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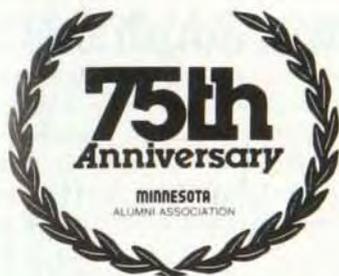
January 1979



'I didn't have time
for four years in
the University . . .
so I did it in three'

Hubert H. Humphrey





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by Dan Cohen

Hubert Humphrey, who was graduated magna cum laude from the University of Minnesota in 1939, once said: "I learned more about economics from one South Dakota dust storm than I did from all my years in college."



- 16 First a Dream, Soon a Reality

by Barbara Crosby Muncie

More than \$14 million has been raised, a prize-winning architect has been selected, and the goal for the Hubert H. Humphrey School of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota is being defined.



- 20 From Freshman to Dean

by Paul Froiland

In 1940 Fred Lukermann was a freshman at the University of Minnesota. Now he is dean of the nearly 17,000-student College of Liberal Arts, a college large enough in most places where they'd call him president.



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Cover: While he was a student at the University of Minnesota, Hubert H. Humphrey once lived at 945 Southeast Fourteenth Avenue, near the Minneapolis campus. Photo courtesy of the Minneapolis Tribune. **Inside Front Cover:** Dmitri Sarabianov, a professor of art at the University of Moscow, lectured at the University of Minnesota last fall during the Russian Arts Festival and one Sunday went on a fishing trip — a 20-mile stretch on the Mississippi River between Clearwater and Monticello — where he caught bass and walleyes. Photo by Roger Nystrom of the Minneapolis Star.

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Minnesota Wants Chinese Students

Academic courses, strong international emphasis expected to attract

In the next two years the People's Republic of China will send 10,000 students to study in universities abroad and it is hoped some will attend the University of Minnesota.

About 1,000 students from China may visit the United States this year, said Wang Jen-ch'uan, deputy chief of the Office of Foreign Affairs for the Chinese Academy of Sciences, who was interviewed while visiting the University recently with a delegation of Chinese geographers.

Negotiations for exchange programs are taking place at both the governmental level and between specific institutions that want to exchange students, Wang said. The Chinese Academy of Sciences, for example, is free to negotiate an exchange program independent of the governments.

Both formal participation through the government and informal contacts that University of Minnesota faculty or departments can make on their own are being encouraged, according to LaVern Freeh, the University's director of international programs.

The heads of several American universities and other educational organizations met recently in Washington to work out the details and discuss the problems that will have to be solved in a government-sponsored exchange.

Henry Koffler, vice president for academic affairs at the University of Minnesota, said that Minnesota's chances of attracting Chinese students are good, and added: "The University of Minnesota because of its strengths in the areas that the Chinese are in-



terested in and because of its strong international focus is a likely place for some of the students to study."

Chun-jo Liu, University professor of East Asian languages, said that the Chinese want more information about the University of Minnesota before they decide to send students here.

Liu recently met with a Chinese delegation in Washington at a dinner honoring the President of Peking University, Chou Pei-yuan, whom she had known during World War II. She said the Chinese seem most interested in chemical engineering, agriculture, entomology, wildlife, plant genetics, medicine, pharmacy, and English as a second language.

"My suggestions about attending the University were very well received and Minnesota is now on their minds. It would be good if they received more specific information about our strong programs."

The University administration is compiling general information to send to the Chinese liaison office in

Washington, and Freeh has appointed Liu to a working group which will poll the faculty for suggestions for the program and an assessment of how they could contribute to an exchange if they desired.

In 1977, Huai-chang Chiang, professor of entomology, fisheries and wildlife, met with three graduates of his department who head institutes that study entomology in China. "They were very much interested in getting in contact with U.S. scholars and asked whether the University could accommodate their entomologists.

Chinese students were invited to the University by Wenda Moore, chairwoman of the Board of Regents, who visited China for two weeks in October. "The principal purpose of my trip was to explore the possibility of having Chinese students come to the University of Minnesota," she said.

Earlier, the board passed without dissent a proposal that her invitations become official actions of the board. This motion was made by Regent David Lebedoff, a Minneapolis author and attorney who has been to China, and who said, "I don't think that there's a program anywhere in our foreign policy as important as the advent of Chinese students coming here."

Talk of the exchange was the occasion for signals to be sent both ways through speeches and toasts when the Chinese Geographical Delegation of the Chinese Academy of Sciences visited the Twin Cities recently as guests of the University's geography department.

We welcome our present visitors and we hope that there are thousands more coming to the United States," said Fred Lukermann, dean of the College of Liberal Arts. "We don't see this as just a technical visit; we see this as a bond of friendship. We obviously think of more Chinese coming to the United States and of our faculty and our students going to the People's Republic," he said.

"No part of the United States," Lebedoff said, "is as similar in spirit and attitude to China as is Minnesota. Like our friends in China, we pay respect to what I would call the rural virtues: hard work, self-respect and respect for the family. Nothing would be more pleasing to the students and faculty of the University of Minnesota than to have students from the People's Republic of China studying here," he said.

Huang Ping-wei, leader of the delegation and director of the Institute of Geography of the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Peking, responded that he would do his best to influence the decision in Minnesota's favor.

"We learned a great deal from our colleagues in the department of geography," he said. The delegation members, he added, were also impressed with the University's agricultural programs, chemical engineering department and the taconite process for the separation of iron from low-grade ore.

"The delegation members are convinced that Minneapolis is the most beautiful city they've seen," Huang said. And, he said, "It would be beneficial to us to learn the teaching of agriculture and the use of iron ore.

These mutual interests — China in western technology and western scholars in Chinese civilization and culture — could provide the basis for the exchanges. *Bill Huntzicker*

New Degree Set

A new liberal arts degree is available to those who wish to have more flexibility in coursework at the University of Minnesota.

The Bachelor of Individualized Studies degree program (BIS) is designed for those who wish to combine a liberal arts education with vocational goals, who return to college later in life, or who want a close advising relationship with faculty.

It allows students to combine academic and personal goals in individually developed programs of study,

and to apply classes from both the College of Liberal Arts (CLA) and other University colleges toward a degree.

According to CLA dean Fred Lukermann, the BIS degree is designed "for members of the community who would be better served by an alternative degree that allows a little more flexibility. The traditional degrees continue to be the best choice for the vast majority of students, but for some the BIS degree will be a stimulating option."

BIS students will be required to complete 180 credits — the number required for all other degree programs at the University — but about half of those credits will be in areas determined by the student and advisers, and may be drawn from other colleges at the University.

More information is available by contacting Melinda Monteith, 106 Johnston Hall, 101 Pleasant Street Southeast, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455, (612) 373-3030. *Jeanne Reinhart*

A Lot Alike

Business executives in the United States, Japan, Australia, India, and Korea have more in common than their nationalities might indicate, according to a 10-year study of the personal values of 2,500 managers in five countries.

The study was conducted by George England, professor of business and psychology at the University of Minnesota. England found that managers in the five countries studied are more like each other in their values than are managers and blue-collar workers in the United States.

The successful managers in the countries studied are most similar, England said. They are pragmatic and willing to do what works best, whether that is remodeling the employee cafeteria, taking risks, or placing a bribe to get a contract.

National differences between managers are also worth noting, England said. For example, Japanese managers are undergoing rapid change in values, Indian managers are the most moralistic, Australian managers place a relatively low value on maximizing profit, and Korean managers are trying to be more egalitarian, he said.

The study divided all of the experienced top and middle managers from companies of all sizes into three groups, based on their answers to 66 questions about their personal goals, general

values, goals of their organizations, and groups of people involved in their organizations. The managers were classified as either predominantly pragmatic, moralistic, or oriented towards feelings, England said.

In all five countries, the pragmatic managers tend to be more dynamic, more willing to take risks, and more oriented towards achievement. They also earn the most money at various career stages.

The moralistic managers, who see value choices more in terms of right and wrong, tend to be more passive and well-entrenched in their organizations. The least successful managers in terms of both money and job satisfaction are those oriented towards feelings, England said.

These value groupings were then checked for their impact on the managers' actual behavior by statistical cross-checks. For example, most managers rated employee welfare as highly important, but only half of these managers also fit that value into their pragmatic approach to values in general.

Several key differences by country emerged from the study. A generation gap in managerial values is most pronounced in Japan and is barely perceptible in India, indicating quite different potential for change in the two countries. Japanese managers are more consistently pragmatic than their American counterparts. They value company size and growth, personal achievement, and competence especially highly.

Australian and Indian managers are more moralistic than their international colleagues and place a lower value on organizational change. They are also less competitive and less likely to take risks, though there are significant geographical differences between managers. Korean managers, like their Indian counterparts, place little importance on the interaction of categories of employees, such as unions and staff and line managers, England said.

These differences are amazingly stable, he said. From 1966 to 1976, there were virtually no changes in basic managerial values, despite all of the intervening events.

But some change is on the horizon, England said. Members of the younger generation in all five countries place less importance on organizational goals and groups of people and more emphasis on themselves, valuing money, ambition, and risk more, and trust and honor less. *Jeanne K. Hanson*

The Kerlan Collection

One researcher looked at the wolf in Red Riding Hood

Why, a researcher of children's literature wanted to know, are wolves featured as evil? She and some conservationists felt that damage had been done to wolves in children's stories so she turned to the Kerlan Collection in Walter Library at the University of Minnesota to find an answer.

Norine Odland is a professor of children's literature at the University of Minnesota.

She examined hundreds of books that featured only pictures of wolves. Then she narrowed her subject to a one wolf, "The Wolf in Red Riding Hood — How Is He Depicted?"

She found 48 illustrated versions of Red Riding Hood in the collection. If the wolf was personified, that is if he walked or was wearing clothing, he was assumed to be less evil. The wolf, she discovered, walked on two feet almost as often as he walked on four feet. And, in the majority of the books, he

walked on two feet and on four feet in the same story. Depiction of the wolf with fur or with clothing was evenly divided.

Another student was interested with Ellen Raskin's work when she saw the original art, color separations, and manuscript for *Franklin Stein* (Atheneum, 1972). The student knew Raskin had done illustrations for other writers and so she examined all of the books with pictures by Ellen Raskin.

Dr. Irvin Kerlan, who died in 1963 and who was a graduate of the

University of Minnesota in 1934 and later returned for a public health degree, had a special interest in award-winning books. So the more than 31,000-volume collection has many first editions, in mint condition, of Newbery and Caldecott Award winners. For example, Marie Hall Ets, a contributor of works of art and manuscripts gave her materials for her Caldecott Award book and other honor books.

The manuscript and typescript of Marguerite Henry's *King of the Wind* (Rand McNally, 1948), a Newbery winner, shows the process from the first version, written mainly in pencil, to the typescript, which was sent to the publisher. The galleys are there for study along with the dummy in which spaces for illustrations are shown, with suggestions from the author to the illustrator.

She was an early contributor to the collection of original materials, including those for her latest book, *One Man's Horse* (Rand McNally, 1977).

Jean Craighead George, author of the 1973 Newbery winner, *Julie of the Wolves* (Harper, 1972), has contributed several of her manuscripts and her art work. Currently the subjects she writes about are of

special interest to students who are seeking insights into the creation of materials about ecology and conservation.

Another early and continuing contributor is Roger Duvoisin. His friendship with Dr. Kerlan is indicated in drawings he has done for inscriptions in many of his books. Duvoisin has conveyed his greetings to the collection in the form of drawings designed especially for special events. The process of producing books from drawings to the finished product can be studied in materials from Duvoisin and Louise Fatio, author of books illustrated by Duvoisin.

Elizabeth Coatsworth's inscriptions in her books, which she sent to Dr. Kerlan, were the focus of study for a researcher. The inscriptions are long, one page or more, and tell of the circumstances that inspired her writing. The researcher began work by reading all 107 volumes in the Coatsworth contribution, a writing career spanning 50 years.

A librarian admired the writing of Meindert De Jong. She reread all of his published work, compared the manuscripts with the finished work, and noted the comments, in margins, both those by the editor and those written by De Jong in reply to the editor's notes.

Of the 49 languages represented in children's books, the largest number is in German, Russian, French, Swedish, Danish, and Spanish.

Closely related to the foreign language materials, are those books that were nominated for the Mildred L. Batchelder Award, given to the best American translation. Batchelder, whose efforts increased attention to an international exchange in children's literature, has translated editions and the original language editions where translations were made.

The Japanese version of *Caddie Woodlawn* (Macmillan, 1935) carries the title *Caddie, A Child of the Wind*. The best guess about the derivation of that title is that it results from interpreting the picture in the front of the book, which shows Caddie standing, wind-blown, looking into the distance.

In the materials given to the collection by Caddie's author, Carol Ryrie Brink, the researcher can discover the dilemma she must have experienced when she tried to decide about a title for her story. Among those considered, however, there was no *Caddie, A Child of the Wind*.



Award

Caddie Woodlawn's Creator Honored

Carol Ryrie Brink wrote what became a children's classic 43 years ago

When she was eight years old, her mother and father died. So she went to live with her aunt and her grandmother who was a fine storyteller. "Gram's stories were nearly all connected with her pioneer childhood in Wisconsin, and I never tired of hearing them," said Carol Ryrie Brink, 82, San Diego, who was present not long ago at the University of Minnesota where more than 200 persons saw her receive the 1978 Kerlan Award for her contributions to children's literature.

She based what became a children's classic, *Caddie Woodlawn*, on her grandmother's recollections. The book was published by Macmillan in 1935 and it received the Newbery Award in 1936.

The original manuscript, in addition to manuscripts for 15 of her other books, is part of The Kerlan Collection on the first floor of Walter Library in the Children's Literature Research Collections. The Kerlan Collection has more than 31,000 books, manuscript materials for more than 1,600 books, and illustration materials for more than 2,500 books.

The collection also features the printings of her stories that were published in *Child Life*, *Picture*



Carol Ryrie Brink

Story Paper, *Junior Weekly*, and other magazines.

"When I wrote *Caddie Woodlawn* in 1934," she said, "I wanted to record for my own and other children the lively stories my grandmother told me about her tomboy childhood on the frontier. I did not feel that I was writing history or that anyone would check my accuracy. Fortunately my grandmother's memory was reliable, and today her stories fit perfectly into the facts of local history as we have learned them. This amazes and humbles me. I could so

easily have written myself out on a limb of fantasy.

"My grandmother was the angel of my childhood. I was orphaned at eight, and went to live with her at the Idaho home that she and my grandfather had built when Idaho was still a Territory. Somehow Gram has crept into five or six of my books. I never forgot her."

Carol Brink was born December 28, 1895, in Moscow, Idaho. After attending the University of Idaho, she went to the University of California where she received a bachelor's degree. She met and married a mathematics instructor, Raymond Brink, who became a professor at the University of Minnesota and served as chairman of the Department of Mathematics from 1928 to 1957.

In 1925, she began to write stories to entertain her children, David and Nora Caroline. Her first book was *Anything Can Happen on the River!* and it was published in 1934.

Magical Melons (Macmillan, 1944) tells more of Caddie Woodlawn's adventures on the frontier. *Family Grandstand* (Viking, 1952) and *Family Sabbatical* (Viking, 1956) are stories based on family experiences; *Anything Can Happen*

on *the River!* and *Mademoiselle Misfortune* (Macmillan, 1936) are culled from experiences in France.

The Brinks lived and traveled in Europe; the European setting appears in several of her books. "Some of my books, such as *The Pink Motel*, have been creations of my fancy; but even in these books I like to preserve a core of reality and some sort of tie in with my own personal experience. This firsthand element gives satisfaction to both author and reader in any fictional recreation. Books which lack the author's own experience of living rarely move the reader," she said.

Her books have been published in paperback, and some have been translated into Afrikaans, Chinese, Danish, and Norwegian.

Eight years ago she was present when the Caddie Woodlawn Park near Menomonie, Wisc., was opened. She later told *The New York Times*:

"The park is a six-acre tract that was formerly a part of the 160-acre homestead of my great-grandfather, John V. Woodhouse. It is located on State Route 25 about 12 miles south of Menomonie, four miles from Downs ville and near the site of what was the town of Dunnville."

In 1945 she wrote a play based upon *Caddie Woodlawn* and for the past six years that play has been presented by the Dunn County Historical Society and is performed in the Mabel Tainter Memorial Theater in Menomonie.

In 1971 she said, "It has been proposed that an annual production of *Caddie Woodlawn* be given in Menomonie around July 4. This year nearly a hundred children tried out for the 23 parts in the play. Many of those who did not receive parts were used backstage or as ushers. Others made up the Caddie Woodlawn Singers, who entertained in costume between the acts and at the park's dedication. I have seen many productions of the play, but this one, in a period theater so near Caddie's old home, was especially moving . . .

"There is something firm and stable in a community that values its past. It makes me happy to know that my grandmother always will be remembered in Wisconsin as a part of that cherished past. Caddie would have been proud."

In addition to the John Newbery Medal, she received a \$1,000 prize

from the Friends of American Writers for *The Headland* (1955); an honorary doctorate of literature from the University of Idaho in 1955; the Southern California Council for Literature's Children and Young People Award in 1966; and the McKnight Family Foundation Medal and Award along with the National League of American Pen Women Award for *Snow in the River* (1964).

Here is a list of her books:

Anything Can Happen on the River! (1934), juvenile.

Caddie Woodlawn (1935), juvenile.

Mademoiselle Misfortune (1936), juvenile.

Baby Island (1937), juvenile.

All Over Town (1939), juvenile.

Lad With a Whistle (1941), juvenile.

Magical Melons (1944), juvenile.

Caddie Woodlawn (1945), a play.

Harps in the Wind; The Story of the Singing Hutchinsons (1947), adult biography.

Buffalo Coat (1949), adult novel.

Narcissa Whitman (1950), juvenile.

Stopover (1951), adult novel.

Family Grandstand (1952), juvenile.

The Highly Trained Dogs of Professor Petit (1953), juvenile.

Lafayette (1953), juvenile.

The Headland (1955), adult novel.

Family Sabbatical (1956), juvenile.

The Pink Motel (1959), juvenile.

Strangers in the Forest (1959), adult novel.

The Twin Cities (1961), adult non-fiction.

Château Saint Barnabé (1963), adult novel.

Snow in the River (1964), adult novel.

Andy Buckram's Tin Men (1966), juvenile.

Winter Cottage (1968), juvenile.

Two Are Better Than One (1968), juvenile.

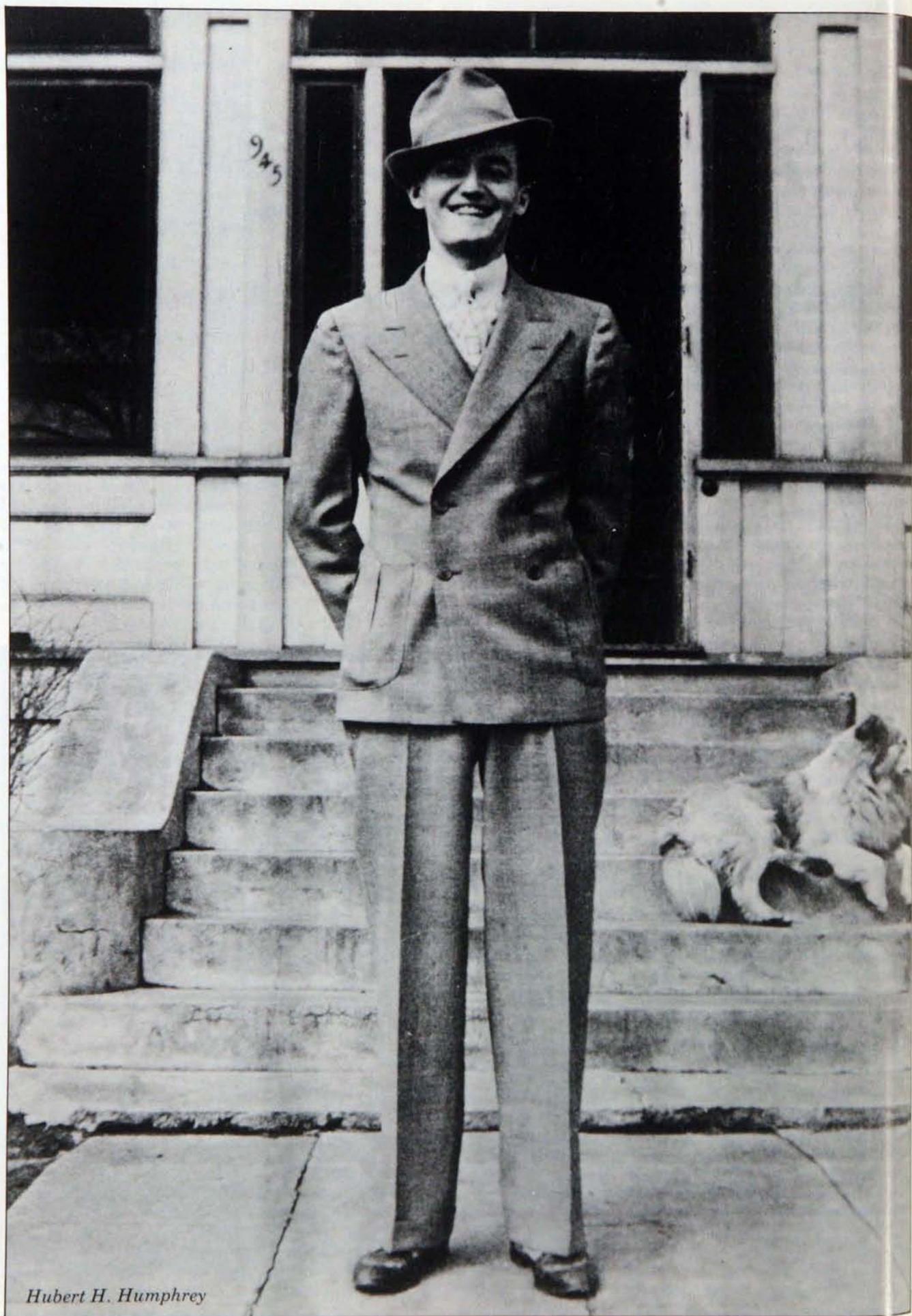
The Bad Times of Irma Baumlein (1972), juvenile.

Louly (1974), juvenile.

The Kerlan Award was established by the 25th anniversary committee and three recipients were announced in 1975: Elizabeth Coatsworth, Marie Hall Ets, and Marguerite Henry. The 1976 award was presented to Roger Duvoisin, while last year's award was given posthumously to Wanda Gág.



University of Minnesota theater students in their 1946 presentation of *Caddie Woodlawn*.



Hubert H. Humphrey



by Dan Cohen

On Becoming Someone

'Goodby, good luck, grow up'
Hubert's father told him

In the fall of 1929, Hubert H. Humphrey left Doland, S.D. for the University of Minnesota. There had been some family discussion that Hubert should join brother Ralph at Dakota Wesleyan, a small Methodist school in Mitchell, S.D., which later became George McGovern's alma mater. It was a choice that would have pleased Hubert's mother and Hubert's coach.

Humphrey's father, however, decided against Dakota Wesleyan because he wanted to give Hubert the broader exposure of a nondenominational school in a more cosmopolitan setting. So one September morning he took Hubert to the University of Minnesota and let him out into a line of students winding in front of the administration building — "a line with more people in it than the whole population of my home county," young Hubert said.

"What will I do?" Hubert asked him.

"Just follow the line. You'll find out." And then with his parting advice to Hubert — "Goodby, good luck, grow up" — he left his son to his own devices, barely able to find his way from his rooming house to his classes and back.

Hubert's early efforts at higher education produced mixed results. His freshman grades didn't compare with his record at Doland High, but a little academic slippage was understandable. He was a bit homesick and somewhat overwhelmed by the institution he was attending, which in itself had 20 times more people than Doland, but he enjoyed the excitement of being on his own in a big city for the first time in his life. He frequently hitchhiked the 250 miles back home on weekends.

After only one quarter at the University, Hubert's father had to withdraw financial help, and Hubert took on a part-time job at Swoboda's Drugstore near his rooming house in Minneapolis. When he returned home that summer to help his Dad in the drugstore, the family's financial circumstances had taken still another turn for the worse.

A check for \$50 from Hubert's Uncle Harry, however, was enough to send Hubert back to the University. In March

1931, he completed another quarter and returned home to South Dakota, this time to Huron, where his family had moved earlier in the year. By all indications he was returning to a lifetime in the drugstore business.

As the likelihood of this career choice increased in the months following, Hubert enrolled in a pharmacy school — the Capital College of Pharmacy in Denver. The \$200 enrollment fee was financed by a loan from the local ice cream company, which was repaid 25 cents at a time from the profits for each five-gallon carton of ice cream the Humphreys sold. The pharmacy course was supposed to take four years; however, Hubert completed it in six months and finished second in the class on the final exam, after memorizing large doses of English and Latin medicinal descriptions from the *Pharmacopoeia*.

In 1933, Humphrey was back in Huron and on his way to becoming a model of small town respectability. He was a member of the Methodist Church, scoutmaster of the church troop, and a member of the Young Democrats. It was because of his political activities that Humphrey got the chance to shake hands with Franklin Delano Roosevelt when the president made his dust bowl tour after taking office in March 1933. One minute Humphrey was standing at the back of the crowd, and the next minute someone appeared and told him he was wanted on the presidential train. Whisked on and off in two minutes, he had the only meeting in his life with the man whose program he perpetuated more effectively than anyone else ever associated with the New Deal except perhaps Roosevelt himself.

Hubert was growing increasingly unhappy under the pressures of both the Depression and the drugstore. His year and a half at the University had shown him not only that things were better in Minnesota, but also that he could be a part of them. He had tasted the freedom of university life. He yearned to be rid of the staggering debts and the restrictions of small-town life and to be an actor on a bigger and more hopeful stage. But family and business pressure continued to interfere. He planned a trip to Chicago for the World's Fair in 1934, but Humphrey Sr. objected, and a quarrel ensued, climaxed by a grand and melodramatic scene in the drugstore complete with smashed glassware and angry shouts. He didn't go. Time dragged on. The store took most of it, but there was still a bit to be spared for the Young Democrats and the Epworth League and his role as scoutmaster for the church troop. And then too, he had met a girl.

Dan Cohen, a lawyer who lives in Minneapolis, is president of the Minneapolis Planning Commission and is a former president of the Minneapolis City Council. He is an active Republican.

From **Undefeated: The Life of Hubert H. Humphrey** by Dan Cohen. Copyright © 1978 by Lerner Publications Company. Used by permission of the publisher.

Her name was Muriel Buck. She was pert and attractive, and she loved to dance as much as Hubert did. They became engaged in December 1935 and were married Sept. 3, 1936.

Marriage strengthened Humphrey's resolution to leave the drugstore and pursue his own life. Muriel was not only supportive of his ambitions, but she also saved enough money during the next year from her job as a bookkeeper to make them believe that a move was possible. Her nest egg was all of \$675, leading Humphrey to say in later years that he had married Muriel for her money. In August 1937, Hubert told his father he wanted to leave Huron and return to the University of Minnesota to complete his education. Humphrey Sr., countered by offering his son a full partnership in the drugstore. In 1936, Humphrey Sr., had been elected to the South Dakota State Legislature. Now there was starting to be some talk of his running for governor or for the United States Senate. But no such dream was in prospect if his son wouldn't be there to run the family business.

In one debate broadcast over a local radio station, thirty minutes were scheduled for a discussion of the 1940 presidential contest. Humphrey won the coin toss and led off with 28 minutes of praise for his hero Franklin Roosevelt, leaving a full two minutes for his opponent, later University president Malcolm Moos, to extol the virtues of Wendell Wilkie.

Hubert Humphrey's duties as a member of the debate team and the demands of his school work — he maintained a straight-A average — occupied most of his time. He also had heavy family responsibilities as a husband, a prospective father, and a bread winner. Another force impelling him to action was the feeling that he was years behind everyone else: back in school after six years working in the Huron drugstore, with most of his classmates far younger than he, Hubert felt that he had a lot of catching up to do just to stay even. This feeling, coupled with his own natural energy, produced a life lived at an extraordinary pace.

While Hubert was at the University, he and Muriel made their home in a series of small apartments near the campus. In the first place they lived, the Humphreys shared a third floor — and a bathroom — with another married couple. "Our landlady left a lot of cats around the house," Muriel recalled. "Of course they weren't as bad as the cockroaches they also kept." Later the Humphreys moved to an attic apartment in another rickety building, which prompted Muriel's cautious father to furnish his daughter and son-in-law with a stout rope to be kept handy at all times as an emergency fire escape. Hubert worked as a janitor in their apartment building, in addition to his part-time job as a pharmacist at Brown's Drugstore. Muriel also looked for work and was conscious of the prejudice against hiring married women; "I could never go without that ring, but I did

wear a glove."

He finally found a clerical job at 50 cents an hour with Investors Syndicate (now Investors Diversified Services).

Humphrey's economic situation did not allow him to linger over the business of getting a degree. He compressed nearly three years of school work into two and graduated Magna Cum Laude and Phi Beta Kappa in June 1939. Among the awards he had won were a Forensic Medal, a prize for writing the best political science essay, and a fellowship to Louisiana State University for the 1939-40 academic year.

By the spring of 1940, Humphrey had finished his masters' thesis, "The Political Philosophy of the New Deal," an unabashed panegyric to his hero, Franklin D. Roosevelt. After a little good-natured bantering with the members of the examination committee, who threatened to flunk him so he could run for the Senate back home instead of becoming a professor, he was passed. He was on his way back to the University of Minnesota to get a doctorate and become a full-fledged professor.

Hubert and his father talked of the dust storms in South Dakota and the growing economic resurgence in Minnesota, of Hubert's unfinished education, of his love for Muriel, and his desire to give her more than the drugstore could offer. Finally, the elder Humphrey put his dream aside, and the younger man picked up his. He and his young wife took that

dream with them out of South Dakota and on to Minnesota.

The political atmosphere at the University of Minnesota was supercharged at the time of Hubert Humphrey's third arrival in the fall of 1937. Political radicals of various persuasions, although relatively few in number, were conspicuous on the campus. In good weather it was rare not to find a soapboxer holding forth in front of the new Student Union; it was difficult to cross campus without inheriting a pamphlet or two from some enthusiastic dispenser of new politics or old religion. The principal issues dividing the Minnesota students were the coming war and the continuing Depression, and opposing sides in these controversies freely labeled each other "Communists" or "Fascists." The parallel to the student protest on campuses of the mid-1960s is irresistible, but the ultimate difference is that the campuses of the thirties never exploded into violence. "In those days," said Ben Lippincott, one of Humphrey's professors, "there were gentlemen." There was also unrest, confrontation, name-calling, and even some minor fracas, but the fuse of campus revolt remained unlit.

The majority of students at the University regarded the name-callers, the lapel-clutchers, and the other political fanatics primarily as interesting crackpots. Students from wealthy families were more or less isolated from campus radicalism by the cocoon of fraternity and sorority life. Most students, Humphrey included, were associated with neither

University of Minnesota students
Hubert Humphrey and Muriel
Humphrey studying.



Doubleday & Co., Inc.

wealth nor fanaticism; they formed into small groups that were devoted to their own special interests. The artists, the farm boys, the urban sophisticates, all thrust into the potpourri of the huge state institution and without immediate prospects for employment or recognition, turned to like-minded people for identity and amusement. In a community of 18,000, there were enough different activities available to satisfy almost any interest.

