Hospital; in 1924 more millions flowed in to rebuild the heating plant and drill new tunnels under the famed elms of the campus; he got the new Randall Physics Laboratory, East Engineering Building and the University High School as a laboratory for the Department of Education. Also in 1924, when he was a very sick man, his

greatest victory was made known to him. The Legislature had appropriated more millions for the biggest building of all – a gigantic classroom structure to go right across the front of University Hall. The Regents proudly named it Angell Hall.

Not until then could Regent Clements, as Chairman of the Building and Grounds Committee, recommend the razing of old West Hall, which was Burton's pet peeve. Clements exercised a vital influence on Burton throughout his term. He had been handling the Buildings and Grounds Committee for several years, and it was he who had to see that Burton didn't literally kill himself during the construction of these new buildings. Clements once said that the worst moment he ever had was not with Burton, but with the members of his committee over the location of Angell Hall. The frontage available on the 40-acre campus was all used up. There was nowhere to put a building that size, except on the lawn in front of University Hall, ruining it as a landmark and demoting the historic structure to the status of an old, musty-looking wing of a resplendent new stone and glass temple.

When Dr. Burton was confined to bed, which was frequently, Clements would visit him in the President's House, and chat. Afterward, he would stand on the sidewalk outside, and look down the street at a confusion of temporary shacks, little shops, piles of supplies and mud. Part of the original Frieze residence was being used as a warehouse by the Engineering School. The whole section of the campus was an eyesore. Clements used to stand there on the sidewalk, meditatively regarding this collection of shacks and debris. He was forming in his mind the outlines of a new kind of library, a library of rare source material about America. He planned to donate a beautiful building to replace that Engineering Department confusion. For he was a wealthy man and wanted to do something outstanding for the University which had done so much for him.

The Clements Library was already fairly well known and was housed in the Clements home in Bay City. It began as a collection of rare Seventeenth Century books assembled over a period of many years by Clements himself. He saw his small library increase slowly in size, but enormously in its value and in prestige among book

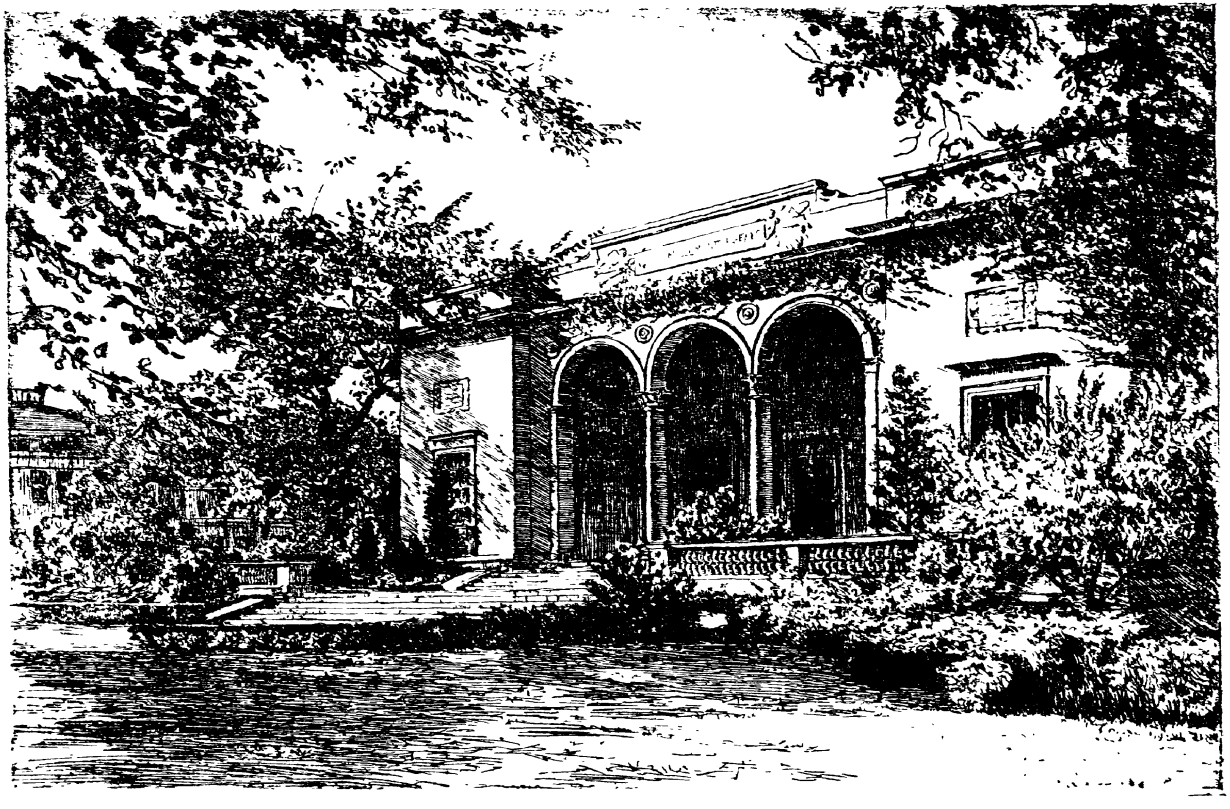


James B. Angell Hall

collectors. He bought rare books at auctions and through agents. Scholars wrote to him, pointing out the truly historic documents among offerings of all kinds of Americana. Cautiously, but at great expense, he bought more and more. Then he discontinued buying manuscripts and documents and concentrated on historic printed books, many of them so old that extreme care must now be taken in handling them. The building, in classic Italian Renaissance style, cost $1,428,809.24, according to the University's record, including the volumes Clements originally installed in it. But since then the value of the collection has risen into the millions, with no accurate estimate possible.

During his lifetime Clements continued to buy, and buy, and buy still more. He sent to Ann Arbor original Americana so precious that today it is given a motorcycle escort when sent to Washington for loan exhibitions. Not even the Library of Congress has such priceless documents. Then Clements selected a noted historian, Dr. Randolph Adams, as curator and librarian. It was a fortunate choice. Dr. Adams cordially greets researchers from all over the world, and his genial personality has earned him the gratitude of authors everywhere. Carl Van Doren wrote a book in the Clements Library; Kenneth Roberts, Carl Sandburg and Dr. Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard have expressed their admiration for Dr. Adams in beautiful prose. He will do almost anything for a sincere researcher. He can even produce one of the world's rarest fossils, which he discovered embedded in one of the steps of a Library stairway.

While occupied with plans for the new library, Regent Clements and his committee finally bought the Psi U house and that of the Dekes (the Delta Kappa Epsilon) next door. This gave the University a large rectangular plot across the street from the campus in which to lay out the Cook Law Quadrangle, the magnificent realization of the Cook benefaction. The Lawyers' Club, a residence hall for law students, rose in the west corner. Then came Hutchins Hall, in memory of Mr. Cook's friend and fellow lawyer, followed by the Cook Law Library building and the final landscaping of the inner subcampus connecting the various buildings. Mr. Cook was in constant



The William L. Clements Library

consultation with President Burton and Regent Clements to make sure that every University regulation was being complied with. Mr. Cook was the "Harkness" of Michigan, the donor of a marvelous $6 million gift which raised Michigan's Law School facilities to unexpected heights of wealth and physical luxury.

Senator James Couzens announced in 1923 a gift of $619,000 for a nurses' home and training school. His fellow Detroiter, Mrs. Thomas H. Simpson, devoted half a million in 1924 to a new institute for the study of anemia, and a fund to endow it.

At this same time, 1921-22, about $150,000 in scholarship funds were received as gifts, especially from Cornelius Donovan, who donated over $134,500. Mr. Donovan, an alumnus, considered the rich gifts being made for buildings and endowments and wondered what provision was being made for promising, but needy students. His scholarship fund eloquently pointed up the scanty number of endowed scholarships at Michigan, and asked a question – "Why?"

The answer lay in the University's history. The Regents knew that Michigan was still one of the departments of the State government and was receiving various students under several forms of State aid. Until about 1917 there weren't any practical scholarship funds at all. Some alumni had provided private scholarship funds for students, and several alumni clubs had scholarship projects of their own. Also, civic and social bodies like the Rotary clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the women's clubs of some larger Michigan cities were sending students to Michigan under club scholarships.

But these were local in effect, and confined to the State of Michigan. In 1917 Levi Barbour's will included, among other bequests to the University, an item of $635,318.20 for the endowment of annual scholarships to be awarded to Oriental women, especially Chinese girls. This bequest was hailed all over the world as marking a new era in Michigan generosity. Actually it was believed on the campus that Mr. Barbour did it as a protest and an object lesson. He wanted to set an example to other donors. He wanted scholarships provided for students living far away, the very ones who would maintain Michigan's position as a truly international center.

In 1937 the Rackham Fund added $100,000 more in undergraduate scholarships available to students everywhere who could qualify. In this way, slowly, scholarship funds have expanded. But there are never enough.

Millions in other endowments and gifts came in about this time. Dr. Burton had to administer these funds as well as handle 17 simultaneous building projects.

He finished 1923 mostly on will power, and throughout 1924 he was frequently in relapse. On October 22, 1924, President Burton presided at a meeting in Hill Auditorium at which Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, was to speak. He introduced the celebrated guest with his usual clear, resonant voice, and sat down to hear the lecture. He suffered a serious heart attack, and had to be removed quickly to the University Hospital. Staff physicians there saved his life, and he was removed to the President's House for convalescence.

He hung between life and death for several months. Finally, on February 18, 1925, he died quietly in his sleep. Mourning was nationwide. The funeral was held in the President's House just as Angell's had been, and he was buried near Angell at Forest Lawn cemetery.

13

During President Burton's administration, while the campus was changing so rapidly, the Michigan student seemed to adopt a more dignified attitude toward himself and the University. For the first time *The Gargoyle* dropped its sillier cartoons and blossomed forth with spectacular art work by the brilliant artist James House, Jr., Class of 1923, who later became a professor of fine arts at the University of Pennsylvania. The idea of an intelligent artist on the "Garg" was a sympton of Michigan's cultural renaissance. All the campus periodicals, and theatricals, improved noticeably.

A cleavage had appeared between the "old days" and the present.

The new buildings on the campus were paralleled by a wholsale expansion of the campus business district, which extended up State Street several blocks, and down all the side streets. A new theatre, the Michigan, was built and students attended it with decorum and this time with the proper tickets. The area began to look like a small-sized city business district, with a great variety of little specialty shops.

Attendance rose faster than new buildings could handle it. From 1920 to 1922 the roster showed a rise of more than 3,000, exceeding 12,000 students in 1922-23. Somehow the University felt that it was no longer the same as it had been prior to World War I. This was exemplified in pictures displayed around the campus area, of the University "then" and "now." *The Michiganensian* perhaps unconsciously showed this pride in the institution's history by running a sort of "Who's Who" of famous alumni.

Everybody knew the famous names of Justice Day, Judge Cooley, Franklin P. Adams and George Sisler. Added to this list of "Michigan men you ought to know" were authors Stewart Edward White, Class of 1895; Harry A. Franck, Class of 1903; and Ray Stannard Baker, Class of 1895 (also writing as David Grayson). Many other well-known names were included: Alice Freeman Palmer, Class of 1870, of Wellesley College; Henry Wade Rogers, Class of 1874, Dean of Yale's Law School; Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, Class of 1896, President of the University of Oklahoma.

Strangely, nobody mentioned John Dewey, the philosopher, nor the fact that he had begun his teaching career at Michigan. But more than fifty college presidents, deans, department heads and professors who held Michigan degrees were mentioned, as well as business tycoons, professional leaders, and other successful men in almost every walk of life.

James Rowland Angell, a Michigan alumnus, was at the University of Chicago, and soon to assume the presidency of Yale. Dr. Will Mayo, Class of 1883, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, Class of 1884, and Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Class of 1886, represented medicine on this list. United States senators included Cushman K. Davis, Class of 1857; Porter J. McCumber, Class of 1880, of South Dakota; Gilbert Hitchcock, Class

of 1881, of Nebraska; Charles S. Thomas, Class of 1871; and John F. Shafroth, Class of 1875, of Colorado. Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, who had once studied in these ivied halls, was a successful newspaper publisher in Grand Rapids at the time.

This issue of *The Michiganensian* was studied with considerable interest by two future governors who were undergraduates then, and several future United States senators. Murray D. Van Wagoner, Class of 1921, Engineering, of Pontiac, a veteran of World War I, held the governorship of Michigan for two terms. Thomas E. Dewey, Class of 1923, was a junior on the campus, a "grind" student who made uniformly good grades without attracting any attention on the score of brilliance. He sang the juvenile lead in the Union operetta "Top O' The Mornin'," but was eclipsed by the fame of Russell Barnes of Detroit, who wrote the book, and D. Knight Mirrielees, who staged and directed it. Dewey served a term as night editor of the *Daily,* but otherwise stuck to his classwork.

"The Big Man" on the campus soon after World War I was Paul Eaton, who had been shot down behind the German lines by a prowling Fokker and had spent the last eight months of the war in a German prisoner-of-war camp. He had enough medals to adorn several uniforms as big as his own, which wasn't very big. The campus hailed him as a hero, elected him to the presidency of the Michigan Union, Michigamua, Psi Upsilon, Mimes, Comedy Club, *Chimes'* Board of Directors, the Glee Club and the University Services Committee.

The *Chimes* on which he served was a new literary magazine organized in 1920-21 to replace the old *Inlander,* a casualty of the war. *The Michiganensian* blossomed forth with autographed pictures of movie stars of that day — Wallace Reid, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart.

This sort of seemly behavior was a far cry from the theatre riot, the circus rush and other forgotten forms of violence. Conservatism in dress, too, matched the prevailing thought pattern. Gone were the outrageous costumes of the prewar decade. Men students were back to blue serge again, thick wool sweaters without turtle necks, felt

or cloth hats and the general appearance of young men employed in the offices of General Motors.

This was the beginning of the "Roaring Twenties" period. At some other universities each class had a "Queen" of something or other, and exhibited them in bathing suits and gilt crowns on floats and at big games. They were seen in newsreels week after week, waving, smiling and showing pretty dimpled knees. Stunts like these were severely frowned upon at Michigan. Not even the "J-Hop" had a Queen. The football cheerleader was a huge broad-shouldered man, in a white sweater and white duck trousers, named Al Cuthbert. Nobody knew whether he had dimpled knees.

Offers of publicity space for the University in various periodicals were politely rejected. No advertising appeared, either, except for a mere notice in the Detroit papers about extension courses offered. All the wire services and some big-city papers had correspondents at Ann Arbor, usually journalism students. But nothing of a sensational nature went out on the wire. It was all just straight factual reporting.

Michigan was paving a network of excellent roads in the early 1920's, and one of the first was M-17, connecting Ann Arbor with Detroit. Automobiles multiplied like bacteria in the culture tubes in the Medical Building. Accidents, many of them fatal, plagued the administrative staff and brought unwelcome publicity. Dr. Burton had tried many times to curb this evil by appealing to parents not to allow their children to bring automobiles to the campus. One of Dean Bursley's main disciplinary functions was to control this riding around the back roads in powerful cars, at night. Accidents continued. Cars became even more numerous. It wasn't the clattering, fender-flapping collegiate Model T that caused Dean Bursley sleepless nights, though he could hear that thing two blocks away. The humor that Joe Freshman scrawled on it was mostly for campus display anyway. Dean Bursley feared the Cadillac, the Lincoln and the Stutz Bearcat. There were some specially made cars around Ann Arbor at the same time, very rarely seen on the highways. One or two were Mercer race cars, another an imported German Mercedes-Benz that was supposed to be able to do 90 miles an hour.

The Stutz Bearcat was the most fashionable collegiate car of the period. It was all engine in a light frame — a right-hand-drive job with room for only a driver and a passenger. Harry Stutz, of Indianapolis, designed the car originally for the Speedway there, and was persuaded with difficulty to build a few for the custom trade. After World War I it achieved a small production. It was expensive (over $4,000), and uncomfortable in wet or stormy weather because it had no top. But it set off a chorus of exclamations as soon as it appeared in the driveway of a fraternity house. The mere sight of a Bearcat parked in front of the Deke or Beta house is said to have caused co-eds to cancel dates and reach firmly for the telephone.

A student who didn't drive a Stutz could still make a little amatory progress with the ukelele, a worse pest in the postwar era than the mandolin had been twenty years previously. Ukeleles were easier to play than mandolins, and the whimpery sound they produced served as an excuse for the operator to lift his voice in song, but some co-eds seemed to like it. An upperclass girl, Jemima Miller, Class of 1921, who lived at the Betsey Barbour House, was revealed as a ukelele virtuoso who could play the thing like a banjo, carrying a melody on it. Students made all sorts of implausible excuses to hang around there to hear her perform.

Harry Kipke, Class of 1924, turned out for freshman football in 1920, acted as chairman of the class rush for the freshman class, and by his severe, rather dignified demeanor became the man of that class marked for success. The first year Kipke played on the Varsity, 1921, Yost was celebrating his elevation to faculty rank of full Professor and his new title of Director of Athletics. It ushered in a busy period for the taciturn, square-jawed Kipke. He became a sensational Varsity player, an All-American (1922), and member of the two squads which won the Big Ten title in 1922 and 1923. Until his graduation in 1924, Kipke was watching everything Yost did, preparing for his own career as a grid coach. Kipke was present when Yost unveiled the enormous Yost Field House on November 10, 1923. He saw a building so vast that an indoor football game could be played on it. The behemoth among college buildings could handle five basketball

games simultaneously with a full collection of track events going on at the same time.

