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## IN THE MID-EIGHTIES---II

Reminiscences by David E. Heineman, '87

### STIRRING UP THE ANIMALS

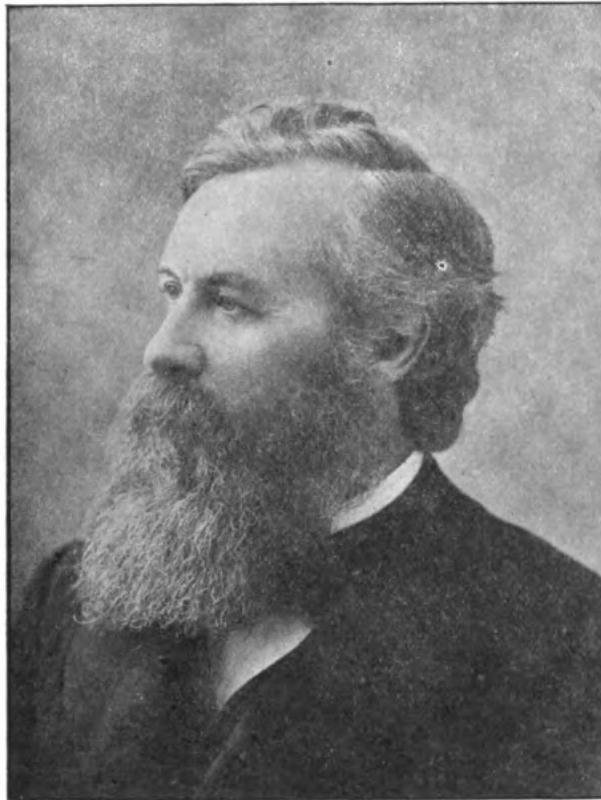
I SPENT three years under Dr. Winchell's roof on the site now occupied by the Hill Auditorium and could not fail in reverencing the memory of that great scientist, humanist, author and orator. So there is no disrespect mingled with my recollection of the incongruous scenes sometimes witnessed in his lecture room. He gave a course on "World Building", considered close to the snap line, and in his narration of the celestial processes developing in the infinite spaces, his eloquence and imagination would make him perfectly oblivious at times of what was taking place in his immediate presence. These lectures were given on the ground floor of what is now called Mason Hall in a large room shared by Professor Steere, the Zoölogist. The room was also shared by a large collection of stuffed animals, birds, and fishes which lay around at random on tables, chairs and benches. There were always a few of the students to whom World-Building seemed a tedious and wholly unprofitable proceeding. So it would happen that during one of Dr. Winchell's eloquent flights, some stuffed beast would go sailing through the air across the lecture room and land with a bang unless indeed some student had failed to dodge its flight. The Professor would never take note. There was a large stuffed gar pike that I specially recall. He was poorly

stuffed, overstuffed, altogether too shapelessly fat and looked like a long stocking filled with sand. It took both hands to launch this creature and when he went the length of the lecture room at the psychological moment, it was always with a sort of swan dive effect. This gar pike soon lost his bill, then his snout became blunted and before the end of the semester he had burst his cerements in several places. I remember being stunned and nearly floored one day by a nasty black squirrel which landed on the side of my head. I failed to appreciate somebody's efforts to pound Geology into my cranium by the aid of Zoölogy.

I am afraid I have forgotten all about the World-Building, but how I do remember that gar pike!

### RESEARCH WORK

IT IS many a year since I have seen Fred Loveridge, '89e, of Coldwater, who also roomed in the Winchell house and after graduation became connected with the General Electric Company. I recall an instance of his scientific curiosity. Prof. Winchell had a large water spaniel "Curley," known, because of the prominent location of the Winchell home, to the entire student body. Curley was quite a trick dog and it was customary to stimulate his performances with crackers, the round kind known as "butter crackers" of about two

**ALEXANDER WINCHELL**

Professor of Geology from 1855 to 1891 Except for  
the Six Years, 1873 to 1879, When He Was  
Chancellor of Syracuse University.

inch caliber. No trick, no cracker, likewise no cracker, no trick. One evening Loveridge's mind began to revolve about the possible cracker-capacity of Curley and he proposed to us that the solution be sought. So we trotted down to the corner grocery and came back with an ample supply. Fred began to toss crackers to the dog and carefully measured up the little stacks of crackers which he had laid out on the table. The stacks disappeared rapidly enough at first but towards the finish even with much petting and cajoling on the part of Fred and the recourse to a handy dish of water on the part of Curley, the count dwindled to the zero point. Indeed the last cracker dropped a half dozen times from Curley's jaws before it was consumed. Fred

then compiled his figures which totaled a stack of crackers exactly thirty-nine inches in height. Science and Curley were satisfied.

#### Curley's Lost Appetite

The sequel came the next evening Professor Winchell's daughter, remembered by all students of that day both for her personal charm and for her concert and Choral Union singing, wanted Curley to perform some of his tricks for some callers. We roomers just happened to be coming in from the post office and were prompted to linger a moment. For some reason Curley wouldn't perform but slunk away at the sight of a cracker. "I don't know what's the matter with him," Miss Winchell remarked



DAVID E. HEINEMAN, '87  
In His Room at Professor Winchell's in the "Octagon." Professor Winchell's Dog "Curley" Is in Evidence.  
A Pen and Ink Drawing from this Photo Served to Illustrate "A Student's Room" in a Contemporaneous Article on Michigan in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

several times and we all looked very innocent and really hadn't any idea what the cause might be. If these pages should ever reach the eye of the then Miss Winchell, the question will have been finally answered. Curley got back to crackers in about a week but not to thirty-nine inches of them.