Many students shared an intense interest in the exploits of the University football team. The late 1930s were the days of the great Minnesota teams, when the Gopher coach was said to pick his line by going out into the country and looking for the biggest boy he could find behind a plow. He would ask the boy for directions to the next farm, and if the boy simply answered, the coach passed him by and went on down the road. But if he picked up his plow with one hand to point the right direction, the coach saw to it that he was on his way to the University.

Athletics and other campus activities kept the students busy and absorbed, but no matter how much they might try, they could not isolate themselves completely from the world outside the University. The Minnesota campus was not exactly a bucolic grove of academe; there were no classes in the woods, no gentle professors chewing on blades of grass while cows moored in the background to the sounds of Socratic discourse. Instead, there were 18,000 middle-class kids, two-thirds of whom had to work at least some of the time to help pay their way through school. The campus itself was set down firmly in the midst of a city of half a million. It was a knowledge factory, and the real world intruded on all sides.

Students at the University were well aware of the bloody truckers' strike that took place in Minneapolis in 1934. Organized by the Trotskyite Dunne brothers, the strike lasted off and on throughout the summer, and several blue-collar workers were killed or filled with buckshot during the riots. It wasn't until one of the local bluebloods, who had organized themselves into a "Citizens' Alliance" to break the strike, died in the "Battle of Deputies' Run" that the local establishment became outraged. Eric Severeid, a student at the University at that time, recalls seeing his father holding the newspaper with trembling hands and announcing "this is revolution" as he read accounts of the carnage.

The war issue also captured more attention on campus as the threat of war itself escalated in Europe and the students were threatened by personal involvement in the conflict. Male students at the land-grant, state-controlled University were required to participate in military training classes. When a student named Kaplan skipped some military classes and was expelled, another brouhaha developed. The wildly popular and controversial governor of the state, Floyd B. Olson, finally persuaded the University Board of Regents to abolish military training before the issue was settled. Olson claimed that he himself had dropped out of the University briefly as a student in protest over military drill.

In the thirties many students at the University joined the international student pacifist movement and took the so-called Oxford pledge: "I will not bear arms for flag or country." Among them was Dick Scammon, who later wrote the best-selling book *The Real Majority* with Ben Wattenberg. When war broke out, however, Scammon was one of the first volunteers for active duty. Another pledge-taker was Lee Loevinger, a close friend of Humphrey's; he became a warrant officer with the first United States naval mission to England. Student activists like Scammon, Loevinger, Eric Severeid, and Ken Peterson were part of a campus political party called the Progressives and active in the Progressives' inner circle, the Jacobins. The Jacobins managed to make life hell for University president Lotus Coffman. They invited the Dunne brothers to speak on campus, an act that did not generate admiration in high administration circles. Nor did the appearance on campus of Governor Olson, who

despised the University officials. He had been denied the right to speak by the University, but he came anyway.

In addition to lively political groups like the Jacobins, there was a flourishing literary cult at the University during the late 1930s. Many of the literary figures had connections with the campus newspaper, the *Minnesota Daily*. (Hubert Humphrey tried out for a position on the newspaper but was turned down.) Max Shulman, later the author of such best-selling books as *Barefoot Boy with Cheek* and *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*, wrote a column in the *Daily*. Shulman was a close friend of Tom Heggen, who was to write *Mister Roberts*, a novel about World War II that eventually became a long-running play and a popular movie.

Like the literary circle at the University, Humphrey and his friends lived and breathed politics, although most of them were not numbered among the campus activists. Those close to Humphrey at this time included many men who went on to careers in politics and public life: Don Peterson, who was a debating partner of Humphrey and later an associate justice on the Minnesota Supreme Court; Arthur Naftalin, who served as Humphrey's assistant when he was mayor of Minneapolis and subsequently became a four-time mayor of the city himself; Max Kampelman, part of Humphrey's original Washington staff and later a partner in one of Washington's most successful law firms; and Orville Freeman, who babysat for the Humphreys and later became governor of Minnesota and U.S. Secretary of Agriculture. Freeman first met Humphrey in a political science class taught by Evron Kirkpatrick, and the two men soon discovered that they shared an intense interest in politics as they did in football. Unlike the Jacobins, however, they and their friends found an outlet for their political interests in debating rather than in campus politics. As members of the University debate team, Humphrey and Freeman visited other Minnesota campuses to debate the issue "Resolved: That the expenditure of federal funds to stimulate the economy should cease." The Humphrey-Freeman team took the negative — and usually won. **M**



Orville Freeman, left, who became Secretary of Agriculture, and Humphrey on graduation day.



"Once," Hubert said, "the drugstore was my life and it seemed it might always be."



by Barbara Crosby Muncie

First a Dream, Soon a Reality

Humphrey's memorial institute on its way to becoming a foremost public policy school

The memory of Hubert H. Humphrey, who died Jan. 13, 1978, after a five-year struggle against cancer, was invoked frequently last year, especially by candidates running for office. They talked about his invincible spirit, his acting on his own beliefs. At the University of Minnesota, though, the Humphrey legacy was invoked as a guide to defining the expanded mission of the School of Public Affairs.

During the spring of 1977 Democratic Sen. Humphrey asked that the school be his primary memorial. A fundraising campaign was begun to provide an endowment, and on Sept. 1, 1977, the University of Minnesota Regents renamed the school the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs.

John S. Adams, who had served as director of the school since 1976, became institute director.

Adams said that Humphrey's primary goal for the institute was that it attract and train dedicated men and women for careers of public service. "When Humphrey

Barbara Crosby Muncie is a journalist and public relations consultant. She was an aide to Rudy Perpich, former governor of Minnesota, and to Patrick Lucey, former governor of Wisconsin.

agreed to the idea of a school of public affairs as his memorial, this plan merely carried forward his belief that the business of government is too important to be left to amateurs," Adams said. "He felt that special training is needed to equip people to do the tough jobs that are necessary these days if government is to operate effectively, economically and sensibly.

"Humphrey thought that government deserved the full-time attention of the best minds and the best spirits available. This same belief prompted him to come to the University of Minnesota as an undergraduate, graduate student, and teacher.

"I think another reason why the idea of a school of public affairs named in his honor appealed to Humphrey was his conviction that many of the world's serious problems could be solved by government action. He believed that by thinking systematically about these problems, we can make progress toward resolving them. He saw a need for training that helps public policymakers consider alternatives and develop a reasoned course of action."

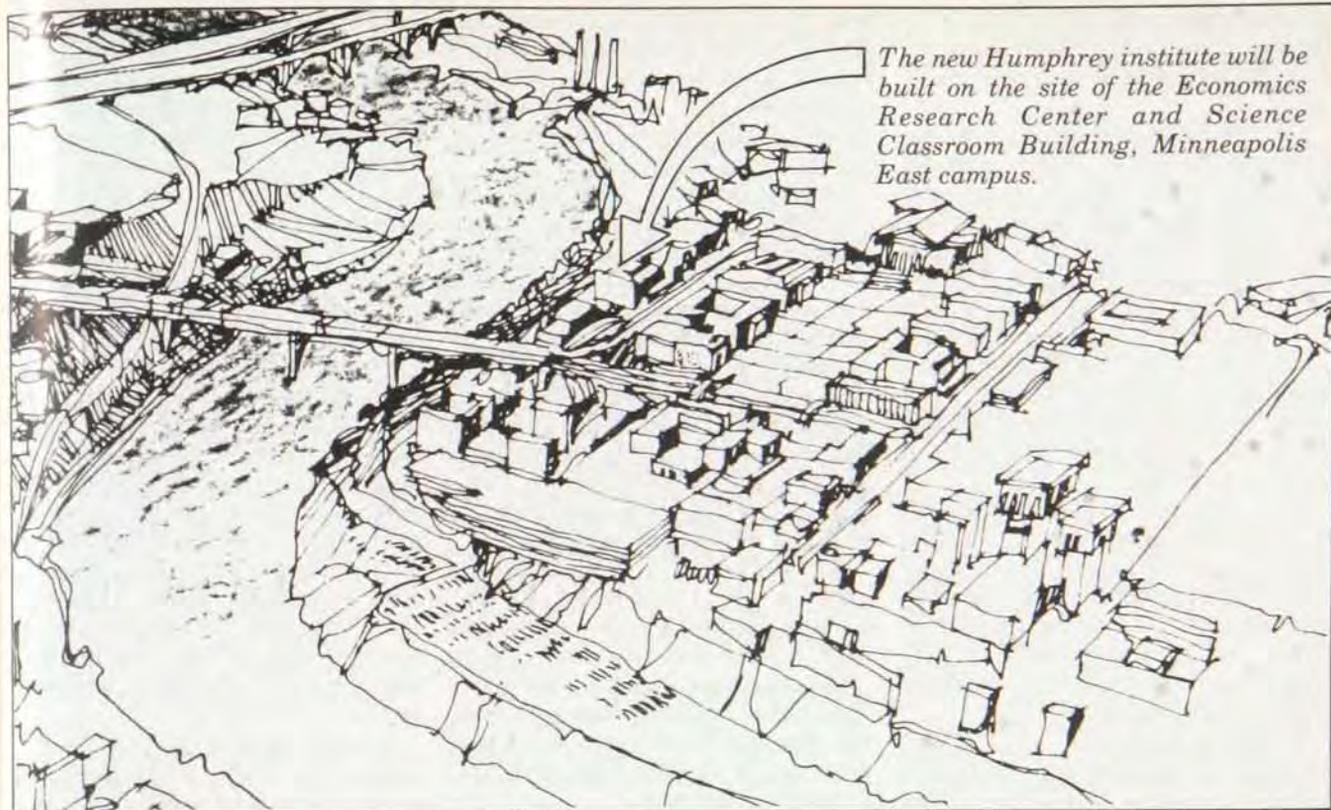
The endowment will enable the institute to add students and faculty, broaden its research efforts, expand its community service pro-

grams, and move to its own building. The new building will include a public visitors center with displays commemorating the life and work of Hubert Humphrey. Because of their close ties to the institute, the University's Center for Urban and Regional Affairs and the Quigley Center of International Studies also will be located in the new building. It is anticipated that portions of the Humphrey archives will be available there as well.

John Adams feels that making the Humphrey example a prominent part of the institute is not only fitting, but salutary. "Humphrey was an example of a first-class professional in government," Adams said. "He combined ability and determination with a sensitivity to human needs. Long before certain issues were fashionable concerns, he was calling attention to them and proposing possible remedies.

"He went to bat for small-business people, labor union members, farmers, minorities, the poor, and many other groups. He acted, for instance, on behalf of countless immigrants who, because of the various immigrant exclusion acts, had to have special acts of Congress to enter the country.

"What the faculty and others in the institute liked about Hum-



The new Humphrey institute will be built on the site of the Economics Research Center and Science Classroom Building, Minneapolis East campus.

phrey was the vitality and concern that he embodied. We may not agree with the stances he took on particular issues, but no one can dispute his enthusiasm or competence."

Part of the Humphrey legacy is in the form of an immense collection of files and memorabilia housed at the Minnesota Historical Society. The institute is cooperating with the society and the Humphrey family in devising plans for use of the collection. Throughout the years, Humphrey sent most of his personal papers and selected mementoes to the society; the collection includes materials from his campaigns for mayor of Minneapolis through his final term as senator.

Arthur Naftalin, a member of the institute faculty and longtime associate of Humphrey, is compiling an oral history that will complement the archival collection. Last summer, Naftalin began taping 80 to 100 interviews with those who knew Humphrey. Before the project's first phase is concluded early this year, Naftalin will have interviewed another 50.

The second phase will consist of second interviews with some of the original subjects. The third and final phase may include a symposium on the Humphrey record as

revealed in the interviews.

Naftalin's interviews will serve as sources for the Humphrey biography being written by Norman Sherman, who served on Humphrey's staff. The institute also is helping plan the film biography of Humphrey that is being developed by a Washington, D.C., media consulting firm headed by William Connell, Humphrey's chief of staff during the vice-presidential years.

Becoming custodians of the Humphrey legacy is exciting for people in the institute, but the role also has its difficulties, Adams admitted. For one thing, the institute has found itself, in the first 16 months of its existence, struggling to meet the demands and expectations associated with a large budget operation, when there is no large budget, at least not in the form of ready cash.

An international fundraising campaign directed by the University of Minnesota Foundation was launched in July 1977 with a press conference held by Vice President Walter Mondale in his capacity as honorary campaign chairman. Since then, the campaign has raised more than \$14 million in gifts and pledges.

Of the total, \$5 million was appropriated by the U.S. Congress; \$1.5 million came from the na-

tional AFL-CIO; \$1 million from the Japanese government; and \$1 million each from Minnesota businessmen Curtis Carlson and Dwayne O. Andreas. About \$1.2 million was raised at a Washington, D.C., dinner in December 1977.

The \$14 million sounds like more than it really is, explained Adams. He estimated that \$4 million will have to be used to construct the new building, leaving only \$10 million for the endowment. Moreover, the institute will not begin to receive income from the endowment until next fall, Adams predicted.

He estimated that the endowment will provide the institute with about \$500,000 a year to fund a scholarship and fellowship program, hire faculty, and expand the institute's research and community service programs. The cost of an adequate scholarship and fellowship program alone will be about \$225,000 a year, Adams said, leaving only \$275,000 for all other purposes.

Priority is being given to student aid because Humphrey wished it so. "Hubert Humphrey knew what it was to struggle with financial difficulties while trying to obtain a good education," Adams said. "He hoped the institute would make it possible for many more people of

varying ages and backgrounds to receive the training they need to prepare for careers in public service."

Currently the institute has approximately 50 first-year and 50 second-year students in its two degree programs: one offering a Master of Arts in Public Affairs and the other a Master of Planning. Providing a modest level of financial aid each year for 15 students from each class results in the \$225,000 annual figure cited by Adams. "The other leading public policy schools have fellowship programs as good as this or better," he said.

The institute's non-endowment 1977 budget was about \$1 million. About one-third came out of legislative appropriations for the University and most of the remainder from research and training programs sponsored by government agencies and foundations.

Added to budgetary woes is the problem of defining the institute's role and mission. The public affairs faculty always has walked a tightrope between traditional academic pursuits and sociopolitical concerns, Adams said. Moreover, the faculty comes from such diverse fields as physics and psychology, geography and gerontology. "While this diversity has produced a stimulating atmosphere in the institute, it also has posed some questions about how we fit into the rest of the University," Adams said. "Now with the additional visibility and responsibility associated with the Humphrey trust, we need to make a more concerted effort to sharpen our mission and define our role."

The process of definition has proceeded at a number of different levels. This past summer, the University's administration appointed a committee chaired by John R. Borchert, professor of geography and member of the institute's affiliate faculty, to help plan program development for the institute. The committee includes other members of the institute faculty as well as representatives from other University units that have ties to the institute. The committee's preliminary report was issued last fall.

The Borchert committee was guided in part by the findings of a team of four renowned scholars and practitioners in public affairs who visited the institute last spring as a

part of the Graduate School's external review process. The team's report assessed the institute's strengths and weaknesses and made recommendations for improving institute programs.

During the 1978-1979 academic year, the College of Liberal Arts is conducting its internal review of the institute. Meanwhile, the institute itself is engaged in a formal intramural planning process. A faculty planning committee, chaired by Professor Dean E. Abrahamson, is seeking to establish guidelines for the curriculum, the policy research program, community service programs, and the building and memorial plans.

Throughout the definition process, the University of Minnesota Regents have played a highly supportive role, Adams said. "From the time that the idea of the Humphrey Institute was proposed, the regents have taken an active interest in fundraising and program development.

"Because of their top-level professional and political backgrounds they are keenly aware of the institute's potential as a bridge between the technical-intellectual world of the University and the world of public affairs outside the University. Many of them also want the institute to succeed because of their personal friendship with Hubert Humphrey.

"The regents see the institute as a force for expanding free inquiry on matters of public policy. Aside from the nationally renowned Citizens League in the Twin Cities, there really is no center in the state where a cross section of public policy questions is regularly raised and discussed in a systematic fashion. No one really seems to be responsible for that job. Elected public officials operate under short-term political constraints that leave little time and resources for thinking 10 to 20 years ahead about what is best for the state of Minnesota. Municipalities and counties have even fewer resources than does the state to consider questions of that sort.

"The University is located at the center of the state and in the heart of the metropolitan area, and it's legitimate for the regents to think that part of the job of considering long-term public policy issues should be done here."

The regents also have agreed to appoint a national advisory committee to guide the development of the institute. Serving on the committee will be representatives from academia, politics, business, labor, the Humphrey family and other constituencies.

Reviewing the institute's progress prompted Adams to comment on his role as institute director. "For me personally, 1978 was exceptionally demanding. The crowded agenda and the need for me and the faculty to make important decisions almost daily have been almost overwhelming. I consider it a great honor to preside over the birth of the Humphrey Institute. I truly appreciate the valuable support of others — particularly the institute faculty, and the dean of the college, the regents, and C. Peter Magrath, president of the University."

Adams expects the institute to carve for itself a unique niche among schools of public policy. He noted that schools like John F. Kennedy at Harvard, Lyndon B. Johnson at the University of Texas, and the program at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, all have recognized specialties. "The other schools of public policy already identify this one as being in the first rank, but they don't yet see us as offering a unique program."

He believes the Humphrey Institute would do well to move into an area of specialization that has been neglected by other schools. "One area that is exceptionally underdeveloped is training government professionals for careers in legislative affairs. There is no school in the country that offers a distinctive focus on legislative operations, either at the federal, state or local levels. Another area that is not well developed is training for service in the executive branch of state government."

The emphasis suggested by Adams is already present to some degree. A majority of the institute's faculty have been involved in state or local government. Arthur Naftalin, a former mayor of Minneapolis, and John Brandl, former state representative, are faculty members who have held elective public office. Dean Abrahamson and Donald Geesaman have played advocate roles in energy policy decisions by government agencies. Tom

Devar's work in neighborhood participation, James Jernberg's research on Community Development Block Grants and the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, and Robert Einsweiler's tenure as planning director for the Twin Cities Metropolitan Council are other examples. George Warp has been a participant in government for 30 years.

Adams also believes the institute can take advantage of its relative remoteness from Washington, D.C. "Our distance from the seat of federal government allows us to highlight the idea that all levels of government deserve a high degree of professionalism. Our location in the Midwest and particularly in Minnesota also gives us access to some of the most progressive and effective government models in the nation."

The emphasis on state and local government would be complemented by a continuing concern for public policy issues at the national and international levels, Adams said. "Several of our faculty have been active on the national scene in areas like higher education and welfare reform. The aging research done by Nancy Anderson, Jay Greenberg and Sharon Patten is of national significance. Bob Kudrle's work on multinational corporations and on comparative human services policy is just one example of our international concerns."

Recruiting faculty will be an important part of the institute's definition process. The faculty will

be selected partly on the basis of what the institute is becoming, and they in turn will help shape the institute's future directions. Once the faculty is hired, an internal logic will develop for planning other aspects of the institute — the curriculum, symposia, public lectures and workshops, and community service projects.

Even though a full-fledged definition of the institute may be five years in forming, ground will be broken for the institute's new home this year. In October 1978 the regents decided that the institute building would be constructed on the site of the present Economics Research Center and Science Classroom Building at the northeast end of the Washington Avenue Bridge on the Minneapolis East campus.

The structure will be remodeled and at least four stories will be added to it, giving those in the institute an impressive view of the Mississippi River gorge and downtown Minneapolis. The Leoanrd Parker Associates, Minneapolis, the architectural firm that designed the University's new Law School building, will design the structure. The firm's other projects include the remodeling of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Elliott Hall at the University, the Ramsey County Juvenile Center in Saint Paul, the Pilot City Regional Center in Minneapolis, and the Jewish Community Center in Saint Paul. The firm has received numerous awards for its designs, 12 of them for University of Minnesota buildings.

Plans for the new building are the most important item on this

year's institute agenda, Adams said. The year also will mark the end of the fundraising campaign that has been directed by the Minnesota Foundation with the assistance of a national executive committee headed by DuPont chairman Irving Shapiro. Once the foundation completes its work, the institute will begin its own development effort, Adams said.

Also on the agenda for the year is the institute's second annual alumni reunion. Counted among alumni are the more than 1,300 graduates of the School of Public Affairs and its predecessor, the University's Public Administration Center. During the first alumni reunion in the spring of 1978, approximately 250 alumni, institute faculty, staff, students and invited guests, participated in a two-day program of workshops and social gatherings. Regent David Lebedoff, University vice president Henry Koffler, former College of Liberal Arts dean Frank Sorauf, and Frances Howard, Humphrey's sister, were among the speakers at the reunion banquet.

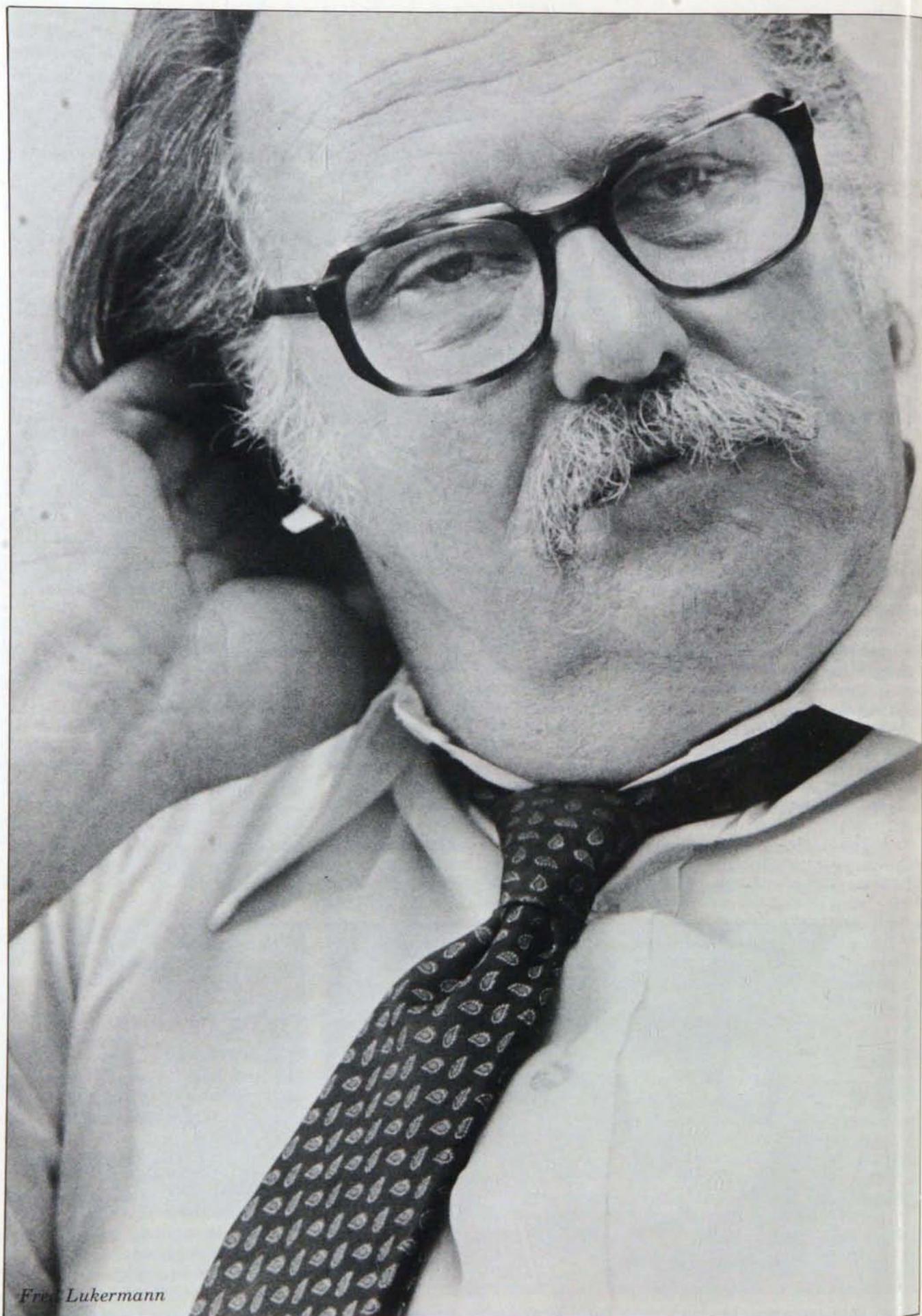
Adams noted that perhaps Frances Howard summarized the state of the institute most aptly when she said that Hubert Humphrey believed that first comes the dream and then the reality. In many respects, the institute is still a dream, but portions of the dream are already a reality. And Adams, for one, is confident that in the years ahead, the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute will be the equal of any public policy school in the country. **M**



A class is in session at the Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs.



Barbara Waggoner, left, administrative secretary, and Lyle Austin, former institute employee, are in the main office, 909 Social Sciences Building.



Fred Lukermann



by Paul Froiland

From Freshman to Dean

His college is larger than the universities of Montana State, North Dakota, Northern Iowa

In 1940, a dewy-eyed young freshman named Fred Lukermann made his maiden appearance on the campus of the University of Minnesota.

Thirty-eight years later, he is still there, having had the slight adjustment made in his status from freshman to dean of the College of Liberal Arts (CLA).

Fred Lukermann is no longer dewy-eyed. At 56, the new CLA dean is a great bear of a man with droll, sleepy eyes and an overpowering presence. He is quick in his laughter, but deliberate in his speech, given to philosophizing over the implications of policy decisions.

Lukermann is no bureaucrat. He hopes to become efficient enough not to have to spend all his time operating the mechanics of the vast, sprawling, 16,836-student college he inherited on September 1.

The way he sees it, day-to-day operation, while as essential as it is unexciting, is not the fundamental purpose of the University.

"The purpose of the University is to question," Lukermann said. "To find out why we are here. What you want to know is how people get along with each other, why the culture works, why it's different from another culture."

Paul Froiland is a graduate student in the School of Journalism and Mass Communication at the University of Minnesota.

We're not teaching how to use a compass. We exist to imbed a sense of inquiry.

"We're not about teaching how to use a compass or lathe," he continued. "We exist to imbed a sense of inquiry in people."

Lukermann himself has always had this sense of inquiry, and it has led him down a lifetime path of interweaving subject interests. For him, no subject can be studied in isolation; all of life is connected and interlocks. He finds this especially true in academic disciplines.

When he started his academic career, Lukermann was fascinated by both history and geography. They dovetailed neatly for him on Dec. 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese.

"I remember when it was bombed," he said, his eyes looking distant with recollection. "It was on a Sunday . . . and on Monday I had a class in international politics. No one talked about the outline.

Everyone was clustered around in small groups in the halls, talking in low and earnest tones. We all knew that the class was going to start early and finish late . . . and it did. That was education."

Lukermann finished his undergraduate degree with a major in geography, and after a four-year excursus in the armed forces during World War II, returned to do graduate work at the University. During successive years in 1950-1951, he was a Fulbright Scholar and a Ford Fellowship recipient respectively. Both years were spent in Turkey.

Greece became a fascination for Lukermann quite by accident, according to the story. It began when another faculty member decided in 1962 that he would like to participate in archeological digs in Greece. When the professor went to the library to look for maps of Greece, they had all been checked out to Lukermann.

The man approached Lukermann, asked him if he could read maps, received an affirmative reply, and then invited Lukermann along to the digs.

Given Lukermann's interdisciplinary approach to life, it was inevitable that, if he had anything to say about it, the dig would not be conducted in any narrow-minded manner or from any narrow base of presuppositions.

As it turned out, the excavation employed a team approach: present were a classics expert, a philologist, chemists, a ceramicist,

geologists, archeologists, historians, and geographers.

The result was "the most extensive dig so far in Greece," he said.

Fifty sites were known to be in the area the team was digging in before they started. When they had finished, they had uncovered close to 300 sites of civilized activity.

Nor was this a showboat excavation. They were not after buried treasures locked in the dusky vaults of some Ozymandias. They eschewed the palatial and sought the common.

As Lukermann himself put it, "If you want to know what life was like in the past, you have to get down to villages, not just palaces and tombs. The question that interested us was how do families live?"

The period the team studied was one of great interest for the observer of societies and their change. It ran from 1100-800 B.C., and is known as the Greek dark ages, a time when the break from a tribal pattern of society to an urban one was slowly being effected. It was a period of great upheaval, and artifacts were scarce.

"We measured every limestone rock," Lukermann said, "every square inch of soil."

The result was a volume of findings that came out in 1972, of which Lukermann wrote one chapter. The book dealt with circulation and settlement patterns during the time of the collapse of the Mycenaean Empire.

Lukermann was at this time a member of the Geography Department at the University, and the marriage of history and geography that he found in Greece was beginning to make itself evident again in modern times all over the country.

"Geography exploded as a discipline after World War II," Lukermann said. "What happened was that Americans went to war and discovered suddenly that there was a world around them."

As a result, geography began to be utilized in such areas as city planning to avoid urban sprawl, and in the battle to stop pollution and improve the environment.

At the University, the Geography Department leapfrogged from six faculty to 12 to 18 during the 1960s, reaching a pinnacle at which it still stands, according to Lukermann; the nation's best.

Lukermann himself rose to the position of department chairman in 1964-1965, and from there to the position of associate dean of Social Science in 1965-1966. The year after that he was made assistant vice president of the University. He retained that position during some turbulent years in the country, from 1966 to 1973.

"Events overtook us all then," he recalled. "The assassinations of Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy . . . student activism — while I was assistant vice president I spent as much time on the streets as I did teaching or administering."

When he was spending time administering, it was effective and new. Lukermann provided much of the thrust for the state legislature's decision to fund the University for some experiments designed to move outside the walls of the campus.

Bringing his geographer's bent to this subject as well, Lukermann helped formulate three areas of

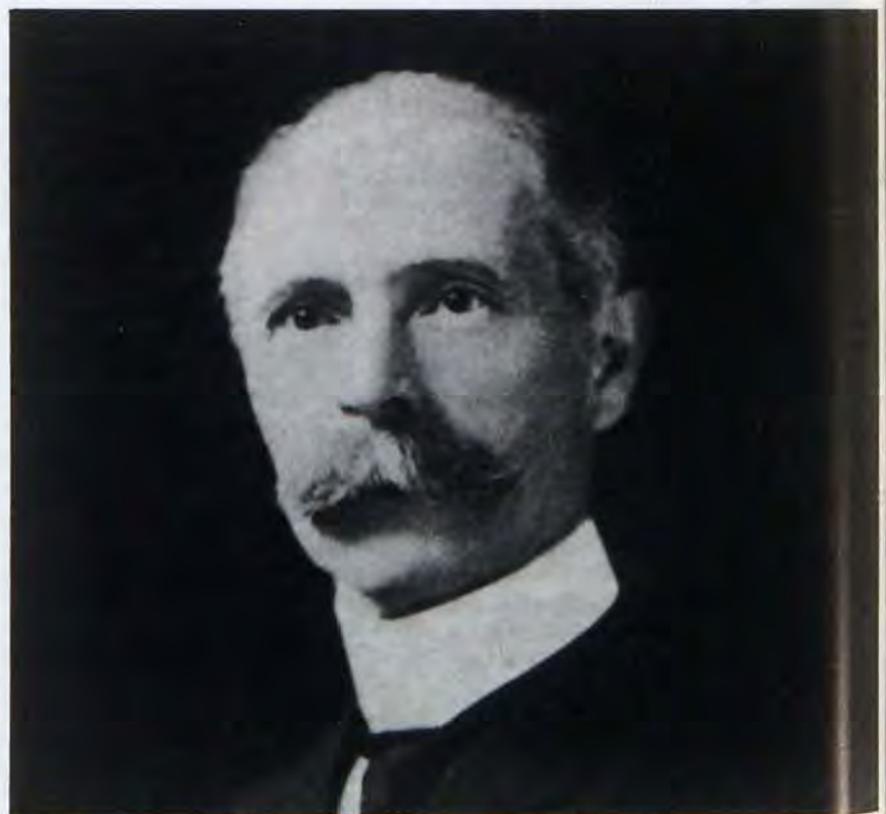
geographical research for experimentation in the field.