That, too, was a Michigan "first," as the Union had been. Nothing like it existed in the country. But coaches came to Ann Arbor to see it, and in later years they managed to duplicate Yost Field House at many other universities. It was badly needed at Michigan; the swollen freshman class was crowding Waterman Gymnasium constantly because of compulsory physical exercise, leaving Coach Steve Farrell no place to develop his mighty track teams. Farrell laid out a little cinder track outdoors, between the Gymnasium and the Medical Building. There his athletes sprinted, pole-vaulted and leapt in the chilly autumn air for several seasons. It's a wonder they didn't all catch pneumonia.

CHAPTER XVI

ANN ARBOR'S HOWLING TWENTIES

1

FOR the second time in six years, the Regents found themselves without a qualified candiate for the presidency. Once more they had to make a temporary appointment, and begin the long, difficult task of selecting a suitable permanent President. It had been recognized at the time of Dr. Burton's selection that the office was too important to be allowed to fall suddenly vacant; but like so many projects around a university, nothing had been done about training or selecting Dr. Burton's successor.

The Regents felt that by now the responsibility of choosing a President was too much for them to assume alone. The choice among qualified educators was a narrow one. Every possible inducement had to be offered such a man to lure him from whatever university presidency he might be occupying at the moment.

At the time, and available for a temporary appointment, they had Dr. Alfred H. Lloyd, a brilliant, balding scholar with pince-nez spectacles and a bushy, upturned Teutonic moustache. As Dean of the Graduate School, he had proved to be a capable, calm administrator; and he had been on the campus for so many years that he knew all the little quirks of policy and details of procedure.

With Dr. Lloyd installed in the presidential office, the Regents appointed a committee to cast about them in search of a permanent President. No ordinary mortal could have met the Regents' standards in 1925. The specifications demanded talent in both administration and scholarship, a man of conservative tastes and pleasant manners who could carry on the dignified traditions of the Michigan campus; a famous and glittering personality who would be at home in the Wall Street offices of wealthy alumni.

What the Regents wanted was another man like Burton. But Burton wasn't a type. He was unique, and nobody like him appeared within the orbit of the Regents' search. So they appointed Regents Sawyer, Clements and Beal to a committee and selected Professors G. Carl Huber, Jesse S. Reeves and Herbert C. Sadler from the faculty to help them. Amply provided with travel funds, they started on their quest like Chaucer's pilgrims on the road to Canterbury. But the search was disappointing; it seemed to be getting nowhere.

While sipping tea in the dim-windowed halls of Harvard, the committee finally heard of Dr. Clarence Cook Little ("Pete" to his friends). He was a famous Harvard graduate and President of the University of Maine at the time. Earlier he had acted as Secretary of the Harvard Corporation and had learned the management of a big university. Furthermore, he was a famous scholar in the field of biology. An authority on cancer, he was making another name in genetics. In his undergraduate days he had been an outstanding athlete, a famous campus character, and a member of the most exclusive clubs. All this sounded very promising. Dr. Little was young, 36 years old, and the committee imagined that he might become another Angell, occupying the Michigan presidency for nearly 40 years.

But "Pete" Little was not another Angell. He had little in common with his fellow New Englander. The committee visited him and found a handsome, energetic aristocrat who had so much energy that he was running the University of Maine almost as a side line, devoting his major talents to very advanced research in the physiology of cancer. He was tall, dark, and powerfully built, and wore a small moustache. He had never seen the University of Michigan and at first professed no interest in it. His work was in his laboratory. His home was in New England, and he didn't know anything about the Middle West or the campus at Ann Arbor. He did not encourage the committee, and while he showed a willingness to talk about the presidency of Michigan, he made it clear that if he accepted it would be largely because he had some ideas about undergraduate teaching in universities, and Michigan would afford a sort of test tube to try them out.

After some hesitation, the committee decided to go ahead anyhow. The whole Board of Regents issued a formal invitation to the presidency, dated September 10, 1925. Dr. Little accepted. He arrived in Ann Arbor with his family, moved into the presidential residence on the campus, and was inaugurated as President with great ceremony at the beginning of the fall term.

In his inaugural address he hoisted a sort of battle flag. He revealed an advanced set of educational precepts, and declared with vigor that he was going to begin at once revising the University's catalogues and curriculum to include them. The Literary faculty took alarm and raised a storm of appeals to quiet, rock-firm Dean John R. Effinger. The elderly Dean told everybody to cease protesting and let him handle the situation. The College of Literature, Science and the Arts was Little's first test tube. While he prepared to concoct an explosive mixture in it, Dean Effinger quietly applied a neutralizing agent in the form of a plea for time to study the proposals. This left Dr. Little temporarily baffled.

The essential element of the Little plan was a probationary period during the first two years of undergraduate work. The path to a Michigan degree, he said, had been too much like a Detroit assembly line, not flexible enough to adapt itself to the talents of individual students. There were not enough practical courses for women. Co-eds, in the Little view, were learning nothing at all that would be of value to them as wives and mothers, only technical and educational credits that would help them in professional or business careers.

Little's plan would have segregated the undergraduates into two groups, the first two classes in one, and the upper two in the other. The first group was to be organized like a junior college, with all the practical, homemaking and vocational courses taught there. He proposed to call this group the University College, appoint its own dean and faculty, and publish a separate catalogue.

Of course Dean Effinger howled. But Dr. Little was advocating a method widely respected at the time, although not by the University of Michigan. Other universities had adopted it. The growth of junior colleges throughout the country testified to the advantages of the

plan. Dr. Little argued that it would free the University from carrying along thousands of students who planned to complete their education at the junior college level, and would allow the major facilities to be devoted entirely to students who had passed that point and were ready and fitted for advanced work.

He showed that more and more Michigan students were taking courses requiring at least two years of preparation, and in most cases an A.B. or B.Sc., as a prerequisite. He wanted to establish a clear division between the University College, with its vocational and practical courses, and the advanced studies at the University of Michigan, which would be devoted overwhelmingly to the needs of the graduate students and the scholar seeking a professional degree.

Dr. Little held that every student's fitness for graduate and professional work ought to be investigated carefully before he was admitted, and that if the faculty found him capable of finishing, he should be given every opportunity for individual work of his own choice. This would require dozens of new courses in educational complexities not carried in the current catalogues, and the dropping of dozens more which Dr. Little felt were too general for individual talents of advanced students.

Dean Effinger's belief was that the Little plan would duplicate the Literary overhead and expense, and he was joined by the Engineering faculty with the same argument – that it would "jeopardize" the interests of engineering freshmen and sophomores by denying them the special courses and technical atmosphere of the Engineering School.

Dr. Little took his case to the Regents and demanded a vote of confidence. This placed the Regents in a most uncomfortable position. There was nothing wrong, theoretically, with what Dr. Little proposed to do. But if he did it, President and faculty would be at worse cross-purposes than during the religious arguments of Haven's time.

Whatever the Regents did, by denying confidence to one side or the other, bad feeling was sure to result. Cautiously they agreed with the President that the University College might be a good thing. But they agreed with the University Senate that the plan needed elaborate

study, which might take a year. These tactics annoyed Dr. Little deeply. He told friends that he didn't understand Michigan or Michigan people. He regarded his appointment by the Regents as approving this very policy of his. He had told them about it in advance and they had offered him the presidency with every show of enthusiasm.

Resolutions demanding more time, more study, came out of the University Senate like a paper snowstorm. The Regents came to a sudden decision. They suggested the appointment of a new officer, a Dean of Administration. The Senate concurred; the new dean was appointed. He was Prof. Edmund E. Day, and he was instructed to make a deep study of the office of President of the University, with special emphasis on administration, budgets, policies and relations with the various faculties.

Dean Day did not like the appointment and managed to get relieved shortly afterward. The Regents thereupon appointed Dr. Alexander Grant Ruthven to the post. Dr. Ruthven, Director of University Museums and chairman of the Department of Zoology, was no more enthusiastic about this assignment than Dr. Day had been. But this time the Regents were firm. They told him to stay there and continue studying, or understudying, Dr. Little.

It must have been a fascinating occupation. Dr. Ruthven watched President Little practically blow up, time after time, from the vehemence of his argument and the granite-like indifference with which it was received by the various faculties. At times the proceedings grew heated, as on one occasion when Little was pleading with Dean Cooley and the Engineering faculty. Cooley was personally in sympathy with Little's plan for a University College, but his faculty was adamant.

"You engineers," shouted Little, "are a smug lot!"

The red-faced faculty gritted their teeth in silence. Cooley said:

"Thank you, Mr. President. That's just the word I needed to finish this crossword puzzle I'm working."

Exasperated, Little could not bring his best efforts to bear on the problem. Dr. Ruthven watched all these things, and noted without comment how only the President's own temper barred him from

achieving at least a portion of his goal. The University College idea, Ruthven thought, wasn't bad at all; it was Little's arbitrary approach that defeated it. Ruthven believed that some of the University College principle could be salvaged. And so it came to pass; the general theory is in use today at Michigan.

But Clarence Cook Little continued to be a most unhappy man. One day early in 1929 he was interrupted by a question about what to do with the modern generation, which was said to be going to the dogs. He answered that he couldn't think of any remedy except birth control, and that quip was picked up by the newspapers and quoted with the inference that he was actively campaigning for birth control. The State was shocked.

Pretty soon, in 1929, Dr. Little abruptly resigned with a note to the Regents saying that it was evident that they didn't see eye to eye, and that he was going back to biological research. Thereupon Dr. Ruthven cast aside his duties as Dean of Administration and assumed the presidential robes.

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Dr. Ruthven had had about a year to make his study of the presidential office. He kept his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut. From day to day he watched the accumulation of irritations and exasperations that was to drive "Pete" Little into a sense of hopelessness and a desire to escape.

In these days the country, too, seemed to be going slightly crazy. A new set of values appeared; President Coolidge was photographed in fancy cowboy costume, and the tabloids made merry with "Peaches" Browning and "Daddy," the trained duck that shared their well-publicized boudoir, and "Peaches'" scheming mamma who seemed to be everywhere. On the Hollywood front, Rudolph Valentino shared the headlines with Aimee Semple MacPherson. Every night in Ann Arbor the roar of laden rumrunning cars on the main highway made citizens wonder why Joe's had been closed by the law.

About 1925 the scenery began to change, and by 1927 the Jazz Age was at its hectic peak. Everybody, apparently, had money. Boys appeared in raccoon coats that cost $400, some containing six pockets for silver flasks. Girls abandoned the high-waisted, long-skirted vogue of the early 1920's and appeared in low-waisted, short-skirted dresses that showed a silhouette like a potato sack. Hair — mountains of hair — fell on barber shop floors. There emerged a rather repulsive looking female type with hair clipped tightly against the back of her head, thin, hollow-chested and anemic looking, with a waistline down around her hips and a cigarette in a drooping holder a foot long. The feminine waistline changed so fast that amorous students didn't know, when reaching for a girl's waist, whether they would trip her or choke her.

Nothing could be done about it. A fad, as Gertrude Stein might have said, is a fad, is a fad. The campus "sheiks" let their hair grow longer than the girls', with sideburns down to mid-ear level. They wore wide trousers with ten-inch cuffs and took to going without hats. All winter long the girls wore heavy galoshes and walked with them unfastened, allowing them to flap against each other at every step. That was the origin of the term "flapper," immortalized by F. Scott Fitzgerald and the contemporary illustrator John Held, Jr. They had somewhat the same effect on the times as had George Ade and George Barr McCutcheon twenty years previously.

Questions were raised about these flappers and what they would be in later life, the effect of bathtub gin, chain smoking and exposed knees on the mothers of the future. Perhaps that's the trouble with the world today. The flapper is the mother of the present generation of young men and women. The mothers who were co-eds in the Jazz Age at Michigan shouldn't lecture their children on conduct. Their offspring attending Michigan today are paragons of virtue compared with the conduct of the flappers.

The sororities clamped a firm ban on their girls, regulating hours carefully and sniffing the coats of visiting male students to see if the aroma of bootleg Scotch was discernible. Many fraternities were extremely careful, during this period, to avoid any taint of laxity or

public notoriety. But there were others who were not very good examples for the bulk of the student body. Some were doing a lot of illegal drinking, and a few undergraduates were arrested occasionally for illegal possession of liquor.

It was a nightmarish time for the University authorities. Public respect for the law was at its lowest ebb. Crookedness was revealed in all sorts of improbable places. The sheriff of a county adjoining Ann Arbor was caught using his jail as a liquor warehouse, confiscating and hijacking whole shipments of booze and selling it back to the bootleggers right out of the jail cells. There was some newspaper talk that a fraternity house or two in Ann Arbor were being used as relay points by rumrunners, and that illegal hoards of booze had been discovered.

Dean Bursley couldn't be everywhere at once. He was fair game for the students. Outwitting him came to be a recognized sport. The students did a prodigious amount of drinking, as everyone agreed. They roared around the State in fast cars and were involved in a distressing number of accidents. They claimed that they were exercising their national heritage of freedom. To Dean Bursley's mind they were rushing hell-bent into trouble and carrying the University with them.

Just southwest of the campus, near the present football stadium, there was a dangerous intersection of two main highways. The main Detroit-Chicago road with its high-speed traffic intersected a north-south highway out of Ann Arbor leading to the smaller towns of Washtenaw County. There was a flashing blinker light there in 1927, but nobody paid much attention to it. A bootleg car, weighing over two tons and roaring down the road at 70 miles an hour, would not even deign to notice it.

This intersection regularly maimed Michigan students. President Burton had warned everybody away from it, appealed to all students and their parents to leave their cars at home. This appeal had been grossly neglected. Parents continued to provide fast cars for their student sons. During his first year in office President Little was interrupted by many calls from justices of the peace, sheriffs and State Police. Officers had a couple of students who had been involved in

another automobile accident. Yes, they were both injured and in the hospital. Yes, they had been drinking. No wonder Dr. Little's scholarly calm exploded into very unscholarly language. It was the President, of course, who had to notify the victims' parents, explain to them why he had permitted such a thing, try to keep reporters and photographers from creating a press scandal about it.

With the approval of the University Senate, Dr. Little announced a ban on the use of automobiles by freshmen and sophomores, and a strict inspection system for those cars used by upperclassmen. Their cars were placarded with special license plates, and records kept of how frequently they were involved in accidents. A curious fact developed. It wasn't the freshmen who were the offenders. It was the upperclassmen.

One night early in June, 1927, President Little was asleep at home when the phone rang. The State Police told him that two more students had been killed, two cars wrecked and several people injured in a bad crash at that same dangerous intersection. Jumping up and pulling on some clothes, Dr. Little proclaimed then and there that he'd had enough. He'd clamp down a tight ban on *all* student driving, as of then!

For once he found Dean Effinger thoroughly in agreement. Dean Bursley, too, sighed with relief. The Regents had been wondering how long Dr. Little was going to tolerate that suicidal combination of bootleg booze and fast driving. He came storming into a special meeting of the Regents on June 17, 1927, the day following the accident, and demanded authority from the Regents to impose the ban. It was granted.

That same day Dr. Little announced that no more students would be permitted to own or operate automobiles while attending the University "at any times or for any purpose." Exceptions were made, but each was considered very carefully by the Dean of Students.

There were howls of protest from the campus. Dr. Little's answer was to demand a detail of motorcycle police to protect the campus and its adjacent area. These policemen found students trying to violate the ban, thinking it was just another law which could be flouted

if one knew the right angles. But that edict was rigidly and impartially enforced. The patrol continued, and the student driving stopped. In a few instances Dean Bursley told indignant students, "Take your choice. Your college career or your car." If the student said, "I'll take the car," Dean Bursley answered, "All right, be off the campus in twenty-four hours. You'll get your car keys back when you're ready to leave."

The Michiganensian published a page of photographs of the classic comedy-type flivver, decorated with the usual slogans. Heading the page were a black mourning band and the words *"In Memoriam."* The students hadn't realized that the comedy flivver was not the offender. Nowhere on the page was there a photograph of a Cadillac, or a Stutz Bearcat, or a news picture of that fatal crash at the deadly intersection. The end of 1927 saw the agitation die down, and after that the students were reconciled to the situation.

In the fall of 1928 there was a noticeable increase in turnouts for campus clubs, athletics, and musical groups. The scholarship average picked up, and the number of dismissals decreased. Coach Yost began building up a new football squad, and Michigan stepped out and won four more Big Ten titles in a row. In the next twelve years only two students were killed in automobiles. When the ban came up for review the students voted overwhelmingly to continue it. By that time Michigan students had learned that there were many more worthwhile things to do than to chase around the countryside in fast cars. Some of them were just as much fun.

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The rise of Bennie Oosterbaan as a football hero followed that of Ben Friedman at Michigan and paralleled the rise of Red Grange, the "Galloping Ghost" of Illinois. Oosterbaan, thrice All-American (1925, 1926, 1927), was a super athlete in the smashing tradition of Willie Heston and Johnny Maulbetsch. He was a solid, bearlike battering-ram who plowed through opposing players by brute force.

He was the ideal foil for Friedman's fast, dodging, broken-field running, and the pair seemed unbeatable every time there was a hole in the opposing line. Throughout the 1925 and 1926 seasons the two Bennys dominated the Michigan squad and gave Grange hard competition in the newspapers. After 1925 things were easier when Grange left Illinois to play professional football.

The 1926 season was all Michigan's, as typified by the way Oosterbaan picked up a fumble on the frozen turf at the Minnesota stadium, bashed off two opposing players and cantered 60 yards to a touchdown which gave Michigan the game by a narrow one-point lead — 7-6. Fritz Crisler, Minnesota's head coach at that time, could only wave his arms and moan.

Friedman played his last game in 1926, but Oosterbaan went on to greater glory. The crowd-pulling effect of his name was astonishing. Thousands drove to Ann Arbor from all over the Middle West. Special trains arrived at the railroad siding near Ferry Field, disgorging thousands more to fight for space in the small stands. Yost, from his office in the clubhouse, was well aware of the inadequate capacity of Ferry Field. He called the attention of the Board in Control of Athletics to the situation about 1925.

