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IN THE MID EIGHTIES

Reminiscences by David E. Heineman, '87

"MEMORY is like a net, Doctor O. W. Holmes tells us, "it is full of fishes when we take it from the water, but a hundred miles of river have run through it without sticking." When one reminisces by request and per order, on one's college days, the large currents of college life go through the meshes and what is hauled up is apt to be bits of flotsam, casual minnows and other small deer. I really haven't dipped into the Autocrat series for years, but I seem to recall Dr. Holmes' elsewhere emphasizing these trifling little events and possessions as being the things, "that identify one in eternity." Somehow he himself, the immortalizer of his class and the panegyrist of his college, illustrates his epigram. Life to him is "a great bundle of little things" and from his college days there flashes to us a glimpse of "Clemence tripping down the Rue de Seine" or of that Swiss class-mate of his in Paris who would tinkle his glass of Burgundy with his fork and say it brought to him the sound of the Alpine cow bells. Such trifles—barring Clemence and certainly discarding Washtenaw County Burgundy—come to my mind, mere random bubbles breaking on the surface of the bye-gone days. You can find the other things in Shaw's "History of the University of Michigan" or by

dredging the "Proceedings of the Board of Regents."

CURRENT EVENTS

WHEN an alumnus of the mid-eighties looks at the list of daily announcements of the present time, he is certainly impressed with the relative



DAVID E. HEINEMAN, '87
Whose Entertaining Campus Reminiscences Begin
in this Issue of The Alumnus

dearth of the olden time. An occasional "show" at the opera house, and hardly more than one first-class attraction per year at that, six or eight Lecture Association events, a highly diluted program weakening into third raters and the "Swiss Bell Ringers" sort of stuff, a "Choral Union Oratoria", a Comedy Club performance, (Prof. dePont's hobby—"Dupey," of honored memory),

various church socials and guild receptions, and mighty little else. No wonder the social instincts of the student herd manifested itself nightly at the post-office. There was no free delivery in those days. The students had post-office boxes or else lined up at the window to get their mail. Everybody went to the post-office nightly or had some one go for

or a large window plate might not become the next morning's testimony of the utterly foolish proceeding. The post-office was on Main street at the corner of the Court House square in the same block as the present post-office. On the second floor was a large barber shop with several bath tubs as adjuncts. The fewest student rooming houses had bath rooms, hence, Saturday night over the Post-office: "Soiree de Gala".



PAUL R. dePONT
Assistant Professor of French 1871-1906
"Dupey of Honored Memory"

him. As everybody tracked to the post-office from the supper table, and everybody ate supper at the same hour, the entrance to the post-office, with the outsiders trying to get in and the insiders trying to squeeze out, was loaded with dynamite which the friction often exploded. The post-master's chief worry would be to get the ensuing "Rush" to take place outside instead of inside, so that the broken glass of the letter boxes

A PARADE WITH A KICK IN IT

COMMENCEMENT in 1887 marked the Semi-Centennial of the University and was celebrated in worthy fashion. The Senior Reception was held under a huge tent back of the Main Building and a large dancing floor had been laid for the occasion. Twenty-five years later, at the Three-quarter Centennial, it so happened that the Commencement exercises themselves were held under a still larger tent. Old University Hall had been rebuilt, or it maybe was not large enough, and the Hill Auditorium was not completed.

The most popular feature of the semi-Centennial as I recall it, was a rather go-as-you-please students' parade. It was held at night and was a surprising success. While it took on in general the nature of a night-shirt parade, there were many special features. The co-eds were not spared, many of the boys making up in feminine attire, with conventional "School-marm" attributes, and were accompanied by placards not over-gallant in their wording. Something like two dozen of the boys gathered in my room for a "spread" (ancient slang for supper) and made up as Indians. The make-up was complete and realistic, eagle-feathers, contributed under urgent pressure by the turkeys and other major fowls of suburban farms, tomahawks

GRAND OPENING

"CREMATORY"

U. of M.

CAMPUS, MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 27, '87, 10 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

ORATION—
 "How I became what
 I am, or every man
 his own Dan Webster."
 DAVE HEINEMAN

[Tumultuous applause, in the
 midst of which Ballinger
 will step forward and
 cast his beloved Trig
 into the flames.]