First, the area of inner city expansion was considered. Specifically, the areas of North Minneapolis and of Selby-Dale in Saint Paul.

Second, the phenomenon of rural depopulation was examined, specifically the eastern half of Otter tail County, which was found to be losing population without any prospect of replacement. The solution there seemed to be developing a future for the region in recreation and tourism.

Third, the movement patterns of the American Indian from the reservation to the city were examined. It was discovered that the American Indian was not a resident of either place, resulting in the condition of perpetual rootlessness.

Lukermann undertook to develop the University's outreach program while he was assistant vice president, and was a moving



The College of Liberal Arts (CLA) was established in 1868 as the College of Science, Literature and the Arts. First college classes began Sept. 15, 1869. In 1903 John Florin Downey was named dean and he served until 1914. He was a cabinet maker, fought in eight Civil War battles; was a drummer; attended a seminary; was a school principal; and joined the University of Minnesota in 1894 as a professor of mathematics. He wrote a book on algebra. The college was reorganized in 1919, and in 1963 the name was changed to CLA.

force behind the development of separate departments for minorities studies. The Chicano Studies, American Indian Studies, and Afro-American Studies departments owe their existence in part to Lukermann's efforts.

Looking back over those years of change and upheaval, Lukermann found reassurance in the University's metropolitan location.

"The University of Minnesota was unique in being located in an urban center. No other Big Ten school was in a city with an equivalent population.

"We were no ivory tower then or now. We couldn't and didn't isolate ourselves from what was going on in the community. We always had our fingers in many things."

Today, Lukermann is as bullish on the University of Minnesota as Merrill Lynch is on America.

"The thing that I like about the administrative policy of this University is the effectiveness of participation of its component parts. There are no courses offered except by faculty and student approval. No student is admitted into the school except by faculty evaluating committees. No one is appointed to any administrative position except through peer nomination by the other faculty."

Asked what he foresaw upon ascending to the deanship, Lukermann replied with a hearty laugh, "It looks like five years of well-organized poverty for the department."

Though he was able to look the problem in the eye and laugh at it, Lukermann is well aware of the economic tightness of the times. New buildings are not likely to spring up with the readiness they did in the 1950s and 1960s. New faculty and new departments are as little likely to appear.

"Our two main problems right now are space management and personnel. With a lack of new buildings, we are having to renovate and rehabilitate old ones. This forces us to push people around temporarily.

"The optimum way would be to do it in blocks, but with our tight space, we are having to do it room by room."

The personnel problem, he went on to say, is forcing the college to review every single position vacated by a faculty member, to see if it's necessary.

Lukermann has already begun to take action to solve these two challenges. As of his first month in office, Lukermann has developed a priority system wherein curriculum space is awarded top priority in space requests. This means that classrooms, whenever possible, will be located on either the ground floor, basement floor, or second floor. Offices will then be placed on higher floors, out of the traffic flow of a building.

Lukermann also will try to reunite departments whose classrooms and offices are scattered throughout several buildings.

The personnel problem is considerably more complex. Among the factors that need consideration are the overall decline in the number of appointments due to budget restrictions, and due to the slowdown of student entry after the great growth of the last several years.

Further complicating the picture is the current age structure of the faculty. "The postwar baby boom has now become the postwar faculty boom," Lukermann said.

The ideal situation would be for faculty ages to be dispersed evenly over an age continuum. As it is now, the great bulk of faculty members are in their 30s and 40s with decades of service still ahead of them, and eventual retirements far into the future that will suddenly deplete the faculty within a short span of years.

Questions that this raises are several: for example, how does the college staff a new discipline or an opening field with new talent? How will tenure be evaluated? Will tenure become harder to get with a surplus of faculty serving a dwindling student body?

A separate issue entirely, and one that personally bothers Lukermann is the collision of restricted budgets with the necessary continuous upward push of affirmative action and equal opportunity.

"During the late 1960s and early 1970s, we were rapidly increasing our proportions of minority students and faculty. Since there is high competition nationally for minority faculty, the mobility of minority professors is very high.

"Unfortunately, we are losing minority faculty to other schools and being unable to replace them. We have done well on the recruitment of women faculty members,

but the number of new women faculty seems to be going up at the expense of minority faculty members.

"I'm concerned that all units of the University should be represented by minority faculty. Minority departments are now hiring non-minorities. I'd like to see the same for the 'mainline' departments."

A larger and less well-defined problem also represents a challenge to Lukermann as the new dean, and that is the role of CLA itself in the education of professionals.

"We're the major freeway for the University. Everything comes through us. We have the liberal education as well as the premajor. But that's where we may have a visibility problem: maybe we're so central that we are overlooked by the finishing professional schools.

"We emphasize a core education. When our students leave, they go to professional schools, and then have greater allegiance to those than to liberal arts. We need to increase the allegiance to our college. We need a higher profile."

Lukermann may have found the answer to this problem before he became dean, as both the Minnesota legislature and the University Board of Regents promised support during his upcoming tenure to CLA as the biggest single unit of the University as dean.

Fortified with this knowledge, Lukermann intends to keep moving forward with his college, despite the economic pinch which often brings conservative policies with it.

"You can't always look inward," Lukermann said, summarizing his liberal arts philosophy. "You can't crystallize your own field and think that you have achieved perfect knowledge. You have to be open.

"There is a tendency to draw back when things get tough, to shut the door on further exploration. We have to keep opening doors. The times of financial crunch are the times when you have to stand at the door and hold it open — CLA particularly, since it is the doorway to the other schools.

"During my years as dean, I'm going to do what I can to hold those doors open. The last thing we can afford to do is to let them get shut, or to shut them ourselves."

Brief

Leslie, Won, Too

Leslie Larm, an interior design junior in the College of Home Economics at the University of Minnesota, has received the first Marge Duffy Tennis Award.

The annual scholarship is named in honor of the late wife of Joe Duffy, who originated the Duff's Celebrity Golf and Tennis Tournament. The scholarship money comes from proceeds of

last summer's Duff's tournament.

"This scholarship means a great deal to us," said Ellie Peden, coach of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women Region Six. Leslie is a very fine player, and a good student too. It's a real boost for her." She received \$800.

Leslie won her match at third singles and teamed with Kari Sandvig to win in doubles as Minnesota topped the University of Iowa 6-3.

A Smashing Distress

One day not long ago some workmen at the University of Minnesota's William's Arena were hoisting the four-faced, 990-pound scoreboard above the basketball court, getting it ready to be used for a volleyball tournament. The cable broke. And the

scoreboard, an All America Warrior B-109, came crashing to the floor. No one was injured. But the \$6,100-scoreboard had to be replaced. An estimate for the damage to the floor, including the "M" in "Minnesota," was not available, according to Holger Christiansen, coordinator of the Athletic Finance and Facilities Department.

Japanese Officials Visit

Sunao Sonoda, minister for foreign affairs of Japan, and Fumihiko Togo, ambassador from Japan to the United States, were recent visitors to the University of Minnesota.

The nation of Japan presented a \$1 million gift to the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the University.

Sonoda delivered a foreign policy address following a dinner at the University of Minnesota Alumni Club in the IDS Center in downtown Minneapolis. He also received the Regents' Distinguished International Service Award. The dinner was hosted by the Board of Regents and the University Foundation.

Accompanying Sonoda and Togo were Mrs. Toga and a delegation of 20 Japanese officials and aides, who met some University Japanese students.

Later the guests visited Humphrey's grave in Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis.

Dan Seifert



Wheels of Progress

During the 1960s Bernard Weiner applied for a parking permit for underground parking at the University of Minnesota. He was on the faculty.

Ten years later, after he had moved to California, the University's Parking Services wrote him a letter and said a space was available if he wanted it.

"I almost took it," Weiner said. "I thought about getting it and then renting out the space and making a mint and then when I came out there, I could park underground like a big shot. Underground parking is one of the great signs of status at Minnesota — you know the faculty has all those old cars that won't start in the winter." His wife, though, talked him out of it.

Rugby Skirts

They think it's the first women's rugby team ever to play in the Twin Cities. And nearly 50 women have suited up.

"We use University facilities," said Bill McCaskie of the University of Minnesota rugby squad who played the game in England and Scotland, "but technically it is not a University team, I am not a University employee and the team is open to any young women who want to and can play rugby. This is pretty much a rookie team and all candidates, whether students at the University or not, are welcome. We practice each Monday and Wednesday from 6 to 8:30 p.m. at the University fieldhouse. Those who have had experi-

ence in soccer or basketball frequently are the best candidates."



The Minneapolis Star

Basic Building Blocks

The Law School on the West Bank of the University of Minnesota has received an honor award from the Minnesota Society American Institute of Architects for being one of Minnesota's best architectural achievements.

The building was designed by The Leonard Parker Associates, Minneapolis, the same firm that has been chosen to design the building for the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the University.

Housing 1,000 law students, faculty and staff, the Law School sits on a former University parking lot above

Highway 12 at the entrance to the West Bank of the University. On the east side, the Law School is physically connected to the Auditorium Classroom Building, offering a connection to other campus facilities.

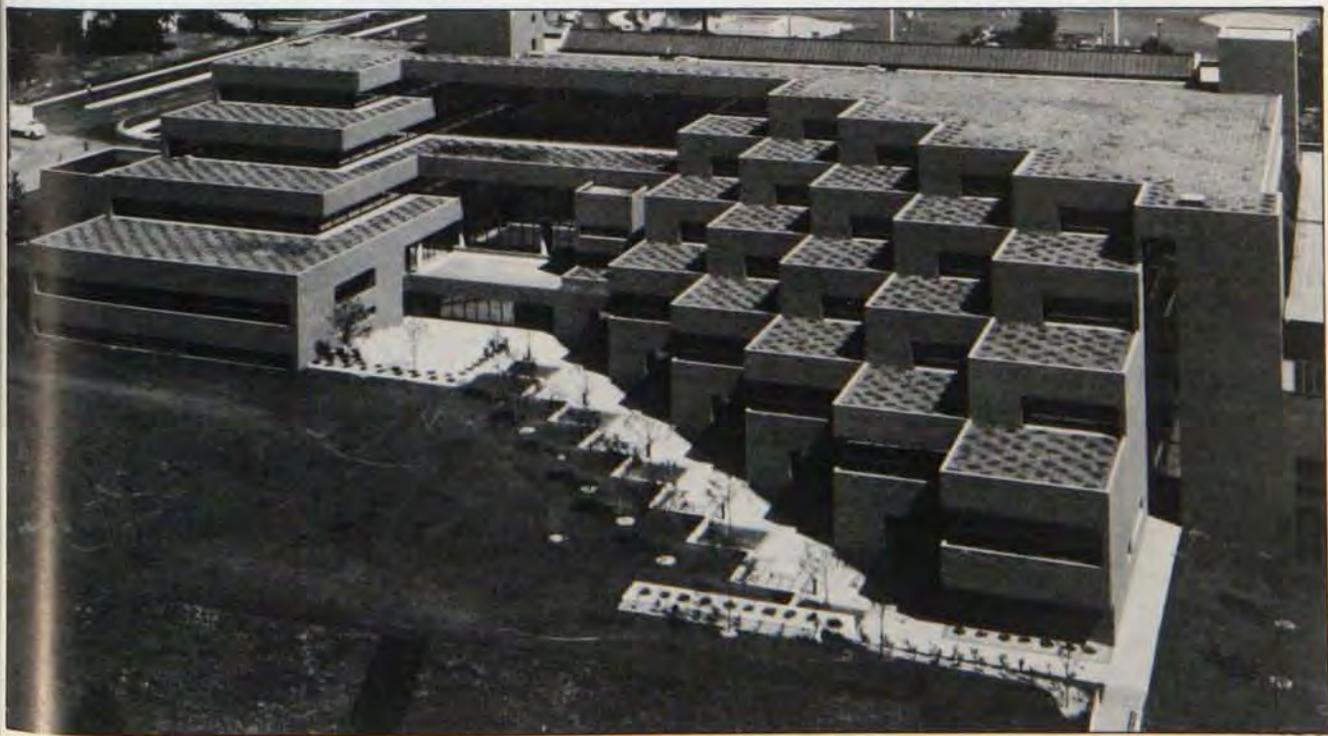
The basic building organization gives symbolic expression to these functions as "building blocks" organized around a central student activity area. Courtrooms, community service and administration facilities are at one end of the building, student activity in the center, and the library, housing 600,000 volumes, is literally stacked above classrooms on the other end.

The building shows a concern for energy consumption with such features as 25 earth-covered roofs planted with

evergreens, deep overhangs, and reflective glass.

The jury selecting Parker's Law School for an Honor Award said the building provides interior connections at several levels, and also exterior connections. It forms an entrance to the campus, across a very difficult site, with the freeway and the long connection to the East Bank."

Leonard Parker is a professor in the School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture and a 1948 graduate of the University of Minnesota. Three buildings designed by The Leonard Parker Associates for the University of Minnesota (U of M Duluth Field House, Elliott Hall and the Law School) have won a total of 10 state and national design awards.



M-People



Industrial Technology

Charles W. Britzuis '38MSChE, '33BChE is president of Twin City Testing and Engineering Laboratory, Inc., and the Soil Exploration Company, both of Minneapolis.

Harry G. Larson '39BEE is principal development engineer for Honeywell, Inc., Saint Paul.

Warren L. Waleen '39BEE is an energy systems consultant for Minnesota Gas Co., Minneapolis.

Russell H. Frederickson '40BSChem is an engineer at 3M Company, Saint Paul.

Robert M. Linsmayer '44BME is president of Villaume Industries, Inc., Saint Paul.

Thomas A. Reed '44BS is a group vice president for international control systems, Honeywell, Inc., Minneapolis.

Robert O. Kelly '45BEE is general manager for Air Power Equipment Corporation, Saint Paul.

Clayton A. Sorenson '47BEE is an account executive for Springsted, Inc., Saint Paul. He was a city engineer and director of public works for the City of Minneapolis.

Kalman W. Abrams '47BS is president of Kalman W. Abrams Metals, Inc., Minneapolis.

Dr. Marilyn Chelstrom '47PhD, '38MSPhys, '35BEE is president and chief officer of the Robert A. Taft Institute of Government, New York City.

Thomas G. Burdsal '48BCE lives in Los Altos, Calif.

Robert M. Cress '49BSMinRes is a geologist in Roswell, N.M.

John C. Halverson '50BChem, Chaska, is chief chemist for industrial foods at the Peavey Company.

Keith W. Anderson '51BS, Saint Paul, is a project manager for St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Co.

Hector A. Andrade '51BSChE is a consultant in Guatemala City, Guatemala. He is acting president of the Congress of Guatemala — State Counsel.

John J. Oslund '56BME is vice president of Engineering Marketing for Harris-Stewart Companies, Inc., Saint Paul.

James P. Peterson '59BME, '73MBA University of Chicago is a member of the American College of Hospital Administrators. He is assistant administrator of Swedish Covenant Hospital in Chicago.

James F. Milke '60BS is a senior management consultant with Northern States Power Company, Minneapolis.

Norman J. Lubke '61BS is an account executive with Merrill Lynch in Santa Ana, Calif.

Maj. Russell W. Christiansen '64BCE received the United States Air Force Commendation medal for service in construction management at Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas. He is stationed in Ankara, Turkey.

Gideon Shavitt '64BS is chairman of advanced engineering for Honeywell, Inc., Highland Park, Ill.

Dr. James Burcsu '66PhDChem is head of the scientific documentation department at the Burroughs-Wellcome Company, Research Triangle Park, N.J.

Capt. Jack H. Markwardt '67BME is stationed at Minot Air Force Base, N.D.

Ferdinand A. Samuels '69BEE is manager of electrical product development engineering for Control Data Corporation, Minneapolis.

Frederick C. Richter '69BArch is design director for Ellerbe architectural firm in Bloomington.

Roy C. Olson '70BS, Anoka, was Minnesota's teacher of the year for 1977. He teaches junior high science.

Dr. Paul W. Tamm '70PhD is a senior research associate for Chevron Research Company, Richmond, Calif.

Jo M. Fairbairn '71BSMath, '74JD William Mitchell College of Law, Saint Paul, is an attorney with the law department of International Multifoods Corporation, Saint Paul.

John J. Feigal '75BComp Sci is a computer programmer at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

Keith E. Stregge '77BSPhys, Old Bridge, N.J., is a senior technical associate at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

College of Liberal Arts

Linda James Bennett '14BA is retired in Penny Farms, Fla.

Thelma Gils Olsen '17BA taught in California prior to retiring there in Thousand Oaks.

Ben R. Eggan '20BA BesEd, Minneapolis, was honored for 60 years service to Minnesota's Norwegian-American community. He also has received recognition as an educator and promoter of Norwegian activities, and in 1976, a Norwegian club was named in his honor. Eggan received the St. Olav medal and a Fulbright Scholarship, and has edited a Norwegian language newspaper in Minneapolis.

Walter J. Hesnault '20BA is retired in Laguna Hills, Calif. He was office manager for E. F. Hutton & Company, Santa Ana, Calif.

Helen L. Jones '20BA is retired in Minneapolis.

Harold H. Lund '20BA Higganum, Conn., donated 300 books to the University of Minnesota's Scandinavian Department in 1976. He has lived abroad as a publicity writer and is a consultant and writer on aging.

Frank E. McNally '20BA, former chairman of B. F. Nelson Company, is retired in Minneapolis.

Arthur H. "Red" Motley '22 BA has retired as chairman of the board of *Parade* magazine, ending a 50-year career in publishing. In 1957, he was appointed by President Eisenhower to head the Marketing Division of the President's Conference on Small Business, and in 1961, was chairman of the board of the United States Chamber of Commerce. During the 1960s, he was chairman of the University of Minnesota Foundation and received Minnesota's regents award. Most recently, he received the Horatio Alger award. He lives in Palm Springs, Calif.

Stanley O. Haas '24BA is retired in Laguna Hills, Calif. He was a high school counselor.

Virginian Chase Perkins '24BA recently published *One Crow, Two Crows*.

Lillian Borreson Tate '25BA, Northglenn, Colo., is an accompanist and teaches organ and piano. She was president of Nebraska's Piano Teachers from 1969 to 1971 in Omaha.

Col. Craig S. Mattice '26BA, Minneapolis, retired from the Army and 25 years with the Minneapolis Police Department. He sells real estate in Bloomington.

Martha Baker '28BA, Minneapolis, teaches music at MacPhail Center for the Arts at the University of Minnesota.

Marie N. V. Pearson '30BA, Saint Paul, is retired and writes poetry

Ebel Bishop Gullette '30BA, New Canaan, Conn., is a concert pianist. She is listed in *Leaders of America, 1969*.

Herbert G. Halverson '31BA is retired in Ranier, Minn.

Marion K. Schader '31BA, Saint Paul, is a retired legal secretary.

Harry C. Auble '32BAUColl has retired from banking, but maintains a real estate brokerage in Webster, Wisc.

Rose Goldich Yuster '32BS is retired in Los Angeles. She was head librarian at the Culver City library in Los Angeles for 20 years.

George C. Oldham '32BA, Ridgefield, Wash., is retired. He attended the International Geological Congress in 1972 and 1976.

Margaret H. Kiekenapp '35BA retired from Bishop Whipple Schools in Faribault, Minn.

Amy Klein Edmunds '36BALibSci is an artist in Riverside, Calif.

Curtis L. Carlson '37BA, Long Lake, Minn., received the B'nai B'rith Great American Award in March. He is board chairman and president of Carlson Companies, Inc.

David L. Olson '68BA, is a missile combat crew commander at Francis E. Warren Air Force Base, Wyo., with the 90th Strategic Missile Wing.

Tom McElligott '70BA, Saint Paul, has been promoted to senior vice president and copy chief of the Minneapolis office of Bozell & Jacobs Inc.

Henry Bankston '70BA, Bloomington, is manager of the St. Clair Broiler, Saint Paul.

Steven Orlin Erdman '74BA, Owatonna, Minn., is controller for National Tree Expert Co.

Peter James Balega '76BA, Waco, Texas, is attending Baylor University School of Law. He is a senior class officer, an American Bar Association member, a law school division representative, and moderator of the radio program, *Rights and Remedies*.

Stanley W. Connell '66BA, '66BS, '67MA, Bogotá, Colombia, received his doctorate in Spanish and linguistics from the Georgetown University School of Languages and Linguistics. He is professor of linguistics and English at the *Universidad Distrital, Bogotá*, and at the *Universidad de Los Andes*, where he helped establish Colombia's first graduate program in applied linguistics.

David M. Worrell '72BA works for Inventory Management Services at Economics Laboratory in Saint Paul.

Daniel T. Boris '73BA is an administrator for Investors Diversified Services, Minneapolis.

Thomas J. Eagan '73BAUColl is a finance officer with the Minneapolis Housing and Redevelopment Authority.

Patrick Redmond '73BAUColl is a partner with his wife, *Barbara Red-*

mond '75BAUColl at R. Edmond Design, a Minneapolis graphic design and illustration firm.

Michael P. Schmidt '73BSUColl is assistant manager of Scenic State Park, Big Fork, Minn.

Christine M. Sorenson '73BA, Saint Paul, is a market administrator for Northwestern Bell.

Carol A. Spongberg '73BA is a student at American Graduate School of International Management in Glendale, Ariz.

Kevin J. Bottila '74BA, Eagan, is a litigation support assistant at Control Data Corporation.

Thomas E. Boyette '74BA, Saint Paul, works for The Hartford Insurance Group.

1st Lt. John D. Inselman '74BA is a communications systems officer at Kunsan Air Force Base, Korea.

1st Lt. Patrick C. Welch '74BA is a weapons systems officer at Kunsun Air Force Base, Korea.

2nd Lt. Bruce G. Anderson '75BS is with the United States Air Force at Minneapolis/Saint Paul International Airport.

Mark G. Gillingham '76BA received a master's in child development from Iowa State University, Ames.

Lt. Kevin J. Johnson '76BA is an electronics specialist at K. I. Sawyer Air Force Base, Mich.

Connie Lauge '76BA is a marketing representative for Mobil Oil in Minneapolis.

Vicki Spiess '76BA is a resource teacher at Reuben Lindh Learning Center in Minneapolis.

Richard J. Batson '77BA is an ophthalmic technician in Great Falls, Mont.

Deborah Lee Clarke '77BES, Boston, is a flight attendant for Delta Air Lines.

Laura E. Davis '77BA, Bloomington, is pursuing a master's in genetics at the University of Minnesota.

Roxann M. Goert '77BA, Circle Pines, Minn., is a traveling consultant.

Ronald J. Holtz '77BA, Minneapolis, is a sales representative for American Hospital Supply.

Lt. Ted A. Kirkpatrick '77BA is stationed with the United States Army in New Ulm, West Germany.

2nd Lt. Douglas A. Nelson '77BA is stationed at Elgin Air Force Base, Fla.

Mary Sue Norenberg '77BA is a research scientist-technician at Medtronics, Inc., in Minneapolis.

Gregg M. Spandel '77BA is a police officer for the City of Apple Valley in Minnesota. He has received a bureau of criminal apprehension merit award from the Minnesota Police Science School.

Daniel R. Spector '77BA attends Hamline University school of law, Saint Paul.

Michael L. Talley '77BA is a student at William Mitchell College of Law, Saint Paul.

College of Business Administration

Albert Andreiko '47BBA, Solana Beach, Calif., is chairman of the board and president of Consyne Corporation, which manufactures and markets medical and dental products.

Robert M. Dillon '48BSB, Bloomington, is director of tax administration at Honeywell, Inc., and is first vice president of Minnesota Tax Executives Institute.

Kenneth R. Wahlberg '48BBA, Minneapolis, is chairman of the board, Tower Mortgage Corporation; board chairman and president of Investors Syndicate Title and Guaranty Company; president of Investors Syndicate of America-Minneapolis; and senior vice president of Investors Diversified Services.

Gilbert W. Murphy '49BBA is regional division manager of National Account Systems, Inc., Cleveland.

Juliana Hahn Murphy '49BBA is a law secretary at Cleveland State University, Cleveland.

Donald S. Bates '51BSB Rockville, Md., is vice president and general manager of General Electric Company's information services division.

Richard R. Williams '53BBA is personnel manager for General Motors assembly division, Tarrytown, N.Y., and served recently on a GM task force in Shreveport, La.

Einar Ross '55BSB, Minneapolis, was elected to the board of directors of the Minnesota Society of Certified Public Accountants. He is a partner of Touche, Ross & Company.

Hugh C. Flatness '57BSB is a controller for United Way, Minneapolis.

Gerald I. Lee '58BSB was elected to the board of directors of the Minnesota Society of Certified Public Accountants. He is vice president of Wilkerson, Guthmann and Johnson, Ltd., Saint Paul.

James R. Brandt '60BSB, Minneapolis, is a member of the board of directors, Minnesota Society of Certified Public Accountants, and president of Brandt-Whitney, Inc.

John E. Thomas '62BSB, Saint Paul, is a partner at Arthur Anderson and Company. He is a member of the board of directors of the Minnesota Society of Certified Public Accountants.

Jon M. Armstrong '63BSB is compensation manager for Steiger Tractor, Inc., Fargo, N.D.

James C. Keyes '63BSB is president of Lear Siegler's audiotone division in Phoenix, Ariz.

Donald A. Helmer '64BSB is a Certified Public Accountant in Faribault.

James N. Heuerman '65BSB, '71MAPubH manages the health and medical consulting practice for Booz, Allen and Hamilton, Walnut Creek, Calif.

Joseph W. Schuck '65BSB is a traffic management specialist for the Army in Fort Eustis, Va.

Dennis M. Cavanaugh '65BSB, Minneapolis, is general manager of transportation and maintenance for the Soo Line Railroad Company.

Gary L. Buckmiller '66MBA, Minneapolis, is vice president of corporate planning and analysis for Jostens, Inc.

Bernard J. Toner '66BSB, Wausau, Wisc., is manager of data administration for the systems and programming division of Employers Insurance of Wausau.

Thomas R. McAvoy '69BSB, Saint Paul, is a senior research specialist for 3M Company. He holds four patents, specializing in floor maintenance products.

Richard W. Mueller '69BSB is district manager, Cleveland, for United States Steel, supply division.

Ford G. Pearson '69BSB, Evanston, Ill., is vice president of Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company.

Paul E. Portz '69BSB, '71CPA, '78MA is employed by Taylor McCasill Company, Ltd.

Thomas J. O'Neill '70MBA, '65BS IndEng is a principal of A. T. Kearney, Inc., an international management consulting firm. He is based in Chicago.

Jeffrey A. Lakey '71MS is assistant to the vice provost for computing in the computer science department at the University of Rochester in New York.

Gary H. Lohn '71MAIndRels is vice president of human resource development and public affairs for Control Data Corporation, Bloomington. He is president of the Minneapolis Northside Child Development Center and is affiliated with the Greater Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce.

Senior Airman George A. Zarn '72BSB was named outstanding airman of the quarter in his unit at Offutt Air Force Base, Neb., where he is a cartographic specialist.

Collin L. Sprau '73BSB is midwest area manager for the dietary products division of American Hospital Supply Corporation in Pickerington, Ohio.

Deaths

Fred H. Robinson '09BA on Jan. 14, 1978. He was chairman of the board of Grogan-Robinson Lumber Co., Great Falls, Mont.

Dr. Jay Arthur Myers '19MD on Sept. 11, 1978, in Minneapolis. He was professor emeritus of internal medicine and public health at the University of Minnesota, retired in 1957 after 42 years on the faculty. He was known as an expert in tuberculosis control.

Edith M. De Shong '21BS on Oct. 13, 1978, in Aurora, N.Y.

Philip R. Jacobson '22BS on July 30, 1978, in Des Moines, Iowa.

C. G. Pangburn '22BEE on Sept. 27, 1978, in Scottsdale, Ariz.

Ross D. Bostwick '23BChE on June 22, 1978, in Salem, Ore.

Graham Mandeville '23BS in 1977 in Tucson, Ariz.

Magne Skurdelsvold '25BS on Sept. 7, 1978, in Minneapolis.

Dr. Wayne Espersen '29MD on April 14, 1978, in Eugene, Ore.

Reinold T. Woodford '30BSFor on Jan. 18, 1978, in Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Raymond M. Schaak '31 on Feb. 10, 1978, in Minneapolis.

William Applebaum '31BS no date given in Miami.

Ella Sophia Christensen '32BS and '42BS on Oct. 29, 1978, in Minneapolis.

Gerald A. Dotson '32BBA on Jan. 22, 1978, in Mankato. He was president of the Dotson Co.; a recipient of the Golden Deeds Award in 1969 for community service; was on the Mankato Mental Health board of directors; and developed and maintained a park for Mankato's underprivileged children.

Helen McBroom Mayo '33BS on Sept. 11, 1978, in Excelsior.

Marguerite Garden Jones '36BA on Nov. 11, 1978, in Bethesda, Md.

John G. Wylie '37BS on March 1, 1978, in Wayzata.

Joseph E. Runkel '38DED on no date given in Waukesha, Wis.

Robert A. Kotke '40BS on Jan. 24, 1978, in Saint Paul.

Seth W. Peterson '43BS on no date given in Lindstrom, Minn.

Esther G. Solberg '47BSED on May 8, 1978, in Aneta, N.D.

R. B. Hovde '50BS on no date given in Minneapolis.

Dr. Leopold Long '51MA on Aug. 23, 1978, in Dollard des Ormeaux, Canada.

Thomas G. Donnelly '56BS on no date given in Minneapolis.

Calendar

January

18: Economic Conditions in Eastern Europe, College of Business Administration.

19: New York City Alumni, 12:15 p.m. luncheon at the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States Building, 38th floor, 1285 Avenue of the Americas. President C. Peter Magrath will be the speaker.

19: Boston alumni, 6:30 p.m. at the Harvard Club, 374 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. President C. Peter Magrath will be the speaker.

February

8: President's Seminar, Dr. John S. Najarian, head of the Department of Surgery at the University of Minnesota, 6 p.m. Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Center, Minneapolis.

11: Pharmacy Alumni Society theater and dinner party, Old Log Theater.

12: Veterinary Medical Alumni Society annual meeting in conjunction with the Minnesota State Veterinary Medical Association, Saint Paul Radisson Hotel.

17-March 3: Trans-Panama Canal Cruise Number Two.

23-25: Second annual Minnesota Alumni Ski Away Weekend, Grand Portage.

26-March 13: Voyage to the Classical Lands.

26: Redwood Falls Alumni Chapter dinner meeting in Redwood Falls.

March

3: Education Alumni Society theater and dinner party.

29: Home Economics Alumni Society Annual Meeting, Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Center, Minneapolis.

April

23: Nursing Alumni Day, Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Center, Minneapolis; and Coffman Memorial Union.

May

5: Pharmacy Annual Meeting, Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Center, Minneapolis.

7: Class of 1939 Reunion.

8-26: Best of the Orient.

24: Journalism and Mass Communication Alumni Society annual meeting.

June

4: Class of 1929 Reunion.

6: Alumni Night.

16-30: Alaska Inside Passage Cruise.



LIFE

... members are the backbone of the Minnesota Alumni Association. Here are the names of 202 University of Minnesota alumni and friends who have become full or installment life members of the Minnesota Alumni Association between August 21 and Nov. 10, 1978. The new full life members are paid in

full; the installment life members may make 10 annual payments. If you would like to become a full or installment life member you may write to the Minnesota Alumni Association, 2610 University Avenue, Saint Paul, Minnesota 55114, or, you may call 612-373-2466.