"It'll never do," Yost decided. "We need a bigger place. We're going to have us a new stadium or I'll know why. I mean a big stadium."

The Board did not need any surveys to convince them that Yost was right. Nobody took a year or two to "study the situation." The Board in Control of Athletics raised a couple of million dollars in a bond issue, got lawyers to look up titles, and retained real-estate agents to buy up land. For $240,000 they got 15 acres, which was regarded as a terrific price at the time.

The tract was a hilly farm with a long frontage on the busy highway just south of the Ann Arbor Railroad tracks and adjacent to the Ferry Field site. Beautifully accessible by railway and highway, it had an important natural advantage. It was high on the highway side and low on the railroad side. Contractors started to build the Michigan Stadium with steam shovels, scooping out the bowl. Thus the visitor parks his car right alongside, walks to the gate and finds him-

self on the topmost rim of the bowl without having to climb up there. The students from other universities arriving by special train are equally lucky. They leave the specials, walk directly to the student gates, and enter through tunnels which bring them out below the special sections reserved for them.

Excavation being cheaper than construction, the gigantic bowl was built for the surprisingly small sum of $950,000. Designed for 85,000 spectators, it held 87,000 on opening day, in November, 1927, when the crowd whooped itself hoarse watching Oosterbaan and the Wolverines beat Ohio State 21-0. It was a fast game, a spectacular series of runs and passes by Oosterbaan and Louis Gilbert. The size of the crowd, and the noise it made, amazed even Yost and Drum Major Gordon Packer of the University Band. Yost was almost in tears as he stood to acknowledge the wild wave of cheering that followed his introduction. Packer was so excited he almost missed catching his baton after tossing it over the goal post as the Band marched underneath.

It was a big day for athletics at Michigan and for Yost personally. He was presented with a new Packard, a gift of the Detroit alumni, and posed beside it for a newspaper picture. Pressed for details about the new stadium, he said it seated 10,000 more than that at Ohio State, its nearest rival in the Western Conference, and that there was a golf-practice area on the east side which he hoped someday to expand into an 18-hole course. The fantastic revenue from this great bowl made Yost's wish come true the following year. Another 112 acres were purchased at a cost of $344,000 and the University Golf Course was added to the athletic facilities. The stadium and the golf course were entirely paid for out of receipts before the bonds fell due.

As soon as the new stadium was dedicated, Yost announced plans to tear down the old wooden bleachers at Ferry Field and build a huge Intramural Sports Building there. This structure was designed for interclass athletic teams, boxing, wrestling and fencing. Its façade was designed purposely to form an impressive backdrop when viewed from the concrete stands on the other side of the field. The Uni-

versity thereupon moved Commencement exercises out of Hill Auditorium, capacity 5,000, to Ferry Field, capacity 12,000, where all proud parents and friends could watch the cap-and-gown parade.

Back of this concrete stand Yost rebuilt the baseball diamond to look like a big-league park. New stands went up and the baseball crowds grew accordingly. Not content with all this expansion, Yost used more of the endless flow of gold from the stadium to build a $100,000 Women's Athletic Building at Palmer Field — not a gymnasium exactly, but a costume-changing and rest area for women engaged in athletics.

Yost's vision, and his timing, were excellent. He built the new stadium at a time when construction costs were not excessive, when the fame of Oosterbaan and the Wolverine teams was on everyone's lips, and when people had money to travel great distances to attend football games. The moderate cost of the stadium was a boon to Michigan and a tribute to Yost's business ability. It is the second largest United States university stadium, being eclipsed only by Leland Stanford's 89,000-seat giant. It is fifth in size among all the stadia in the country, including such whoppers as the Los Angeles Municipal Stadium, the Philadelphia Stadium and the Pasadena Rose Bowl.

Yost's advancement to professorial rank in 1921, and his heavy administrative responsibilities, made it impossible for him to coach the teams personally all the time. He had Elton E. ("Tad") Wieman to apply the old Yost touch as Head Coach. Wieman, a brilliant star of the 1920 Varsity, had stayed at Ann Arbor following graduation to learn coaching under the old master. Thus Wieman had as much to do with the development of the great 1926, 1927 and 1928 teams as Yost, although he did not get equal credit. It was Wieman who brought out the best in Friedman, Oosterbaan, Louis Gilbert, Otto Pommerening (All-American in 1928) and the flashing quarterback, Al Dahlem.

Yost was there, at each game. He occasionally donned the moleskin and came out on the practice field. There he called the coaching staff into a huddle and outlined strategy for the next game. He would

wiggle his elbows, wave his hands in intricate patterns, and keep his voice low. Harry Kipke, Jack Blott and George Veenker, assistant coaches, joined Wieman in these conferences. They understood Yost's plans thoroughly.

It was traditional that Oosterbaan would follow them on the staff when he graduated, and he did. He's still there. Benny's a little heavier now, but that's an advantage to him. When he hits that line with the impact of an Army tank, the dazed football candidates get the idea very well.

It was hard for Yost to allow the staff more strategic authority, but they kept Michigan football teams winning and the stadium crowded. The four consecutive Western Conference titles they brought to Ann Arbor were just a prelude to another spectacular period under Head Coach Harry Kipke when Yost was definitely retired from active coaching. Under Kipke the big block "M" was back in the headlines and displayed on the sports pages as frequently as it had been under Yost. This was at a time when other universities were having a great dearth of good football squads. Columbia nearly abandoned college football because of the lack of talent. Chicago, too, was having trouble.

Year by year the capacity of the great stadium was taxed to its utmost. Special newsreel facilities had to be erected; today six broadcasting booths carry the progress of Michigan games throughout the nation, and the advent of television is creating more problems. On the days of big games, fraternity houses decorate their verandas with panels of bunting, "M" banners, and flags. Sigma Chi is located near the Union, and is the home of many a grid star. Once the *Michiganensian* brought frowns of disapproval to faculty foreheads by printing a picture of Sigma Chi thus decorated, with the subliterate caption "Where the Sweetheart Is Of."

These gestures are all part of the special brand of Michigan loyalty shown by all students toward their school. Generation after student generation, Ann Arbor is outstanding in student spirit, alumni support and lasting ties between institution and individual. Michigan is not as wealthy as Columbia nor as big as California; the campus may

be crowded and the living conditions dismal, but somehow on football days all that is forgotten.

Football at Michigan is far more than just a spectacle. It's a demonstration of the University's institutional personality, a proof that Michigan means even more than its proud educational traditions. Michigan is a special way of life. The Little ban on automobiles brought the students back to the campus and kept them there. The football spirit was reborn at that time and has grown every year since. If you have any doubts, try to drive casually up to that enormous 87,000-seat stadium on the day of any game and expect to get in. You'll find that 87,000 people had the same idea long before you did. They may not all attend, but usually they do.

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In 1928, when Dr. Little was considering his resignation, the well-known playwright Avery Hopwood died, bequeathing $321,762.29 to the University for the establishment of the Avery Hopwood and Jule Hopwood Prizes for creative writing. The gift of such a large amount came as something of a shock to the conservative faculty and many students. These Hopwood Prizes have now become nationally important in the field of literature. Several prize-winning novels have launched their authors on successful literary careers. Since the inauguration of the prizes, first awarded in 1931, sums varying from $250 to $2,500, more than 35 in excess of $1,000, have been presented to the winners of major Hopwood awards. Nowhere else in the world does a university offer such handsome prizes to full-time students for efforts in the field of letters.

There is a special Hopwood Room with new volumes, fresh from famous publishers, for the use of students planning to enter the contests. Prof. Roy W. Cowden for some years has been guiding and advising gifted students in both the Department of English Language and Literature and the Department of Journalism. In the

Hopwood Room, in special bindings, are copies of all the manuscripts that have won awards.

The mere availability of these rewards attracts talented students from all parts of the country. Often a Hopwood Award means that a student may stay an extra year at Michigan, working with appreciative faculty members on advanced studies. A Hopwood Award impresses publishers, too, and Hopwood Prize novels are accepted readily for general publication. Among them have been a few of pronounced literary merit, and some have gone on to major financial success in Hollywood. Iola Fuller's *The Loon Feather,* Maritta Wolff's *Whistle Stop,* Rosemary Obermayer's *Golden Apples of the Sun,* Emmanuel P. Varandyan's *The Well of Ararat,* Helen Finnegan Wilson's *The King Pin,* Mildred Walker's *Fireweed,* Hubert Skidmore's *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes,* Ruth Lininger Dobson's *Straw in the Wind,* Baxter Hathaway's *The Stubborn Way,* Peggy Goodin's *Clementine,* William Kelhoe's *A Sweep of Dusk* — all of these successful novels were written at Ann Arbor by Michigan students. Hopwood Award winners Mildred Walker and Ruth Lininger Dobson have duplicated their Hopwood successes with many other books; Iola Fuller and Maritta Wolff, too, are recognized novelists.

CHAPTER XVII

QUIET ON THE CAMPUS

1

THE stock-market crash of October, 1929, was just a news item in Ann Arbor for a while. The faculty, few of whom were addicted to margin trading, could afford to view the disaster as an economic phenomenon and appraise it with scholarly detachment. There was little evidence of change on the campus for quite a period. But the University was no more immune to the deadly effects of that debacle than any other form of American enterprise. When the effects began to appear, they came slowly, then faster, and finally with the crushing weight of an avalanche.

After a few months of dull, stunned silence, parents of Michigan students found they were poor again and began calling their sons and daughters home. About a thousand students left the campus for good at the end of the 1930 spring term. At the time of the stock-market crash enrollment stood at 12,420 full-time resident students.

President Ruthven had been studying the University's finances very closely during his term as Dean of Administration. He knew the institution's income was due for a fall, too. He prepared the budget for the academic year 1929-30 while Clarence Cook Little was still in office, and carried on the negotiations with the Legislature which resulted in his figures being adopted. The Regents were impressed. The budget called for the largest annual income the University had ever enjoyed.

A former Regent told me that it was a carefully planned campaign which led to Dr. Ruthven's selection and training for the presidential responsibilities. From other sources I learned that it was pure luck; nobody knew whether Dr. Ruthven would be a capable president or

not. From the historian's point of view, however, it was indeed a stroke of luck for the University to have a man of Dr. Ruthven's character and abilities succeed to the presidency at that particular moment. He was rather quiet, inclined to accept situations as he found them, somewhat devoid of the crusading spirit, but an executive of masterly attainment. His executive skill saved the University from dire trouble.

Luck had been with the Regents for 60 years, beginning with the successful bargaining with Dr. Angell back in 1870. Luck stood with them again, and Dr. Ruthven seized the institution firmly, propped it up against a threatened financial collapse, and restored its balance.

He began a series of smooth changes aimed at reorganization of some of the older departments. In the College of Literature, Science and the Arts the reorganization was a thoroughgoing overhaul, made necessary by the accumulation of all sorts of unrelated courses which had found their way into the College. He strengthened the presidential authority by these changes, incidentally raising the prestige of the deans by recommending a series of advisory boards in their departments to help them and free them from drudgery.

New officers appeared; the Provost was one. Dr. Frank Robbins emerged as administrative assistant to Dr. Ruthven. Prof. James D. Bruce became Vice President in charge of University Relations. A new Alumni Service Division was created, under Mr. Wilfred Shaw.

By 1930 the University's administration was centralized in Dr. Ruthven's hands to a greater degree than Angell or Hutchins had ever known. But he had outstanding executives strategically placed throughout the organization, responsible to him but autonomous within their departments. Administratively, the University was ready for the blow Dr. Ruthven knew was coming. He did not have long to wait.

Under President Burton the Legislature had raised the University's share of the mill-tax revenue to .6 of one mill. Property valuation, on which this tax was based, skyrocketed during the boom years until in 1929-1930 the University's share was $4,920,852.25, the biggest revenue the State had ever given the institution. For two more years,

until 1931-32, Dr. Ruthven kept the University's income at this peak in spite of mounting opposition from other State departments which were faced with terrible budget slashes. Prices were falling everywhere, property values were shrinking, unemployment and panic were appearing.

The following year, 1932-33, income was off three-quarters of a million, to $4,182,724.67. The next year, 1933-34, it fell a million more, down to $3,200,000. Not until then did Dr. Ruthven begin trimming his sails. By that time there was no more sense in fighting a national collapse. A salary cut had to come, but it was received without comment. Most faculty members realized the necessity for it. Universities everywhere were in dire straits as endowments dwindled and income from investments melted away. Across the nation the path of depression was littered with boarded-up colleges and private schools.

Michigan was more fortunate than most universities. President Ruthven guided the institution firmly along its normal course with a full staff and a complete catalogue. The University, in fact, survived the depression better than the individuals on the faculty and among the student body. There were many cases of serious hardship among students who fought hard to stay at college even when they had nothing to live on. The City of Ann Arbor suffered deeply, and the plight of the State of Michigan was among the most critical in the nation.

Things were so bad in Michigan that all the banks were closed by edict of the Governor; thousands of land titles were seized for taxes; the income of the State dropped to such a precarious low that the Legislature hurriedly passed a sales tax to supply enough funds to carry on. One of the more unfortunate results of this sales tax was the stoppage of the University's mill-tax revenue. People wouldn't pay both taxes. Again the University faced a crisis.

It was then that President Ruthven pulled a financial rabbit out of the hat. He had a plan ready for such a contingency. He presented it to the Legislature and successfully followed it through to adoption. He urged that a proportion of the general fund of the State,

derived from all sources (but raised mostly from the new sales tax), be set aside for the University in the same ratio as that of the old six-tenths of a mill tax.

Michigan State College at East Lansing endorsed this idea, too. Both institutions wanted direct grants in the form of appropriations from the general fund, without regard to the source from which they came. The legislation embodying this move tied up all future legislatures to this principle. This put about the same amount of money at the University's disposal as before, and raised the theoretical share it would receive from assessed valuation of the State's property to .73 of a mill, although the cash actually came from the sales tax.

The new legislation did not return to the University the same amount it had received from the property tax in better times, but it took care of the institution's most urgent needs. Dr. Ruthven and the Regents breathed easier. That crisis was past. With finances at least adequate to continue operation, Dr. Ruthven could turn his attention to the newest crisis. That came about when Dean Effinger, of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts, died suddenly in June, 1933.

Dean Effinger had run the Lit School, as it was called, pretty much along personal lines ever since he had assumed the deanship 21 years before. The School was an academic monstrosity, a curricular curiosity which ran the gamut of courses from anthropology to zoology. Dr. Ruthven knew more about it than any previous President, because he had toiled in the Zoology Department for 15 years previous to his appointment to the presidency. He knew enough about it, in fact, to realize that it was almost a separate university and had to be brought into synchronization with the rest of the campus machinery.

The faculty appointed a committee to nominate a new Dean, which was composed of senior professors like D. H. Parker, Moses Gomberg, L. C. Karpinski, J. R. Hayden and E. H. Kraus, the noted mineralogist. Kraus himself became the nominee, and Dr. Ruthven gladly appointed him Dean of the College. Kraus was a quiet old scholar who had spent 25 years with his rock specimens and reagents in laboratories,

but he had emerged occasionally to perform various administrative chores. He had been Dean of the Summer Session, and before that Dean of the College of Pharmacy.

Dr. Ruthven conferred at length with Dean Kraus about what to do. The top-heavy Lit School had to be broken up and organized all over again — but how? Kraus agreed that the problem was a serious one. After much study, however, he and his advisory board came up with a four-point program aimed at helping Lit students who were going on into advanced study, and at the same time simplifying matters for the practical students who might leave before graduation.

Admittedly technical, the plan was studied for nearly two years. Its first point was an overhauling of the freshman advisory system, and the appointment of professional advisors who would devote their full time to settling students' problems in choosing courses. These advisors were briefed to weed out the inevitable habit among lowerclassmen of choosing courses at random too early in their careers. The advisors were responsible for getting some pattern into a student's course of study, so that he would enter his junior year ready to specialize in his major field, and after graduation would have the proper credits to continue professional training if he chose.

The second point was a sore one with the school authorities outside of Ann Arbor. It had to do with the lamentable lack of ordinary erudition so noticeable among freshmen. Although high-school graduates, from accredited schools, they couldn't spell, had only a rudimentary grasp of grammar, and lacked the skill in expression demanded of a college student. A series of resolutions on this subject deplored the "defective use of English" by lowerclassmen. They demanded strict attention to that weakness in all freshman classes.

Other points involved the elimination of a long list of advanced courses so "diffuse" as to be a hodgepodge of unrelated matters, bearing little relation to a well-ordered program; and continuous study of the student's progress through his course. Records were recommended which would show advisors and professors what sort of background the student was achieving, what preparation he was getting for advanced work, and whether he was succeeding.

With the help of Provost E. Blythe Stason, Dr. Ruthven continued until 1938 cutting up the Lit School into sections, reorganizing and simplifying them, grouping all the courses in 28 subdepartments in five categories — English, foreign languages, mathematics, science and social studies. These became the keys to all courses in the new College. Every course offered had to show some benefit under one or another of these headings. In high schools and prep schools all over the country, anxious principals scanned the list. Graduates who wanted to enter Michigan were required to show credits in *each* of these five branches.

But the plan was elastic enough to provide a wide elective list. If the high-school senior lacked a credit in chemistry, but had one in physics, that was all right. They were both in the "science" group. He could aim at a degree majoring in journalism, for example, and stock-pile a fund of credits in high-school English, modern languages and social studies. He would not have to duplicate elementary work in these subjects at the University.

Scholarship standards, which had been rising at Michigan for exactly a hundred years, reached a new high in 1937. It became necessary for sophomores to take long, difficult examinations at the end of that year, and C averages were required for admission to the junior year's work.