CHIME SONG,—"Here's to the U of M. drink her down."

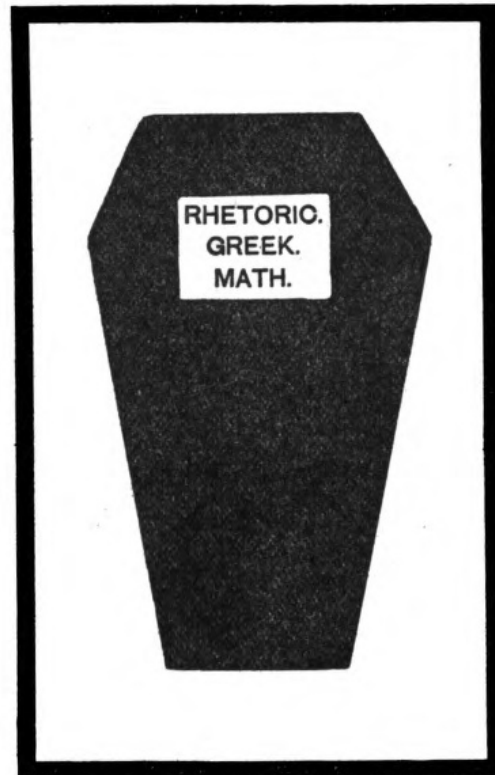
DIBSON—Solo, with two brass bands.

Cremation of "Grinds," "Ponies," "War Horses," etc.,
 during which a general

WAR DANCE
 will be indulged in by the faithful.

GRAND VAMOOS

Immediately after adjournment all S. O. T.'s are requested
 to meet at Fred Brown's for liquid refreshment.



A STUDENT AFFAIR IN '87
 They had Official Programmes Then

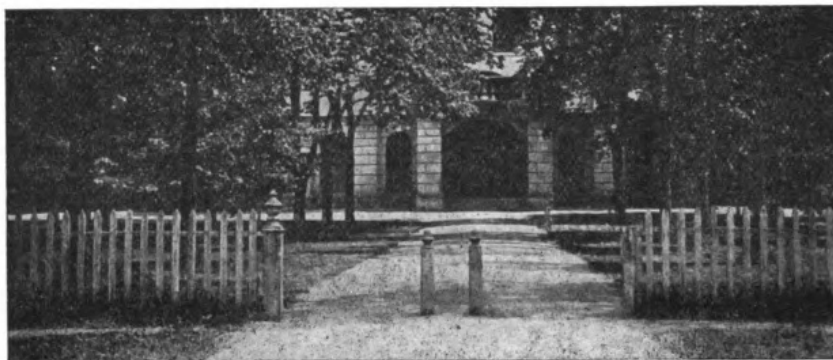
with shining heads of tin and ample war-paint, designed to terrify and disguise, were not lacking. Certain features of the aforesaid spread were not designed to make the Indians an especially peaceful lot and they were decidedly a howling, war-dancing bunch. The parade in its way, was also thoroughly lit-up, there being wagons with fireworks at intervals while ample red-fire blazed along the pavement.

Making Fun of the Governor

Among the realistic features of our band of Indians was an Indian pack-drag, drawn by a donkey, the best available substitute for an Indian pony. It was accompanied by several squaws, "co-ed squaws" as a banner was careful to announce, and on its back was an illuminated box with the inscription, "Get on to the mule." Just what this was intend-

ed to mean is uncertain—John Greusel from his journalistic retirement at Hollywood may explain the inspiration—but my recollection is that we were rather proud of the Indian-drag feature and didn't want anyone to miss it. So far well and good. But it happened just before this date that Governor Luce, in other respects a first-rate Governor, had vetoed the University appropriation and some kindred jack-ass doing reportorial work wrote up our harmless donkey with its equally harmless inscription as a take-off and slam on the Good Grey Governor. A number of newspapers in the State, not overfriendly to the University, took up the matter and our innocent donkey attracted decidedly more attention than we had counted on and considerably more than the University authorities cared for.

The terminal point of the parade was



A BIT OF THE CAMPUS OF EARLIER DAYS

the athletic field on the Northeast corner of the Campus where the biggest bon-fire I ever saw was piled up for lighting. It seemed as high as a three story house and I really believe it was. Its architecture was mainly on the dry goods box and flour barrel order, but there were tar-barrels as well.