Full Life Membership

Henry N. Kaldahl, '20GRAD, White Bear Lake
Violet K. Wallfred, '22HE, Edina
Ben F. Mayhugh, '28IT, Malibu, Calif.
George E. MacKinnon, '29LAW, Washington
Raymond O. Mithun, '30CLA, Wayzata
Doris B. Mithun, '31HE, Wayzata
Dorothy E. Hansen, '37MEDTC, Edina
Malcolm M. Renfrew, '38GRAD, Moscow, Idaho
Frances Casey, '41CLA, Bronx, N.Y.
Earl E. Soder, '44BUS, Downers Grove, Ill.
Mrs. Earl E. Soder, '44ED, Downers Grove, Ill.
Sheldon L. Mandel, '46MED, Minneapolis
Hazel A. Sandven, '47IT, Minneapolis
Beverly Ewert, '48NURS, Minneapolis
Berniece Reutiman, '52NURS, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Albert B. Kapstrom, '55CLA, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Joseph W. Miller, '58GRAD, Moorhead
Mrs. Julian L. Berman, '59CLA, Chicago
Julian L. Berman, '60MED, Chicago
Irving J. Grossman, '60CLA, Altoona, Wis.
James B. Keplinger, '63MED, Marquette, Mich.
Rosemary T. Rockwell, '64CLA, Minneapolis
Robert J. Wilcox, '66IT, Duluth
Roberta S. Halper, '68GC, Saint Paul
Dale A. Johnson, '68GRAD, Owatonna
James H. Johnson, '68DENT, Billings, Mont.
George J. Kinney Jr., '69DENT, Woodbury
Kais Ellingson Lehman, '69CLA, Kenyon
Larry W. Lehman, '69AG, Kenyon
John Craig McCarthy, '69CLA, Saint Paul
David E. Klett, '70BUS, Saint Paul
Bret L. Burquest, '72BUS, Sherman Oaks, Calif.
Daniel Iver Gensmer, '73AG, Hutchinson
Robert Arthur Huber, '73IT, Edina
Mrs. Kenneth C. Glaser, '74CLA, Minneapolis
Mary Susan von Kuster, '74BUS, Saint Paul
Sara C. Bisel, '75GRAD, Rochester
Ronald F. Gibson, '75GRAD, Pullman, Wash.
Kenneth C. Glaser, '75BUS, Minneapolis
Allen Ward, '75GRAD, Minneapolis
Mary M. Cable, '76IT, Minneapolis
Sharon Carisch, '78PH, Deephaven
Scott C. Magnuson, '78CLA, Saint Paul

Installment Life Membership

Dr. and Mrs. Ed J. Master, '26MED, Novato, Calif.
Lorraine Dury, '34ED, Green Bay, Wis.
Robert J. Richardson, '39MED, Saint Paul

Stanley F. Drips, '41CLA, Rochester
Richard W. Almquist, '44PHARM, Minneapolis
Dr. Oliver E. H. and Mrs. Agnes M. Larson, '45MED, Zumbrota
Jane Kingsley, '47ED, Minneapolis
Bernice S. Olson, '47HE, Cicero, Ill.
Marion A. Downs, '48CLA, Denver
Richard F. Jewett, '48ED, New Hope
C. Rodger Larson, '48FOR, Austin
Lee C. Paulson, '48IT, Columbia Heights
Oliver H. Takaichi, '48BUS, San Jose, Calif.
Joanne E. Paulson, '49DENHY, Columbia Heights
Henry J. Schuldt, '49ED, Wauwatosa, Wis.
Charles A. Johnson, '50LAW, Mankato
Walter F. Renner, '50IT, Denver
Dr. and Mrs. George R. Fisher, '51AG, Fargo, N.D.
Marilyn L. Nelson, '51UCOL, Madison, Wis.
Donald R. Schuette, '51CLA, Madison, Wis.
Helen Swanson, '51ED, West Saint Paul
James F. Otto, '52IT, Sacramento, Calif.
Joan L. Schuette, '52CLA, Madison, Wis.
Ronald L. Albright, '53DENT, New Ulm
Nancy J. Fasseti, '53ED, Bethesda, Md.
John J. Hennen, '53IT, Ottumwa, Iowa
Harold S. Nelson, '53LAW, Madison, Wis.
Mrs. Ronald L. Albright, '54HE, New Ulm
Donald E. Brandt, '54PHARM, Saint Paul
Burt E. Swanson, '55LAW, West Saint Paul
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Vind, '55IT, Largo, Fla.
Perry W. Dungey, '56DENT, Waconia
John W. Lackens Jr., '56IT, Minneapolis
Lewis N. Mirviss, '56GC, Minneapolis
Walter F. Mondale, '56LAW, Washington
Patricia D. Barton, '57CLA, Columbus, Ohio
Jerome W. Hall, '58BUS, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Barbara Wilkowske, '58ED, Rochester
Joan T. Smith, '59BUS, Saint Paul
Dona J. Baird, '60NURS, Chico, Calif.
Mark A. Struble, '60BUS, Wyoming
Conrad J. Wilkowske, '60MED, Rochester
Arthur J. Arrowood, '61GRAD, Toronto
Donald L. Peterson, '61BUS, Fox Lake, Ill.
John Trygve Troan, '61LAW, Phoenix, Ariz.
Bernard Turcotte, '61MED, Sillery, Quebec
J. David Vogel, '61DENT, South Saint Paul
Bruce D. Anderson, '62LAW, Saint Paul
James Roderick McLeod, '62VETM, Brandywine, Md.
Douglas D. Gillespie, '63DULUTH, Edina
Dennis E. Kaliber, '63IT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

John C. Bengtson, '64DENT, Winthrop
Phillip J. Ranheim, '64MED, Minneapolis
Richard A. Bowman, '65LAW, Minneapolis
Sheldon T. Hess, '65MED, Bloomington
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Glenn A. Weber, '67MED, Sacramento, Calif.
Gene Paul Wicklund, '67GRAD, Minneapolis
Terry L. Winters, '67CLA, Conway, Ariz.
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Sally A. Dols, '68GC, Minneapolis
Mrs. Sheldon T. Hess, '68GRAD, Bloomington
Dale A. Johnson, '68GRAD, Owatonna
Jean C. Schlemmer, '68CLA, Minneapolis
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James P. Henderson, '69BUS, Park Ridge, Ill.
Jean L. Kohlmeier, '69CLA, Alexandria, Va.
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Craig R. Weflen, '69CLA, Minnetonka
Thomas G. and Mrs. Mary A. Anderson, '70BUS, Worthington
John A. Andrew, '70BUS, Rochester
Roger A. Collins, '70BUS, Minneapolis
Elise Chang, '70HE, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Peter A. Doty, '70IT, Midland, Mich.
Gary A. Havemeier, '70BUS, Litchfield
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It Can Happen Again



Neale Van Ness

Minnesota's Memorial Stadium, basking in September sunshine, held its largest crowd in five years when the Buckeyes and Woody Hayes invaded the Land of Lakes.

In light of the Athletic Department's partyline conversation throughout the years concerning the impact of the professional Minnesota Vikings and competition for the entertainment dollar in the Twin Cities, why did 55,200 Minnesota fans flock to the Brickhouse this fall?

I can think of at least three reasons:

1. A spectacular autumn day;
2. A TV victory by Penn State over Woody's Bucks a week earlier;
3. The Little Brown Jug shutout over Michigan the previous year.

The most significant, though, was last year's 16-0 whitewash of the number-one ranked Wolverines. On that date, Memorial Stadium had 15,000 empty seats; 15,000 spectators who missed one of the all-time collegiate football upsets. That vacated segment of the stadium represented thousands of Gopher fans who may have lost interest in the football program.

Year after year, these faithful were led to expect more than actually materialized, causing repeated letdowns. While the intent of this strategy was to sell tickets, the impact seemed to be the reverse. The credibility of the program slipped as the numbers of disbelievers grew proportionately.

Nevertheless, most of the thousands of Minnesotans who created one of the tightest ticket crunches in college football history during the up years are still out there. Proof of that came in September when the near sell-out crowd was bolstered by the 15,000 who missed the Michigan upset, but who held out for one more try.

The Little Brown Jug and Penn State's decisive victory over Ohio State provided creditable hope. And that hope materialized at the turnstiles. (The Gophers lost 27-10.)

Minnesota stands at the crossroads of real opportunity. With the Minneapolis domed stadium issue passing, the Gophers should be able to point to a future superb home — a recruiting plus. In addition, a new football coach has the opportunity to regain credibility in the eyes of those who want to believe.

Coach _____ needs to tell it like it is, to recapture the interest of area football fans. Sure the Vikings are here, but they have one of the smallest stadiums in professional football. Memorial Stadium has one of the lowest seating capacities in the Big Ten, while the Twin Cities offers one of the larger metropolitan areas from which to draw.

Basketball and hockey are big at Minnesota because alumni and fans believe in the programs. The basketball team hasn't won a championship in several years, but tickets are scarce in one of the largest campus arenas in the United States. With all that Minnesota has working for it, the sold out sign should appear more frequently at the Brickhouse where nearly 60,000 can watch Big Ten action, one of the most exciting and colorful games in town.

Interested in winning a trip to Alaska in June? You should be receiving a mailing outlining the rules for a membership contest where several prizes will be offered to those Minnesota Alumni Association members who sign up additional members.

I am pleased to announce for our Minnesota Travelers an upcoming trip to Mainland China. The dates are August 31 through September 20, 1979. The price will range from \$3,390 to \$4,745 a person from California.

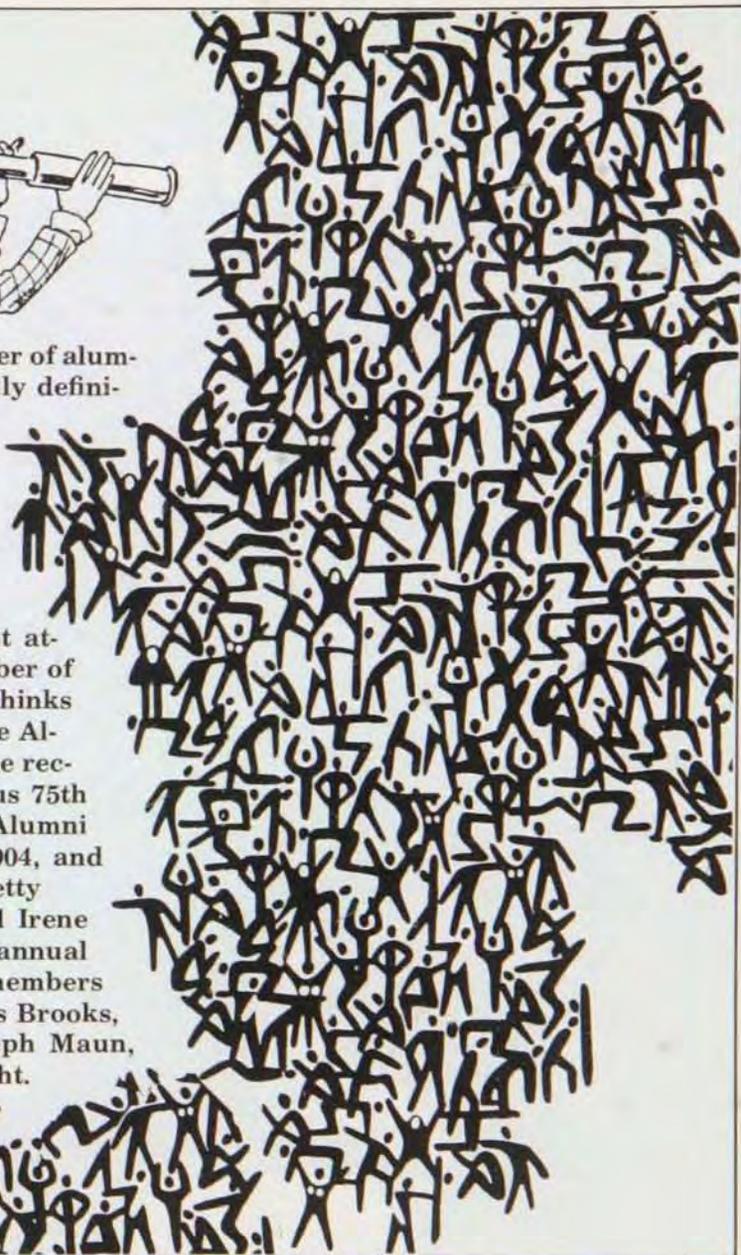
This trip will operate as a cruise with several interesting ports of call. A brochure will be mailed to members next month.

Judith Keough has been hired as the new manager of the Minnesota Alumni Club, replacing Bill Swain who resigned in December.

We're Looking



... for the family having the largest number of alumni from the University of Minnesota. Family definition will be restricted to living, lineal members only (mother, father, sons, daughters and grandchildren). That family will be honored at the 75th Anniversary Annual Meeting June 6, 1979, at the Saint Paul Radisson Hotel. We hope several members of the family will be in attendance, however, only one must attend to receive a special award. Any member of the Minnesota Alumni Association who thinks they qualify for this award may contact the Alumni Center. In addition, that family will be recognized throughout the year at the various 75th Anniversary functions. The Minnesota Alumni Association was organized on Jan. 30, 1904, and this year marks the 75th anniversary. Betty Clapp is in charge of the celebration and Irene Kreidberg is making arrangements for the annual meeting. Other anniversary committee members include James Brandt, John Brant, Gladys Brooks, Ronald Everson, Albert Heimbach, Joseph Maun, Wendell Olson, Jan Wiggs, and Wells Wright.



MINNESOTA TRAVELERS

Minnesota Alumni Ski-Away Weekend Number Two

February 23-25, 1979

Over 60 miles of groomed cross country ski trails through Minnesota's northern wilderness at Grand Portage await alumni on this popular weekend get-away. Transportation provided to Minnesota's Lutsen and Canada's Thunder Bay downhill ski areas, too. Free cross country instruction for beginners.

Best of the Orient

May 8-26, 1979

Spring is the perfect time to explore the Orient in depth. And that's exactly what our *Minnesota Travelers* will do; visiting such exotic places as Hong Kong, where East meets West; Singapore, exciting Tokyo, and beautiful Bangkok. Trip includes many side excursions — Nikko, a Malay culture show and a Hong Kong harbor cruise. A University of Minnesota professor of Oriental history or art will accompany our group, providing informal instruction.

Limit: 60.

Yes, there's hardly a place on earth where you won't find the *Minnesota Travelers*. Plan to join them on trips that aren't just fun, but educational, too. Write now for more details and reservation. Or you may wish to telephone.



Minnesota Travelers
Minnesota Alumni Association
2610 University Avenue
Saint Paul, Minnesota 55114
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Wrapped around her little finger...

She always knows the right time to say "I love you Daddy."

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MINNESOTA



75th
Anniversary

MINNESOTA
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

That Was the Life

The University of Minnesota
1900-1910



*University of Minnesota coeds toasting marshmallows,
around 1900.*



Introduction

Year after year passed peacefully — one very much like another.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESIDENT CYRUS NORTHROP

That was the life. Those were peaceful years. They studied dutifully in the library and were dressed in black suits and black neckties and they made noiseless fountain pen notations in their notebooks. They sprawled in the warm sun on tender green grass near the Armory and watched a slow-moving team of horses come to a full stop. Their classrooms were illuminated with fuzzy rays of yellow-orange light coming from hanging kerosene lamps; a large wooden clock made steady ticktock sounds, blending with the voice of an instructor who spoke to them sitting at attention in straight-back chairs on the front five rows. That was the life when University of Minnesota students wore fancy hats with bright flowers; toasted marshmallows at Lake Calhoun; strolled along the Mississippi River bank; or warmed themselves in the sun while sitting on cold wooden bleachers. They rode bicycles across the grass, sat bundled in sleighs, the blunt runners moving noiselessly through the snow.

"The last decade of the Northrop administration (1900-10)," wrote James Gray, historian, "was a time of deep and, as it seems in retrospect, almost unbelievable serenity. Indeed, it was, all over the world, a moment of

calm before the clamor of violence that was to shatter the nineteenth-century dream of the perfectability of man and the twentieth-century dream of universal order."

Not all was serene, however. Old Main burned following a spectacular fire. Governor John S. Pillsbury, beloved father of the University, died. And a few of the students flunked out or quit because they didn't have the money or they couldn't see the need for an education.

There was some excitement, too. A dazzling quarterback by the name of Johnny McGovern became the University's first All-American. The University was growing from a record 3,000 students in 1900 to nearly 6,000 by 1910, and more than 40 buildings were now scattered over two campuses.

During the decade the *Minnesota Daily* and the *Minnesota Alumni Weekly* began publication; the Woman's League was formed; trust funds were established; the graduate school was organized; Shevlin and Folwell Halls were built; Maria Sanford — Minnesota's most famous woman — retired; Henry L. Williams was named athletic director; farm buildings began to mushroom on the Saint Paul campus; the Pillsbury Fence and the Student Soldier's monument were erected; Kappa Sigma and Gamma Phi Beta were founded; the yearly payroll was \$590,000; Minnesota's enrollment surpassed Michigan, Cornell, Harvard, Wisconsin, New York, Yale; there were 585 members of the 1909 graduating class; the student from out-of-town would spend \$427.45 a year while the student who lived at home would average \$325 a year, including nearly \$133 for clothing; the Graduate School and the College of Education were established;

professors' salaries jumped 30 percent in 1907; courses in forestry, home economics were started; and, of course, the Minnesota Alumni Association was formally organized Jan. 30, 1904.

Because of the latter, we thought one of the ways to celebrate our 75th Anniversary would be to publish this special issue of *Minnesota* magazine and we're calling it *That Was the Life: The University of Minnesota 1900-1910*.

Researching the period was enlightening. My sense of discovery was heightened one day after I'd spent several hours looking at photographs in the picture collection of the Minnesota Historical Society. I kept admiring the photographs of George E. Luxton who was head photographer for the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*. I found his work in the collection at the Minneapolis Public Library; the Hennepin County Historical Society; and the University of Minnesota Archives in Walter Library.

On another day I made a second discovery. Actually, I was looking for a book on the dusty shelves in the Walter basement (you have to go down a flight of stairs and unlock two cage doors) when I spotted a maroon-bound volume with these large gold letters: MINNESOTA STORIES. The 20 stories, published in 1903, were collected and arranged by Dr. Charles F. McClumpha, professor of English at the University, and W. I. Thomas, instructor in rhetoric. The book was dedicated "to the alumni of the University of Minnesota."

Six of those student stories, some Luxton photographs among others, are included in this issue — dedicated, once again, only this time to the more than 300,000 alumni of the University of Minnesota. — RDH.

MINNESOTA

Volume 78 No. 5

February 1979

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Northrop Field, Chicago game, 1907.



Pillsbury gate, 1904.



Coeds on library steps, 1904.

Students studying in the library, about 1910.



That Impossible Thirteenth

by Amy Oliver



She is decidedly good to look at.

The first time I saw her, I was standing in line, waiting to register as a freshman. My feet had passed from a dull ache to a delicious numbness and I began to take notice again. Mentally I divided the long line of despondent, heavy footed students into classes — the firm-jawed Stoics, erect and defiant like Indians enduring torture, and the dish-rag variety, limp and drooping in every line. Then I saw *her* and she belonged to neither class. Slender, stylish, brown-haired and brown skinned — if she were not quite pretty, she was decidedly good to look at. She seemed neither tired, impatient, nor even bored — for she was reading a magazine! Now, that's what I call sensible — to get pleasure out of what other people just endure. I thought I'd like to know her.

When I came to the second meeting of the algebra class, I was glad to see how uneasy, how bewildered even, nearly everyone seemed. That showed that they didn't have their lesson, and I did have mine.

"How many have worked all the problems?" the professor asked. I raised my hand, and hoped I was the only one — but I heard him say something about "Only two out of a class of fifty." I turned and looked straight into the eyes of my girl of the magazine.

She dropped her eyes, but not before I had seen that they were brown. Now some people have the kind of eyes that keeps you from seeing anything else — but I did notice two things; that "Brownie", — as I named her — sat just behind me, and that it was she that was raising her hand.

At the end of two weeks I was much interested in

her, and knew as little about her, as at first. I used to listen at roll call, but it didn't do me any good. When the professor said "Miss Cutton," a delicious, clear, musical voice answered "Here!" and when he said "Miss Scott," a horrid, shrill voice rasped "Present!" But both sounded directly behind me and there was no way to tell which name and which voice belonged to Brownie. It was very exasperating that I should so easily get acquainted with a dozen other girls not half so interesting as she — and not even know *her* name. Well, anyway, she was good in algebra. In the first six weeks I never got a problem that she didn't have too. I began to take an interest in algebra and really work over it — a thing I'd never done before. It didn't seem to do much good, though. If I mastered a hard problem, others in the class might or might not get it, but Brownie always did.

In all this time I had never seen her outside of class and I didn't even know her name. The mystery of it fascinated me. I even dreamed of her. I might have gone on wondering about her, if it had not been for the impossible thirteenth.

One day the professor said: "There's one problem in tomorrow's lesson, the thirteenth, that I don't expect you to solve. Just about one freshman out of two hundred has ever solved it, and, as it is almost impossible, I shall not take off any credit if you don't get it."

That word "impossible" was like a dare to me. Then I *would* get it, if I had to stay up all night. By eight o'clock all my other lessons were done and all the algebra except the thirteenth problem. I tried it by four different methods, and filled four pages of my tablet with each method — but none of them would do. Time was flying — it was half past nine.

Then I found out what I should have seen before — that I needed a formula, an old, forgotten, geometry formula, — before I could go on. I hunted up a geometry, and spent half an hour looking for the formula, but it was not there. I should have to work out the theorem myself, to get the formula. This is like originating and demonstrating a geometry theorem without the geometry to go by and is not so simple as it sounds. When I had gotten the formula it was eleven o'clock. Even then it was not all plain sailing. After wandering through a maze of quadratics, radicals and big numbers to multiply and divide, I got an answer but it was wrong. I found a flaw in the reasoning, and, correcting that, I went over it all again, but still it was not right.

I stifled a desire to throw the book across the room and began painstakingly to look for the mistake. It was such a little one that I felt like kicking myself for making it. But now, I had the right answer. It was half-past twelve, and I went straight to bed, and dreamed of riding over the necks of thousands of vanquished foes.

I felt like a victorious general the next morning, too, as I went in to algebra class. I had done what one freshman out of two hundred could do! I could hardly wait to let everyone know it.

"Well," said the professor, smilingly, "how many have worked the thirteenth?" I turned part way around so that I could see Brownie out of the corner

of my eye without seeming to. No, — she wasn't raising her hand. She looked sort of perplexed as she fumbled uncertainly with some papers, and I thought once that she was looking at me. Then she pushed the papers back into her book in a determined sort of way and turned to watch the professor.

Poor little Brownie! — I thought. It came hard to her not to get that problem. I had been trying for six weeks to get one that she couldn't do — but now, somehow, I was disappointed that she had failed. If I should raise my hand now, everyone would think I was brighter than she, and I knew that I wasn't, that it was only because I'd put more time on it. The professor turned and put the problem on the board, explaining it as he went along.

As Brownie went past me on the way out of class, a paper from her algebra fell onto the floor. I stooped to pick it up, but I knew that she had gone on, without knowing that she had dropped it. Well, say, I nearly fell over when I saw what was on that paper. It was the thirteenth problem, all worked out in a neat, feminine hand. Why in thunder hadn't she said something about it in class? The reason I had kept mum was because I thought that she didn't have the problem. Could it be that she — I remembered I had seen her looking at me — What an idiotic notion! Why she probably didn't even know me from the rest of the fellows in the class.

Brownie was coming back, looking for the paper probably. I did a queer thing then. I believe I had an inspiration but I don't know whether it was a good one or not. "I guess you dropped this," I said, and handed her — not her own paper, but my copy of the thirteenth problem. She didn't look at the paper as she thanked me, and I was pretty glad of it. I hoped she wouldn't look at it at all, because by this time I was pretty sure I'd done the wrong thing.

That night at the Informal, Elinor told me I was getting absent-minded. The truth was that I was looking for Brownie. Elinor is two years older than I am, and is my second-cousin and a nice, sympathetic girl, so I told her all about it.

"There she is now," I said. Sure enough, Brownie was just going by, dancing with a fellow who was altogether too good looking.

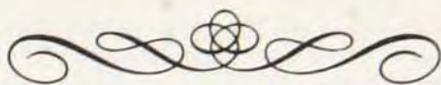
"The slim one in white?" Elinor asked. "Why that's Marjorie Cutton. She's a freshman and Belle's dearest chum. It's funny you've never seen her with Belle. Come on, I'll introduce you." Elinor always was a good fellow.

"Miss Cutton," I said, during our third or fourth dance, "did you look at that paper I gave you this morning?"

"Yes," she said, beginning to laugh, "I — it surprised me. Why didn't you tell the professor?"

"I — why, I didn't want to," I stammered. "Why didn't you?"

But she only laughed and wouldn't tell me, so I'm still wondering.



A Special Course in Egotism

by Carlton Wright Miles



A pile of papers litters the table.

Stanley pushed back his chair and gazed around the room. A littered pile of papers on the table before him told the completed task for the morrow's lessons. Everything was silent except the little alarm clock, which ticked vigorously although its hands pointed to long after twelve. He got up, wound the clock, then seated himself cautiously in a chair — the chair with the broken rocker — took off his shoes, put his feet up on the bed, and settled down for a few moments of quiet before retiring.

The frowsy little room was not particularly attractive. It was one of many in a students' boarding house and, like the others, had no individuality of its own. The cheap iron bed, the bruised and battered bureau, the wash stand, the oil-cloth-covered table and a couple of chairs constituted its furnishings.

The walls were covered with a few chromos, supplements of the Sunday papers, and a calendar or two. The wall, however, upon which Stanley's eyes rested, was quite bare except for one picture — the photograph of a girl in an elaborate evening gown — a plump, fluffy little girl with light hair and babyish dimples, yet withal, extremely self-possessed and at her ease. She was the one incongruous element in the bareness of the room, and she seemed to realize it, as she looked out of her plain black frame with a "Why am I here?" air.

Stanley settled down in his chair and contemplated the picture with faraway happiness in his eyes. It seemed to suggest to him, now that his years of college life were so nearly over, the four long years through which he had passed — years of



hard, despairing work, but which seemed at last to bear the fruit of which the bud had held promise.

How he had struggled to get his uncle's consent to go to college, and how the old man had at last reluctantly yielded, providing Stanley "would tend to his studies."

And then his first year at the University. He had early determined to make his studies the goal toward which he should work. All other irrelevant and trivial matters were to be sacrificed for these. What were friends, amusements, holidays, to the gain of knowledge?

Well, he had kept his determined vows through all these years. How different had been the career of some other boys from his home town! There was Randall Harrington — his father had taken him out at the end of year; there was George Graham, happy-go-lucky, always in scrapes, never doing anything worth while. There was Dick Allen, athlete, social leader, president of his class, yet, as it seemed to Stanley, sadly lacking in the important and substantial side of things. He was always walking with some girl, was a prominent fraternity man — a feature of college life with which Stanley had little sympathy — and while his class recitations were never failures, they were never exceptionally brilliant. No Dick was missing the best part of his college life.

Stanley had not wasted a moment of time. He had never cared to become acquainted with people, for he felt that it would impede the progress of his studies. So in spite of his brilliant work he was practically a stranger to everyone. Although an excellent debater he had never joined a literary society, for it would squander the precious time needed so much for his studies.

He had allied himself with only one organization and that was the Y.M.C.A. Even here he knew only a few of the students, although he attended the meetings regularly. And yet an element had entered into his life, entirely foreign to the purposes for which he had come to the University. By the strange juggling of Fate, he, quiet, retiring, zealous for knowledge, had come to admire one of the most popular girls at the University. However, as he looked up at the photograph and smiled at it, he felt that his college career would have been a failure, had he never met Bessie.

Early in his junior year, he had found to his surprise, a rival in his economics class. A plump, fluffy little girl gained his admiration by her evident grasp of the subject and her bright answers. He found that he had a formidable opponent in this girl. Redoubling his efforts seemed to do no good — she was still his equal. Stanley's interest in her was kindled by her scholarship and breaking his usual rule he sought to make her acquaintance. The acquaintance ripened to a friendship, and, although Stanley did not realize it, he had become dependent on Bessie for his inspiration and zeal. She had her faults and her virtues — his coldly, critical mind could not help weighing her merits and her defects. She was not a sorority girl — good — she was a hard worker — better, — but, on the other hand he managed to catch a glimpse of the fact that she had a very good time in a world of her own, a world of

which he had very little knowledge. In spite of his admiration, he really saw but little of her. Once or twice a month was all the time he could possibly spare to call. Nevertheless she was always so sympathetic and always agreed with his aims and aspirations. Even the photograph — Stanley looked up at it again — seemed to smile encouragement upon his ideals.

His thoughts turned into another channel. Tomorrow would come the culmination of all his four years of work — the public recognition of his powers as a good student. The names of the students entitled to receive Phi Beta Kappa were to be announced. Restricted as the list was to six members, Stanley felt that he could almost count them. There would be himself and Bessie; Rose and Grind, fellow members of his Y. M. C. A.; that homely red-headed girl, who wore glasses, Miss Meal or Neal or something like it; and probably Lawrence Jones who had a pull. Stanley could hardly wait for the day to come. At last, people would recognize his ability.

The little kerosene lamp sputtered. The flame was growing low. Stanley rose, picked up his books and papers, and went to bed. But all through the night the little oblong key of Phi Beta Kappa danced before his eyes, and always Bessie was holding it out to him. At last he made a desperate effort to reach it, and as his fingers were just touching it, he awoke to find it broad daylight.

Although it was yet early, the boarding-house was filled with a confusion of noisy feet, stamping up and down the stairs, loud voices raised in argument in the hall-ways, a banging of doors and rattling of dishes from the regions below. Above all, the unmistakable odor of frying pancakes permeated every room. Stanley dressed with unusual care and deliberation, went down stairs and with difficulty found a seat in a quiet corner, where he might give a final look at his German, while waiting for the breakfast. Everything was noisy — everyone talking at the top of his voice, while the waiters rushing back and forth only added to the din. Stanley ate the breakfast, which the waiter placed before him, in silence, and then started toward the University. It seemed to him that he had never seen so many students as upon that morning. How was it that he had never noticed what pretty girls there were, and what handsome fellows? No one spoke to him — he was a stranger. But, in a couple of hours, they would all be looking at him — he, Stanley Moore — as a typical "honor man" of the institution.

Going up the library steps a little red-sweated figure flew past, just stopping to say "Good morning." His heart gave a little leap. That was Bessie. Bessie and his honors. Which did he care for the more? Which did he desire more?

The chapel was crowded with students. Every seat was filled long before the chapel hour, and crowds tried in vain to elbow their way through the closely packed mass that filled the aisles and lined the walls. Enthusiasm was rife. Cries of "Pass him up! pass him up!" came from that part of the room where the Medics were gathered. A group of Laws

started to give the yell. Above all he heard the shrill voices of the girls who occupied one side of the room. Every one was eager, excited. Everyone awaited the decision anxiously.

Stanley sat silently waiting. He was perfectly calm. No fear of the outcome crossed his mind. No thought of "I wish I'd studied harder" disturbed his peace. He felt that he had done his best. He had fought the good fight. The reward would surely come.