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More than a thousand students had packed up and gone during the early stages of the depression. They didn't come back, except in a few cases. A thousand more who should have left hung doggedly to their college careers, and more than one faced actual hunger. But they kept on, somehow, with a little help from various public and private sources. And they won their degrees, just in time to be cast out into a harsh world that did not want them.

The Lost Generation, they were called. Arguments were bitter about whether they were doomed to unemployment and disappoint-

ment forever. Leaving the campus was like walking the plank. They had nowhere to go but to drop into a sea of uncertainties. There were no jobs. The whole era was one of disillusionment. Those students who managed somehow to stay on the campus clung to the University as tightly as possible. The Graduate School reported an upsurge in registration, and the University business office employed as many graduates as it could place. So did the Union, and the merchants up and down State Street. I remember a Michigan student at that time who drove his regular taxicab shift the morning of his graduation. He got a law degree in the afternoon and was back in his taxicab the next day.

As long as a student could stay in Ann Arbor he was better off there than trying to fight his way in a stagnant business world. There was excitement to compensate for the miseries. The mighty Michigan football teams took four Big Ten titles in a row, 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933. In 1931 the excitement was almost hysteria when the season ended in a three-way tie between Michigan, Purdue and Northwestern.

There were a few building projects going on, some appropriated and some as gifts. Students once again gained some part-time work on contractors' pay rolls as they had in Angell's day when University Hall was being built. A new Publications Building was going up on Maynard Street; additions to the student dormitories were built; Mosher-Jordan Hall, housing 450 girls, was constructed during the summer of 1930 when there was a surplus of building materials and all kinds of fixtures and equipment could be had at depression prices.

Dexter M. Ferry, Jr., of Detroit, donated a large sum to the University which was used to construct the University Press Building. The Regents reported other gifts, too: a spacious site on North University for the Women's League Building from Detroit alumni; the half-million-dollar Couzens Hall, from Senator James Couzens; a site for a future carillon tower adjacent to Hill Auditorium, presented by the University of Michigan Club of Ann Arbor.

In two years, 1935 and 1936, the Regents received and reported gifts totaling $8,370,994.35. They ranged from small sums toward

the erection of the future carillon tower to more than $4 million in one gift, from the trustees of the Horace H. and Mary A. Rackham Foundation of Detroit.

Horace Rackham was a lawyer who, at great personal risk, sold some property to back Henry Ford in his first independent automobile company. He became immensely wealthy. In later life he displayed a gratifying interest in the University, and had donated medium-sized sums for special humanistic studies. After his death, and with the enthusiastic cooperation of his widow, the trustees decided to devote the bulk of the Rackham Foundation to the establishment and endowment of a beautiful new home for the Graduate School. The perfect site for it was found at the northern end of the Mall, facing down the future esplanade toward the Library.

The building was finished in 1936, and the whole School was renamed the Horace H. Rackham School of Graduate Studies. The gift was a bonanza on the scale of William Wallace Cook's Law Quadrangle. Not even Harvard, they said, had anything like it. The gift came at an opportune time to bolster students' morale.

About the same time, when it seemed to desperate students that the nation was on relief and vice-presidents were their own office boys (for the office boy's salary), the campus again echoed to the clatter of the steelworker's pneumatic riveter. On the site next to Hill Auditorium there arose a high, square tower containing a huge clock. It was to be called the Burton Tower. In it, high up in the topmost levels, workmen presently installed a carillon of English-cast bells, one of the biggest carillons in the country.

This gift came from Charlie Baird, who had been graduate football manager for Yost's first teams around the turn of the century. He had gone to Kansas City and made a fortune. Anyhow, he was wealthy enough to donate $70,000 for the Charles Baird Carillon in 1934, in the depths of the depression.

To all this construction work, the government added some PWA projects on which students were employed part time. The Public Works Administration arrived on the campus with a large sum for building purposes, a small administrative staff and a big sign: "Help

Wanted." There is a curious result of that PWA period. On the campus there is a beautiful building called the W. K. Kellogg Foundation Institute of Graduate and Post Graduate Dentistry. That, and the Health Service Building next door, were built by the PWA. The University had to put up, as its share, $250,000 to get the PWA authorization. The Kellogg Foundation of Battle Creek donated that sum and the building was erected. That is why the Kellogg name is on a dentistry building, a profession in which the Kellogg Company might be said to be only casually interested.

In the ever-changing campus scene the depression-era student seems today to have been in a class by himself. Examples of the most ingenious solutions of the everyday problems of existence are still remembered. There was one boy, for example, who literally fought his way through college, a hardy type who got his degree the hard way. "Let" Philbin fought 153 times in the professional boxing ring as a welterweight, and paid his college expenses that way. He coached boxing at Michigan from 1927 to 1934 and developed several promising youngsters who embarked on ring careers.

Others set up small campus services, developed and printed film, sold suits for mail-order houses, and did everything but take in each other's laundry. A lucky few received scholarships. Somehow the University not only held its registration after the initial loss in 1930-31, but gained steadily throughout the depression. Figures show that the University's peak year in the depression era was 1930-31, with 15,500 students regularly enrolled. Attendance dropped to 12,301 in 1933-34, then picked up to 16,040 in 1933-36.

When things were worst, in 1933, the government relief program stepped in. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA) was given $36,840.93 in that year for work among the Michigan students. This sum was doled out most sparingly among the 843 students who received it. In return for this microscopic, but welcome, assistance, they were expected to perform various tasks about the campus. The FERA continued this plan the following year, 1934-35, on an enlarged scale involving $119,724.12 in grants with 1,416 students receiving them.

The next two years, 1935 and 1936, government assistance increased enormously under the National Youth Administration (NYA). Appropriations rose to $157,910.15 in 1935 and $172,756.30 in 1936. Students receiving NYA grants totaled 1,826 in the first of the two years, 1,783 in the next. After that, NYA aid fell off rapidly until it disappeared entirely in 1941. The economic recovery of the country was mirrored accurately in these figures of aid granted on the Michigan campus.

The depression era brought more changes around the campus than merely the addition of more buildings. The rattling old streetcars vanished and quiet yellow buses took their place. The tracks were torn up, streets repaved, sidewalks and parking places improved. The historic House of Houston surrendered to changing student tastes and cut up its big bowling alleys and billiard rooms into stores and offices. Down the street a few doors another new motion-picture theatre opened. That was more to the 1936 students' liking than billiards. The Union had sprouted its first group of residence halls for men. The Cook Law Quadrangle was offering, throughout the depression, luxury and quiet comfort to those law students admitted to its club-like dormitories.

Automotive research for various technical purposes was in quiet, but intensive, progress in the Engineering School. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aviation had awarded a big grant to Michigan for aeronautical research during the depression. The Rackham Fund had awarded a few secholarships in advanced humanistic studies, too. All these aids helped the ambitious student to stay at college and continue his work. But it doubled the effort on his part. Work on a PWA project or a grant from the FERA or NYA required paper work, prompt answers to a summons, and regular reports. The revenue derived usually meant the difference between staying at Ann Arbor or leaving in defeat. But it was not easy to keep up classwork too.

Research thrived mightily during the depression. Scientists from many parts of the country came to Michigan to work on endowed studies of all kinds, in return for some kind of regular income. Gifts

for research purposes were so rich that the University undertook the construction of a complex atom smasher, the second successful nuclear-fission instrument in the Unied States. The Guggenheim grant made possible elaborate researches into aircraft wing sections. Other grants brought engineers to Michigan's unique naval testing tank, where they studied models of Navy craft of curious kinds which were revealed during World War II.

A direct grant from the Legislature built a University Elementary School as a part of the Department of Education's facilities. Children were supplied to it from the city of Ann Arbor. It became a sort of test-tube grade school, much like the University High School adjacent to it. President Ruthven handled the University well. The whole organization pulled together in astonishing harmony for so complex an enterprise.

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This huge organization, with its 18,000 full-time and extension students in the grip of constant economic pressure, was bound to develop student dissatisfaction. It was no longer possible to offer personalized advanced studies under a few great masters, with the quiet atmosphere of seminars. The great figures who had brought Michigan world-wide fame thinned out between the turn of the century and World War I. By the time of the depression there were none left.

Some of the well-known scholars who had been great professors once were deans now, bogged down with administrative responsibilities. The size of the place split up the bigger classes into scores of sections, many under young instructors and teaching Fellows who were working for their own advanced degrees.

The division of the Lit School into Junior and Senior Colleges, with a distinct break in curriculum and scholarship standards between the second and third year — that was a further step in the direction of

regimentation. Students in the 1930's couldn't look back on inspiring seminars with teachers like Fred Newton Scott or Mark Wenley — a handful of sincere scholars in a small room, with their master's inspiration in the air like static electricity.

They had been great men, dynamic and colorful characters who prodded their students into paths of original thought. They produced successful men and women who remembered them with gratitude and expressed that sentiment in rich gifts to the University. In their retirement, when they were exhausted, these well-loved teachers were cheered by quantities of mail from former students all over the world, and personal visits from a great many alumni.

Fred Newton Scott was an arch-type of these great teachers. He seemed like a magnet, attracting gifted students from all parts of the country. As his fame reached its zenith in the decade following World War I, it became apparent that the list of teachers, novelists, biographers and journalists who had "studied under Scott" was a long and impressive one. Scott wasn't trying to develop names. He was just teaching rhetoric, which to him was a comprehensive term meaning the appreciation of all that is best in English as a means of self-expression.

He went about it with characteristic thoroughness, teaching every course in the Department of English and dominating the Department of Rhetoric. As the official history of the University says: "The history of the Department of Rhetoric is very much the story of Professor Fred Newton Scott."

He was an undergraduate at Michigan back in the 1880's. He took his A.B. in 1884 and stayed on the campus as one of Dr. Angell's personal "disciples" for five years, while he slaved on his Ph.D. thesis. In 1889, having won the degree, Dr. Scott joined the Department of English as a young instructor. His first class assignment was Freshman English.

His rise was rapid; Junior Professor in 1890, Assistant Professor in 1896, and Professor in 1901. After 1893 he had little time for the freshmen and not very much for the sophomores. He began drafting, organizing and teaching special courses that he thought would prove

valuable to his advanced students. In 1902, for example, the catalogue listed eight courses taught by Scott personally.

After 1903 he broke away from the Department of English and set up the Department of Rhetoric, mostly because he wanted to be independent. Then he branched out into practical courses in journalism, news writing, the novel and literary criticism. Historians credit him with the first real university course in journalism, his first course in Rapid Writing in 1901. By 1903 he had added Newspaper Writing — Theory and Practice, and was looking ahead to the future Department of Journalism. Michigan did not follow his lead fast enough to suit him. Schools of journalism were flourishing at Missouri and at Minnesota within the next decade, before Michigan's.

Scott's courses were mostly seminars. He invited not more than six students at a time to convene with him in his cluttered office in West Hall, sitting about a round table and staring at a collection of the most gruesome and bizarre etchings and lithographs imaginable, which he liked to pin up on the grimy walls of his cubicle. These seminars continued in one-hour and two-hour sessions for a few weeks. They were announced at short notice and the favored students were usually notified in advance. That's why some of these courses were announced in the catalogue as "open by permission of Dr. Scott only."

In this scintillating, highly personalized manner, Scott developed among his protégés a genuine affection for the English language, and incidentally, for himself. He was outspoken in criticism, often calling a student to his office and blasting him full of figurative holes for some awkward passage in a composition. Students said Scott taught them to write by marginal sarcasm on returned papers, but he had his own ways of handling each individual. One sentence by a student in 1915 stretched out to four handwritten lines. Scott underlined the whole sentence in red pencil, and returned it with the comment: "The march of the elephants."

"He made that line look like a tapeworm to me," confessed the student. "I never afterward wrote a sentence of more than a dozen words."

Scott liked to clip headlines out of newspapers and assign them to tudents as subjects for editorials. He held forth on the sources of ıews, the processing of news, everything connected with getting a act printed in a news column. He collected at his own expense every ıandwritten and typewritten bit of copy that went into one issue of he Chicago *Record-Herald* and the Regents reimbursed him $15 for t. These gray, smudged copy sheets he mounted on huge sections of vallboard with the printed clippings next to each. The students were hown, line by line, what the rewrite men and the city editor had cut ut. It amounted to two thirds of the original copy.

His office was a kind of museum. Littered shelves lined two sides f the small room, and Scott's desk was placed at an angle facing hem, to get some light from the window over his shoulder. The rotesque pictures were replaced frequently, macabre prints from old 'aris salons being supplanted by frontispieces from horror novels or omething equally disturbing. Scott thought they were beautiful. The ookshelves, the desk, most of the chairs and parts of the floor were iled high with manuscripts, first editions of books sent him by their uthors, typescript plays and piles of student themes and composi- ons. He called this room his "young writers' club," and its very exclu- iveness made Scott's office a fascinating place to undergraduates.

Scott's long friendship with Avery Hopwood began as a student- eacher relationship and became a firm personal bond in later years. Iopwood returned to Ann Arbor year after year, just to see Scott nd visit with him. The Hopwood Award endowment fund was born uring one of these conversations. It happened that Nelson Field, lass of 1900, had sent Scott a $100 poetry prize, and both Scott and Iopwood waited eagerly to see who would compete for such a thing. cott received quite a pile of poetry, some of it bad and the rest mply awful. But there was one good piece which won the prize. The inner was Edgar Ansell Mowrer, famous later as an adventurous oreign correspondent. That incident is credited with stirring Hop- ood's first interest in an award fund.

While most of Scott's boys went into newspaper work, a few ecame professors and quite a number turned to book writing in later

life. Scott remembered particularly students like Ray Stannard Baker, James Oliver Curwood and Stewart Edward White in his earlier classes before 1900 and about the turn of the century. And then there were Edgar and Paul Scott Mowrer, and Webb Waldron, correspondents; Fletcher Harris of the University of Illinois; Charles Phelps Cushing; Jo Chamberlain of the old *Scribner's Magazine*, and, the last of his more gifted pupils, Harold Titus of the *Saturday Evening Post* pages.

Some fifty or more of Scott's boys (and girls) remembered him with gratitude when they became famous. Several women appear in the distinguished list of Scott alumni: Katherine Holland Brown, novelist; Marjorie Nicolson, Professor of English and Dean of Smith College, and later Professor of English at Columbia; Ada Snell, Professor of English at Wellesley; Alice Snyder, the famous Coleridge scholar who for many years was Professor of English at Vassar.

The Chicago *Tribune* was used in Scott's classes for several years as a journalistic guinea pig. He influenced it to a greater degree than he knew. James O'Donnell Bennett and Edward S. Beck, both Scott alumni, were editors and important stockholders prior to the McCormick regime.

Scott was one of the founders of the Schoolmasters' Club at Michigan. This queer organization of mental giants was a social club for the discussion of ideas, at which all classroom topics were barred. John Dewey, the philosopher, with a little urging from Mrs. Dewey, had been instrumental along with Scott in starting it. Scott and Dewey were intimate friends as long as Dewey remained at Michigan. Dewey thought that Scott ought to abandon rhetoric and come into the field of philosophy with him. Scott declined, whereupon Dewey transferred his almost hypnotic influence to a younger member of his own philosophy staff — Robert Mark Wenley.

Wenley was a tart, sharp-witted, logical Scot who intrigued Michigan upperclassmen and graduate students for more than thirty years. He was Scottish by birth, by education, by temperament and by absorption. He won his Ph.D. at Glasgow University in 1895, and taught philosophy amid his native heather until 1896. Then he

traveled to Florence, Rome, Paris and throughout Europe for two years, after which he came to America and began looking for a faculty berth at some university.

He was cordially welcomed at Ann Arbor. He entered at once upon an active career as a teacher, with a Scottish brogue as thick as oatmeal and a feeling of deep sympathy for the student who had difficulty grasping the principles of his philosophic doctrines.

For three decades Wenley and Alfred Henry Lloyd, later Dean of the Graduate School and acting President of the University, developed and taught practical philosophy. Wenley was another of those personal teachers like Scott. Such masters, few of whom exist today, were men of the type suggested by the saying about the perfect school being a log with a student at one end and Mark Hopkins on the other. Wenley, like his namesake Hopkins, achieved most of his effect by personal consultations, little informal group discussions, office visits by perplexed undergraduates with John Dewey's textbook in one hand and a look of utter incomprehension on their faces.

"Yet," said the official memorial on his life, "because he knew life equally well with books, he was able to show the connection of these concepts with even the most familiar and commonplace affairs, like Socrates bringing philosophy down to earth and within the range of the average intellect. He vivified exposition with imagination, and seasoned it with a keen wit."

One class after another voted Wenley their favorite professor. An issue of *The Michiganensian* was dedicated to him. Michigamua, the senior honor society, made him its faculty adviser and sponsor. During initiation ceremonies they pranced around him in their feathers and war-paint while he stood as immobile and expressionless as a cigar-store Indian. He acquired the society's nickname of "Heap-Think Wenley," and he never lost a chance to do just that. Any little incident around the campus was grist for Wenley's philosophical mill, an example on which he could hang a precept.

The deep respect awarded to Wenley throughout his career was frequently diluted with personal hilarity when students discovered the fast responses of the Wenley brain. He knew what they were

going to say. He could almost phrase the very sentences they would utter. His mind made deception impossible and frequently ridiculous.

But Wenley put forth a mighty amount of mental effort in these classes and seminars. He spent his energy lavishly, encouraging the mature graduate student to work independently without supervision, and the young beginner to dig into the basic concepts of the science.

"Whatever Wenley did," wrote one of his students, "was the result of prodigious effort and meticulous preparation. In his seminars he did not pursue the easy method of having the students do the work. He himself did the giving."