A Student Circular

Some one had gotten out some circulars featuring a black coffin and announcing that certain unpopular text books would be formally burned in the bon-fire. These were broad-cast during the parade. I was set down as the orator of the occasion and it is an indication of the informality of the whole proceeding that the first I knew about my proposed share in the burning was during the parade when I picked up one of the circulars. "How to write clearly" was the text book of a compulsory English course, a notorious grind to all freshmen to which Mr. Burt had been innocently condemned as grind-master. I stopped at my room on the wind-up of the parade, got the book and had the satisfaction of duly burning up my own copy. Doubtlessly my "oration" on the occasion fully demonstrated that my copy might as well be burned, for all the good it was doing me. The bon-fire was a glorious blaze and thus at the very end

of our college career, we finally succeeded in setting the Campus on fire.

Years afterward, in rummaging old papers, I came across one of the black-coffin circulars, perhaps the only one in existence, and sent it with some other class souvenirs to the Varsity Library.

GOLD (BRICK) WATCHES

IF anyone wanted to reach the student body, by circulars, for petitions, or for any other purpose, the place to do it was at or near the Post-office. I wonder if some of the middling to old alumni have painful recollections of the slick gentleman who sold them gold watches a la pig-in-a-poke. He was a dapper fellow, haranguing the boys one evening from a Surrey to which a sleek fast-stepper was harnessed. He held forth at the corner where the soldiers monument now stands and the offrepeated catch-phrase of his talk was "You trust me and I trust you." First he sold a small paste board box to one of the crowd for two dollars. The buyer had to hold it up and not open it until told to do so. Then the fakir bought it back for five dollars. Next he sold it for five dollars and bought it back for ten. This box when returned to him was shown to contain a gold watch. Ground Bait! He then sold fifty or seventy-five boxes for two dollars a piece, each purporting to

contain a gold watch. When there were no more buyers, he suddenly turned about, put the whip to his horse and between lashes, looked back at the crowd, yelling "Suckers! Chumps! Jays!" and

was half-way to Ypsi before the boys with the empty boxes still held in the air, according to instructions, came to. If they had ever gotten that chap, they would surely have killed him.

TRAINING FUTURE OFFICERS IN THE UNIVERSITY

CONSPICUOUS about the "engineering corner" of the Campus during the last days of November have been moving figures in a strange uniform, bringing back memories of the war days when the various military missions kept one busy remembering the essential difference between the various service uniforms of the Allies. These uniformed men, however, discount their own martial appearance somewhat by being seen more often armed with notebooks than the sterner weapons of the soldier, and they usually vanish through the portals of a modest and pacific-looking building of brick and frame which the graduate will recall as the office of a green-house, standing on South University near the Engineering Building.

They are, as a closer glance at their coat-sleeves will reveal, the members of Michigan's Reserve Officers Training Corps, resplendent in the new "forest-green" uniforms of recent issue, and the surviving piece of the one-time green-house is now serving as the temporary headquarters of the unit. Where once were ornamental urns now stand a trench-mortar, a machine-gun and other weapons, still wearing the dun-colored paint of their service days, while through the big window which once displayed cut-flowers and plants, the passerby now catches a glimpse of racks of rifles, uniformed men bent over drawing-boards,

and a shelf of deadly explosive in harmless looking glass jars.

R. O. T. C. University Course

The student who desires military training is far better off now than he was before the war, or even during its progress. In the University Catalogue, there may now be found the curriculum of courses in the Department of Military Science and Tactics, so that now a student who wishes to qualify for a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps may do so without interrupting the course of his academic studies.

Reorganized after the close of the World War, the R. O. T. C., at the University opened the year 1919-1920 with only Coast Artillery and Signal Corps units. As a result of subsequent growth, there was a demand for additional instruction, so that Ordnance and Infantry units were authorized by the War Department and established.

The Staff and Courses

Major Robert Arthur, C.A.C., has been at the head of the Department since October 21, 1919. The other members of the staff are, Major Willis Shippam, C.A.C., in charge of the Coast Artillery Unit, Captain Frederick W. Hoorn, S.C., in charge of the Signal Corps Unit, Major John A. Brooks, Ord. Corps, in charge of the Ordnance unit,