A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered and then the president — middle-aged, gray-haired and beloved — stepped to the front of the platform. "In accordance with our usual custom —" he began. The speech dragged on through a repetition of "good opportunities," "excellent work," and the other platitudes of such an address. Only portions could be plainly heard.

"And it is further desired that this honor be awarded not to those who never reach outside the narrow range of books —" Stanley wished he would hurry and come to the names — "not to the book-worm, but rather the well-rounded, far-seeing, broad-minded student, who is ever active in all that makes for true college life." Stanley had never realized how tiresome "Prexy" could be. But —

"And finally we come to the names of those who are entitled to this honor. First upon this list is Miss Bessie Harrison." A murmur of applause ran through the audience. A little girl sat in the middle of a center row with a very red but a very happy face.

"Frank Rose, Arthur Grind." Two boys standing up against the wall shook hands with each other, expressive grins upon their faces.

"Luella Neal." A red-haired girl in an obscure corner furtively wiped away a tear from her eye. The struggle had been so hard. Could it be really true?

"Lawrence Jones, Dick Allen." A ringing cheer burst upon the air. The pent up enthusiasm of the students burst forth into wild applause. Then the rush began.

The shouting, wildly yelling crowd, hurled themselves through the narrow door-ways, fighting their way to air and freedom.

When Stanley came to, he was standing on the library steps, gazing at the throng that extended along the side-walk up to the Old Main. Where was Bessie? He wanted her. A big, handsome, athletic-looking fellow passed him. He was engaged in an animated conversation with a pretty, fluffy little girl, who was laughing merrily at some joke. Was that Bessie? And Dick Allen?

Stanley turned abruptly. Down the steps of the library, down past the observatory, down to the river bank he hurried and then struck off at a furious pace, stumbling, walking heedlessly, blindly, but keeping on and on until at last he dropped from sheer exhaustion. His mind was dazed — why couldn't he reason things?

And then . . . there were voices near him.

"But I always thought you liked that fellow — that Moore?"

"He?" A scornful little laugh. "Why, he was really one of the funniest things you ever heard of. He

was positively ridiculous. I hope you don't think I had a case there?"

"But he was at your house a good deal?"

"Oh yes, that's true, but then you see I couldn't get rid of him. And his talk — high ideals! It was perfectly killing. He's missed so much of life — all he knows is books. And so conceited — he was sure of making Phi Beta Kappa. I should think he would have known that a dig like he, couldn't get it. I'm afraid this will prick the bubble of his vanity."

"But, he liked you?"

"Well, I am afraid he did. But I'm not to blame for that, am I? He's too egotistical and self-centered. I could never care for him."

And the voices died away.

"The bubble of his vanity." The words burned their way into Stanley's brain. His house of cards came toppling down upon him. His honors lost, then Bessie. Was it true that his work had been a failure? Was it true?

The warm noon sun, high in the heavens, looked down upon him. The afternoon sun, slow-moving toward the West, beheld him and the setting sun, casting her golden glory over all, found him still, face buried in his arms, lying upon the bank of leaves.

J. Remington Victor

by Ruth Leonard



Alpha Sigma Alpha is holding a meeting.

It was after midnight and Alpha Sigma Alpha was holding a meeting. The presiding officer, his feet on the table, was balancing his weight on two legs of the one chair. The football member was stretched upon the couch. For the rest, the floor seemed covered with a network of legs.

"Come on, I'm going to bed," growled Curly. "I've got a first-hour class in the morning."

"Hold on a minute," commanded the presiding officer, bringing his number tens to the floor with a bang, as eighteen or twenty boys began slowly to untangle the network above mentioned. "There's one thing we have got to settle before initiation."

"I knew that was coming," the Deacon groaned. "You mean John Victor?"

"Yes, I do. Something's got to happen to that fellow."

"Well," said the Deacon firmly, "We've pledged him and we've got to stand by that anyway."

"I can't see it that way," came the strong voice of the football member from the couch. "I say break his pledge."

"Well, we've got to give him a fair chance," argued the Deacon. "He's your man, Flapjacks; what have you got to say for him?"

"No worse'n the average," snapped the gentleman addressed.

"Flaps," said the presiding officer sternly, "that sort o' talk won't do. You can see just as well as I how that fellow has changed since he came to college. He's got the worst case of conceit you—"

"Kid was rushed blind and bid by the four best frats," interrupted Flapjacks. Flapjacks was plainly excited. This was an unusually long sentence.

"We know all that; but, just the same he's got to be cured. We can't have a pledged man making a nuisance of himself wherever he goes."

Young idiot!" remarked the football member.

"Well, what's your scheme?" demanded the Deacon.

"Break his pledge," reiterated the voice from the couch.

"Hazing ought to do it. I'd like to see him squirm before the grand High Priest stunt that they tried on the Deacon last year," chuckled Curly.

Flapjacks shook his head vigorously. "Only make him mad."

"If we could stop him making bad puns by the yard, I could forgive anything," growled the presiding officer.

"Well, what you going to do?" demanded the Deacon again. "Flaps says we can't haze him."

"The friendly-suggestion scheme doesn't work," replied the president. "I tried that myself and got a pun."

"O! let him alone," said Flapjacks.

"I think we'll have to haze the gentleman," drawled the Crank cheerfully, as he squirmed out from under the head of the lounge. "You fellows come up to my room to-morrow night and we'll have it over with." Dropping his pipe into his pocket, the Crank strolled across the room to the door, and went out.

The others were silent a moment, then the general opinion seemed to be that they might just as well haze him; it couldn't make him any worse. So the meeting broke up.

J. Remington Victor loitered down University Avenue on his way to class. It was a beautiful September morning. J. Remington felt particularly exuberant, so he began rolling a cigarette. He did

not like to smoke; it made him sick. Therefore he rolled the cigarette slowly and ostentatiously, whistling as he walked. He was thinking about his own sudden popularity and his blood flowed warm in his veins as he reflected. Three weeks at college. They had been weeks during which upper classmen had daily, almost hourly, dropped into his room and led him off to countless festivities. In high school he had his little "crowd" and they had all been good comrades together, but not one of his mates had been "bid everything in college." What made the difference? He didn't have any more money than lots of the fellows; so it couldn't be that; it must be something about himself that they liked. In books, it was always the witty and brilliant boys who were popular. Was he witty? Well, the fellows had laughed at his jokes. Perhaps they *were* pretty good ones.

"Good morning, Mr. Victor." It was a girl's voice.

J. Remington took off his hat with a sweep, and when he replaced it, he set it rakishly upon one side. As he turned onto the campus, he heard his own fraternity whistle. The Crank was just scrambling over the sand-pile on the site of the prospective bridge. J. Remington did not wait. He strolled along, his hands jammed into his pockets, till the Crank caught up.

"Hello!" drawled the Crank.

"Hello yourself" replied J. Remington.

"Come on up to my room tonight, Johnnie, the fellows are going to have a little spread. Better stay with me all night and not bother your landlady by going back late."

"Well, you can count on your uncle for anything like a feed," responded J. Remington with a slap on Crank's shoulder that made him wince.

"Well, so-long. There's Curly, and I've got to see him." The Crank strode away 'cross-lots.

"Victor," came a deep voice. J. Remington turned to see Flapjacks close behind him, his usually stolid face displaying considerable agitation.

"Howdy," said J. Remington.

"Goin' to Crank's tonight?" demanded Flapjacks.

"O, I guess so; I —"

"Keep your nerve and temper."

"Oho! Something in the wind? Are the fellows laying for me?" cried the freshman, rather pleased at the prospect.

"It'll come out right. Only keep your head."

"O, never mind about me. I'm no green freshman. They can't scare me. Where are you going?" as Flapjacks turned at the door of the main building. "Greek."

"Well, good-bye. They won't get ahead of me." J. Remington felt of a muscle trained in boxing.

That evening the boy stumbled up the dark hall to the Crank's room and knocked. There was no answer, but he could hear talking and laughing inside, so he opened the door and went in. Most of the men were already there.

"Hello, fellows! Wonder you wouldn't have a light in the hall. I came near breaking my neck climbing the stairs," he remarked, kicking his hat under the couch.

No one looked up and so J. Remington, thinking

no one heard, repeated his remark. Still the others talked and laughed; still J. Remington's presence was unheeded. In bewilderment, he crossed the room and began to roll a cigarette.

Just then came a tap at the door. The foot ball member sprang to his feet and admitted Curly.

"Hal Ha! says Foxy Quiller!" exclaimed that gentleman. "Flapjacks what's the matter with you. Methinks your eye is somewhat dim."

"Dim yours for you," answered Flapjacks, pleasantly, with a tug at his meerschaum.

"Bring that goo?" demanded the Deacon.

"Sure. I — Well, you young stiff, it's about time you showed up." This last to two freshmen who were entering. A burst of jollity greeted them.

"Let's eat," suggested Flapjacks.

"Yes, you freshmen get out of here and bring in the spread," ordered the presiding officer.

J. Remington scrambled to his feet with the others but was promptly seized from behind and pulled down again. He turned in surprise, but no one seemed to have touched him.

"Who grabbed my coat?" he demanded.

"Guess I'll go out and oversee the children," remarked the presiding officer with a yawn.

"Hold on! Don't shut that door," called J. Remington, springing forward, only to run his head against the broad and apparently unconscious back of the foot ball member.

In due time the feast appeared. The freshmen who served were joked and bullied. Nobody joked J. Remington. It seemed strange. Perhaps they had decided not put him through any nonsense. Maybe they were afraid to risk making him mad.

"Here, my son, I want another sandwich," cried Curly to a freshman.

"I want one too," said J. Remington, who sat at Curly's left. Was it by mistake that Curly passed the plate to Flapjacks, at his right? J. Remington seized Curly's sandwich; but even this act of boldness in a freshman failed to call forth any remonstrance. Curly simply reached for another sandwich. Some way John Remington did not feel as hungry as he had. In sheer desperation he addressed witty remarks to different men, calling them by name. Did no one hear? What was the matter?

After the spread, the other freshmen were tossed in a blanket and made to sing popular rhymes to hymn tunes. J. Remington made himself as conspicuous as possible. He laughed boisterously; he got in everybody's way; but they stumbled over him and went on. Not an eye met his; not a man of them all gave a sign that he knew of J. Remington Victor's existence.

One by one the boys drifted out. When all were gone but J. Remington and the Crank, the latter took up a book and began carelessly glancing down the pages.

"Well, sailboats and paddles, I can't stand this!" exclaimed J. Remington, plunging toward the door.

"Give my love to the fellows." The door was locked. He turned back into the room, his eyes blazing.

"What's this for, I'd like to know?" he roared.

But the Crank was quietly undressing and

seemed to be wrapped in his own thoughts. J. Remington undressed too, and succeeded in getting into bed first with a queer feeling in his stomach.

The Crank turned out the light and followed without a word.

John Remington Victor heard the watch under his pillow tick off ten full minutes before either boy moved. It seemed ten hours. He could feel the blood scorching his cheeks and throbbing in his temples. His brain whirled and he could not think, only storm and rage to himself. What right had they? What had he done? Was he not —

Suddenly, through the transom, came the tinkling quaver of a mandolin, and someone sang:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Come down, little freshman, come down!
Take a reef in your hat-band and don't talk so loud!

Come down, freshie, come down!"

And then, suddenly John Victor understood. The blood went out of his brain with a rush; he felt weak and cold and dizzy, and something was struggling in the back of his throat that made it ache; for John Victor was only a boy after all, and one whose nerves had been considerably upset.

The bed-clothes stirred, just then, and, from off in the dark somewhere, a hand came over.

"Will you shake, Victor?" It was the Crank's voice. John Remington Victor turned over with a great gulp and shook.

"It's all right now, old fellow," whispered the Crank huskily.

"Thanks," and they solemnly shook hands again under the sheet.

On the way to class in the morning, Victor and the Crank encountered Flapjack's anxious countenance, which relaxed as he heard the freshman's cheerful greeting.

"Morning," said Flapjacks to John Remington. "Post-office? Better hurry — eight twenty-seven now." And the two strode off.

"By Jove, Crank," cried Curly enthusiastically, when the others were gone. "What'd you do to him? Thought when I left, the chances were good you'd have a howling lunatic on your hands. Felt sorry for the little fellow. You wouldn't have thought he'd take it so hard."

"Easy enough," replied the Crank with a shrug. Let him think awhile, then offered to shake. He took it like a man. I like him. And, Curly, second time I shook hands with him I caught myself just in time to keep from giving him the grip."

"The day of wonders is not yet passed!" exclaimed Curly, after a long whistle.





A Mutual Scoop

by Max McConn



They found a new Daily in the field.

Once upon a time (not so very many years ago) when the students of a certain university (rather less than a hundred miles from here) returned to college after the Christmas holidays, they found a new *Daily* in the field, challenging the old established sheet to battle royal.

Such an awakening as there was of would-be Danas! I suppose at least one out of every three college men has more or less definite journalistic ambitions; but, after all, journalism without competition is a deadly, dull, inglorious thing, and very much like work. For without competition there can be no "scoops" and to your true newspaper man "scoops" are the breath of life. Before, when there was only the old sheet, even its own appointed staff had shown a tendency to languish and drop away, but now — well, for the first week every man on the campus was reporting for one or the other.

Among the raw recruits enlisted by the rival camps in the first stress of the battle were two young gentlemen whom we may distinguish as Black and White, and they it is who are the heroes — and villains, too, for that matter — of this trifling tale.

For it happened that both these young men were sent out, one from each office, to "cover" the same "story," and that an important one — no less a matter than to interview the Athletic Manager and if possible get from him the gist of an article he was preparing for an eastern magazine on "Football in the West;" and further more they both arrived at the Manager's office at the same time.

It comes not within our purpose to describe their interview. The youngsters were just a little flustered over their first assignment, but the Manager was kind-hearted, as well as considerably amused, and readily "gave up" the facts; Black and White in the meantime doing their best to look "keen" and "alert," as reporters should, asking questions whenever they could think of any, and taking vo-

luminous notes, after the manner of "cubs."

Having told all he wished to, the Manager glanced at his watch and mentioned an engagement. "Stay here though, as long as you like," he added hospitably, "if you want to write while it's fresh in your mind, you know."

Both men availed themselves of this permission, on the principle of keeping an enemy in sight, I suppose, and drew up their chairs together at the table to which the Manager motioned them.

There they wrote their stories, sitting side by side, but keeping each half an eye on the other's movements. Black, of the new paper, in particular, being suspicious by nature, took care to put each sheet into his overcoat pocket as fast as it was written.

Just as he was about done, White suddenly got up, went over to a bookcase in one corner of the room, and began to examine its contents, apparently with rapt interest. In so doing he left his "copy" lying on the desk right by Black's elbow.

Black was smitten by a sore temptation. What if he should grab these sheets and make off? The matter consisted largely of quotations and figures which White could not possibly reproduce out of his head, and the Manager was gone — it would mean a "scoop," as sure as fate. All the "scoop" stories he had ever read came thronging back to him — tales of wild rides by night, thirty and forty miles, through flood and fire and savage foes and I know not what beside, to get a "story" in six hours ahead of rivals; nay, a story of a reporter, who, killed in a railroad accident, came back in the spirit and furnished his paper with a full exclusive account of the disaster, his own name in the list of the dead! And should one stop at petit larceny?

Quickly he rose and slipped the sheets under his coat. "Guess I'm done, White," he called, "So long," and made for the door. But he needn't have hurried. White was absorbed in a book.

Well, he hurried to the office, and told his tale. "You'll do," said the editor, "Where's your copy?"

Black pulled out the sheets he had "swiped."

"That's the other fellow's, isn't it? Where's your own?"

"Oh, in my pocket here," and he pulled out — just one sheet, the last he had written. "Why, that's funny! I must have lost it out someway."

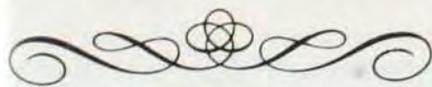
The editor puzzled a moment. "You say you and White were writing at the same desk. Which of your pockets was next to White?"

"Why, this one, but —"

"Yes, and, by jove, he picked your papers out! And when he saw you were nearly through he went to the bookcase to hide them in case you missed them and accused him. If you haven't "scooped" each other!"

Each paper the next morning contained a leading article written by a reporter of the rival sheet.





A Freshman and His Friends

by Harry V. Fuller



When asked, he'd sing or play.

That man Bissel has

got to have an initiation that he will remember," said Barrett one day when a few of the fellows were talking over the new pledge man.

"Yes," said little Johnny Green, "we'll boob him proper. I wonder who he thinks he is, anyway. He accepted the bid as though he was going to do us an honor instead of our doing him one. You bet he'll get an initiation."

"The Royal Bumpers will be too good for him," drawled Ford. "He'll have to have something excruciating — something that will rack his brain."

"Say, fellows," said Corley, "what's the matter with the proposing stunt? It's old, I know, but it will be new to the Freshman, and I understand that he likes Miss Ewing pretty well."

"I should think he did," interrupted Barrett. "I haven't been up there to call once in the last six weeks but that he has been there."

"When shall we have it happen?" asked Barney, who had been made house-manager in recognition of his executive ability.

"What's the matter with the night of the informal next week?" answered Croley. "We can fix up the den with a screen or two and put you under the davenport to see that Bissel does the job properly."

"All right," acquiesced Barrett. "You arrange things, Barney. I am going to fetch Miss Ewing, and we can request the freshman to bring no girl. And say, Corley, have you got that eight-karat piece of glass of yours yet? We can use that for the engagement ring."

Corley said that he had, and so they went on with the arrangement of the details.

Barrett had met Bissel at one of Miss Ewing's "At Homes" a little before the rushing season had begun. The girl had given Barrett all the necessary information concerning Bissel and his family and had told him that she would drive a spike for Chi Rho if they wanted the man. Barrett had thanked her and

said that he would look him up.

It was with great difficulty, however, that Barrett had made a date with Bissel the next day. While Bissel had not said so, yet Barrett had found out that it was because of a number of engagements with other fraternities. However, he had finally succeeded in getting him to lunch for the following noon.

That fact of Bissel's being rushed by a number of fraternities at the same time created no little interest in the man, and so it was no wonder that on the day that he came to lunch, Parmley, the steward, had muttered things under his breath and had whispered quietly, but fiercely, to the fellows not to send their plates back twice, for the whole fraternity was there *en masse*.

Bissel had departed himself carefully and consistently, and there had been none of that bashfulness manifest in him, which in some really good men tends to create a bad impression. When he had been asked to sing, he sang. And when he had been asked to play he played, not bashfully and with a scared look, nor yet in a forward manner and with conceit. He had done it naturally and spontaneously; just as though it were a common occurrence with him to display his talents before a crowd of critical fellows.

In an ordinary man this apparent nonchalance would have displeased them. But he seemed to conduct himself with such lack of self-consciousness that the fellows had rather liked his unconcern.

It was not, however, until they had come to bid him that he had done anything that incurred their displeasure. The bidding committee had asked him the old stock question, "What do you think of fraternities in general?" and he had made answer, "While I think they are a good thing, yet I don't believe they are the only thing in a man's college life. And while I shall certainly join one if I ever am so fortunate as to get a bid, yet I shall be perfectly happy and content if I do not."

Ordinarily a man would have been dropped on the instant after this speech; but the fellows wanted him, and knowing that he would probably be snapped up by some other frat, had overlooked his rather pointed remarks and bid him.

He had then sprung another surprise on them. He told them that as they had no doubt looked him up it was no more than right that they give him time to look them up.

This had rather disconcerted the committee. For they had been used to entirely different reasons, such as the necessity of writing home to "Father," or of considering the expenses of fraternity life. But this pre-cautious freshman seemed to have original methods of his own.

And so it was that the fellows intended to be very severe with Bissel. They realized that with an old man like him such a test as pouring ice-cold mercury into his hands for boiling lead would be of no value. On the other hand, forcing him to propose to a girl of whom he thought a great deal might try even his composure. Hence the arrangement of the den with palms and screens galore, and the placing therein of the davenport nicely arranged for two.

A little before the guests began to arrive for the evening a couple of the fellows called Bissel up to their room.

"Bissel," said Barney, closing the door, "initiation begins for you tonight. Remember, my son, that these are the times that try men's souls, and that if you have any desire to turn back, you should express it now or else forever hold your peace. Are you prepared?"

"I am," said Bissel simply. "But I thought that this was to be a party?"

"It is," drawled Ford, "and you are to furnish the amusement. Are you fully prepared?"

"I am."

"All right. Now then, listen to your instructions. You know Miss Ewing, do you not?"

"I do."

"Well, first you are to secure the second, fifth, ninth and eleventh dances with her. You know her well enough for that do you not?"

"I — do."

"Second, you are to pay her marked attention all the evening. Not such as may make her conspicuous, but so that she will notice it."

"Third, during the eleventh dance you are to conduct her to the den and in your sweetest and most melodious voice ask her to become your wife. Will you do this?"

"I — will."

"Here, then, freshman, is a ring that you may do the deed up properly. And now you may go."

But they did not know that there was a broad grin on the freshman's face as he walked slowly down the stairs.

"Didn't seem to fuss him much, did it?" said Barney, after Bissel had gone.

"Oh, it isn't fussing him any, now," drawled Ford. "The full significance of the thing hasn't had time to sink in yet. But that immaculate collar of his will begin to wilt about the time the girl begins to murmur softly, 'Thith ith tho thudden.' I'd give a five to be under the davenport in Barrett's place tonight."

Soon after this the couples began to arrive.

The dance was to be held in the goat-room, and as Miss Ewing and Barrett entered the hall, Bissel met them. Miss Ewing shook hands with Bissel very effusively, and, as Barrett excused himself to fetch the programs, Bissel said a few hurried words to her in a low voice. At first she looked puzzled, then amazed, and finally a knowing little smile broke over her face.

Barrett came back at this time and after taking his dances, handed her card to Bissel.

"I am going to take four dances with you, Miss Ewing. May I?" said Bissel.

"Don't you think that is two too many?" answered Miss Ewing with a raise of the eyebrows. "My partner has only three dances with me — but if you really want them, I suppose you —," and Bissel put them down.

Barrett sat out the second dance, looking rather glum.

"What's the matter?" asked Ford, sauntering up. "Isn't the game running smoothly?"

"Altogether too smooth," growled Barrett. "Why,

he didn't have any more trouble than a rabbit getting those dances, and there I only had three, and I brought her."

"Huh," muttered Ford, ambling away. "Game seems to be fussing the wrong man. But Barrett can't kick — Miss Ewing was his own suggestion."

The rest of the evening Barrett's face kept getting longer and longer, and his answers to the fellows when they spoke to him about Bissel, shorter and shorter, so that it was a veritable bear that solemnly crawled under the davenport at the end of the tenth dance.

As the strains of the eleventh came floating into the den, two people entered and seated themselves on the davenport.

"Miss Ewing — Clara —" said the man, after a few moments of small talk, "I have something important to say to you."

"Well, Will, what is it," murmured Miss Ewing, leaning comfortably back in the cushions.

There was a slight noise under the davenport at the familiar use of first names.

"Well, the fact is — Clara, for a long time now I have been desperately in love with you, and I take this opportunity of asking you to become my —" At this point there was a great commotion under the davenport and Barrett scrambled out. A string of dusty cobwebs was hanging from one eyebrow and one end of his collar had slipped its moorings.

"Don't accept him," cried Barrett. "Don't accept him. He doesn't mean it, it's only part of his —"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Bissel, giving Barrett a cold stare. "Who is doing this proposing, anyway? I shall continue — and I take this opportunity of asking you to become my wife."

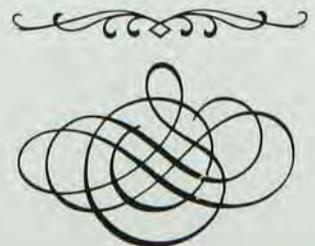
"Won't you be the first to congratulate us, Mr. Barrett?" said Miss Ewing, smiling radiantly at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Barrett, flushing to the roots of his hair, "I certainly do — and — and would you be offended if I asked Mr. Bissel to take you home to night?"

"Certainly not," murmured Clara, as she went out on Bissel's arm on their way to the dressing-room.

Before Bissel slipped on his coat he wrote a card and stuck it in the mirror.

"Fellows," it ran, "the next time you have occasion to make a man do 'excruciating stunts' don't choose a girl from the Dramatic Club. And don't give a fellow so much time with her before the appointed hour. You can plan a whole lot in three dances. If it will comfort Barrett any, tell him that we are not engaged and that Miss Ewing wants him to come up tomorrow night the same as usual."



The Reason Why

by Malcolm A. MacLean



The stands and sidelines are filled.

I tell you fellows, I can't play tomorrow. You know very well that I'm all out of training."

A small group of players, who had just come in from practice, were standing by the door of the armory which led in from the field.

"But, Ned," said Will Raymond, the captain of the Varsity, "Jed Kinney is laid up with a bad knee, and you are the only one who can fill his place. It's our big game, too."

"Can't help it," returned Ned Sirymer. "Haven't had on a suit since last fall, and would spoil the game. You know what a halfback without training is."

The coach came up at this point and said, "We need you to help lick Wisconsin tomorrow. Come in for the honor of the college, old chap."

"Come out in your togs, anyway," said the captain, and Ned promised to do this.

As it was getting dusk, Sirymer passed out through the gate, and went over to "Buck's." A large gathering had assembled, as was customary before a large game, and he was the center of interest as he walked in.

"Give me a package of Bull," he said to the clerk.

"I say, Sirymer," remarked one of the bystanders, "Aren't you goin' to play tomorrow? We heard you were, but that tobacco seems to say not."

"Don't think so," answered Sirymer, as he poked the Durham. "Kinney is the man."

"But he is laid up," said another of the group.

Sirymer had started to go out of the door, but he turned around long enough to say, "Oh, he's all right."

He went down the avenue towards his boarding house and thought the matter over. At supper he spoke to no one. When he left the room one of the boarders said, "Ned's sore at something, eh? Do any of you chaps know whether he is to play tomorrow?"

"Guess so," remarked another man, who was on the *Daily*. At least his name was on the lineup we got to-day."

"Great stuff," said the first speaker. "That makes us safe."

Sirymer went into his room and built a fire in the fireplace. After lighting it he sat down in an easy chair with a deep sigh of satisfaction. He pulled the sack of tobacco from his pocket and filled his briar.

"Well, here goes," he muttered to himself, as he struck a match and lit the pipe. "No game for me tomorrow."

He smoked for some time in silence as his mind ran over the games he had figured in so prominently the past three years.

"I've done my duty to the old college; so why should I go in tomorrow?" So his mind ran. "Too much work, and the chances of getting hurt are too many. Look how old Samuels got laid out last Saturday. Suppose —"

Suddenly his face clouded. "Ah, that's it — am I afraid?"

He puffed on for several moments, and then, as though speaking to the fire, he said, "What would she say?"

At this he took a letter from his pocket and drew out the contents. The light from the fire fell across the page. He read it intently, and, when he came to the last few words, he paused — then he re-read them slowly:

"I wish you were playing again this year, Ned, because I know the team needs you. Will Harrison came out to see me yesterday, and he said that the team had been been the same since you left. Do go in the last game and help the team. It is for the honor of the college and —"

He looked musingly into the glowing coals. "Am I man enough to do that much for the team? Should I let my petty dislike of getting hurt keep me from doing my duty?"

He buried his face in his hands. Then, "Could I claim her with the knowledge that I was a coward?"

At this he rose and put his pipe, which had gone out in the meantime, on the table.

"By George, I'll do it!" he exclaimed aloud.

The stands and sidelines were filled with an excited crowd the next afternoon. Having cheered the band, the team, and everything in general, they were ready for the game.

Wisconsin was already on the field when Minnesota came running out of the armory. As the teams lined up it was noticed that Kinney was in his place at half, but that Sirymer stood on the sidelines in his uniform.

The playing was fast and furious, but it was soon seen that Wisconsin was steadily gaining. They could not be stopped, and, after twenty minutes of play, they crossed Minnesota's line. They failed to convert the touchdown into a goal, however.

The crowd was standing loyally by the team, and tried to urge it to greater efforts.

The Minnesota halves plunged into the line, only to be driven back. Barely six minutes of play were left. It was noticed that Kinney was having trouble with his knee again, and he was laid out nearly

every time he went against the line. At last two of the players carried the plucky fellow to the side lines, although he pleaded to be retained.

"Sirymer," shouted the coach, and Ned jumped to his feet and threw off the blanket which had covered him. A great cheer went up as the crowd recognized him, and the customary "What's the matter with Sirymer?" rang out.

He ran out and took his place. The captain slapped him on the back, but said nothing.

The ball was given to him on the next play, and he made his distance. Then he immediately went around left end for fifteen yards. The stands were mad with excitement.

Down went the procession towards the Badger goal. Nothing could withstand the furious onslaught of the Minnesota backs.

When they got within thirty yards of the Wisconsin line they were held for two downs.

Then Ned took the ball on a mass play against tackle. He plunged through and eluded the quarter. Then he dashed down the field with the two teams in full pursuit. Twenty yards more and the Wisconsin fullback opposed him. Just as they met, Ned's arm went out and sent him headlong. The line was but five yards away when he slipped and fell. By a great effort he managed to crawl across the line just as a frantic pursuer threw himself on him.

Pandemonium seemed to break loose, and the uproar lasted for several minutes. It increased, if such a thing was possible, when the goal was kicked.

After the kick-off the whistle blew before the teams could line up. The score was six to five in favor of Minnesota.

The second half was a battle royal. Minnesota played as it never played before. Sirymer's presence seemed to brace up the whole team and Wisconsin seemed unable to score. At last the final whistle blew.

The great crowd poured into the field, yelling wildly. Sirymer was lifted on to the shoulders of the victorious team, and the crowd cheered his name to the echo. The band played "A Hot Time" as they escorted the team to the armory, but changed the tune to "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes!" as Sirymer was carried through the door.

That evening, as he sat alone in his room he heard a noise coming down the street, and he opened his window to see what it was. A great crowd of students were marching down town to celebrate the victory. As they came to his house they stopped and demanded that he show himself.

When they saw him in the window they cheered him again and again.

After they had finally gone on their way down the street, he turned to the table and took up a photograph which lay there.

He looked at it long and earnestly.

"They may wonder why I did it," he said, as though speaking to her, "but you alone know."



Cattle judging, Saint Paul campus, 1910.



Grain analysis, women students only, 1910.