Wenley's death in March, 1927, after 30 years on the faculty, was a blow to the entire campus. His funeral was a quiet one, as he would have wanted. Wenley followed Dr. Lloyd to the grave within three years, and with the loss of both these peerless teachers the Department of Philosophy had to be reorganized.

Scott, Wenley and Lloyd, taken from the campus within five years, were three of the University's most famous characters. Dean Effinger was fated to go the same way soon, leaving as his monument a Lit School that took five years of prodigious work to straighten out. Between 1929 and 1940 death robbed the University of 30 more outstanding faculty leaders, including Aldred S. Warthin, Evans Holbrook, Chalmers J. Lyons and Max Winkler – great teachers, every one.

It is scant wonder that Dr. Ruthven had to rebuild the whole academic edifice. He missed these warmhearted humanitarians sorely in the next few years. Left-wing radicalism was seeping into the faculty and student body. It ushered in a most perplexing period.

CHAPTER XVIII

CRISIS MARKS THE CENTENNIAL

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IN June, 1937, the University of Michigan observed its one hundredth birthday. After a century of life at Ann Arbor there were some persons in and out of the University, who were curious about what had been accomplished. There were others who stood aside, for a moment, and looked at the University again from whatever new angle of perspective they were able to attain. One of these was Dr. Ruthven, who asked himself, in a little essay, why Michigan was different.

He said it was characteristic of college men and women to set up some real or fancied "basis of distinction" between various colleges and universities. "The graduates of this and that institution are said to exhibit characteristics," he went on, "which set them off from the students and alumni of other institutions."

The one hundredth anniversary was a good time to find out, he declared, what special characteristics Michigan might have, and what "educational fundamentals" the University stood for. His findings were corroborated during a week-long celebration attended by famous people from all over the country, whose comments on Dr. Ruthven's inquiring theme filled a book of 480 pages. Educators and famous intellectuals told him why Michigan was unique. The celebration called forth business tycoons, Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan, authors and eminent people from a dozen walks of life. Alumni all, they undertook to tell Dr. Ruthven that in the preceding hundred years Michigan had become an influential factor in the development of America.

The genial President attended these sessions and forums, and a big banquet every night, and listened to a wealth of oratory. Each speaker had some flattering corroboration of Michigan's success. They all conceded that the past century's record constituted success. No one admitted that there might be cracks in the structure, that it might be actually weakened by left-wing malcontents who saw the prosperity of the place as an affront to the "have-nots."

But such was now the situation, and Dr. Ruthven knew it. For years, ever since ascending to the presidency in a crisis, he had faced one difficult problem after another and beaten every one. Now he was up against a new one — murmuring dissonance in the academic harmony of the University at the time of its centennial.

No one, in June, 1937, would have known from Dr. Ruthven's manner that anything was amiss. He was the soul of hospitality. He smiled for news cameras, cordially answered reporters' questions, shook famous hand for days and days as 93 University of Michigan classes held a simultaneous, mammoth reunion. More than 20,000 alumni from all over the world came to Ann Arbor, in some cases traveling incredible distances. The centennial celebration was the most inspiring demonstration of alumni loyalty Dr. Ruthven had ever seen. Visiting university presidents and deans—Dr. Glenn Frank (University of Wisconsin); Dean Christian Gauss (Princeton); a native of Ann Arbor and holder of two Michigan degrees; the scintillating Dr. Lyman Bryson (Columbia); Raymond Pearl, (Johns Hopkins) — and countless professors from other universities stood staring at the crowds in amazement.

There was no building on the campus big enough to accommodate a banquet at which all these distinguished guests could find places. So it was held in the Intramural Sports Building at Ferry Field, the athletic temple which could stage five basketball games and a full-scale track meet simultaneously. To that gaily decorated hall came millionaires like Scott Turner, Class of 1902, President of the International Mining Corporation of New York; Cornelius F. Kelley, Class of 1898; Law, President of the Anaconda Copper Company, and many others whose names meant rows of dollar signs in the public

mind. The guests listened to a welcoming address from Dr. Ruthven, and watched a little stage show written in verse by Charles Davis of the Department of Geography.

Dinner was a heavy meal, the cigar smoke was thick, and the little charade had to be good to get any hearing at all, but the distinguished guests nearly fell off their chairs in uproarious laughter. It was in fact the highlight of the whole program and the feature most likely to be remembered for many years.

Author Davis had been exposed to a heavily classical atmosphere down there in the basement of Angell Hall, where he worked with serious-minded Prof. Preston James. Prof. James, the geographer, probably didn't know that Davis was lampooning the University's history in three delightful scenes, writing the words and music and producing the skits as if he were a committee chairman at an annual Lambs' Club gambol.

His play opened with a scene purporting to be in the old Detroit Academy on Bates Street in 1817, with a conversation between Judge Augustus Woodward and Father Gabriel Richard. They were arguing about the name of the infant institution, the Catholepistemiad, and Father Richard wanted to know how the cheerleaders at the football stadium could get any sense out of that. He tried it himself: "*Hup! Hup! Hup!* Fight! Fight! Catholepistemiad!" But he ran out of breath.

The second scene depicted the arrival of Madelon Stockwell, the first co-ed, in a billowy dress with an enormous bustle, carrying a tiny parasol. Some rude men students in handle-bar moustaches were inclined to disapprove her presence on the campus, but as the scene progressed Madelon won them over in a flagrantly coquettish manner quite impossible to the real-life girl of that name. The theme seemed to be that love would find a way, in which case, Heaven protect the co-ed!

In his final scene, Davis introduced the famous old "point-a-minute" football teams of 1901-1905, mowing down the opposition. Two players who recognized each other began comparing notes and found that they had played on a long list of teams, as opponents and sometimes as team-mates. Eligibility rules were more flexible then.

But the scene worked up to a climax wherein the Wolverines were flattening the other team 50 to 0, and still climbing. When the score reached 80-0, Yost himself appeared through a rear door and came down the aisle demanding extra points.

The crowd was still laughing at the Davis skits during the pageant that followed — *The Parade of the Presidents* — and the presentation of a huge 100-candle cake to President Ruthven. Every day for a week there were various sessions debating subjects like "Town and Gown," "The University and its Relation to Society," and so forth.

Dr. Ruthven had invited George J. Burke, Class of 1907, of Ann Arbor, Chairman of the Michigan Civil Service Commission, to trace the history of a century of contact between the citizens of Ann Arbor and the students. Burke went into great detail about it, providing a good idea of how the Ann Arbor citizens really felt about the denizens of the campus. He felt that community sanity had been preserved by the arrival of co-eds in 1870, with their well-known softening and restraining influence. Campus romances had a somewhat civilizing effect on the men students, too. Most of them culminated in marriage, "where the young men have continued their educational careers beyond the limits of the University."

Ah, the co-eds, sighed Burke. The darlings! "It may fairly and truthfully be said by the inhabitants of the town that *never* during this period of nearly seventy years did the women of the University tear up plank sidewalks and wooden railings, or precipitate a 'Dutch War,' or rush the post office in the days when mail was called for in person. They never attempted to disband the local police force or disrupt the State Militia. They did not attempt to adopt as souvenirs the rolling stock of the first local streetcar line. They did not borrow a cannon which was being transported peacefully by the Ann Arbor Railroad and use it to fire a salute on the campus at Commencement time...a part of the program not considered by the Faculty as a portion of the regular Commencement proceedings.

"There is no record," declared Burke, with spirit, "that the women ever attempted to take apart a circus to find out how it worked. There is no proof that they ever participated, except as spectators, in the

remodeling of a local theatre. In fact they had no part in these and other boyish pranks which from time to time during the past hundred years have served temporarily to strain the somewhat cordial relations existing between the town and the University."

Burke revealed a good many "boyish pranks" which somehow had not been entered on the record. He recalled that students had a habit of meeting the special trains of presidential candidates at the station and keeping up a continuous cheering which began before the candidate appeared and continued until the train left. "No matter," he commented. "The citizens didn't care to hear the speakers anyhow."

Dr. Lyman Bryson, of Columbia, who had been a Professor of English at Michigan and a close associate of Fred Newton Scott, traced for the big gathering the successful careers of Michigan graduates and declared that "education is never finished," that an educated man continues learning something every day. He revealed, for the first time, his plan for alumni education and aids to adult education in general, which in the next decade were widely adopted all over the world.

Arthur Lyon Cross, Hudson Professor of English History at Michigan, came closest to answering President Ruthven's rhetorical question in an 11-point summary of Michigan's "firsts" both in education and in human relations. Citing Wilfred Shaw's *History*, he claimed that by 1875 the University had established "priority and leadership" in the collegiate world by the establishment of its Literary College, Law School, Medical School, Dental College and Schools of Engineering and Pharmacy inside the Literary College. Only Harvard had the full list, he said, beside Michigan.

Other "firsts" which helped explain Michigan's rise to fame were the mill-tax system of State support, the first chemical laboratory building in the United States, the first college of education, the first co-educational program in a university, the first courses in forestry and journalism in any American college, and the first full-time Bureau of Alumni Relations.

In addition, Michigan offered the first medical school west of the Hudson River, the first system of admittance by certificate from

accredited secondary schools, and the first and only experimental naval tank except the one in Washington. And high on the list of first honors, Cross continued, was the William L. Clements Library, "one of the best collections of Americana in the world."

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There was a period of strangely distorted values in this country just before World War II which is now remembered with a vague feeling of uneasiness. The University of Michigan was one of a number of large centers of learning wherein symptoms of discontent with the prevailing order of things appeared during the bitterest times of the depression. That was not to be wondered at, in view of the almost hopeless plight of many students and recent graduates. Recovery was always promised, often hailed in the newspapers, but it never quite made its appearance.

Many faculty changes helped to destroy the old feeling of peace and tranquillity so characteristic of a campus. When salaries were cut some senior professors resigned to take more lucrative posts elsewhere. Assistants and junior professors were moved up and a great many new instructors were recruited. The University found it difficult to hold many outstanding men. One of the projects assigned the University of Michigan Club of New York as an alumni aid was the raising of a fund to bolster slipping salaries. The club directors wondered whether they could raise funds for such a purpose, regarding salaries as a responsibility of the State. It was pointed out to them that the State couldn't do any more. Fixed charges were absorbing a large part of the budget, and with a reduced income there was no alternative but to cut salaries. The New York alumni at length agreed and raised a rather large sum which prevented many a faculty resignation.

Among the younger instructors there were many with radical views. It was regarded as fashionable and somewhat clever at that time to belittle the so-called "American Way" and praise the regimes of

dictators abroad. Veterans of World War I, particularly, were held up to stinging ridicule as "suckers" who had played an "imperialistic" game after being lured into uniform by seductive slogans and misleading propaganda.

Militant isolationism in many conservative quarters played into this trap. Prominent men endorsed any move which would keep America out of foreign entanglements. University students everywhere reacted to this momentary stimulus by denouncing the Army and Navy, organizing clubs like the "Veterans of Future Wars," and indulging in a good deal of campus oratory about the injustices heaped on the younger generation.

It was only a step from these innocuous declarations to the really vicious creed of Communism. Suspicious clubs appeared which, when investigated, were revealed as fronts for leftist organizations. Some students began babbling the familiar jargon about the "proletariat," the "capitalist oligarchy," and other expressions which had been taught them. A series of paralyzing strikes crippled Michigan industry about this time and set off demonstrations of "solidarity" on the campus.

Dr. Ruthven and Dean Bursley approached this situation with the utmost caution. They were determined not to be caught in any Communist intrigue, accused of suppressing the age-old right of free expression. Nevertheless, they were equally determined to prevent the University from being used as a sounding board, or soapbox, by the Communists. The older members of the faculty were convinced that some of the newer instructors were actually card-carrying members of the Communist party. If so, and if the Communist organization was at work organizing cells at Michigan, immediate action was imperative.

Columbia and New York University had been affected by the Communist infiltration. In Evanston, Illinois, a Chicago merchant withdrew his daughter from Northwestern, claiming in public statements that she had been indoctrinated with Communism at that university and that no steps were being taken to stop its spread. The virus was all over the country, in the newspapers, in the labor unions,

in the universities, colleges and even secondary schools – everywhere that organizers could gain a few converts among the miserable, the impoverished, or the discontented. There would be a strange, hard look in the eyes of normally cheerful, healthy poeple. Their conversation would begin to include expressions like "capitalist plot" and "another trap set by Wall Street"; a new club would suddenly present a series of outrageous "demands."

The Communist party thought that the proper time had arrived to come out in the open. Billboards appeared on highways showing big pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Stalin side by side, under which a big banner blared forth: "Communism *Is* Americanism."

Dr. Ruthven thought differently, and so did the Michigan State Legislature, which in 1938 authorized an investigation of actual subversive activities by communist groups. The State Police at East Lansing set up a Subversive Activities Unit. Many citizens of Michigan sympathized with Dr. Ruthven deeply. Most alumni felt that he was caught in a national web being spun by the Communist party and a lot of other red organizations aimed at converting large numbers of college students. He was having his troubles, but made no statement on the subject. His moves, if any, were not revealed. He never went into battle with the left-wingers. By his silence he gave them no opportunity to attack him.

Dr. Ruthven and Mrs. Ruthven expanded the traditional "at home" receptions at the President's House during this time. They invited all students, of every class, creed and color, to the well-loved old house for tea, a little conversation, and a chance to see what Dr. Ruthven looked like. He did not look like the ogre that Communist propaganda claimed he was. He had a quiet, well-modulated voice, a ready smile, and a willingness to debate with anybody.

Communism, hatred and class feeling couldn't thrive in that atmosphere. Dr. and Mrs. Ruthven kept it up, held more and more such receptions, listened personally as hundreds of students told about themselves.

Then Dr. Ruthven took to the road, visiting alumni clubs, lecturing, meeting the parents of his students, nullifying the rumors about red

activities at Michigan as rapidly as he could. He worked doubly hard to prove, in his own way, that Michigan was not being undermined by any subversive groups and that students were not succumbing to the subtle leftist propaganda. Somehow the crisis passed, no scandal resulted. The use of campus buildings was denied to all political or "militant minority" groups. Speakers for "America First" imploring the students to resist registration in the R.O.T.C. had to rent space in buildings away from the campus area. Avowed Communists trying to recruit soldiers for the war in Spain were forced to work elsewhere than on State Street.

There were other things to think about besides radicalism. The mighty Michigan football teams were in a slump during the middle 1930's for no reason that Head Coach Harry Kipke could explain. Michigan didn't win a Western Conference championship between 1933 and 1943. All that time, to the accompaniment of student groans and alumni howls, the Minnesota squads regularly walloped the Wolverines. Year after year Minnesota, under a coach of genius named Herbert O. ("Fritz") Crisler, trampled Michigan flat: 34-0 in 1934, 40-0 in 1935, 26-0 in 1936, 39-6 in 1937. Students had to be told what the Little Brown Jug looked like. They had never seen it.

The troubles weren't altogether Kipke's fault. He was a man of boundless energy who could get into a scrimmage line and demonstrate a play perfectly. But he didn't seem to produce outstanding players. The alumni came to watch the teams at practice, and shook their heads. Nothing Kipke could do seemed to turn the tide. It was a sad period for the cheering sections. In 1935, for example, Michigan State beat Michigan 25-6; Ohio State took the Wolverines 38-0, and did the same thing in 1936 — 21-0.

The only thing to do was to follow Michigan's historic precedent in presidents. A search was made to locate the best coach in the country. That wasnt' hard — Crisler was nominated by a wide margin. He was lured to Michigan from Minnesota the same way the Regents lured Dr. Burton from the same university. Kipke stepped aside after the season of 1937.

In 1938, his first season at Michigan, Crisler produced one All-

American, Ralph Heikkinen, and ran up a total of six wins, one loss and one tied game; 131 points to his opponents' 40. He came breathtakingly close to victory over his old school, Minnesota, but lost in his only defeat of the season, 7-6. Again the huge stadium was crowded. Once more the cheering of Michigan crowds resembled the sound of a mighty wave.

Crisler had several sophs on his 1938 squad who later blossomed into spectacular gridiron personalities. Most spectacular discovery was a cheerful, lithe backfield runner from Gary, Indiana, who could run like a streak, pass with speed and precision, and snake through a broken field like a comet. Tom Harmon's national fame needs no mention here; he was Crisler's ace and Michigan's star. Teamed with him as his running mate was the equally clever Forrest Evashevski, and together they gained a place in football's Hall of Fame.

In 1939 Michigan reclaimed the Little Brown Jug with a thumping 20-7 victory over Minnesota, keeping it the two following years. Harmon made All-American twice, 1939 and 1940. Evashevski graduated before he could amass enough points to win the honor, but Ed Frutig, the big, broad-shouldered end, won it along with Harmon in 1940. Football receipts went sky-high along with Harmon's fame. Two of the largest crowds ever recorded in the Michigan stadium saw the Minnesota and Ohio State games of 1941, when Crisler was just beginning his meteoric career.

But the rumble of war began to drown out the cheering of football crowds. A year before Pearl Harbor the student body was psychologically prepared for war.

New pumps, in duplicate, were installed in the huge heating and power tunnels connecting the Washington Street power plant with all buildings, including the hospital group. These pumps were connected with the naval experimental tank, so that in case of a serious fire or any disaster to the Ann Arbor water supply heavy pressure could be applied to the fire mains instantly.

Building projects under way were completed rapidly. The Allen House and the Rumsey House additions to the Michigan Union were occupied, and another $400,000 addition, to house the University

Club and the International Center for foreign students, was completed in 1939. In 1940 the Kellogg Foundation dentistry building was completed and occupied. These projects raised the housing capacity in University dormitories and residence halls to a new high, and provided all the facilities the University thought it might need for several years. With the swing to total mobilization, it was realized that no new construction could be undertaken during a modern war, unlike Michigan's experiences during the Civil War and World War I.

Dr. Ruthven and the Regents did not know when, or if, war would come. But if the news were to come suddenly and stop all normal activity, they would be ready.

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December, 1941, brought Michigan to the close of another era, as definite as that which ended with the death of President Angell. Other Universities had outstripped her in size, particularly the University of California. Illinois and Minnesota showed higher enrollment, too, and the University of Chicago's endowment was much greater than Michigan's, although Chicago was not a century old. So old Ann Arbor's famous school had to content itself with merely being Michigan.

There were noteworthy and unique features of Michigan's program which helped the University develop its so-called institutional personality. When the first century had passed and the whole campus, students and faculty alike, took stock, they found Michigan had won most of its battles, demonstrated the value of its original innovations, and could face its second century with confidence. President Ruthven had asked what there was about Michigan that set it apart from other universities. Dr. Cross, the historian, had answered by listing some of Michigan's academic "firsts". But Michigan's real fame was greater than this sum total of pioneering discoveries and inventions.

One glittering element of Michigan's institutional personality was, and continues to be, the deft way in which modernism and progressive

ideas are combined with crusty old conservatism. In some respects the University is ultramodern. The Randall Physics Laboratory has some of the most advanced equipment and instruments in the world. The Medical School has always been in the vanguard of progress in the healing arts. The athletic plant, the publications, the amazing printing and binding equipment of the University of Michigan Press have few equals in the world.

But conservatism in procedures, in campus traditions and in public relations goes hand in hand with modernism in service. The University is frequently criticized in the newspapers for some momentary shortcoming, but it rarely answers or explains. News releases from the campus are mostly for local dailies, describing what some home-town boy is doing in athletics or as a scholar. The University appears to have no public-relations problem and no means of handling one if it should appear. That was demonstrated several times in the century preceding the 1937 celebration. The outcry over Dr. Tappan's dismissal, the "Fraternity War," the Douglas-Rose controversy in Angell's time, and the criticism about student drinking during Prohibition are cases in point. All those situations got into the papers, usually resulted in legislative investigations and caused a furore throughout the State.

No such incidents occurred during Dr. Ruthven's administration, although the conditions which created them in the past were there. Charges of radicalism among the faculty between 1934 and 1937 never got beyond the rumor stage. During the first postwar year, 1946, the University was bitterly accused by other State institutions of monopolizing the appropriations for new construction. But no investigation was authorized, no general newspaper criticism resulted, and the critics found themselves merely voices crying in the wilderness.

In this, the University policy parallels that of the United States Army, which has public-relations sections to inform the home folk how Johnny is doing in camp, but usually has nothing to say when a transport airplane crashes with the loss of 14 lives. Great corporations, executive branches of the government and many large universities spend considerable sums on public relations. But at Michigan that policy is not considered compatible with the University's tradition

of dignity and high respect for scholarship. Public relations may become important, however, if the University someday decides to float a $50 million bond issue, which is not at all impossible.

Michigan's present historian may not be modest about it, but the University is startlingly original in its present-day system of teamwork between President and Regents. Histories of so many American universities show the same old mossgrown attitude on the part of their regents, directors, trustees or whatever the members of their policy boards are called. Some of the trustees of an Eastern university (which shall be nameless) average 30 years of service on the board. They don't know where classes are held, the names of senior professors or what kind of coal goes into the power plant. It was not made clear, in the report I read, what they do.

At Michigan the Regents are mostly middle-aged men or younger. Harry Kipke was 38 years old in 1940 when he resigned as head football coach and won election to the Board. They serve on executive committees which go into great detail about every phase of activity in the departments they administer.

There is an energetic, zestful air of efficiency about the Michigan campus quite at variance with that of most universities. That, too, is part of the University's personality. In this respect Michigan is like a successful businessman who has founded and built a mammoth enterprise, but is stubbornly set in his ways and clings to a few old-fashioned habits which give him an air of eccentricity.

One of those habits, old-fashioned now, is a feeling that education can be carried on by radio, over a standard broadcast station, in the form of a classroom lecture. That might have been so in radio's infancy, when the University built a little station in the Engineering Building back in 1924, hung it with painter's dropcloths as a primitive sound-deadening device, and put professors on the air. It isn't so now, when a radio program is a form of creative art, requiring the best efforts of a producer, director, script-writing staff and competent talent.

After 1933, and even in this enlightened day, University radio programs presented lectures by doctors describing the symptoms of approaching cancer, how it feels to die of Bright's disease, and so on.

Usually listeners are not educated by these programs; they are repelled. The official record says that "the programs were designed chiefly to inform and inspire the listener and to supplement the work of the local teacher." If there were such a thing as a negative Hooper rating, these programs would have earned it. But it's just a form of the University's tradition and its eccentricity, to be expected in an institutional personality so many-sided.

What makes Michigan unique? Just what definition can be applied to the essential quality of a place like the University? In 1937 its traits were as firmly established as they are now, and the thousands of returning alumni had an opportunity to appraise it for themselves. They are probably the most loyal group of alumni of any major university. When they return every year to attend class reunions they spend a little time looking around the campus, but it is becoming increasingly baffling to them. Graduates of classes before World War I hardly recognize the institution, and have to be led up State Street by guides. Where is University Hall? Over there, tucked away behind Angell Hall and completely hidden. Where is West Hall? Gone, torn down. What's that? Oh, it's a residence hall next to the Union; it houses 450 foreign students. Oh, here's Newberry Hall! The girls' Y.W.C.A.! No, not any more. That's the Museum of Archaeology now.

All over the campus it's the same. Old-timers recognize the Homeopathic Hospital. No, that's the Naval R.O.T.C. building now; the homeopathic medical course was combined with the regular Medical School years ago. There's Tappan Hall, where the old-timers attended English classes as freshman. It's the School of Business Administration now, but look quick. It won't be there long; a newer, and larger, building is planned for the School across the street.

Amid such confused impressions it's hard to evaluate the changing University. Faculty professors, deans, department heads are not much help. They've been there every day for many years, and it's an old story of crowding more and more buildings into any space that can be found. The period of this expansion reached its climax about the time of the Centennial celebration of 1937. Since then the University has not changed much. More buildings, yes. But the complexity, the con-

fusion and the personality of the present-day University was fully evident in that historic year.

That was when the old era of furious building came to an end, and the modern era of struggle for a balance between attendance and capacity really began. It was plain to everyone in 1937 that there would always be crowding; that no matter how many new buildings were erected, more students would want to get into them than they would hold. When that fact was realized, it became easier to see how the University was set up to handle as many eager students as possible.

Acceptance of crowding as a normal phase of Michigan life made it easier to see why the emphasis on scholarship went up proportionately. The law of diminishing returns began operating. Overcrowding meant merely less individual attention, and more students, fewer benefits. By 1941, on the day the heart-stopping news of Pearl Harbor reverberated throughout the world, Michigan's nebulous entity was a little easier to conceive. On that day everyone in the faculty and most alumni who stopped to think about it must have realized that Michigan would never be the same again. There would be war work, more mobs in uniform, secret experiments, the Army and Navy once more in control. And after that, the inevitable army of veterans.

No, Michigan would never return to a free-and-easy campus atmosphere again. Another "good old days" era was over. For at least a generation, and probably beyond, the University would have to face the penalty of success and prestige — a tight control over crowding, of eager swarms of students who would forever overflow the campus.

CHAPTER XIX

"TOP SECRET"

1

SUNDAY, December 7, 1941, had dawned over Ann Arbor like any other day. But during the afternoon, when students and faculty members were relaxing after heavy Sunday dinners and listening to the radio, a series of electrifying bulletins claimed their attention. The attack on Pearl Harbor was so fantastic that most people believed, at first, that it was another Orson Welles dramatization. Repeated assurances had to be given that the bulletins were not falsified. They were harsh facts.

Citizens and students alike were stunned. The *U.S.S. Arizona* sunk? The *Oklahoma* capsized? Pearl Harbor ablaze . . . airfields in ruins . . . Jap dive bombers machine-gunning Honolulu streets? Could it be? When the truth came home to everybody in the form of a White House announcement, the reaction was one of utter consternation.

War had come at last, and the University was ready. At the time President Roosevelt addressed a joint session of Congress demanding a declaration of war, the University Senate was meeting in extraordinary session. As rapidly as possible the Regents hurried to Ann Arbor, too. President Ruthven, eleven months previously, had appointed a War Board from the faculty to recommend immediate steps, and to help draft a program for complete cooperation between the University and all branches of the government. Dr. Louis A. Hopkins, Secretary of the University Council, was named Chairman, and proceeded at once with the execution of tentative plans he had drawn up for such an emergency.

Every professor knew that soldiers would come again; that interruption of normal classwork would accompany them. But many of the older faculty members who remembered World War I hoped that the second conflict wouldn't be accompanied by the same confusion.

Nobody knew what the University's share in this newest national conflict would be.

For the first time in the University's war experiences, the transition was clean-cut, efficient and total. About the middle of January, 1942, normal classwork began to slow down. The old two-semester year was abandoned in the spring. A three-term year took its place; spring vacation was abolished for the duration, and great blocks of courses were dropped from the curriculum. By June, 1942, it was evident that summer vacation was going to be lopped down to a "token" breath-catching period between terms.

Examinations were condensed from grueling half-day sessions to two-hour quizzes. Almost before the civilian students had gathered up their books and gone home, the first wartime students were enrolled and in their places ready for the first wartime three-month summer term. One result of that, as some students quickly discovered, was that by continuous residence at the University and no time out,they could get enough credits for a bachelor's degree in two years and eight months, instead of four years. That is, if they could stand the pace.

A new operating committee worked at top speed coordinating a dozen tentative plans submitted by the government and the Regents, and paving the way for an influx of uniforms. The students saw that there was no time to lose if they were planning to duplicate Michigan's phenomenal record for rapid promotions in previous wars. They laid siege to the R.O.T.C. headquarters and enrolled for every course they could enter. The great "Fritz" Crisler, famed football coach who had come from Minnesota to replace Kipke as head coach of the football squads, set up some new courses in bodybuilding. All the men students who were not definitely 4F, or less than 17 years old, leaped at the opportunity.

There were about 15,000 civilian students left on the campus when the first Army officers arrived to confer with President Ruthven and the deans. The draft was taking great numbers of them every month, but new arrivals appeared to take the draftees' places. They were "deferred" by the draft boards in hundreds of localities in order to

complete their technical or professional courses before entering upon active duty.

Dr. Ruthven remembered the World War I campus very well. He didn't want a repetition of the Student Army Training Corps and its incessant racket, confusion and defiance of University authority. He had a plan all ready to present to the Army, based on studies by Prof. Hopkins. If the Army would work with him, Dr. Ruthven proposed to turn over all the instructional facilities of the University that the Army and Navy wanted. But he insisted on control, and Army and Navy responsibility in his decisions.

The plan met with a cordial reception. The Army, too, it appeared, had acquired experience since World War I. Mature officers of high educational achievement came to confer with University authorities. The two spoke a common language, and united their efforts toward a common goal. The Army promised that there would be no S.A.T.C. on the campus; no basic military training of any kind, and that all the University buildings and equipment would remain firmly under University control.

After that, negotiations were cordial and rapid. The Army had a much more complex educational problem in this war than it had ever had before, according to the Army spokesmen. There would be technical schools of all kinds; everything from Japanese-language classes to classes in international law. The Army proposed to send to Michigan only enough regular personnel to administer the students in these schools.

Thereupon Dr. E. Blythe Stason, veteran Professor of Law who was also Provost of the University, had an inspiration. If the Army intended to send whole schools to Michigan, why not pick the top-ranking professional school of the Army—the Judge Advocate General's School? Dr. Stason had personal knowledge of many Army lawyers; they had been submitting difficult legal problems to him for years. Mostly they were quiet, studious, judicial-looking old colonels. Just the kind of school for Michigan!

Dr. Stason's invitation was accepted. Forthwith, in the fall of 1942. the Army moved the whole Judge Advocate General's School to Ann

Arbor from Washington. The silent, frowning colonels were housed with dignity in the Lawyers' Club in the Cook Quadrangle. Hundreds of newly commissioned officers, too, ranging in grade from second lieutenants to majors, arrived and were billeted in the Union dormitories Some of them had been in the Army no longer than two months. All had been attorneys in civil life. The School settled down to the quietness of a postgraduate legal seminar. Dr. Stason received the heartfelt gratitude of the faculty; he was even mentioned with pride in the Catholepistemiad faculty club, of which he had long been a member.

After that encouraging sample, Army schools piled onto the campus one after another, rapidly. As fast as more detachments arrived, room had to be found for them by taking over fraternity houses, emptying wings of the Union dormitories and the Allen and Rumsey residence halls; doubling up the "brass" in the Lawyers' Club, two colonels to a room.

From all over America they came – a dozen kinds of service schools. The Army Air Forces moved in with a classroom course in meteorology; the Dental Corps practically took over the Department of Dentistry; the Navy bluejackets and gold braid arrived to set up 30 different courses in everything from gun design to electronics.

Over and over they repeated their swift, intensive instruction, using films, visual aids of a thousand kinds, mimeographed notes containing entire lectures which the students bound into notebooks. They didn't hear all of the lectures because of the crowds, but they had them in printed form anyway, to refer to while on active duty later. Most of these classes were single terms of six weeks, after which the whole Army and Navy student body was assigned to duty and new faces appeared for another term.

Throughout the war the most astounding educational experiments were tried and proved successful at Ann Arbor. The teaching of Japanese, for example, had been regarded as an art so difficult that a Caucasian required many years to learn the elements of the language. At Michigan the course was taught in six weeks with such success that the student could make himself understood among Japanese prisoners

of war. Advanced students, combat intelligence officers, were so adept in the language after a year's work under Assistant Professor Joseph K. Yamagiwa of the University faculty that they could not only read and write Japanese, but also translate Japanese orders and decode cryptograms composed in that language.

Over 4,000 uniformed soldiers and sailors crowded the classroom buildings offering Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) and the similar Navy V-12 courses in general professional subjects, prior to assignment to Officer Candidate schools. At one time, late in 1944, there were 12,349 additional civilian men and women attending classes in skilled trades and professional matters having to do with home-front production. The total enrollees in the special service schools brought the student population to about 18,000.

Among them were senior colonels with 20 years' active duty who were training to become civil affairs governors of occupied areas, and adolescent corporals and privates getting a free ride through undergraduate courses in the ASTP and V-12. The diagonal walks, State Street and every campus building swarmed with uniforms. Michigan's enormous classroom capacity allowed both the Army and the Navy to carry on *all* the training assignments required; 14 out of the total of 16 programs in the Army and the Navy were taught on the Michigan campus. At the same time, Army and Navy R.O.T.C. classes were in progress among the civilians.

It was no wonder that General Brehon Somervell, commanding the Army Service Forces, wrote President Ruthven a grateful letter of thanks in 1945, which was echoed by General Arnold of the A.A.F. and several of the Navy's best-known admirals.

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In the midst of the campus occupation by service schools, some of the most astonishing research work in the world was in progress in the Michigan laboratories, in fields near the town, in observatories such as the unique McMath-Hulbert group at Lake Angelus, Michigan,

and the Lamont-Hussey Observatory at Bloemfontein, Union of South Africa. Some of it was described for the alumni in the "Victory Reunion" Commencement annual in 1945. But not in great detail. Most of the scientific contribution made by Michigan professors is still "top secret."

Throughout the war, seemingly in every nook and cranny of the campus buildings, little laboratory sections were set up and scientists worked on secret projects. The Army and Naval personnel attending the special schools saw them there, almost fell over them in the crowded buildings. But it was not considered good form to exhibit any curiosity about what they were doing. And the scientists didn't explain.

Prof. W. H. Hobbs, most renowned geologist Michigan ever had, author of well-known biographies of Peary and other explorers, himself a member of the Explorers' Club and the geological authority on Greenland, had been quietly collecting data on Japanese possessions in the Pacific. As a world-famous scientist he had won the cooperation of many colleagues in Japan itself. For several years after World War I, some countries were disturbed about the Japanese mandate over the chains of Pacific islands called the Marshalls, the Carolines and the small coral pin points called Micronesia. These powers feared that Japan might fortify the islands, and said so. Japan clamped down the world's tighest censorship, refused to allow any stranger in those areas, and successfully kept the Army and Navy attachés in Tokyo from learning anything about them. But not Hobbs.

Hobbs was, before his retirement, a campus character fully as unique as Dr. Frieze, but in a different way. He led expeditions through Arctic blizzards and tropical typhoons; he could tear down and rebuild a radio set, and back in 1924 he was so expert at it that he kept in continuous contact with the little "peanut-whistle" station on the campus from northern Greenland. He could speak five or six languages fluently and could express himself profanely in a dozen dock-walloper dialects when shiftless laborers threatened his expedition schedules. A tough, wiry man, Hobbs was first of all a great geologist and a remarkable scholar.

But he had a sense of foreboding about Japan in 1925. He thought there ought to be a geological expedition into those Japanese-mandated islands, to study volcanic conditions. He organized and commanded such an expedition, and had the cordial cooperation of many Japanese scientists. They gave him what maps there were, but he made a new set, of each island and atoll. He carefully traced contours and charted bays and inlets. Then he came back to Ann Arbor and buried those maps in his files.

Prof. Robert Hall, of the Department of Geography, had shared Hobbs' feeling about Japan for years. His status as a geographer had enabled him to collect the most detailed information about the Japanese home islands. He alone, among all American geographers, had a complete set of official Japanese coast and geodetic maps, a set of "prefecture" maps of provinces, maps of towns and cities, official census tables. Army and Navy intelligence men turned to Hobbs and Hall with gratitude and relief. Strangely, nobody asked the service intelligence divisions why they hadn't collected such maps for themselves years ago. Hobbs and Hall didn't ask embarrassing questions, either. They turned over their gold mine of information to the government.