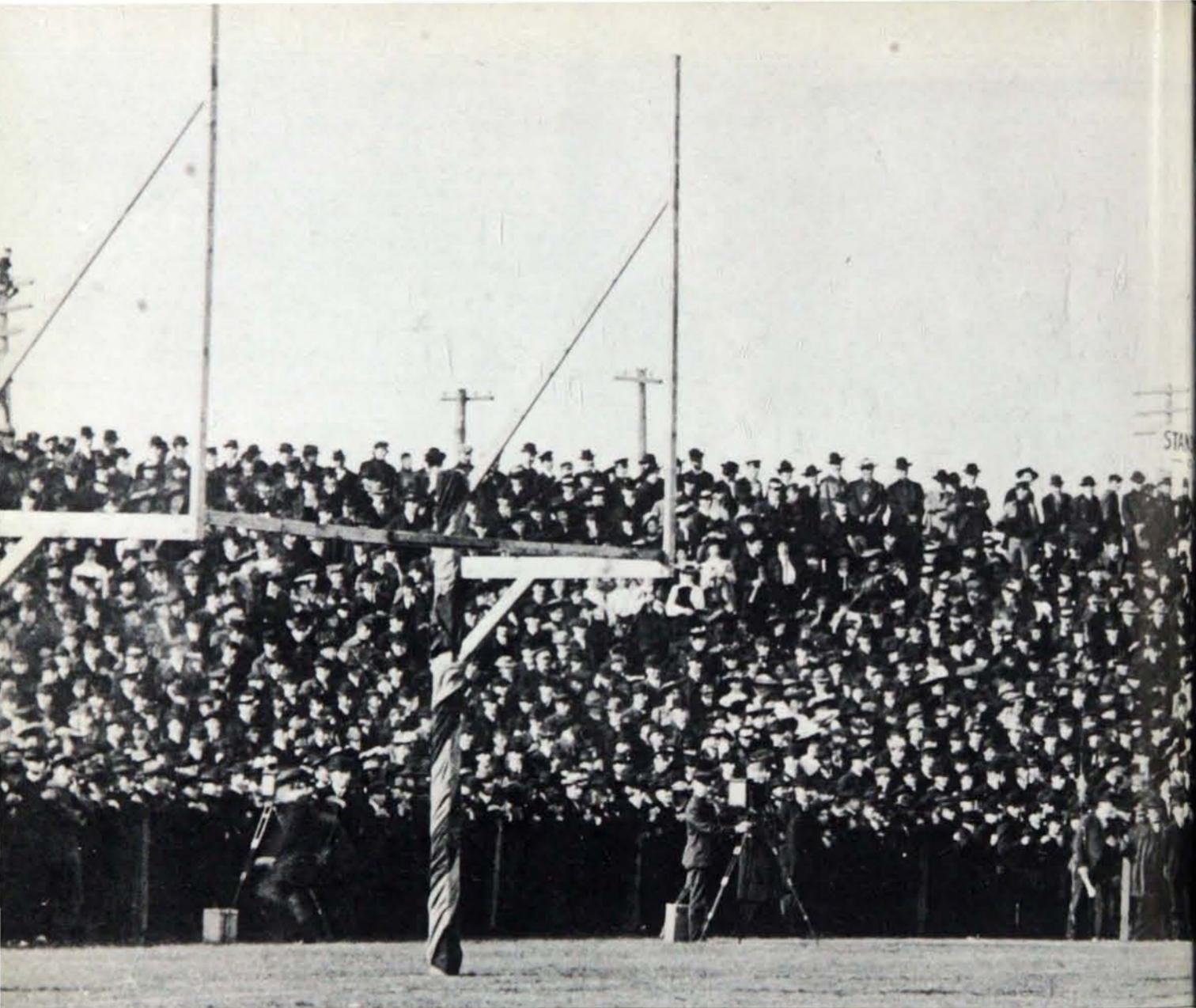


Men only in grain analysis class, 1910.





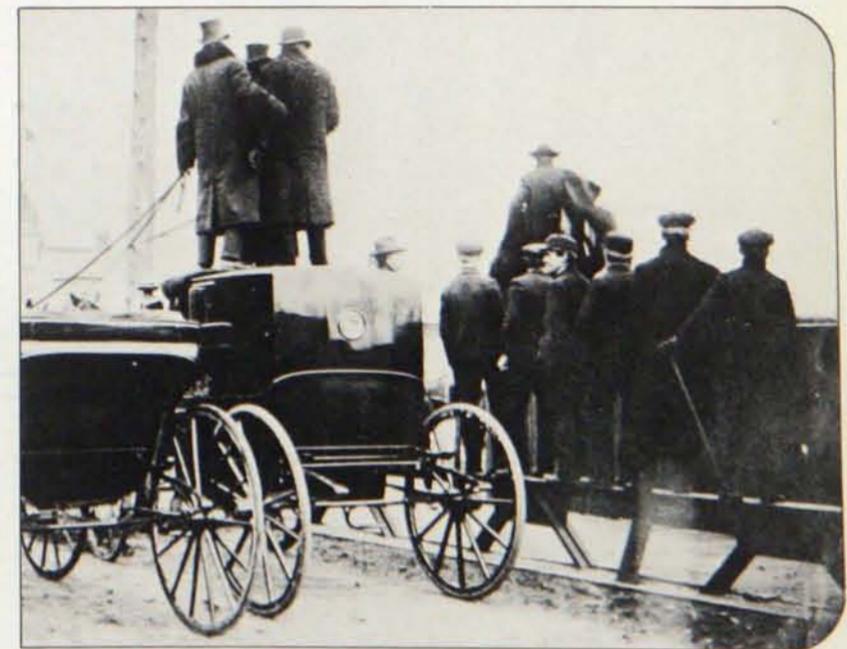
Professor Clement Williams lecturing, 1905.



Team with mascot



Fred Burgan with unknown mascot.



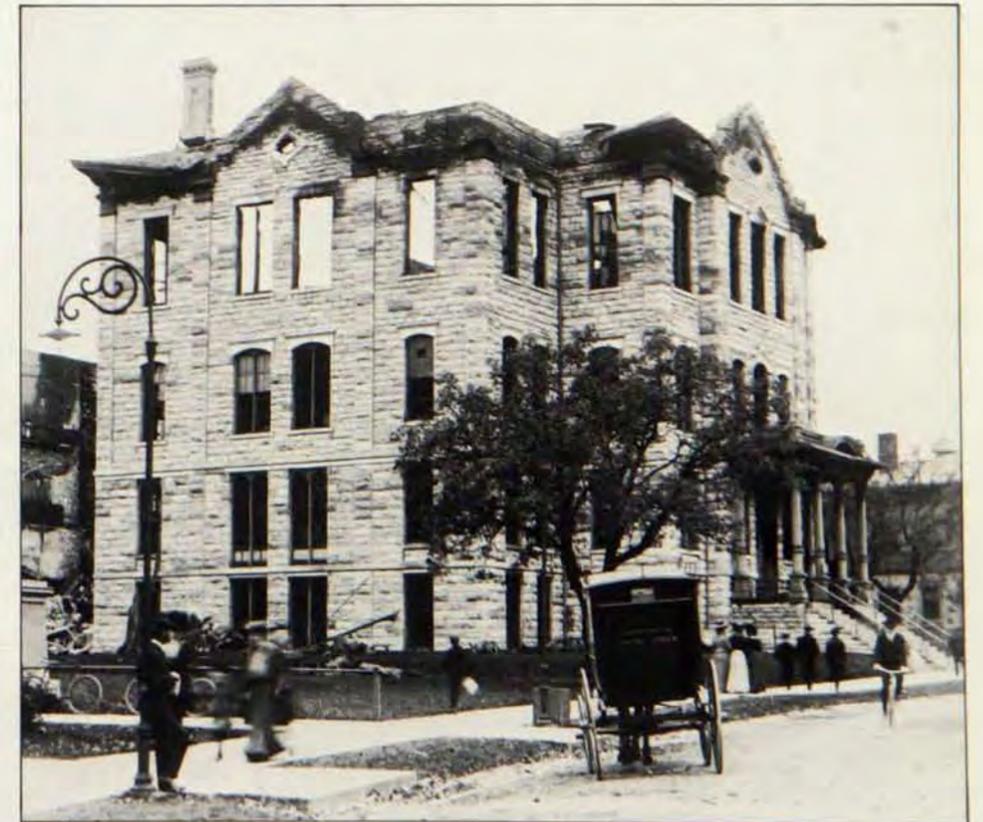
Spectators standing on a hansom cab near the railroad overlooking Northrop Field.



Old Main Building, 1904.



Old Main fire, Sept. 24, 1904.



Old Main after fire.



Graduation exercises, Cyrus Nor... speaks in the
Armory, around 1900.



Acknowledgments

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University of Minnesota Archives, pages 4, 5, 18, 27

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That was the life, especially if you owned a high-wheeled (ordinary) bicycle. And although these boys were not identified in this turn of the century photograph, who knows, maybe they went on to the University of Minnesota to become even bigger wheels.

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 Richard D. Haines '76MA
 Design Director
 Gordon E. Wilkinson '65BFA

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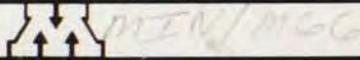
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MINNESOTA



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

March 1979



PIP SEES MISS HAVISHAM IN FLAMES



MINNESOTA

Volume 78 No. 6

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- 10 Dominick Argento's New Opera

by Paul Froiland
Says Julius Rudel, director of the New York City Opera: "We are going to present the world premiere of a brand new work which we commissioned from . . . one of America's foremost composers. It is based on a portion of Charles Dickens' Great Expectations and concerns the events surrounding Miss Havisham's fire."

- 15 Let Them Sound Off

Photos by Tom Foley
Seven University of Minnesota students talked candidly about their first impressions . . . making friends . . . is the University big and impersonal? . . . some like it big . . . quality of education . . . class size . . . free to be.

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by Leonard Lang
A Paulist priest who lives in Alabama thinks a former Minnesota football star should be canonized.

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Cover: "I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her," says Pip. Charles Dickens' *Miss Havisham* will be featured in a new opera written by Dominick Argento of the University of Minnesota. The illustration is by Edward Ardizzone. **Inside Front Cover:** (Top to bottom) Brian Martin (*The Actor*); Michael Moorman (*Bubnov*); and Dennis McNamara (*Satin*) in a scene from *The Lower Depths* by Maxim Gorki. The University of Minnesota Theater's presentation was selected for regional competition and it may be chosen as one of 10 plays to be presented in the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C.

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Back to Drawing Board

University is unhappy with the governor's no-growth budget plan

University of Minnesota officials will work to increase the \$394.9 million appropriation that Gov. Albert Quie recommended for the institution during the next two years.

The governor's recommendation goes to the 1979 Legislature for consideration along with the University's request for \$437 million for the biennium.

Observers say that in the past the governors' recommendations usually have been close to what was finally appropriated by the legislature.

University Vice President Stanley B. Kegler, who is faced with the task of defending the request, said the University would be in "deep trouble" if the Quie recommendations were accepted.

"With \$20 million more in there, we would avoid deep trouble," Kegler said.

President C. Peter Magrath said he was concerned that the Quie budget would continue an erosion of quality that many faculty members believe began in 1971, another year of tight appropriations for the University.

Magrath and Kegler said the University would continue to argue for the full request that was approved last summer by the Board of Regents.

"If we can't get some appropriations to meet inflation, then we are de facto cutting back," Magrath said about the Quie no-growth budget.

"The thing that initially troubles me the most is the governor's failure to recommend non-salary price level increases," he said. "Inflation affects every academic program, every department of the University."

The University had requested \$11.1

Bill Huntzicker is a writer for the University of Minnesota's News Service.

million for meeting cost increases throughout the five-campus system during the next two years.

The University request and the Quie recommendation differ by about \$42 million.

Quie deferred his decision on an additional \$59 million of the University's requested increase, which includes such items as faculty salary increases, social security funds, rising fuel and utility costs and student tuition.

Quie recommended that tuition increase by seven percent in each year of the biennium. This would increase University income by about \$10 million. The request included no assumptions about tuition income.

Decisions on a \$41.9 million request for academic salary increases — 11 percent in each year of the biennium — and about \$5 million in requested social security increases were deferred until later in the year, when salary negotiations involving the State University System and community college faculties are to be completed.

The University's request for a \$2.3 million increase to meet rising fuel and utility costs was deferred, and the University will seek an appropriation for increasing energy costs from a contingency account to be administered by the Legislative Advisory Commission.

The largest increase Quie recommended, Kegler said, was for a \$2.5 million "base adjustment," which is to put on recurring funding a civil service pay plan approved by the state during the current biennium.

Quie's largest program increase recommendation was a \$939,000 supplement to University libraries to offset inflation in the cost of books and periodicals, and he recommended a

\$200,000 increase for the Graduate School Research Fund.

Magrath said he was gratified by these recommendations, which showed a recognition of the University's unique position as a graduate and professional school.

Other increases that Quie recommended are: \$923,000 for increased costs of skilled people hired on construction contracts; \$280,000 for transit services; \$263,000 for rental costs; \$466,000 to meet federal requirements to get funds for the School of Dentistry;

\$477,000 for services for handicapped students; \$600,000 for agricultural research; \$600,000 to match federal money for surface mining research; \$200,000 to seek federal money for a Sea Grant program on water research; \$42,000 for the Gray Freshwater Biological Institute; and \$14,000 for a training program for firefighters.

Quie recommended funding for 5.9 of the University's requested 227 new faculty and civil service positions.

The recommendation includes one academic position for the Freshwater Biological Institute, one half-time person for the Sea Grant program and four-tenths of a position for the fire education program.

Three new civil service positions were recommended to improve services for handicapped students and one civil service position was recommended for the Sea Grant program.

Magrath said he was concerned about \$2.4 million that the University requested to pay for workers' and unemployment compensation over the coming biennium and to meet deficits already existing in these funds.

State officials say, however, that the

University should budget internally for workers' and unemployment compensation, according to Dale Nelson, education coordinator for the state Department of Finance.

"To have granted the University what it asked for in this area would have been to treat the University preferentially," Nelson said.

No funds were recommended for women's intercollegiate athletics. Magrath said he would not take academic funds for sports, even if the legislature fails to fund this item of nearly \$1.3 million.

Regents Want South African Investments

The University of Minnesota Board of Regents voted not to sell \$22 million in stocks and bonds it holds in American companies that do business in South Africa, and instead approved a resolution to pursue proxy issues relating to human rights in those companies.

Regent David Lebedoff's motion to "divest in a prudent manner, but as rapidly as possible," was defeated on a 7-to-4 vote at a special meeting of the committee of the whole, with Regents Lebedoff, Mary Schertler, Wenda Moore and Michael Unger voting for the motion. Regent Lloyd Peterson was not present.

The action is subject to full board approval.

After the defeat of the Lebedoff motion, the regents voted unanimously in favor of a proposal by President C. Peter Magrath that the University:

"Actively pursue proxy issues relating to human rights in South Africa in those corporations in which the University has investments;

"Reinforce the University's position as a responsible, informed and active shareholder; and

"Work actively on the follow-up and implementation of the Sullivan principles, and continue to provide leadership in this arena to other universities and institutions."

(The Sullivan principles, drafted by Baptist minister Leon H. Sullivan, urge the elimination of segregation in work areas; equality in employment, pay, hiring, training and promotion; and the improvement of employees' quality of life. Since March of 1977, shareholder resolutions to adopt these principles have been presented at stockholders' meetings of many companies doing business in South Africa.)

Before the votes were taken, the regents heard presentations from 12 individuals, most recommending divestiture.

Lansine Kaba, history professor at the University and an African, said that Sullivan, in drafting his princi-

ples, "has not perceived the South African system in the most correct perspective. The Sullivan principles will not change apartheid."

Kaba said that through its investments in South Africa, the University is "participating in the repression of South African blacks."

In making his motion, Lebedoff proposed that the University ask for a declaratory judgment from the courts to determine the legality of divestiture.

"The possibility for peaceful change and granting of rights to black individuals does not exist under the current government," he said. "The argument has been that the presence of American corporations in South Africa raises the standard of living for their employees, and is a road to freedom.

"There is no road to freedom in South Africa. The Sullivan principles will do nothing to make those slaves more than slaves, ever," he said.

A legal opinion submitted by David Brink of Dorsey, Windhorst, Hannaford, Whitney and Halladay stated that divestiture of investment based on political or social considerations would be fiscally irresponsible and could lay the regents open to suit, either as individuals or as a board.

Lebedoff argued that Brink's opinion was not necessarily the only one possible. "It is by no means a unanimous view," he said.

Board chairwoman Moore said the investments in question could be disposed of on the basis of their value as healthy investments. "My conclusion is that South Africa is a poor invest-

ment," she said.

"The country is a powder keg waiting for a match," she said, adding that in the event of civil war or collapse of the current government, the capital investments held by American corporations in South Africa could be nationalized or destroyed outright.

In a statement he read to the board, Magrath said that "University investments in American corporations doing business in South Africa do not constitute an endorsement of the government policies of that country any more than our investments in American corporations conducting business in many other nations around the world imply an endorsement of those governments.

"There is little, if any, evidence that divestiture of University holdings would lead to any other outcome than simply having those stocks purchased by other investors either here or abroad," he said.

Magrath said that the Sullivan principles are "aimed at compelling American corporations to conduct their business activities in South Africa in such a way as to recognize basic human rights.

"Although the results of his (Sullivan's) now well-organized campaign are still mixed, there seems to be some evidence that the Sullivan principles are making an impact," Magrath said.

After his recommendation was adopted, Magrath agreed to report to the board in six months on the progress of the companies in which the University holds stock in implementing the Sullivan principles.

Elizabeth Petrangelo



At a recent student rally where protesters objected to the University's ownership of stock in corporations doing business in South Africa, a scuffle ensued over the use of a microphone. Photo by Ned Ahrens of the Minnesota Daily.

Can Yours Top Hers?

Ellen Peterson Langguth has discovered
16 descendants who have 27 degrees

She probably lives on Superior Street in Minneapolis because she's a superior person. Anyway that was our impression when Ellen came bouncing into the

office the other day, overshoes unzipped, hat tightly in place, a wisp of gray hair sticking out.

"You've been to Sweden how many times?"

"Five," she said, "in 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, and 1976. My granddaughter, Ann, went with me the last time. We stayed there five weeks and spent only two nights in



Charles and Mathilda Peterson on their wedding day in 1892; then, around 1930, on a hill near Mora, Minnesota.

the hotel. The rest of the time we were with family."

Ellen Peterson Langguth, who was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1927, has located 80 living relatives in Sweden and has visited 65 of them. Once, in 1973, she appeared on a Swedish television national station. She found more relatives after the show.

The retired medical social worker from General Hospital after 30 years' service is interested in her family.

She handed us three sheets of white paper that had been taped together so they measured two feet in width and at the top of the center paper she had written:

"This chart is a record of the 16 direct descendants of Charles and Mathilda Peterson of Mora, Minnesota, who are graduates of the University of Minnesota.

"Between 1921 and 1977, eight sons and daughters, seven grandchildren, and one great-grand child have received a total of 27 degrees from the University of Minnesota."

Then in family-tree style she and her husband, Karl Langguth, who also is a 1927 graduate of the University, listed their three children:

1. Mona received her BA (*magna cum laude*) in 1952 and her MA in 1956, but by that time she was married to Garry Walz, who is a 1958 graduate.

2. Camilla received her BS (*magna cum laude*) in 1953 and a BA in 1955, then she married Thomas Reiersgord who received a BA degree in 1956. She got her JD degree in 1970. She and Tom have three children: Diane, BA (*summa cum laude*) in 1977; Susan is expected to graduate in June; and Robert is a junior.

3. JoEllen received her BS degree in 1958 and married Maland Hurr who has three degrees from Minnesota. They have a daughter, Gretchen, who will enroll this fall.

Now, the point is this: the University of Minnesota Alumni Association is looking for a family, a big family, of University alumni to honor at our 75th anniversary dinner June 6, 1979. (The Association was formally organized Jan. 30, 1904.)

The committee, we're calling it "We're Looking," is looking for the family — either in Minnesota or living elsewhere — that has the

largest number of living descendants who *matriculated* at the University.

Note that word *matriculated*. If Ellen counts former students (15 hours or more) her list would be longer.

Now there's a catch. We're looking for the alumni family with the most living lineal members who have attended the University. Lineal members are grandparents, parents and children of direct descent (no cousins, uncles, aunts,

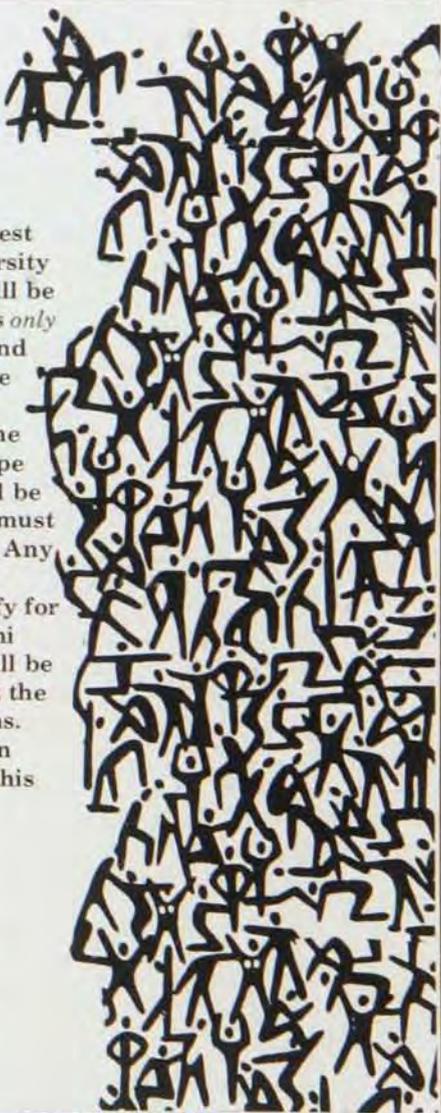
nieces, nephews, please).

In the meantime, though, Ellen Peterson Langguth is not sitting around waiting to win the contest and cart home the prize. She continues to make plans to go back to Sweden for a sixth time and to entertain family who come here to visit.

"I've had 17 guests visit me here and they have stayed anywhere from a few days to two weeks. And more are coming."

We're Looking

... for the family having the largest number of alumni from the University of Minnesota. Family definition will be restricted to living, lineal members *only* (mother, father, sons, daughters and grandchildren). That family will be honored at the 75th Anniversary Annual Meeting June 6, 1979, at the Saint Paul Radisson Hotel. We hope several members of the family will be in attendance, however, only one must attend to receive a special award. Any member of the Minnesota Alumni Association who thinks they qualify for this award may contact the Alumni Center. In addition, that family will be recognized throughout the year at the various 75th Anniversary functions. The Minnesota Alumni Association was organized Jan. 30, 1904, and this year marks its 75th anniversary.



Please list your family and the relationship. Use a separate sheet of paper. Then, send by no later than May 18, 1979, to:

Minnesota Alumni Association
2610 University Avenue
Saint Paul, Minnesota 55114

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Telephone _____

Class Year _____

Salem Is Sold on Salem

The new Gopher football coach
is a great believer in himself

More than just a coach, Smokey Joe Salem could be termed a college football entrepreneur. He thinks like Tex Rickard, talks like a Roller Derby promoter and can fantasize like a Hollywood mogul plotting a flick on the end of the world.

Vern Gagne, take your shabby wrestling scripts and run for cover!

"Look, I know what a hot potato the new domed stadium is," the newly-appointed Gopher football coach explains. "I don't want to be a part of the controversy. But if the dome is built, do you know what it can mean for Minnesota football?"

"Well, first, how about Saturday night football! Make this a big social event. Promoters tell me Saturday nights can outdraw Saturday afternoons by maybe 30 percent. The women could go out in their minks or new dresses and make this a social event — a fashion show. Nobody can complain about getting dirty, dusty or cold or wet. Dinner at the Blue Horse or Murray's and then a night of hot college football with an action game plan. O.K.?"

"But there's a selfish motive here, too. With Saturday night football under the dome, the Gophers could have a real home field edge. I know this, the first time I took a team into a Saturday night game, half of them fell

asleep on the bench. It fouled up their game-day habits something awful. I had to wake up my linebackers before they'd go into the game.

"But when we put on night football under our dome at Northern Arizona, hey, it was a big edge! The lights, the field, the time. Everything is working in the home team's favor."

That's just the beginning. Bigger crowds, more fun and an edge are only the top-line sweets setting up the recruiting program. That's the bottom line.

"The dome and fast turf has to appeal to the speed specialists we might bring in from, say, Texas or Florida. Would you believe my last year at South Dakota I had 21 youngsters from Florida in my football program? I have a wonderful friend who scouts for me in that state. I have good contacts in California although most California blue-chippers stay home. But the boy from a warm climate would love to play in a dome in perfect field conditions."

Smokey Joe may blush if you ask him about the power of positive thinking. His recruiters already have a picture of the dome framed against the Minneapolis skyline, which they show prospective gridders. "We don't tell them it's a cinch. Only a maybe." His eyes twinkle. He's got that devilish grin going again.

The late Tom Warner, former Saint Paul prep coaching great and once an aide to Salem, told me Joe could sell Flin Flon U. to a pearl diver. Already

there are reasons to believe it. For instance, six of our area's top preps who had filled out their six-campus travel tours and had not included Gopherville, suddenly changed their minds and are visiting the campus. These are top youngsters solicited by major powers like Nebraska, Notre Dame and Stanford.

"I don't say we'll get all six. But no blue-chipper will ever leave this state again thinking he wasn't wanted," said Salem. "The home-grown boys will be my blood and guts performers. I hope we have maybe 70 percent of them starting. The others will be hot-footed specialists who want to be here because they like our style, the school, the education, the possibilities for hooking on in Twin Cities business. Hey, this area has more to offer than most. Forget the weather. If we can get Florida and Nassau basketball players here we can get some Florida and Texas and Louisiana footballers."

Everywhere Salem goes he talks to businessmen about getting behind his program. His first public speech was given before the Transportation Club and he got a dozen top leaders in the group to pledge summer jobs for his gridders.

"Tommy Prothro, the great old UCLA coach, once said that 90 percent of the good ones have their minds made up which school they want to go to when they are just little tykes. Then they hope that school contacts them. I think 90 percent of our little fellows in

Don Riley is a staff writer for the St. Paul Pioneer Press. This was the second of a two-part series.

Minnesota want to play for the U. Believe me, the top ones will be contacted. There are some who just won't develop unless they get more action in a smaller school. There are others who are ready right now."

Smokey is not kidding himself about finding a bevy of Red Granges and Bronko Nagurskis under every snow-drift.

"Look, the California and Texas boy plays about one-third more prep football by the time he gets to school. Our kids may be just as good athletes, but they need more polishing time. In California, they play summer passing-league football, like touch football, with seven-man teams. All the prep specialists play 30 or so of these games through their careers. We'll have to compensate for those artists by bringing a few in where they have spring and summer drills."

The irrepressible Salem will talk all day and all night about college football. He can hardly wait to spring his 92 formations and hundreds of variables at the Big 10. He can hardly sit still when he envisions his deep I power sweep, just like Southern Cal's, taking off around end with Marion Barber escorted by a five-man blocking convoy. He chuckles when he thinks of reaction by the Gopher fans the day he unloads 40 passes and tries five end-arounds and three end-arounds-with-passes.

"Of course, if they backfire, Joe ducks flying bottles. But I believe in my offensive fireworks. I believe in our gambling defenses. I believe that an interception once every 10 passes doesn't hurt as much as two fumbles to the other side. I believe in the few big plays — the game-breakers."

Most of all, Smokey Joe believes in himself.

"I've served my time in the minors. I've had teams playing before 1,400 fans and 14,000 and believe me, it's more fun and better for the kids before the big crowds. I'm not afraid of the heat. I don't consider myself a neophyte in the Big 10. There isn't that much difference in strategy or game-planning or the execution. Just more and better people and bigger stadiums. And I love big stadiums!"

Every coach has a philosophy. Joe's is simple:

"Football isn't a world war. I've had teams suffer terrible losses. I tell them, 'Forget the loss this minute. And forget a win in a few minutes. Think only that this is just one day, one game. You either set out to accomplish what you wanted to or you didn't. If you failed, next time you'll succeed. Always think ahead. Never look behind. But tomorrow I begin working for next week. And next time I'll be better.' If a man improves, I can't ask for more. I want the chance to improve, too. If there's one thing I'm not, it's stubborn."

"I went West a running coach off the wishbone. I switched to an air game. Then I couldn't get my running backs outside well enough to suit me. I brought in Pat Morris, the great blocking guard for Southern Cal, to install the power I sweeps. If I see something I like better than what I'm using, I'll go for it. Variety. Deception. Unpredictability — that's my game philosophy."

Because of Joe's resiliency and flexibility he has taken 2-9 and 2-8 teams and turned them into winners a year later. Smokey figures if he's losing he must be doing something wrong as well as the players. If there's one thing he's not, it's indecisive. He's equipped himself with a young, aggressive staff willing to gamble and willing to create. He calls them "my fireballs."

"I'm saddened that Gopher crowds have dropped off so badly. But I've always believed a winner, an entertaining winner, can bring out the throngs. I've heard that there's not the enthusiasm there used to be and that there's so much room people are lying down on their seats.

"My ambition is to put a team on the field every game that has a good chance — whether it's playing Ohio U or Ohio State. I'm not an emotional coach. I want consistency rather than the Charge of the Light Brigade. But I want my people to believe they can beat anyone.

"I may not be a big success overnight. Obviously there are problems to correct. But I've gone in as a troubleshoot-

er before and turned things around. I'm ready for the challenge. And you can tell the fans they'll see lots of action. We'll be geared to strike from any place on the field. And I think we have enough quality horses to spring some surprises earlier than most people believe."

That could be Ohio State or Southern Cal, which appear in the first three weeks of the 1979 University schedule.

Does Smokey have rabbit ears or can he handle the taunts of the fans when things are rough? Can he ride the rough seas as well as the calm?

"Lemme put it this way. My most vociferous critic will be my dad. He saw every Gopher game for 30 years. He's still loud and a tough talker. One game in Northern Arizona I was battling to win in the last two minutes. There was a sudden hush of the crowd and out of the stands boomed this big voice:

"'Call a time out you dummy!' It was my dad. He still thinks I'm a sixth string quarterback."

Whether Joe gets his dome, the fast tracks, the bright lights and the mink crowd remains to be seen. But he'll have a helluva fun time with his Gophers.

When he was a sub quarterback the student section would always take up the chant in the fourth quarter. "We want Smokey . . . We want Smokey."

Well, now they've got the thunder and lightning man. I think they'll like what they see. If their hearts are up to it.

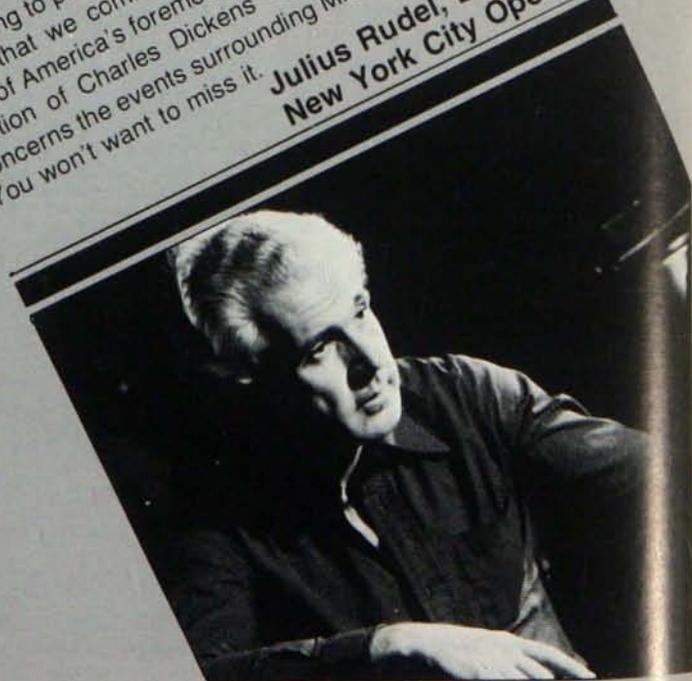


Joe Salem.

New York CITY Opera

To counterbalance our 300-year backward glance, we are going to present the world premiere of a brand new work that we commissioned from Dominick Argento, one of America's foremost composers. It is based on a portion of Charles Dickens' Great Expectations and concerns the events surrounding Miss Havisham's fire. You won't want to miss it.

Julius Rudel, Director
New York City Opera





by Paul Froiland

Dominick Argento's New Opera

Moderate Expectations by Charles Dickens
as told to Paul Froiland

My name is Pip. How I came to be writing this, the gentleman of whom I write, together with the circumstances and conditions in which I found him, and the cause that made my finding him a matter of singular necessity, will shortly become apparent.