About this time, ordnance experts were in trouble with RDX, the superexplosive with which the British had been experimenting for years. The most powerful explosive known (prior to the atom bomb), RDX had to be manufactured in quantity, but scientists thought it was impossible. Right after Pearl Harbor, four representatives of the government and the explosives industry went to Ann Arbor in quest of somebody to attack this riddle. They met Prof. Werner E. Bachmann of the Dapartment of Chemistry. Bachmann had the whole process all worked out, and was waiting for people like these to ask about it. Let one of them describe what Bachmann did:

"Almost by magic," he wrote, "the whole problem seemed to open before us. The plant was designed there in the lab about as fast as we could talk. Not only was the broad plan of large-scale production envisioned, but production by continuous process, almost unheard-of in the explosives industry, became as plain as the nose on your face."

As fast as workmen could build a production-line RDX plant, the deadly stuff began to appear in shells, torpedoes and aerial bombs. German and Japanese submarines, designed to withstand TNT, crumpled like tin cans under the appalling force of RDX. The 8th Air Force in Europe carried Bachmann's product to its ultimate goal. RDX bombs crushed the cities of Germany. And there were always enough of them.

Two hundred such projects were in progress simultaneously. Three hundred faculty members worked day and night on them, in these little independent laboratories partitioned off from the big rooms. Yes, the atom bomb, too; but the Manhattan Engineering Project commander, Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, isn't ready to talk about that yet, even after more than two years of postwar revelations about The Bomb. He wrote:

"The valuable services rendered by the University of Michigan to the Manhattan Engineering District proved an important contribution to the Atomic Bomb Project and contributed materially to the successful conclusion of World War II. The excellent performance in completing the work conducted in the laboratories by Dr. Crane and Dr. Dennison and their associates, under conditions of extreme urgency and secrecy, is worthy of the highest praise."

Michigan men and Michigan machines were used throughout the early experimentation period and in the actual assembly and tests of The Bomb. Michigan's huge million-volt cyclotron, or atom smasher, was the second such device to be built in the United States. Enrico Fermi of Rome, Nobel prize winner whose name is coupled with atomic research, came to Ann Arbor annually until 1941 and conducted "symposiums" on nuclear fisson. He also worked with the big atom smasher.

Dr. R. F. Bacher, the only scientist to be appointed by the President on the new five-man Atomic Energy Commission, learned his art at Michigan, both in graduate and undergraduate work. He was one of the original assemblers of The Bomb. Prof. Ralph A. Sawyer, who is now Dean of the Graduate School, is a noted nuclear physicist and served as technical director for the atomic bomb tests at Bikini in

1946. Also connected with the campus wartime project, in addition to Dr. Dennison and Dr. Crane, were James M. Cork, G. G. Brown, Clarence A. Siebert and E. M. Baker.

Secrecy still surrounds it, but an amazing "now it can be told" tale came to light in the 1946 Commencement annual about the VT fuse, one of the war's most secret developments. This is a shell, or bomb, or torpedo, with a sort of sixth sense that sniffs out the presence of the target and goes straight to it. VT-fused antiaircraft shells intercepted German robot bombs over England. The Navy fired VT-fused shells at Japanese cruisers which hit home whether the enemy was circling or doing figure eights. The authorities claim that the VT fuse made possible offensive action at "long last everywhere on the Allied fronts."

Regarded as one of the war's most potent weapons, the VT fuse is a tiny radio transmitter and receiver fitted into a shell or torpedo. Commonly known as the "proximity fuse," it emits ultra-short radio waves almost like radar, which bounce off the target, return to the sensitive fuse, correct its aim, and detonate it. It is usually set to detonate a few feet above and ahead of a moving target to gain the full effect of concussion and fragmentation.

Again we hear of Prof. H. R. Crane, the physicist who was applauded by General Groves for his work at Michigan on The Bomb. Prof. Crane conducted over 50,000 tests on this fuse device, with a staff of 25 scientists under his direction, over a period of 14 months.

This was one of those projects which must have made the rural onlookers think the scientists had gone crazy. Tests were conducted in a big field with model planes made of copper which were zipped back and forth on wires over an electric detonating device. Scientists peered through movie cameras as workmen shot the models back and forth. Dr. David M. Dennison, the partner and helper of Dr. Crane, headed the laboratory work at Ann Arbor on this project, too. Another helper, Franklin M. Everett, worked on the development of the tiny radio equipment at a big government laboratory at Silver Springs, Maryland.

Histories of World War II say that the VT fuse was almost magical

in its operation. Tank shells, howitzer shells, antiaircraft shells, torpedoes and aerial bombs were equipped with it. Records say that the fuse turned the tide in the Battle of the Bulge and was largely responsible for the rout of the German army. Antiaircraft crews in England intercepted and shot down 100 out of 104 robot bombs launched by the Germans in a single day, with the help of VT fuses.

Other Michigan scientists at the McMath-Hulbert Observatory, Lake Angelus, Michigan, overcame technical difficulties and perfected the Navy's self-orienting bomb sight. Three more Michigan faculty men, Professors Samuel A. Goudsmit, George E. Uhlenbeck and Dean B. McLaughlin, worked on the supersensitive radar devices at the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. On the campus, Dr. W. G. Dow invented and built a radar-jamming device called the "Tuba" which was widely used on both the European and Pacific fronts.

Dozens of other scientific contributions to the winning of the war flowed from Michigan laboratories. "Aerobond," a water-and-cold-repellent fabric coating used in combat garments, was invented by Floyd E. Bartell of the Department of Chemistry. Influenza vaccines developed by Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., Chairman of the Department of Epidemiology of the School of Public Health, cut down influenza casualty lists by three quarters wherever it was used. Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall, of the same department, won the Gorgas Medal for a drug called simply SN7618, a powerful weapon in the fight against malaria.

At Michigan it was a total war. Every phase of University life was directed wholeheartedly to the problems that made victory possible.

13

On the campus it was a woman's world. Co-eds took over the editorship of campus publications, the duties of class officers, the chairmanship of committees, and the enjoyable task of entertaining and guiding 12,000 uniformed men who massed on the campus every day. Co-eds

in trim uniforms replaced men, as waitresses and tray-carrying bus girls in the strictly masculine Michigan Union.

They did very well, giving rise to some speculation about just what it was that made men feel so superior. The Michigan *Daily,* under feminine editorship, held its circulation and gained in advertising linage. *The Gargoyle,* running the funniest feature in its 40-year fun-devoted career, gained in every way when a woman took it over.

The campus echoed every day to the measured tread of marching troops, but they were only detachments or class sections marching from barracks to class. During 1944 there were 8,000 Army students on the campus and 4,000 more from the Navy. The State Street clothing stores switched hurriedly from expensive civilian suits and coats to more expensive officers' uniforms and insignia. The little Arcade jewelry shops offered unit insignia pins which the soldiers bought for their girls. There was a big retail business in silver pilots' wings which presently weighted down the dresses of countless proud girls.

The Army clamped down a strict taboo on athletics. No soldiers were allowed to compete in interclass athletics because they stayed on the campus only a short time, and their work was too intensive. The Navy was more tolerant. Coach "Fritz" Crisler was able to keep Varsity football schedules going throughout the war, mostly with Navy men. He scheduled games with places like Great Lakes, Camp Grant, Iowa Pre-Flight (an Air Force cadet center), and of course with West Point.

Iowa Pre-Flight had so many university stars that it beat Michigan 26-14 in the first scheduled game in 1942. Those players were overseas the next time the two teams met, in 1944, and Crisler took the second game 12-7. In 1943 Michigan shared the former Big Ten title (now the Big Nine, since Chicago withdrew just before World War II) with Purdue. Just to show the nation that a superb coach can always produce superb players, Crisler developed All-American award winners throughout World War II: Bob Westfall in 1941; Al Wistert and Julius Franks in 1942; and Mervin Pregulman and Bill Daley in 1943.

More than 200 faculty members were given extended leaves of

absence in order to enter the Army or the Navy, and those who stayed found themselves buried under a mounting pile of class assignments. But they had to continue. One of the arrangements between the University and the Army and the Navy stipulated that instruction work in all except technical military courses should be handled by the Michigan faculty.

At Alumni Memorial Hall, worried T. Hawley Tapping scratched his head and wondered where room could be found for the avalanche of records on the careers of Michigan students in World War II. No one doubted that the conflict would become the greatest national effort in American history. Before the year 1942 was out, Mr. Tapping knew that World War II would become statistically the greatest burden the Alumni Association had ever borne, bigger than all the previous wars combined.

Some of his figures bear out the belief that Michigan's alumni organization is indeed the most loyal in the world. The University set up a War Historian's office and asked alumni to send in printed material, documents and newspaper clippings relating to the war. That was a mistake. An avalanche of over 5,000 books, tons of newspapers, periodicals, leaflets, propaganda broadsides and posters drove the staff almost out of its collective wits. Mrs. Hadley and her staff had to organize a new department called the University War Collection to analyze this mountain of material. It is said that the grandchildren of the present staff will still be classifying the records half a century hence. Original material on World War II is still coming in.

But the staff has identified and catalogued records of 32,000 Michigan men and women who served in World War II, and that is only a beginning. Estimates predict that the total will reach 50,000 in a few years. Robert O. Morgan, B.S.c. in Education, Class of 1931, former Michigan grid star who is Mr. Tapping's resourceful assistant, collected the names and histories of 448 Michigan students killed in action or who died of wounds or disease in World War II. Even that list is far from complete.

Two Michigan heroes won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the second world conflict, but the awards were conferred posthum-

ously. George Ham Cannon, B.Sc., Class of 1938, a first lieutenant in the Marines, was killed in action at Midway, on December 7, 1941. On the same day, and in the same engagement, Francis Charles Flaherty, A.B., Class of 1940, an ensign in the Navy, was killed in a bitter machine-gun duel on the *U.S.S. Arizona* with the Japs under circumstances equally heroic. After the Civil War and World War I, proud holders of America's most honored award came back to the campus and displayed their medals. It is tragic that the thousands of veterans on the campus today cannot see what a Congressional Medal looks like, and know the kind of man who could win it.

Fifteen generals, five admirals, hundreds of colonels, Navy captains, and every other rank down to private and apprentice seaman, who fought in World War II, now hold Michigan degrees. The list includes Michigan women for the first time in the University's experience with wars — WACS, WAVES, SPARS and Women Marines. Lt. Col. Margaret K. Schaefer, Chief Nurse of the European Theatre during World War II, began the war as a lieutenant in General Hospital No. 298. And Lt. Comdr. Anna Hayes, a woman physician and Michigan medical graduate, served as a Navy doctor.

World War II disrupted the regional loyalty to certain regiments and units so characteristic of former conflicts. In 1941-45 there was nothing to parallel the famous 20th Michigan of the Civil War, or the *U.S.S. Yosemite* of the Spanish-American War, or the University's railroad Naval Batteries of World War I. The 32nd "Red Arrow" Division in World War I was made up of National Guardsmen and volunteers from Michigan and Wisconsin. In World War II, the 32nd Division fought in the Pacific and contained soldiers from every state in the Union.

The reason for that, according to the Army, was to lessen the shock to any region or community in case of total disaster to a combat unit. The Army must consider such possible disasters. At Pearl Harbor losses were particularly high among natives of California, and there was stunned shock when the news was released. The same dreaded news paralyzed many small towns in Arizona when the Corregidor and Bataan "Death March" casualty lists were made known. A

National Guard regiment from those towns was annihilated. That is why there is so much traveling back and forth in wartime. The Army and Navy are trying to scramble up all the personnel in big units and aboard ship.

Thus the only top-heavy unit going forth to war from the Michigan campus in World War II was a military tent hospital, the 298th General. Staffed by doctors and nurses from the Medical School, the 298th was moved around the United States and finally sent to England early in 1943. It was one of the first mobile hospital units to land in Normandy after D-Day in June, 1944. Courageously the tent hospital followed the wavering battle line from the beaches of Normandy to the Seine, and thence to Liége, Belgium. There it set itself up as a Base Hospital and surgical unit. It was at exactly the right spot to be caught in the dramatic Battle of the Bulge, and it almost fell into German hands. But a sudden reversal of German fortunes saved it, although it was under fire continuously for several weeks.

With a capacity of about 1,000 patients when all the cots, wards and supply tents were full, the 298th admitted between 600 and 700 patients a day when the fighting was hardest. Its records show more than 19,000 cases during the period of combat duty in France. Like so many units caught on the border line between France and Germany, the 298th was forgotten when the time came to go home. The valiant crew was still there fighting typhus and epidemic diseases among prisoners of war long after the war in Europe was over.

The 298th General Hospital produced two outstanding people. Its commander, Lt. Col. Walter G. Maddock, was one of the few Army hospital commanders who was an Associate Professor of Surgery and a capable operating technician. Unfortunately a good many hospital commanders were more Army than Doctor. Dr. Maddock was a brilliant exception. His combination of administrative and surgical skill won his unit a Meritorious Service citation. The other personality, of course, was Margaret Schaefer, the little lieutenant nurse who achieved the very highest combat post a nurse could. She was taken out of the 298th in England prior to D-Day as an administrator in the Western Base Section, later became Chief

Nurse of the United Kingdom Headquarters, and finally the boss of all the nurses in the European Theatre. She won the Bronze Star and a few other routine medals, but she also became one of the few American women who have received the jeweled Order of the British Empire. The Alumni Association should add that to the list of high honors awarded to Michigan men and women during World War II.

CHAPTER XX

WHOSE COLORS WE WEAR

1

THE whistles and sirens announcing the end of World War II had hardly ceased their clamor before the roar and clatter of excavating machinery was heard again on the Michigan campus. Thus was ushered in, quite fittingly, a new era in the history of the University. Left behind in the records, and in Wilfred Shaw's etchings, lay the old, informal, gracious University of past decades. With the end of the war and the accompanying priorities the University stepped out and revealed itself to be a huge, conglomerate, institutional monster almost as impersonal and irresistible as the steam shovels digging up the campus.

Such a development was not the result of careful planning on the part of Regents or faculty. In the United States size is power; in Michigan, particularly, a big organization is a strong one. The University was so big after World War II that it seemed a commonwealth in itself.

Additions to the Chemistry and Engineering Buildings were planned and started. A vast hole was dug on State Street, opposite Angell Hall, for a new Administration Building about the size of the Union Station in Detroit. On the brow of Observatory Hill, where the little Tappan sky-peeping telescope fought valiantly for recognition amid a cluster of hospitals and nurses' homes, a new maternity hospital was begun. It was said to be the first unit of a new line of medical buildings and institutes. Plans were discussed, and estimates were arrived at, for the new School of Business Administration Building.

In Lansing there was consternation. The State Administrative Board asked itself who had given the University authority to proceed with all this expensive construction. Who had appropriated the money? No one. The Regents were placidly proceeding on the time-tried principle of "put up the building and then put up the proposition." It seemed to the overworked coordinator of construction for the State, Mr. A. N. Languis, that the University was big enough to push the State around.

He explained to reporters how the 1945 Legislature had appropriated $4 million to begin an estimated $8 million construction project at the University. The inference was that the 1947 Legislature would appropriate the balance, although there was no legal compulsion for that body to do so. The University, seeing an opportunity, used its $4 million to begin $11 million worth of new construction, demanding that the State appropriate $7 million more at once. This drew from Mr. Languis some remarkably sharp remarks:

"The little colleges aren't going to get the breaks because they didn't rare around tearing up the ground with puffing steam shovels for every item on the docket. . . Giving a brick-hungry college official an open gate to build as he chooses is like ordering a round-trip ticket to the moon. There isn't any limit!"

Perforce the 1947 Legislature had to dig down into a treasury flattened by a $275 million bonus act and a logrolling law which returned a large part of the vital sales tax to municipalities. The solons somehow came up with the University's $7 million. But at the moment it seemed like small potatoes. The University was absorbing real estate on a scale almost like that of Columbia University. The Business Office was given an airport encompassing 1,816 acres, great yawning hangars, mile-long runways, wind tunnels, supersonic velocity laboratories, and even concessions like a terminal building, restaurants and slot-machine toilets.

This behemoth among landing fields was the famous wartime Willow Run bomber property, including everything but the erstwhile Ford bomber plant itself, which was acquired by the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation. Included in the area was a complete town, on

quite the usual scale of University operations these days. Willow Village, built at great public cost during World War II, is a fairly comfortable hamlet containing its own theatres, schools and shopping center, and connected by a high-speed highway with Detroit and Ypsilanti.

Vice President Robert F. Briggs had only to organize a bus line connecting Willow Village with the campus and he had immediate housing for 4,000 married student veterans and their families. The maintenance cost on a tract of that magnitude would bankrupt a commercial business in a month, but Mr. Briggs found ways to transform it into an asset. Relieved from the taxes on the land and buildings, the University signed a contract with an operating company to establish an airline terminal at Willow Run. In that mysterious way in which Providence seems to come to the University's rescue, Detroit became embroiled in a hot political fight over a new airline terminal and the airlines, in disgust, moved to Willow Run.

The field is 24 miles from Detroit, but it is now the Detroit terminal for all major airlines. Such a stroke of luck could be explained only by astrologers. The Army decided to grant to the University a fund for the use of its wind tunnels and supersonic laboratories, paying $2 million for the privilege. *No one* could explain that!

In the spring term of 1947 the University News Service boasted of an enrollment of 19,000, but in the fall, when more than 22,000 students were fighting breathlessly for space, there was silence. It was no time to point with pride. Within a few months, following the laws of probability, enrollment would be down to 20,000 or thereabouts. It might go lower than that in the future. Buildings are insured, and carefully inspected. The fire marshals decide how many shall get in.