Suffice it at this moment to say that the gentleman in question is called by the name of Dominick Argento, that he is a don at a college in the New World, that he is not altogether unpossessed of musical genius nor of literary capacities; that, indeed, far from lacking in either, he is a prodigy in both, and has developed a reputation so rich as to span the very continents.

Suffice it further to say that only a person so peculiarly suffused with such vast and estimable quantities of musical creativity as well as such a thoroughly comprehensive understanding of the case at hand could have undertaken the laying to rest of certain pernicious rumours that have sprung up, like daisies at springtime, concerning the death of a woman well-advanced in years whom I formerly — and mistakenly — believed to be my mentor and benefactress.

I speak, of course, of Miss Havisham. She, who cruelly abused the innocence of my youth, who made light of my naive and childish affection for her adopted daughter Estella, which later grew into a serious romantic pursuit, and who, to dash my hopes utterly, finally made a match for dear Estella with that loathsome beast whose very name connotes infamy, treachery and ill-will — I speak of none other than Bentley Drummle — may his soul rot in Hades.

Certain malefactors — and I regret that in naming the Pocket family as perpetrators of this foul rumour I must by implication injure the good name of my dear friend Herbert Pocket, who had no lot in the dealings — have blighted the name of one never so fair — I speak again of Estella — by darkly hinting that the conflagration that made an end of Miss Havisham may not have been an accident of Miss Havisham's unfortunate proximity to a lighted candelabra, but may rather have been the intentioned result of the proximity of Miss Havisham to Estella, and the latter's proximity to the aforementioned candelabra.

Charles Dickens wrote Great Expectations in 1860 and 1861. Paul Froiland is a graduate student in the School of Journalism and Mass Communication at the University of Minnesota.

To put it directly, the Pockets have accused Estella of the murder of Miss Havisham.

It was only through the good offices of Dr. Argento — and a more unfathomable genius with a more modest nature there never was — that the truth of the entire matter was given opportunity to be set out, for Argento has reconstructed the entire fiery and untimely scene in his latest opera, which he has chosen to call *Miss Havisham's Fire*, and which will open at the New York City Opera on the second-and-twentieth day of the month of March, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Without further digression, I will proceed herewith with an interview with Dr. Argento himself. The reader will, perhaps, excuse the clipped cadences with which his utterances are shaped, a sound that falls somewhat disagreeably on genteel London ears. But I am given to understand that not only will London ears not likely hear of this report, but London eyes will likewise hardly attend to the journal in which these words appear, that vehicle being expressly tailored for those souls who have previously passed through the halls of this New World institution; and that therefore while Argento's syllables may somewhat indelicately rub upon my English ears, those who have taken their residence in the New World will likelier accommodate his words to their hearing if for no other reason than their being accustomed to this manner of speaking.

I will proceed, then.

Dr. Argento is a musician: a composer. He keeps a residence in Minneapolis, Minnesota. His virtuosity in his field has not gone unnoticed among those who are elevated into positions whereby they may exercise critical judgment. Argento was nominated in 1972 for a Pulitzer Prize for his opera *Postcard from Morocco*. In 1974 he received the Minnesota State Arts Council award as well as a commission from the National Endowment for the Arts. In 1975 he received the Pulitzer Prize for music for his song cycle, "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf." Argento was given a Guggenheim Fellowship to fund work on his opera *The Voyage of Edgar Allen Poe*, which was a bicentennial work commissioned by the University of Minnesota and first performed in 1976 in Saint Paul.

It was a curious matter indeed when Dr. Argento, having scarcely dried the ink on his quill from the creation of a brief lyric called "The Waterbird Talk," wherein a single

character dominates the singing — quite excessively so, in point of fact, to the degree that it may justly be called, and indeed has been called, a monodrama; that, as I say, the ink scarcely being dry, what should chance to transpire but that a close friend of Argento's propose similar treatment for a female character?

And what should further transpire but that this friend should assemble his wits into a veritable frenzy of creation, and that the result should appear to be a ghostly and morose sprite, cold as yesterday's porridge, whom I knew in my earlier life as Miss Havisham?

And finally, what should ultimately transpire — if the reader does not stagger already by the sheer weight of coincidence — but that Argento should closet himself for many fortnights (which is to say, the space of two and one-half years) and in the end produce an opera — not a stage play nor a symphony, but something rather like either and very like either — which he calls *Miss Havisham's Fire*?

"The idea is similar to what Tom Stoppard did in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*," Argento said. "I decided to turn *Great Expectations* inside out and tell it from Miss Havisham's view.

"The opera is based on the device of an inquest investigating how she died," he continued, producing from his pocket in a most wonderful manner a small packet holding fine

gentlemen's cigarettes. "We begin with her death in the fire, then the inquest starts and all the characters come in to testify. Everyone speaks from his or her own point of view, and each one perceives himself as a victim.

"After everyone leaves, Miss Havisham comes in as a ghost and sings the original monodrama from which the whole opera sprung. In the end, she, too, gets to see herself as a victim."

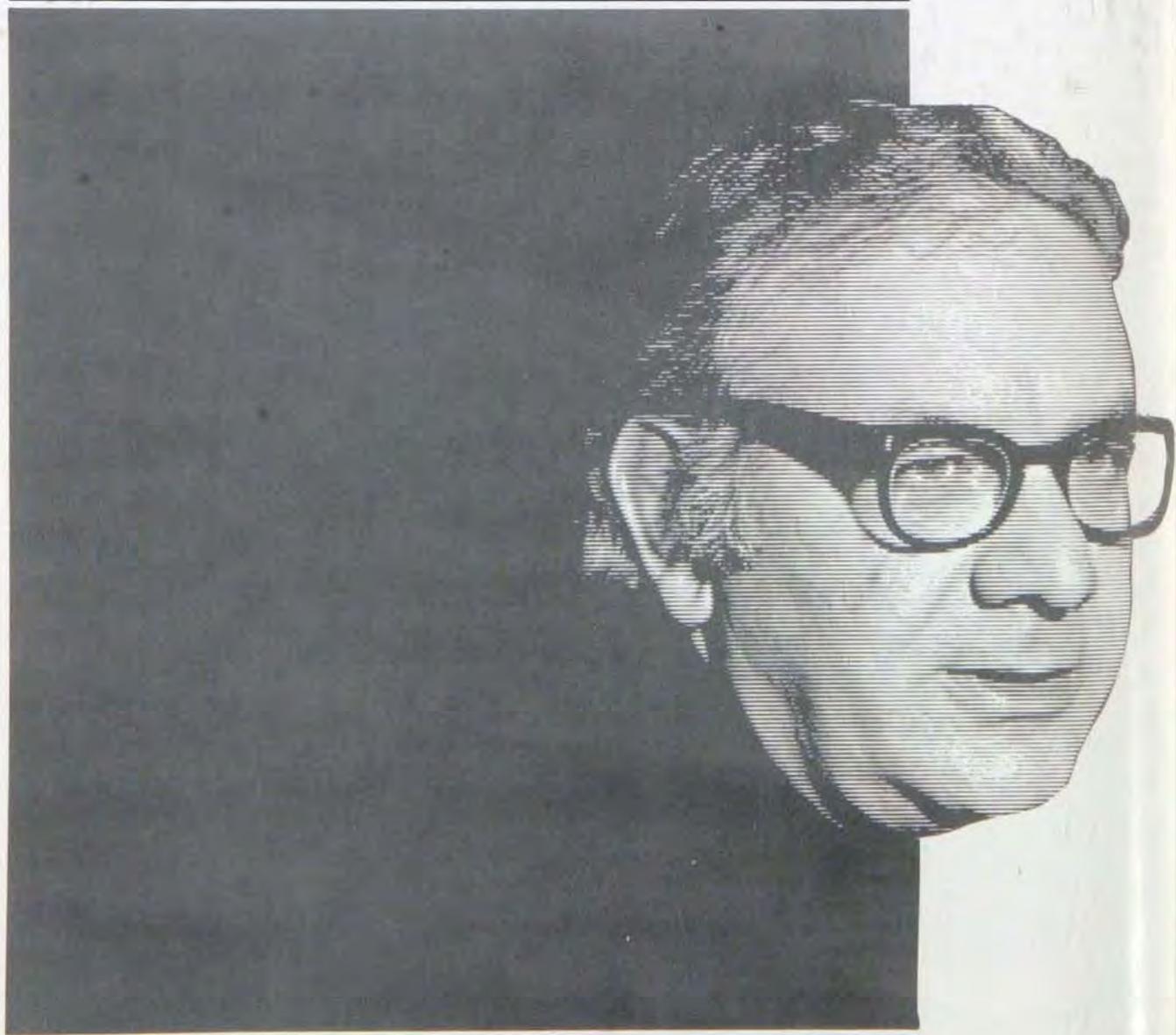
Argento applied the cigarette to his lips, an effect which produced small clouds of grey smoke.

"At the start of the inquest we see the mature Pip standing in the garden at Satis House," Argento continued. (And here may the narrator disclose a blush at the mention of himself and take the opportunity to point out that Satis House was the residence at which Miss Havisham cloistered herself until her death.)

"As the mature Pip stands there, little Pip and little Estella walk by, and then the young Miss Havisham. You can see that I was rather free with the chronology — there really is none. In this instance we have three generations on stage at the same time.

"Compeyson (who jilted the young Miss Havisham) is not really a character," Argento proceeded on. "He only appears in the prologue with his back to the audience.

"The young Miss Havisham has her solo scene when she



receives the letter jilting her from Compeyson as she is dressing for her wedding. She sings the solo as she rambles through Satis House breaking all the clocks."

But, asked the interviewer, giving voice to the question that had eaten away at his mind since long before the voyage to Minneapolis, was sweet Estella vindicated of the false charges?

"At the inquest," Argento said, by way of answering, "the Pockets, who sing as a quartet, are the ones who try to get Estella prosecuted. Sarah Pocket in particular tries to convince the examiner that Estella was the last person to see Miss Havisham alive, and that, out of the bitter frustration of her own unhappy marriage to Bentley Drummle and in her anger at Miss Havisham's having raised her to be so heartless, she sets fire to Miss Havisham."

"But then Pip comes in to testify that it was he, not Estella, who saw Miss Havisham last, and that he saw her as he looked in through the door at her, and that he eventually smothered the fire with his coat."

"So in the end, Estella is vindicated."

What manner of thrush or lark could voice the melody that I felt thrill within me at these words? What dearest hopes were once again rekindled in my breast that the fairest of God's creatures, she who was borne on the bosom of Springtime itself — the lovely Estella — might once more

be mine, this time never to depart again from my embrace?

Impulsively I flung my hat into the air and commenced to perform a jig in front of Argento. He watched politely, his countenance positively taken with my joy. But then he raised a forefinger at me.

"Pip," he said, "remember that you are fictional. You only exist in the mind of Charles Dickens, and now and again in the imaginations of those who read *Great Expectations*. Estella will always be yours in the end. But now you must get back into the book."

Ah, but I had so enjoyed these two and one-half years in the mind of this great musician. I had so got hold of life in this twentieth century that my true origins had quite escaped me.

He was holding open the cover. Why must it be so difficult? There was a frontispiece engraving by Phiz, with an empty space where I had come from, and to which I now must return. I climbed back onto the page.

It had all been so real! I rather enjoyed Minneapolis. Goodbye, Dr. Argento. And thank-you for what you have done for me!

Argento closed the book and carefully placed it on the back part of his desk.

"Whew!" he said, taking a drag on his Doral, "you really get immersed in Dickens."

A Portrait of the Artist as a Middle-Aged Man

Dominick Argento does not consider himself a great composer, which is perhaps one of the reasons he is. He does not wear florid ascots and capes, and does not go around with dishevelled hair, putting the back of his hand to his forehead and getting romantic notions.

Dominick Argento goes cross-country skiing and watches the Vikings. And he writes operas. Magnificent operas. He gets up at 4 a.m. and writes operas, goes to teach his music classes at the University of Minnesota, comes home and eats dinner, and writes operas until midnight.

"Tyrone Guthrie put it best," Argento said, "when he said that when everything works in opera and it all comes together, it is head and shoulders above what drama can do. Guthrie claimed he only saw it about five or six times in his life."

"When you feel this happening at a performance, you just get goose pimples all over. It's an incredible, indescribable feeling. It will happen maybe once in a decade, and you might be there for it."

"Opera adds a dimension of humanity to music that makes it timeless," he went on. "Drama appeals to reason; music appeals to the senses. When you combine them, you produce a beauty that can make people weep."

"Sometimes the music alone can make you weep. *La Bohème* makes me weep every time I see it, even though it has no plot. Most people are so swept away by the music that they never notice that there's no plot."

Despite his tremendous personal success at his craft, Argento is not particularly taken with himself.

"I'm aware of my limitations," he said. "I've never been 100 percent happy with anything I've done. I know that there are composers like Mozart and I know I simply can never achieve on that scale. I just always hope that the next thing I do will be slightly better than the last. That's what keeps me going."

Argento has three favorite composers, and they're all named Mozart.

"Yes," he said, "I'd have to name Mozart as my first, second, and third favorite choices among composers. I like the humanity of his work. He was so good he didn't have to struggle with craftsmanship. It just flowed."

"Listening to him puts you in touch with the best part of yourself. It makes you feel good. His operatic characters are so richly realized that no one is all black or white. Even his villains are lovable."

Argento also has a fascination with literature that uniquely suits him for writing opera, which is essentially a marriage of music and literature. He re-read the entire Dickens canon (excepting *Barnaby Rudge*) in preparation for writing *Miss Havisham's Fire*, and judges Dickens to be second only to Shakespeare in his stature as a writer.

The process of writing music is one for which Argento suspends his ego. He writes with a singer in mind for each part.

"When I write for singers, I don't think of myself as I compose," he said. "I wrote the part of Miss Havisham for Beverly Sills; just thinking of Beverly immediately starts you thinking about mad ladies."

Sills was going to make her grand exit from opera with Argento's work. She was excited to do the part, and Argento meticulously scored it for her lower range, since her voice was beginning to fade after two cancer operations, and she expected to lose some of the brilliance of her upper range.

"But two months ago," Argento said, "she had to drop out of the part in a total fluke: her voice changed, which was expected, but it went up instead of down, and she lost some of her lower register. By then, it was too late to change the part."

Sills and Argento got along famously in their few contacts during the composition. This complementary relationship between composer and singer does not always exist.

"Some opera singers are egos with voices attached," Argento said. "Some will paw through the rubbish for old operatic works that have little value any more as art, but

which they will force upon the public because of a role that the work has that is particularly suited to them. They often will try to put their impress on a work, so that you hear the artist rather than the work coming through the artist."

Directors can be difficult as well. Argento was fortunate that his first choice for *Miss Havisham's Fire*, H. Wesley Balk, who directs the Minnesota Opera, was also the first choice of Julius Rudel, the director of the New York City Opera. Balk and Argento have collaborated many times before, and Argento trusts Balk implicitly with his stage direction.

"Wes has been very good to work with," Argento said. "There are some directors who are so hell-bent on achievement that they'll stage *Hansel and Gretel* in the nude, claiming that there is a primal innocence in the public display of pubic hair."

Argento also has difficulty in defining himself with the word "artist."

"I don't like the words 'artist' or 'creativity,'" he said, "and I don't have any patience with artist types. This idea of the artist with his fine sensibilities is a nineteenth century idea. Oscar Wilde started it, with his posturing and affectations."

"Great artists were never affected. They just did their work. There is such a vast difference between a Norman Mailer, with his wild hair, his whiskey, and his fists, just writing worse and worse stuff, and a Vladimir Nabokov, who looked like an accountant in his conventional suits, and

who just kept turning out great literature.

"A lot of composers write fiendishly difficult stuff and then get mad because the public doesn't like it or want it. The public has no responsibility to the artists. The artist produces an unneeded product; the public has to like it or it's not really art. An artist cannot just write his stuff for graduate students. That's not art."

Asked if the lure of the Met and big city opera would ever draw him back East, Argento shook his head.

"I've had offers and more offers to go back East," he said. "All my peers and colleagues think I buried myself in Minneapolis, but now I would never leave."

"In New York there are 50,000 other composers. The peer pressure forces you to follow trends. Every time I visit there, I can see the signs of the treadmill on my colleagues' feet. I'm glad to get back."

"Here there is space to work. I'm free. And in the Minnesota Opera, we've got one of the best examples in the country of an opera that's willing to be inventive, take risks, try new things. What more could I want?"

And on March 22nd, in New York City, Dominic Argento, who doesn't enjoy premieres, will watch the curtain rise on his own premiere, the first one he has ever had outside of the city he calls home. The orchestra will play. And *Miss Havisham* will go up in flames. And for three hours, a lucky New York audience will get to share in the drama and the music that have played inside of Dominic Argento's head for the last two and a half years. **M**

Miss Havisham's Fire will premiere March 22. It also will be featured March 25, April 4, April 29.



The 2,800-seat New York State Theater and fountain, located in the \$165-million Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, was designed by Philip Johnson, who also designed the IDS Tower in downtown Minneapolis.



On First Impressions: "When I first came to Minnesota I hated the place. I thought the University had nothing to offer. It didn't take me long to change my mind. There are tons of things to do." Ralph Mitchell is a junior in biology who transferred from Carleton College and who moved to Minnesota from California.

Let Them Sound Off

In the words of students, seven describe the University

The campus scene, on your own, registration, teaching assistants, hitting the books, finding help, finding a niche, plenty to do, all kinds of students, where students live, commuter campus, work, the Twin Cities are among 20 topics that were responded to by 20 students at the University of Minnesota.

Their responses were published in a student-recruitment booklet called 20/20, produced by the Department of University Relations and the Office of Admissions and Records.

Editor Maureen Smith wrote:

"The University of Minnesota is one of the nation's great universities. Among its faculty are men and women with international reputations as scholars and researchers. And the colleges of the University's Twin

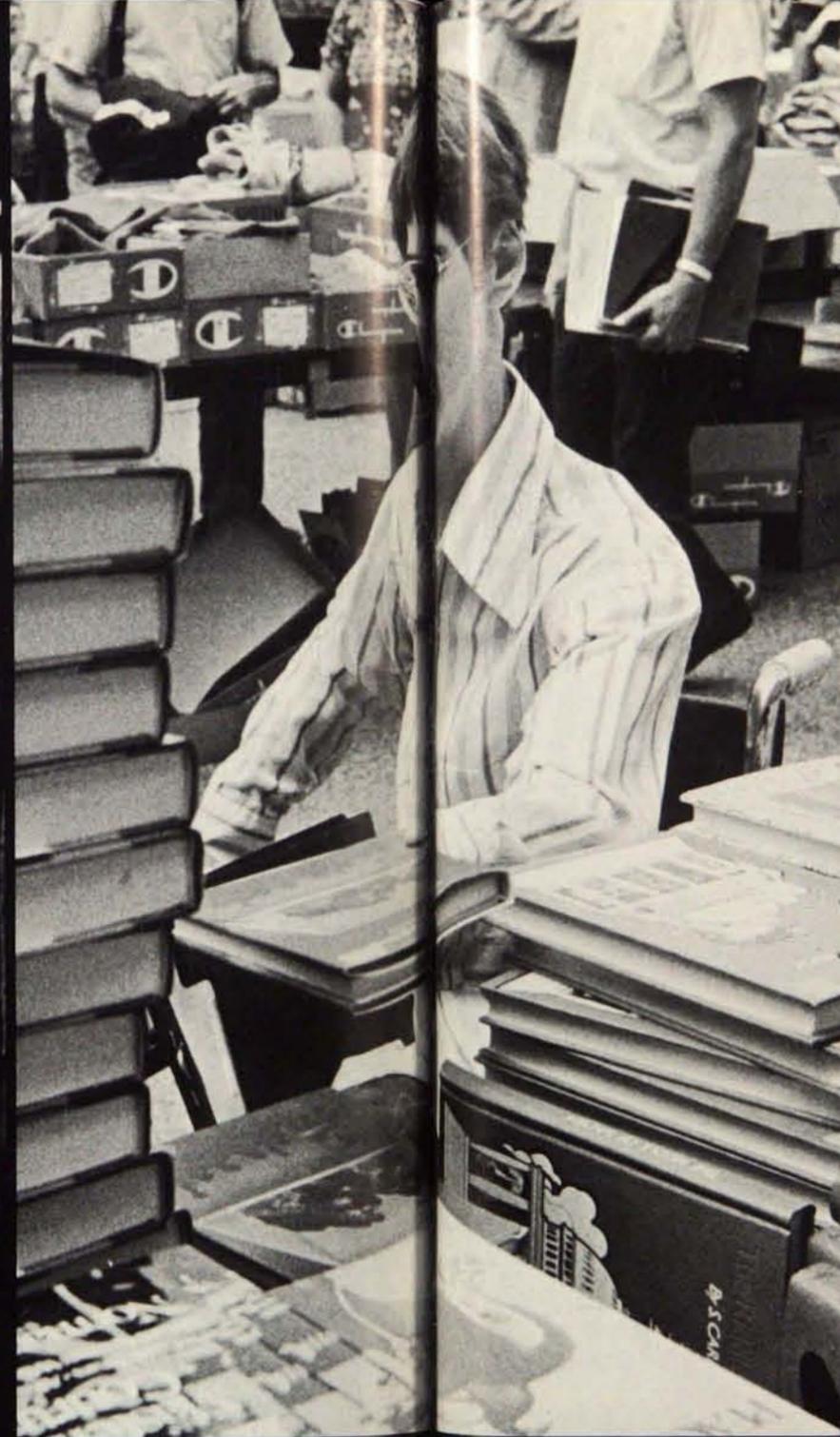
Cities campus offer more than 250 majors in an exceptional diversity of areas.

"The University is also one of the nation's largest universities, with about 45,000 students enrolled on the Twin Cities campus. Each of those students would have a different story to tell.

"Most of the students were recommended by the colleges in which they are enrolled or the student organizations in which they are active; a few were selected at random. The students were encouraged to talk candidly about what they have liked and disliked in their University experience. They were chosen to represent a variety of backgrounds and areas of study, but no claim is made that they are typical. Our idea was simply to describe the University in the words of students."



On Class Size: "Math and composition were nice 30-size classes. Labs have been that size, too. Sociology, anthropology, and psychology were big auditorium classes. Anthro had a recitation section — I really appreciated that. Chemistry has a tutorial room. Math has tutors. That comes in handy." Delores Kroska is a freshman who plans to major in nursing. She is from a farm near Foley, Minnesota.



On Making Friends: "My friends are not people I met through the U. They are friends of friends who coincidentally go to the U. I wouldn't say it's hard to get to know people here. Many opportunities have presented themselves to me, but I'm not one to jump in and say, 'Hey, we could be friends.'" Jimmie Hanson is a graduate student in social work. He received a bachelor's degree in 1972 from Southwest State University.



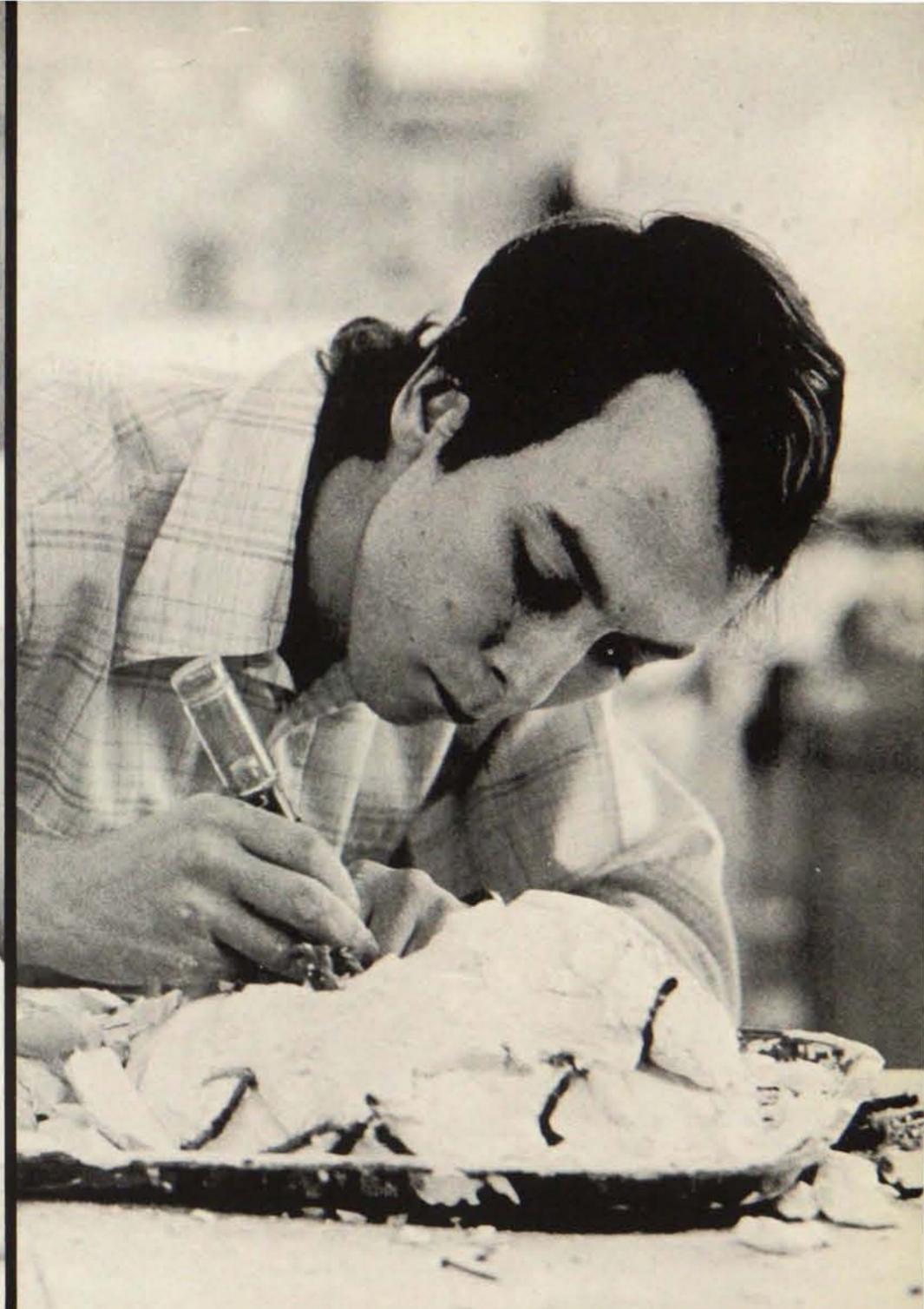
On Quality of Education: "When you're in high school, you go past the U and it's pointed out to you sort of like a museum — here is where they make scientific discoveries. When you get here you're actually in the museum. You look at the exhibits, and then they whisk you away. They keep teasing you every quarter. You get sort of thirsty to stay in one area and keep going. That is really a treat to me, to finally see this stuff clicking together." Jose Lopez is a sophomore in electrical engineering.



On Free to Be: "You can, be anonymous for a day, you can see people if you want, you can be anything you like for a day." Jeanne Reinhart, a senior in journalism, is from Green Bay, Wisconsin.



On Big and Impersonal? "It wasn't as scary as I had been led to believe. I had heard that it's such a gigantic place, professors don't know your name. I haven't found that, especially in IT (the Institute of Technology). If you make yourself known, go up and ask questions, people will remember you." Beth Berman is a senior in chemical engineering and helps other students through the IT's tutorial program.



On Some Like it Big: "What I really like about the U is the size and diversity. I think it best represents what you would actually encounter in the world." Paul Hinderager is a sophomore who plans to major in landscape architecture. Each year 50 students in the top five percent of their classes at Minnesota high schools are chosen by the University as Presidential Scholars. Hinderager was selected in 1976.



Bruce Smith.



by Leonard Lang

Bruce Smith of Minnesota

He won the Heisman Trophy,
the hearts of men,
but was he a saint?

A priest says he was.

Look on the wall of the Rev. William J. Cantwell's study and you will notice a picture of a handsome youth wearing an old-fashioned football jersey. Probably not many Minnesota alumni or sports fans could still identify this youth as University of Minnesota football great, Bruce Smith, even though halfback Smith won the Heisman Trophy in 1941 — the only Minnesota player ever to earn this honor.



It has been more than 35 years, however, since newspapers headlined Smith's gridiron feats and the film *Smith of Minnesota* played around the country, and it's been 10 years since Smith's untimely death from cancer at age 47.

Why, then, does a Paulist priest working in Mobile, Ala., frequently discuss Smith's life with others? Cantwell, who has been a priest for 22 years, admits he never saw Smith play and he never heard of him until a few months before his death. But he believes there is an excellent reason to talk about Smith and even to pray for his intercession on behalf of cancer patients. The reason is simple, if unusual. He firmly believes Smith is a saint and should be officially canonized by the Roman Catholic Church.

It may be difficult to imagine this at first. Somehow it seems almost ludicrous — a halo over a helmet?

Leonard Lang is a free-lance writer who lives in Minneapolis.

A football holy man charging through some devilish defense? The jokes come easily to mind. Besides aren't saints people who have been dead at least a few centuries?

Cantwell is undisturbed by the apparent incongruities as he calmly speaks of Smith's life and his canonization proposal. There is "no contradiction between being a great athlete, or a Heisman Trophy winner, and a holy man. One need not work against the other." Cantwell believes Smith's courage and humility as a sports star and as a terminal cancer patient prove his point.

"Everything he did, he did well, including dying. He had a grace about him. He was gifted." Cantwell says Smith was an inspiration to patients and to the staff of Minneapolis' Saint Barnabas Hospital where he received cancer treatments. Smith's former wife, Gloria Smith Studer, remembers a nun on the staff requesting Smith's picture for she, like Cantwell, believed he was a saint.

While in the hospital, Smith reportedly seldom spoke of his suffering in spite of great pain and, in Cantwell's view, showed "courage and concern for others." As during the rest of his life, Smith believed a person should spend an hour each day with God.

While he felt Smith was a saint "right from the beginning," Cantwell did not know Smith had been a star when he first began visiting him. Due to Smith's modest nature, Cantwell remained unaware of Smith's football career until another patient informed him. Cantwell claims he was not surprised, however, as he believes Smith was "a champion" in every respect.

Still, a virtuous and pious life, even a heroic life, is not sufficient proof of sainthood. Miracles are required of a saint as well. This makes Smith's intercession for cancer patients a crucial point.

When asked about specific cases or proof of miraculous occurrences, Cantwell becomes wistful, saying he "never kept records and was not tabulating, but I honestly believe people have been helped." Cantwell is working with a seven-year-old leukemia victim, hoping Smith's help will save the girl who has already had a leg amputated. Many others are praying for her recovery by asking for Smith's intercession.

Smith's family agrees he faced death courageously and was a humble man, a gentleman. They speak lovingly about him, but they

don't mention the word "saint" without some prodding.

"To me, he always was the knight on a white horse," says Gloria Smith Studer (now remarried), though she confesses to "mixed emotions on this saint business." It was not easy being a star's wife and she claims it was even harder on the four children, particularly the two boys. Sons are "never as famous as famous fathers" she notes.

Now, as the former wife of a proposed saint, it is again difficult to lead a normal, private life — especially in Faribault where Bruce spent most of his life. People in the town knew Bruce as a friend or acquaintance and often find it hard to picture him as a saint. "Some people crack jokes and others say it's marvelous. I'm trying to be non-committal," Gloria says. She is "not laughing at the sainthood issue," but it makes her feel a little "weird" — a word she returns to a number of times when referring to the sainthood issue.