The post-World War II campus is the scene of hurrying throngs of student veterans in well-worn parts of Army and Navy uniforms and with the look of determination on their faces. In the fall of 1947, and early in 1948, over 80 per cent of all the men enrolled were wards of the government under the GI Bill; about 15,000 of them, ranging in age from the early twenties to the early forties. Less than 400

GI Bill students were women, mostly nurses and ex-WACs. But the traditional ratio between men and women students was still observable, roughly, three to one.

But things have changed. Most of the GI men students are married, and a large percentage live in Willow Village cottages with their wives, a baby or two, and the inevitable clothesline laden with washing.

The effect of an enforced freedom from rushing has had a strange but beautiful effect on the co-ed. In all but a handful of cases she is the daughter of parents able and proud to send her to Michigan, and she blossoms forth as never before. Never has the Michigan co-ed looked so lovely as she does today. She is reverting to the Frieze conception of the "campus goddess." Perhaps the competition is keener, and the dating more of an event, but she looks as if she were making better use of father's money and the investment is apparently well justified.

At Michigan she dresses in becoming frocks, wears make-up with restraint, and takes great care to see that her hair cascades in well-arranged waves down to her shoulders or below. She appears like a Park Avenue debutante beside the creatures in sloppy blue jeans and flapping shirttails who have disfigured other American campuses during this period. Though Michigan officially frowns on the "Campus Queen" in a bathing suit, she doesn't regard that as an excuse for looking like something fished out of the sea after a shipwreck.

It is one of the aftermaths of war, and entirely logical, that the more attractive the co-eds appear, the worse the average GI student looks. Two years after the close of World War II he was still wearing greasy battle jackets, worn and faded pink pants which clearly marked him as an ex-Air Force character, and in extreme cases, paratrooper boots and tattered remnants of wartime shoulder patches. In the fall the campus exhibits misshapen leather flying jackets that look as if they had made innumerable missions, and probably did.

Behavior, like appearance, has undergone a complete change since the old prewar days. Scores of times I have found myself engaged in desultory conversation with GI undergraduates in the Tap Room

of the Union, in the lounge, in the lobby, or in the sunshine on the steps of Angell Hall. It is veteran talk, Army lingo. It is the veteran who speaks, and not the eager, ingenuous, loyal Michigan student of yesteryear. In many cases he is abnormally thin, nervous and tight-lipped, testifying to inadequate food or a heavy classroom schedule. He is grimly realistic about his chances of surviving the intense competition for space until graduation. He is still a combat soldier, fighting for his chance as wholeheartedly as he once fought for his life.

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The death of Fielding H. Yost in 1946 was not entirely unexpected. He had been under medical treatment for some years, and the last time I saw him and spoke to him he was in the club car of a New York-bound train. When the news of his death reverberated around the world, Michigan alumni everywhere put down their newspapers and began to think of the University as they remembered it. They wondered what changes would come in the harsh postwar era.

Some of them remembered President Angell's survey of Michigan students, and the economic status of their parents. Many alumni had read about Angell's indignation over that newspaper editorial asking parents whether they could afford to send their children to Michigan.

The cost of a college degree at Michigan is, of course, much greater than ever before, somewhere between 25 and 50 per cent greater than in 1939. The physical plant is not as good as it was then. Many old buildings are in need of repair. The crowding is intolerable. The resulting nervous strain on the student in his struggle to keep up with a climbing scholarship standard is much worse than at any time before World War II.

Therefore the student does not get as much for his money as he did a few years ago. Nevertheless, a Michigan degree has become something not measurable in terms of money, but intrinsically worth whatever it costs to obtain. The same might be said of any major university, and they are all in Michigan's position. They are facing

a critical time. Authorities estimate that things will continue to grow worse in collegiate circles until about the year 1960.

Until that time students will continue to be crowded into inadequate classrooms, listen to overworked and often inferior instructors search the secondhand bookstores for textbooks and reference books which are no longer reprinted annually because of spiraling costs. There will be dozens of candidates for every campus society vacancy, publication editorship and extracurricular activity opportunity. Compulsory physical training will continue in jam-packed gymnasiums, and study will go on in crowded and often uncomfortable living quarters.

The various pressures and squeezes that cause these things will not be relieved at any time in the near future because the forces which create them are beyond university control. Veteran attendance will continue to rise until 1950, says the Association of American Colleges and Universities. By that year total college and university attendance in this country will be close to 3,000,000, a 50 per cent increase over today's estimated capacity of all the 1,749 American institutions of higher learning. But E. V. Hollis, of the United States Office of Education, has a national survey which shows that college and university enrollment will keep climbing steadily after the World War II veterans have left the campuses. Lloyd Morey, of the University of Illinois, estimates that by 1960 there will be 4,000,000 young men and women in colleges and universities.

From these national estimates it is obvious that Michigan's battle between enrollment and new construction will not be decided in any clear-cut manner for at least two more decades. Michigan's special problem is a little more acute than that of smaller universities, because for the past 50 years the University has not depended upon the State for new buildings but upon private endowment for rich gifts to equip them. High taxes have dried up the rich flow of private gifts to the University. The day has passed when a William Wallace Cook could grant some $7 million outright to the University and then admonish his executors in his will to donate all the rest of his estate, beyond administrative expenses, "to demonstrate to other men of

neans that the University's needs cannot be met by public appropria-
.ions alone."

Interest rates are declining, and the University's $17 million endow-
nent fund returns much less than it did a few years ago. Kiplinger
)luntly stated in his magazine that if the same proportion of college
ncome in the decade 1950-60 were met from endowments that was
net in the decade 1930-40, college endowments would have to yield
:omething like $240 million a year, more than twice what the return
s now.

Operating expenses are going up as fast as income comes down.
Not only salaries, but plant maintenance and replacements, too, re-
quire more millions in the budget than ever before. Salaries make up
)nly half the budget, and they have not increased in proportion to
he cost of living. In fact salaries are so low that the loss of excellent
eachers and researchers to industry is a serious one. And there are
'ew replacements coming up from the campus itself — the graduate
:tudents who formerly conducted classes while working for Ph.D's.
They go into better-paid jobs in private industry. There is no incentive
o stay at Michigan for such low salaries when they can earn more
noney elsewhere.

A university's sources of income are pretty well fixed, not subject
o stimulus by sales and advertising. More money — millions more —
vill have to come into Michigan's coffers somehow to take care
)f the leaping enrollment, the better-than-average students who have
ı right to get in.

Michigan has four sources of income. One, of course, and by far
he biggest source of University revenue, is the State of Michigan.
Appropriations for budget expenses, other than for new construction,
:ost the taxpayers of the State about $5 million a year, but only half
he enrollment comes from Michigan. In addition there are federal
grants for specific research purposes, income from the original federal
and grant (which is administered by the State Treasurer), and both
:tate and federal grants for small subsidies for certain courses.

The next most important part of Michigan's income derives from
:tudent fees, tuition, laboratory charges and income from various

University enterprises, such as Willow Run. The great University Hospital is set up as a separate item in Michigan's bookkeeping system, and not considered among revenue-producing activities. It pays its own way, but from patients' fees. Michigan's revenue from all these internal sources, excluding the Hospital, is only 23.47 per cent of the budget, compared with a national average of 45 per cent for all colleges and universities. Thus Michigan is keeping the expense to the student at an amazing low figure, much lower than that at other big schools.

The third most important item in Michigan's current list of revenue is endowment, which returns only 6.91 per cent of the budget. The fourth is an ingenious series of private gifts made years ago by many donors and kept in a separate account marked "current use." That pays for 5.48 per cent of the University's annual budget, but it also buys coal for the heating plant and intricate accounting machines which produce figures like these.

Michigan is thus far out of alignment with the other great universities of the country, which in general have much greater endowments and depend less on their state appropriations. Still, there is security in the Michigan policy. Universities depending largely on endowment are in trouble now. Michigan is only in slight difficulty. The State is committed to a permanent policy of furnishing the bulk of the University's support, and annually furnishes between 55 and 60 per cent of its entire expenses. Income from endowments is shrinking fast, but Michigan is not worrying.

As costs have risen and income dwindled, Michigan has raised some tuition fees, but not fast enough. There is a limit to the students' fee-paying capacity, beyond which Michigan feels there is a risk of unfairness. If tuition fees become prohibitive, the very students who need the help of this great university will be forced out, leaving plenty of others who are merely rich.

The test has always been, not "What can you pay?" but "What can you learn?" On that basis the University turns to its loyal army of alumni. Until now the alumni have always been ready to contribute whatever amounts they could afford. They probably will be solicited

for more, and the alternatives explained to them as frankly as possible. The contributions, large and small, of alumni in a typical year may solve the very problem which diminishing endowment returns have created. The small alumni club in a typical community might like to know, for example, that there aren't nearly enough scholarships to meet the needs of many deserving students. Only 5.5 per cent of American college students received scholarships last year, and the average grant was only $187.

It is this problem of the able and earnest student that worries the faculty more than the lapse in endowment revenue. In this post-World War II era students can't work their way through college after the fashion pursued at Michigan since Angell's day. Today's course schedule is too jam-packed to allow either time or energy for outside employment. The necessity for such extra effort is a great hardship to the student. Yet the experience of a century and more at Michigan proves that it is usually the needy student who most cherishes his opportunity to stay on the campus and study. In the past, endowment has helped many, but in the future they will look to the alumni.

To the citizens of the country generally such a solution seems more equitable than to charge the public for this help in higher taxes. The state and federal governments recognize the right of every qualified student to a complete education. That right is part of our common heritage. We have seen attendance at institutions of higher learning jump from 1.8 per cent of the population in 1900 to 14.3 per cent in 1940. But someone has to pay for it.

There is agitation afoot now, as this is being written, for a very large federal subsidy to schools of all kinds, from kindergarten to graduate studies. For ten years, each succeeding Congress has held hearings on bills which would grant subsidies to schools. Not one of them has been passed. Continuous attempts have been made to reach a workable compromise, but always there has been that stumbling block of federal control.

College authorities, particularly, deplore this last-ditch alternative to greatly increased student fees in the absence of alumni or endowment support. There is the issue of academic freedom, political inter-

ference, regimentation along government-dictated lines in return for government-authorized grants. It's a very real danger. The Supreme Court has held that the power to regulate is inherent in a government grant.

As costs soar and the endowment dollar shrinks, as public appropriations become more and more of a burden to the taxpayer, many educators begin to wonder if government regulation is not preferable to the financial plight universities now find themselves in. Michigan has shown no signs of toying with the idea, as yet. The Regents are still in control, and to date have not asked Washington for any help. They are not likely to ask for it, so long as Michigan alumni loyally support the University.

13

Michigan, the first true state university in the United States, continues to set precedents. There is something new every term; some academic or administrative innovation calmly put into effect and proved workable. The elusive institutional personality which is so characteristic of the campus is still hard to define, but it is there. Michigan is always Michigan, a sturdy, self-confident individual among universities. It is not a copy of some other school.

There is something new every day. Each issue of the Michigan *Daily* chronicles a new honor, a new dilemma, another ingenious solution to yesterday's crisis. After 131 years Michigan is still a long way from institutional adulthood. It is growing as lustily as any healthy youngster, bursting its seams, surviving financial and administrative crises.

A current file of the *Daily* details the life of a busy, exciting community. Salaries of the faculty went up 10 per cent just before Christmas, 1946, when such a boost was most welcome. Not long afterward all the top University authorities turned out to welcome home the University's famous Prof. James K. Pollock, who had been drafted from the campus to become General Lucius Clay's coordi-

nator of civil affairs in occupied Germany. Michigan hearts beat with pride as the Army decorated Prof. Pollock with America's highest civilian award, the Medal of Merit.

Advertising in the *Daily* shows that some sparkle of Michigan student ingenuity still glows through the overlaying stratum of veteran regimentation. "Found," says a classified advertisement, "ladies' compact with initials. Call XYZ Fraternity House. If beautiful, ask for Fred. If not, ask for Charlie or Bill."

A radio program called "Stump the Professor" occasionally goes out from the campus. Dr. Frank Robbins, a serious and most intense scholar, was given a long quotation to identify, and missed. He was red-faced when the quotation was shown to be from one of his own writings. President Ruthven departed from his office one day in his usual dignified manner, journeyed to Detroit, donned an old coat and proceeded to hawk newspapers on the street for the "Old Newsboy" fund. Somehow no one can visualize Dr. Tappan doing that.

The modern Michigan student reads with amusement of the escapades of his forerunners on the campus generations ago. A prank like tearing up and burning wooden sidewalks, for example, is dismissed with a wave of the hand and the bored expression: "Well, maybe those Joes didn't have anything else to do." Today's undergraduate wouldn't be noisy or overly destructive even if he had the time for it. He is not the same sort of person.

The post-World War II student seems so much older than he really is. In a typical cafeteria line in the Union, for example, the four men ahead of you might have flown Navy fighters over Guadalcanal, or bombers over Berlin, or fought their way to Bastogne with bayonet and commando knife. At least one out of every four men you may meet on the campus were officers in the war, and many have known what it means to be responsible for men's lives under fire.

Traditionally, today, they don't wear hats. That may be because they don't want to buy good hats and have them disappear from the racks in the crowded buildings. But it may be because they think they look more masculine and rugged without hats. Freshman "pots" are still theoretically required, but they are never seen these days.

The "frosh pot" rule has never been repealed. An ex-major of artillery with five battle stars, and a fierce black beard that grows faster than he can shave, would only look ridiculous in a "frosh pot." Hence he prefers to wear no hat at all. Neat leather brief cases have replaced the messy armloads of books and papers which in bygone years weighed down students rushing from boardinghouse to class. The more fastidious students now wear woolen mufflers in the winter, disdaining the 1900-10 belief that such things were rather too effete for the rugged men of Michigan.

But other customs, never formalized enough to be set down in print, survive into the present student generation. Freshmen somehow always start checking-accounts at some local bank and exhaust them in a month. Graduates of any course, from A.B.'s to Ph.D's, seem to feel that they are not legally graduated until they are photographed in cap and gown at Dey's. Undergraduates of all classes cultivate an acquaintance with George Sallade, of Wahr's Book Store, and pester him day after day with questions about where to find books plainly displayed on the shelves, whether he can find out-of-print texts and references, how much he will pay them for a dog-eared text purchased from some graduate, and so forth.

Some very wealthy students currently are registered at Michigan, and some who are definitely in need. Every shade of the economic spectrum between those extremes is represented in the 20,000 men and women of the student body. Every religion in the world is faithfully observed – even Buddhism and Shinto. All kinds of politics have adherents at Michigan, too. In a community of 20,000, the members of which have been drawn from every state in the Union and from 53 foreign countries as well, you will find in miniature the cosmopolitanism of a world capital.

Students are individuals. One sees them at close range, hears their voices, and in hearing, understands what sort of individuals they are. But from a greater distance, the students merge into a mass of humanity we call the student body. It, too, has its own character, entirely Michigan's. Farther away, both in distance and in time, the old grad sees Michigan as a cultural mountain set in a vast, drab,

monotonous plain. His college days loom up as the bright spot in what he thinks is a dull life.

Whatever Michigan means to the individual, it is the college whose colors he wears; it is his home for several hectic years; the campus is at once the center of his most formative period and the starting point of his active period. It is the place where the student first learns how to live, and where he receives a glimpse of his true function in the world. The campus is the world on a small scale, and on its diagonal walks and in its massed buildings the student learns to see himself as the world will one day see him.

The University stresses preparation for life as being equal in importance with the educational and professional training received. Perhaps, after all, that is the true function of the University of Michigan. Its position as the "capstone of the educational arch" is freely admitted. Educationally the institution has far surpassed the dreams of its founders — Pierce, Crary, Dr. Pitcher and Governor Mason. It is equipped to offer preparation for any kind of career in business or in the professions. The next long-range goal of the University should be the preparation of each student for the kind of career he can best succeed in. Being a housewife is a career, and co-eds ought to prepare for it as earnestly as some of them study law. Being a politician is a career, too, although it sometimes seems more like an accident. Public service has been taught as a profession in German and English universities for a century.

In embattled, industrial Michigan, a School of Labor Relations would be a welcome addition to the University's curriculum. Extension work and adult education services to hundreds of thousands of citizens — they are, at present, only primitive beginnings of University benefits which in the next generation will begin to reach everybody. The time will come when a citizen of Michigan, or for that matter of any other state, can put himself through the University at home, in his own armchair. A way will be found to make such benefits possible.

The great new unexploited fields of plastics, electronics and nuclear physics will keep the University expanding for many years to come. Michigan could develop the nation's largest and best university

School of Aeronautical Engineering at Willow Run, where there is room to test rockets, guided missiles and supersonic planes.

In discussing the future of the University, one always seems to return to the vision of Dr. Tappan in 1852. Quoting him, it must become "a place where all these knowledges are to be found . . . a shop of the nine muses where they sell their wares to the children of men." He denounced men of timid minds and teachers of limited vision. "Our way," he declared, "lies right before us."

The University is well into its second century, following the way that lies ahead with ever-increasing success. The way will be no easier in the ensuing century than it was in the past. There will be recurrent dilemmas, incessant administrative problems, troubles for which no educator of today can make preparation.

But the way will be a straight line, projected without deviation along the same course which brought Michigan to its present eminent position. The same strengths in its institutional personality which helped it to grow will help it to live to a great age.

Eighty thousand people singing in unison at the Michigan stadium is a phenomenon that you can hear and see. They sing of a college whose colors they wear; of praise for the Yellow and the Blue. That is a link between our generation and those of the future. Michigan's campus will change, costumes will vary with the years, even the courses offered in the catalogue will bear names we cannot visualize. But those future Michigan men and women, for generations to come, will sing the same song with the same emotions. There, in the hearts of its students, lies the real story of the University of Michigan.

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