Smith's younger sister, June, who works as an administrative laboratory technician at the University of Minnesota, also is uneasy about the idea. "I won't be angry about it, but I find it a little unsettling." She viewed her brother as a "real good egg. . . . There was nothing you could say bad about him," but this doesn't transform her image of him as a wonderful, older brother to that of a holy man.

As with everyone who discusses Bruce Smith, June recalls his humility. She believes he might like to be remembered as "an average person, a good person, a religious person. . . . I don't know that he'd care about that [saint] idea." Echoing Gloria, June reports mixed emotions about the issue, and leaves the problem to others to decide. "I just don't think it's true, but who am I to judge?"

Lucius Smith also avoids judgments, yet he seems far more pleased about the possibility of canonization. Lucius is Bruce's 87-year-old father who is an active lawyer and sometime golfer, participating each year in the Bruce Smith Williams Fund Golf Tournament in Faribault. A former football and track star at the University in 1911, Lucius talks excitedly about Bruce's career citing statistics and incidents. He feels

"honored" about the canonization proposal. He claims Bruce was "as honest as a person could be and still be a human being," and adds that Bruce "didn't know he was humble; he just was."

He recalls his son as an "exemplary child" who "lived in treetops a lot." If you couldn't find him on ground, you just had to look up. An easygoing child, he could fall asleep anywhere, except perhaps the football field. Lucius once found Bruce sleeping on a porch railing no more than 10 inches wide.

In high school, Bruce won letters five years in football, five years in baseball, and four years in golf. At the University, he was captain of Bernie Bierman's 1941 national championship team; was selected by 18 sports writers, coaches, and newspapers for their All-America teams in 1941; served as captain of the East team for the 1942 East-West Shrine game; and was selected the most valuable player of the College All-Stars against the Chicago Bears. In the Navy, he was named "Armed Services Player" of the year in 1942, while after the war he played four injury-ridden years for the Green Bay Packers and the Los Angeles Rams. In 1972 his name was placed on the roster of the Football Hall of Fame.

The story of Smith's most famous run against Michigan tells us of his character as much as it tells us of his athletic prowess. In a 1940 game against the Wolverines and its star, football great Tom Harmon, Smith ran an incredible 80-yard touchdown play. After the game however, he said, "I feel sorry for Tommy Harmon," who was in his final year at Michigan and a contender for that year's Heisman Trophy (which he won). Smith didn't want to hurt Harmon's chances for this award.

Perhaps it was this attitude that causes his father to note that Bruce "had absolutely no enemies." This is confirmed by Cantwell who says, "I've never heard anyone say anything derogatory about the guy — and that's rare, especially for someone in the limelight."

Paul Giel, athletic director at the University and a football star at Minnesota in the 1950s, holds a similar view. "In sandlot football, I always pretended I was Bruce Smith. . . . He was my hero."

Upon finally meeting Smith in the 1960s while working for radio station WCCO, Giel says, "I guess I kind of picked the right guy to idolize," calling Smith a true gentleman.

This gentleman's most amazing run, however, may have been his least famous. His father and wife report that Bruce was once brought back to the hospital in a wheelchair after a brief visit home. By this time, due to the cancer, he weighed one-half of his normal weight and had frequently been in surgery. Arriving at the hospital elevator, the family was upset to discover it out of order. Bruce said not to mind and asked to be pushed to the stairwell. In Gloria's words, he "literally ran up three flights of stairs," collapsing into a waiting wheelchair.

In short, Smith impressed people on the football field because of his spectacular abilities; Smith also impressed people off the field precisely because he did not display a spectacular ego to match his public performances. His unassuming, considerate nature might well be the stuff saints are made of. But, saint or not, Bruce Smith's life contained many ordinary disappointments and joys.

In spite of his love of football and the fame it brought him, his wife does not think it brought Bruce happiness. He "made a pretzel out of himself trying to be a regular guy, a good Joe," in spite of the publicity. He even refused to trade in on his name, unlike most famous athletes today. He refused a film contract as well as an offer by the University of Hawaii's president to coach its football team.

Sports also led Smith to the hospital for many painful operations, all of which limited the success of his professional sports career.

Football took him from his family which was a hardship for someone described as a person who would want to be remembered, according to Cantwell, "as a man who loved his wife and children."

Smith's wife and sister June agree that, upon retiring from sports, Bruce did an excellent job in business but that bad breaks held him back. Even a glowing tribute to Smith such as a 1977 book, *The Gamebreaker* by Tom and Sam Akers, admits Bruce's career was less than satisfactory. Smith was a co-

owner of a sporting goods store, was a sales representative for Foley Manufacturing, was a representative for After Six Formal Wear, and finally was a distributor for Hamm's beer.

In June's opinion, "it depressed him that he hadn't made it a little bigger, though he never said anything because he was so modest." She wonders if he had lost his self-confidence "later on in life."

Not that Smith was a gloomy man or pious in the sense of self-serious. He enjoyed life, learning to play the piano by himself and drawing goofy caricatures of people for the amusement of others. His father says "he had a lot of fun as he went along," while Gloria adds, "he could kick up his heels as well as the next guy."

Concerned about not seeing his family grow up, Smith outlasted all the doctors' predictions in order to

spend a final summer at home. "I'm going to ask for one holiday, one reprieve with my family," he told his wife, hoping to "miraculously" survive the summer of 1967. He died at the end of August.

Bruce Smith was "more complex than people realized," according to Gloria. His father says that "although he was my son and we were as friendly as we could get, I never knew all about Bruce."

Is this complex man, Gloria Smith Studer's knight, Paul Giel's boyhood hero soon to be canonized? "Absolutely," according to Father Cantwell who feels certain it will occur within his lifetime. He believes the effort must be made at the Archdiocese of Saint Paul and Minneapolis as this is the area where Smith spent most of his life. Cantwell talks of letter-writing campaigns, finding support in the columns of some Catholic newspa-

per writers.

Brother Vincent Champine, assistant to the chancellor of the Archdiocese of Saint Paul and Minneapolis, reports, however, that "I've heard some people talk about it," but "I have not received any letters." The Chancellor, Bishop John F. Kinney, confirms that he has received no letters, adding that only letters from people who knew Smith personally or felt his effect directly would be of value. If many letters were received, Rome would have to be notified to help investigate the case.

Cantwell is not discouraged, stating that once the canonization investigation procedure is officially begun, the process moves right along. It's "not an impossible dream," he says. Smith "believed in miracles and so do I, and if it's the Lord's will, he'll be canonized."

M



Bruce Smith was captain of Bernie Bierman's 1941 national championship team.

Brief

Now See the Movie

Remember Tom Murton? Well, he was a University of Minnesota professor of criminal justice and he got into some hot water. But not at the University.

Murton was superintendent of the Arkansas State Penitentiary's Cummings Prison Farm in the 1960s.

The bodies of three mutilated inmates were unearthed in the prison yard, and Murton found that 234 prisoners were missing. He thought there might be 200 more bodies buried in the yard.

Anyway, the Arkansas governor found out about it and fired Morton. So Morton and author Joe Hyam wrote a book about the buried prisoners: *Accomplices to the Crime: the Arkansas Prison Scandal*.

After the book was published, Murton met David Ward, who was chairman of criminal justice studies at the University, and Ward hired him.

Now Robert Redford will star as the warden in a motion picture called *Brubaker*, which will be about the experiences of Tom Murton. The film will be shot in Ohio this spring.

Surprise Equals \$208,000

"Morton S. Katz," his brother said, "was a very quiet person, well liked. I didn't know he was going to give money to the University (of Minnesota) until I saw his will. He gave money to a lot of charities in his lifetime."

Morton Katz, a Saint Paul native and a 1928 graduate of the University, died in 1977 at age 70. He was a bachelor and had been in a family (father, three brothers) meat business in Saint Paul before World War II. The business was sold to Armour Food Co. Later, Katz started the Morton Meat Co., which made sausages. He sold that business in 1972.

"He wanted to leave some of his money for education," said a sister-in-law. "He felt there wasn't anybody in the family who needed it particularly."

Robert Odegard, director of the University Foundation, said he had met Katz only once in a casual meeting during the 1970s.

Katz gave the University \$208,000, which will be used mainly for minority student scholarships.

The SGA's New Clothes

Christopher M. Evans, a former University of Minnesota student and *Minnesota Daily* editor, returned to the campus not long ago as a free-lance writer to discover an answer to this question:

"What ever happened to student government?"

IT SITS BEHIND A GLASS WALL, read the subhead on a cover story for the *Minneapolis Star* (Jan. 6, 1979), GOBBLED UP BY THE BUREAUCRACY. AND STUDENTS COULDN'T CARE LESS.

"Students talk about their government now as though it were a badly made suit," Evans wrote, "a couple of sizes too large, and they could be right because it certainly isn't a government. It doesn't govern anybody and it isn't elected by anything like a consti-

tuency. It is run by people inclined to be impressed with titles and desks and phones and lunch with the president. And every year or so the suit gets a little bigger.

"The explanation is that it facilitates student efforts within the consultative structure, and it does look terrific from a distance through a glass wall. But try to explain it on a platform poster or in a campaign speech, and most people will just walk away.

"The university system of governance is too complex. It can't be presented simply, or made to sound intriguing. It is one plodding implosion of one structure upon another. The closer you come to it, the farther you get from anything definitive.

"Not only is the structure befuddling and its effectiveness hard to discern, but it carries an implication of co-optation, of selling out to the grown-ups."

Class of 1928



Al Senstad, left, student president, and Richard Kotke, speaker of the Twin Cities Student Assembly. Photo by Tom Sweeney of the Minneapolis Star.

Going Up, Then Down

When it's all finished — and carpenter Harvey Hansmann is among those trying to have it ready by October — students on the Saint Paul campus will have a new 350-seat theater; a book store; an art and music lounge with individual listening rooms and a tape and record library; an expanded cafeteria; more lounge space; additional conference rooms; and a ticketing booth for entertainment events.

The expansion, which is being funded by student service fees, includes construction of a primarily underground center designed to be highly energy efficient.

The \$1.1-million project was designed by the American Institute of Architects of Myers and Bennett, Edina, who also designed Williamson Hall, the first underground building at the University.



Writ of Habitat Corpus

University of Minnesota campus police found a 19-year-old man wandering in the Law Building one night, so they stopped and talked with him, then went back to check the records.

They found he had 20 outstanding traffic warrants from Hennepin County and that he was to see his probation officer for a 1977 bank burglary in Saint Paul.

The police said they warned him about trespassing at the University (he was not a student) and turned him over to Hennepin County authorities.

He told police that he had been living in the Law Building and sleeping in the library for more than a month.

Weaver, Weaver on the Wall

Pianist Rebecca Hanson is not playing a piano rendition of "Barnacles and Tubes." Rather, that is the name of the 180-pounds of yarn, three-dimensional hanging, which sprawls the brick wall at McNeill Hall on the campus of Saint Paul.

Seventeen students, including Rebecca, worked five days under the direction of architect and weaver, Ken Weaver (that's his name), to create the art work.

Students included home economics majors in craft design; Twin City craftspeople; professional craftspeople from Duluth and Canada; an adult special student; and two Benedictine monks.

"It would have taken one weaver," Weaver said, "five and one-half months to complete this piece. . . ."



Minnesota Alumni Association

Alaska Here We Come

Top prize in a membership promotion is a trip for two

Here's a way to help the University of Minnesota, and maybe help yourself to a free Alaskan cruise for two.

From now through April 30, 1979, every new member that you sign in the Minnesota Alumni Association will bring you one step closer to Alaska. The member who is credited with signing the most valid new members during that period will be packing bags.

Nine prizes will be given, based on the number of new members signed:

- 1st Minnesota Alumni Alaska Inside Passage Cruise for two, June 16-30, 1979.
- 2nd One week's lodging for two at the Rio Verde Resort and Ranch in Arizona's beautiful valley between the McDowell and Mazatzal Mountains.
- 3rd Weekend vacation for two at Radisson-Grand Portage, Grand Portage, Minnesota.
- 4th Weekend vacation for two at Radisson-Arrowood, Alexandria, Minnesota.
- 5th "Marooned in Gold" Weekend for two. Two nights at the Marquette Inn (Minneapolis), one dinner for two at the Minnesota Alumni Club, two tickets to the Minnesota vs. Ohio State football game, Sept. 14 and 15, 1979.
- 6th Dinner for two at "Boston Sea Party," Bloomington, Minnesota.
- 7th Five-year subscription to *Mpls./St. Paul* magazine.
- 8th, 9th One gold pen and pencil set.

"As a member," says Alan K. Ruvelson, national president, "you're already familiar with the great feeling of continuing your association with our great University and of the many benefits you're receiving.

"This year marks our 75th Anniversary. With your help, we will commemorate this exciting occasion by greatly increasing the alumni support of the University of Minnesota."

If you need assistance or membership applications, please contact the Alumni Center.

Come On Up

From March 1 through April 30, 1979, the initiation fee for new members of the Minnesota Alumni Club who live in Hennepin, Ramsey, Dakota, Washington, Scott, Carver and Anoka counties will be reduced 50 percent.

"We've got the finest alumni club in America," says Alan Ruvelson, national alumni president.

The Club, which originally opened in 1963 at the Sheraton-Ritz Hotel and moved to the 50th floor of the IDS Tower in 1974, has more than 8,000 square feet, including the SKI-U-MAH Lounge, which seats 90, and the Regents Dining Room, which will seat 204 persons for lunch or dinner or 300 persons for a reception.

In addition, a walk through art gallery will take you to three private dining rooms: The Board Room (seats 14); The Maroon Room (seats 36); The Gold Room (seats 24) or the Maroon and Gold rooms can be opened into one room seating 60.

In addition there are a number of special events, including wine and cheese receptions, before concert dinners, holiday parties, and game-day activities.

Welcome Aboard, Judy

On a cold, snowy, overcast Monday it was a busy day for Judy Keough, the new general manager of the Minnesota Alumni Club on the 50th floor of the IDS Tower in downtown Minneapolis.

Her new assistant is Mary Helen LaMere who had been employed at the Club as daytime hostess.

Before joining the Club a few weeks ago, Judy had been food service director for the Curtis Hotel in Minneapolis. She worked with nearly 75 employees and took a food service operation, which had been operating in the red, and turned it into a profit-making enterprise.

Prior to that, she has worked at the Smuggler's Inn Restaurant, Saint Paul; and Loueys Restaurant, a Stouffer Corp., food service firm in Bloomington.

She is a graduate of Rosary College.

March Meetings Set

March will be a busy month for four of the more than 20 constituent societies of the Minnesota Alumni Association.

These sessions are planned:

March 21, School of Social Work Alumni Society: A "Mental Health Planning" professional seminar will be held at the Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Tower, with Barbara Kaufmann from the Department of Public Welfare in charge. She will discuss new programs, new laws, and monies that affect social work practice. A social hour will begin at 5:30 p.m., followed by dinner at 6:30 p.m.

March 24, The Alumnae Club: A scholarship brunch will be held at the Earle Brown Conference Center on the Saint Paul campus. Profits from the brunch will be used to assist students in the Department of Design, College of Home Economics. The event will be from 10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

March 29, College of Home Economics Alumni Society: Vincent J. Hegarty of the Department of Food Science and Nutrition will host a 3 p.m. seminar, "Kaleidoscope of Design," at the Pillsbury Conference Center, third floor, IDS Tower. A reception will be at 5:30 p.m. at the Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Tower.

March 29 and 30, Industrial Relations Constituent Society: Guest speaker will be Jerry Rosow, president of the Work in America Institute, Inc. He will speak at 7:30 p.m. March 29 at a dinner at the Industrial Relations Center.

On March 30, these workshops will be offered at the Center: "Hot Issues in Compensation and Performance Evaluation"; "Hot Issues in Labor Relations and Impasse Resolution"; "Training and Human Development"; "Hot Issues in Equal Employment Opportunity/Affirmative Action"; and "Carter's Anti-Inflation Program."

Happy 50th

Chairman Lawrence E. "Duke" Johnson and co-chairwoman **Eleanor Ibberson Wallace** have a full day for members and guests of the Class of 1929, which will be celebrating its golden anniversary June 4.

The day will begin with a luncheon in Coffman Union, followed by a bus tour of the Twin Cities campuses, and a reception at the home of University of Minnesota president C. Peter Magrath.

The day will end with a social hour at the Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Tower, and a dinner at the Marquette Inn Ballroom.

Happy 40th

The Class of 1939 will celebrate its 40th anniversary May 7 at a dinner at the Minnesota Alumni Club, 50th floor, IDS Tower.

Goodman K. Larson is chairman and co-chairwoman is **Mary Kriechbaum Watson**.

Several colleges also will observe the anniversaries of the Class of 1929 and the Class of 1939 with open-houses, coffees, and luncheons.

Salmon River Run

The **Salmon River Raft Expedition - Number Two** - will be reported July 29-August 3, 1979, for **Minnesota Travelers**.

The River is known for big whitewater, sandy beaches, and good side-stream fishing. This year, due to a snowy winter in the West, the Salmon will be running high and fast.

Cost of the trip is \$441 a person and includes round-trip transportation from Boise, Idaho; motel lodging the night before departure; and all meals on the river.

Dr. John R. Tester, professor of ecology, will be the faculty representative on the trip.

Search Is Under Way

A nine-member search committee is interviewing candidates for

executive director's position with the Minnesota Alumni Association.

Vince Bilotta, who was named director in October 1976, has resigned.

In charge of the search is **Robert Odegard**, University associate vice president for development and alumni relations.

The Minnesota Alumni Association will be moving to offices in the main administration building, Morrill Hall on the Minneapolis campus, in a few weeks. The new address will be 100 Morrill Hall, 100 Church Street SE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455. The new telephone number will be (612)-373-0100.

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M-People



General College

Robert G. Swanson, '47, is a district manager for Shell Oil Co. in Sacramento, Calif. He is on the board of directors of Sacramento's Chamber of Commerce, Goodwill Industries, Symphony, Safety Council, and the Boy Scouts Golden Empire Council.

Richard D. Kruger, '63, Minneapolis, is president and co-owner of Berwyn & Kruger Inc. Gallery of Homes Realtors. He is past president and lieutenant governor of the Crystal-Robbinsdale, Minn., Optimists Club.

The Rev Milton Freedholm, '27, is visitation pastor at Salem Covenant Church, New Brighton.

Edward K. Jorgensen, '59, Franklin Park, Ill., is vice president and director of sales and marketing for Le Gout Foods at Fearn International, Inc., a subsidiary of Kellogg's.

William J. Flahaue, '74, Hopkins, works in engineering at Methodist Hospital.

Jeannette M. McCarthy, '74, is business manager at Picker Medical Products, Bloomington.

Morrie Arenson, '77, is a member of the advisory committee of the Metropolitan Transit Commission, Minneapolis.

College of Business Administration

Joel M. Krogstad, '29, Grass Valley, Calif., was real estate manager for the

Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States in New York City before retiring.

Maragaret Fitzpatrick, '38, is active in volunteer work in Redwood Falls.

Leon T. Newman, '39, works in Milwaukee and is president of the Saint Francis Seminary Board of Overseers for 1978-79.

Oran K. Haggbloom, '47, Denver, is chief of plans and evaluation for the Rocky Mountain Region Air Traffic Federal Aviation Agency.

Richard W. Lundgren, '48, is president of Olson Graphic Products, Saint Paul.

Ronald J. Bach, '55, Minneapolis, is a partner at Touche, Ross & Co., Certified Public Accountants, and president of Hazeltine National Golf Club.

James W. Wogsland, '57, is treasurer of Caterpillar Tractor Company in Peoria, Ill.

George M. Shortley, '62, Rancho Santa Fe, Calif., is vice president of finance for Pacific Southwest Airlines.

James H. Rylander, '66, is an accountant at Dayton-Hudson Corp., Minneapolis.

Norman A. Schuenke, '69, is a real estate broker at Own Family Realty, Inc., Burnsville.

Roger A. Collins, '70, is vice president of operations at Dalco, Minneapolis.

Simon J. Cooper, '70, Brussels, Belgium, is vice president of European Administration for K-Tel International, Inc.

William C. Ludwil, '71, is quality control manager at George A. Hormel & Co., Fort Dodge, Iowa, and teaches at Iowa Central Community College.

Steven D. Sprenger, '72, is manager at Allied Midwest Merchandisers, Inc., Sioux Falls, S.D.

Dennis L. Alfton, '73, is assistant to the manager at Metropolitan Stadium, Bloomington.

Michael R. Worts, '73, is sales manager at Prudential Insurance Co., Arden Hills.

Jeffrey R. Swanson, '73, is office manager at Packaged Furniture and Carpet Co., Minneapolis.

James M. Blackford, '74, Scandia, Minn., has been a Certified Public Accountant since 1976 and is employed by Comten, Inc., Saint Paul.

Steven F. Burke, '74, Bloomington, is vice president of the North American Hunting Club.

Calendar

March

24: Alumnae Club Scholarship Benefit, Earle Brown Center.

26: Medical Alumni Reception, American College of Physicians Meeting, San Francisco.

29-30: Industrial Relations Alumni Institute.

30: General College Alumni Society annual meeting, Midland Hills Country Club.

April

6: Sun City Alumni Chapter, spring dinner meeting, Lakes Club, Sun City.

23: Nursing Alumni Day, Minnesota Alumni Club and Coffman Union.

May

5: Pharmacy Annual meeting.

7: Class of 1939 reunion.

8-26: Minnesota Travelers: Best of the Orient.

10: Medical Technology Alumni Society, annual meeting, Minnesota Alumni Club.

18-19: Medical Alumni reunion and second spring seminar, Health Sciences Center.

24: Journalism Alumni Society, annual meeting, Town and Country Club.

June

4: 1929 Class reunion.

6: 75th Anniversary dinner, Saint Paul Radisson Hotel, \$17.50 a person. Social hour from 6:15 to 7:15, followed by dinner.

16-30: Minnesota Travelers: Alaska Inside Passage Cruise.

July

29: Minnesota Travelers: Salmon River Raft Expedition, returns August 3.

31: Minnesota Travelers: White Nights on Shores of the Baltic, returns August 10.

Charles H. Meyer, '74, is an attorney at Oppenheimer, Wolff, Foster, Shepard & Donnelly, Saint Paul.

John R. Johnson, '74, is district computer specialist for the United States Army Corps of Engineers, Saint Paul.

Matthew L. Rowles, '74, is an agent for the Prudential Insurance Co., Minneapolis.

Larry R. Culp, '75, is a financial analyst for Sperry Univac, Saint Paul, and a reserve Naval officer.

Richard A. Richter, '75, is an inventory analyst for Sperry Univac, Saint Paul.

Timothy L. Rugg, '75, Houston, is employed by Economics Laboratory, environmental sanitation services division, where he is senior group manager.

Thomas J. Schaeppi, '75, Minnetonka, is a solar energy dealer and consultant and owns Solatech, Inc. He also manages Alpine Ski Shop, Saint Paul.

Harriet L. Wishnick, '75, Fairmont, Minn., received her master's in business administration in 1978 from Mankato State University. She lectures in the management and marketing department at the University of Wisconsin, La Crosse.

Daniel Winter, '76, is a production supervisor for Cargill, Inc., Spring Valley, Ill.

John P. Paulson, '77, is marketing manager of automotive and recreational products at Gould, Inc., Saint Paul, and lectures in the Department of Finance and Insurance at the University of Minnesota.

Thomas L. Schlick, '77, Burnsville, is manager of business planning at Rosemont, Inc.

Herbert D. Froemming, '59, is a corporate vice president for Gamble-Skogmo, Inc., Minneapolis.

Michael P. Fiala, '77, is an account supervisor for Campbell-Mithun, Inc., Minneapolis.

Graduate School

Dr. Morris Rockstein, '48, Coral Gables, Fla., teaches physiology and biophysics at the University of Miami's Medical School. He is a member of the advisory committee of the National Foundation for Health of the Aged and advisory council of the American Committee of the Neizmann Institute of Science.

Dr. Clifford L. Nelson, '62-'66, is chairman of the department of agricultural and extension education at the University of Maryland, college of agriculture, College Park, Md., where he teaches vocational agricultural education. In 1976, he received the honorary American Farmer Degree from the Future Farmers of America.

Dr. David Wilson, '62, '68, recent book is *In the Presence of Nature*. He is an associate professor and chairman of American studies at the University of California at Davis.

Claude D. Davis, '70, Chisago City, Minn., is assistant manager of the Blooming Prairie Land Bank Assn.

Capt. Joseph C. Stankus, '72, Dayton, Ohio, is a clinical psychology resident at the United States Air Force Medical Center, Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio.

José Delgado, '74, teaches Spanish at the University of Puerto Rico, Humacao, where he was assistant chancellor. He also has written Spanish language textbooks and articles on Spanish literature and education.

Dr. Sally Glassberg, '77, is an assistant professor of education and psychology at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, Geneva, N.Y.

Dr. Karen Kitchener, '70, '78, is an assistant professor of education at the University of Denver. She previously taught at Colorado State University and was a staff psychologist at the Centennial Center, Fort Collins, Colo. She also has written psychological articles.

Dr. Peter Delvigs, '63, coaches amateur hockey and works as a senior chemist at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Lewis Research Center, Cleveland.

Danny J. Bombard, '75, is a social worker and therapist in Bowling Green, Ky.

Ardyce K. Carlson, '75, is a supervisor for the Saint Paul public schools' health services.

Dr. Bill Henderson, '75, is director of forensics and an associate professor at the University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls.

Maria M. Theogides, '75, New Brighton, is librarian at Honeywell, Inc., systems and research center.

Charles B. Thurston, '78, is a reference librarian for the humanities and social sciences reference department at Texas A & M University, College Station.

Donald D. Ritt, '75, Los Angeles, is industrial relations manager for Miller Brands, Inc., a subsidiary of the Miller Brewing Co.

College of Education

Dr. Nina E. Draxten, '25, Minneapolis, recently published *Kristofer Janson in America*. She also has written *The Norseman* and *Aftenposten in Norway*.

June H. Gable, '42, is a director of the Sacramento City Unified School District. In April she visited the People's Republic of China studying Chinese women lifestyles. Now she is a Fulbright/Hays Scholar researching Indian women.

Darrell "Shorty" Cochran, '57, was appointed to the contributions committee of the Josten Foundation, Josten's Inc., where he is a general sales manager of international operations, Minneapolis.

Dr. Gary Best, '68, Glendora, Calif., recently published *Individuals With Physical Disabilities, An Introduction for Educators*.

John B. Wilson, '71, '69, is director of community relations at Bethel College and Seminary, Saint Paul, and active in community and athletic affairs.

Dr. Claude A. Eggertson, '39, was chairman of the centennial celebration of the school of education, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Margaret S. Lund, '60, is associate dean of students and director of career planning and placement at Macalester College, Saint Paul.

Jerome S. Kleinsaiser, '61, is an associate professor in the music department at California State College, Bakersfield.

Harvey A. Larson, '62, is dean of the school of business at Montana State University, Bozeman.

Rochelle A. Friedman, '63, Anaheim, Calif., was appointed director of the community relations committee for the Jewish Federation Council of Orange County, Calif.

David B. Wiencke, '68, is program coordinator for the Clara Doerr Residence in Minneapolis.

Barbara B. Bressler, '72, Skokie, Ill., is a student at De Paul University college of law and works at Willoughby Realty.

Medical School

Dr. W. W. McInerney, '20, has retired from practice but is medical director at Saint Anthony Health Center, Minneapolis.

Dr. Harry M. March, '27, retired in 1960 in Crystal Bay, N.Y. He practiced in California until 1956, and was an assistant parasitologist at the University of California's, Los Angeles, medical school from 1956-60.

Dr. Walter B. Wells, '31, is retired in Sun City, Ariz.

Dr. Charles G. Sheppard, '33, Le Seuer, Minn., is medical director of the Minnesota Security Hospital and acting medical director of St. Peter State Hospital.

Dr. Albert S. Brussell, '35, Kemp, Texas, is retired. He was director of the Veterans Administration Hospital, Marlen, Texas.

Dr. Carrell A. Peterson, '43, is a diagnostic radiologist at Samuel Merritt Hospital, Oakland, Calif.

Dr. William A. Bevan Jr., '70, practices in Vail, Colo.

Dr. Ronald C. McPhail, '71, is an internist for the United States Navy in Pensacola, Fla.

Introducing the Minnesota Gopher

It was early June when I sat down at my typewriter and wrote this note to a staffer:

"You'll notice the absence of the use of the Minnesota gopher in any of our printed materials. This is by design, and because of a lack of a design."

It was time, I felt, to get the gopher project off the back burner and onto the front burner.

And then it happened. "Who," I thought to myself, "is responsible for that lovable Hamm's beer bear that I've seen splashing on television commercials or smiling out at me from full-page magazine ads?"

So I made a telephone call to the company's corporate headquarters and I found out something quite interesting. The original bear creator had been dead for some years, but the person on the phone said an artist in Minneapolis was now helping with the account.

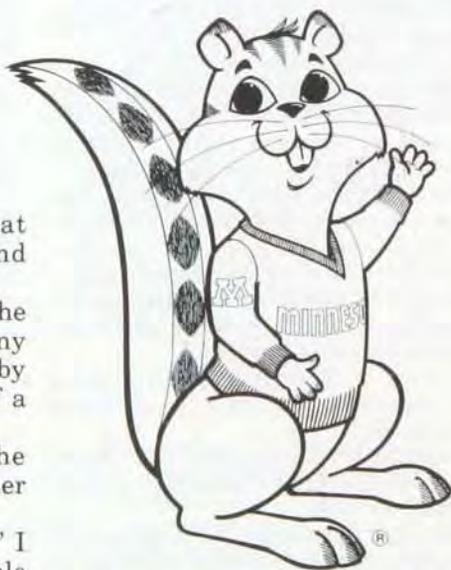
"Where?" I blurted.

"Minneapolis. His name is Bill Stein —"

I hung up the phone, checked the microfiche, and discovered that Bill had been a student at the University of Minnesota in 1947 and 1948.

A natural, I thought, so I called him and asked him to come visit with us in a few days.

I also learned that in addition to the Hamm's bear, he also works with the Jolly Green Giant and Little Sprout account.



He came in and we loaded him down with football brochures with gophers; stationery with gophers; a Polaroid photo of a gopher; the gopher cover of the University of Minnesota telephone directory; proof sheets of gophers; and mascot samples from all of the other Big Ten schools.

One of the first things Bill did, he told us later, was to research what a true gopher looks like. We suggested a visit to the James Ford Bell Museum.

The gopher, he found, is not a very handsome animal. So that would be one of the first challenges. And, too, previous configurations looked like cartoon characters without any feeling. So he'd work on that.

From then on he put together some sketches, and we talked about whether the gopher should wear a hat or a sweater or both; whether it should be male or female or sexless;

but mainly, we wanted it to have a personality.

I wanted, I told him, more than anything, to develop a gopher that would reflect the friendliness of Midwesterners; one that would appear to be alert and clever; one that would have an intelligent appearance (compatible with the University it represents).

"And what will you call it?" Bill asked.

"Let's keep it simple. Let's call it the Minnesota Gopher."

And we would have it registered with the U.S. Patent Office to avoid misuse of our official design.

Gone are the eyes that looked like burned holes in a blanket; gone are the bucked teeth; and gone is the ambivalence of other gophers that appeared to be a cross between a Northrop Auditorium gray squirrel and a Teddy Roosevelt bear.

We've got a gopher that we think is warm, friendly, cute, and that can become aggressive the next time our squad takes to the field or our players head for the court. Our gopher is clever enough to avoid getting into no-win situations most of the time.

Bill told us he really got a kick out of designing the gopher and that he felt like he'd not only made a contribution to the Minnesota Alumni Association but to the University of Minnesota as well.



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