#### CREDIT SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

**P**ERHAPS the term "Credit Slip" is obsolete in these days. Formerly when a student passed in any course the Professor gave him a little slip certifying the fact and certain courses and a specified number of hours had to be duly evidenced by these slips before the diploma was forthcoming. Possibly nowadays the lists are certified en masse by the professor and entered by the Registrar. There were always two or three notoriously "snap" courses, where the giving out of slips entailed some harrowing experiences. It would not infre-

quently happen that a student's name would be on the class list and that would be as far as the student would ever get. He might not attend a lecture and at examination could either copy some one else's paper sheet by sheet or get a substitute to attend the exam for him. The classes were so large that the chances for being called on once in quiz during the entire semester were about fifty-fifty and no Prof. glancing over the exam-papers, either himself or per proxy, would be apt to detect duplicated papers. Still, it might happen and naturally some of the students had an uncomfortable five minutes when they applied for their credit-slips.

#### Some Well-Known "Snaps"

Dr. Vaughn's course in "Sanitary Science" was a favorite snap, patronized to the extent of crowding the largest assembly room in the main building. The course itself pioneered the future science



of Sanitation and one could get out of it just as much or little as one wanted. Quite a number of the students tried to get out of it a one-fifth credit, it being a once a week lecture. When I went to the Doctor's office to apply for my credit, a friend of mine followed after and after I got my slip I waited for my friend. The Doctor fingered through his large bunch of slips while my friend stood in agony, all pink and perspiry about the gills. Finally the Doctor fished out a slip and repeating my friend's name handed it to him. When we struck the outer air my friend turned to me and remarked in utter relief, "Gee, he had me worried, the only time I ever attended the blamed course was the first day when I had to get my name down."

Dr. Winchell, the Geologist, gave one or two courses which were considered snaps, and were largely attended by snap-hunters. In one of these courses, it was incumbent for each student to wander forth into Washtenaw County and by the aid of his newly acquired knowledge and a geologist's hammer bring back, label and turn in some twenty different varieties of rock. These were looked over by the Professor and returned. Several of the fraternity-houses had a house-set of these sample rocks which did duty from semester to semester and how they got by the Professor year after year is more than I can fathom.

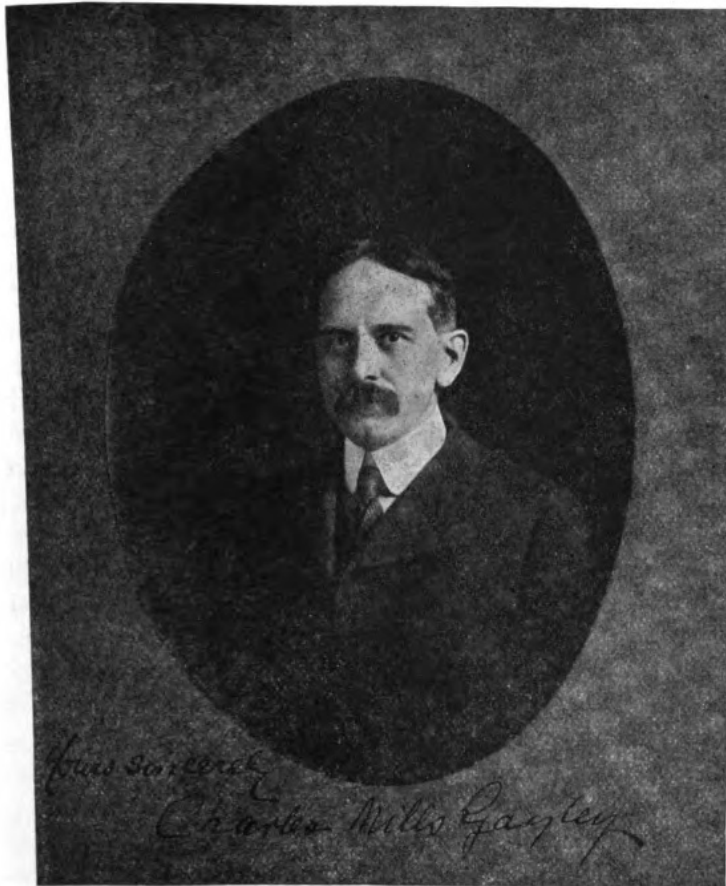
### SOME MEMORIES

CHAPEL exercises were held each morning before eight o'clock in the large room just opposite the door of the President's office, the location of which latter remains the same. Attendance was voluntary and seldom very large. From my very occasional presence I retain one of the best and most unforgettable recollections of my life: Dr. Angel reading the scriptures!

Reviewing past associations also makes me wonder what has become of that dear little co-ed at our table, who, when one of the boys in speaking of some hunting experience happened to mention eating jerked-venison, broke into his narrative with the exclamation: "Jerked-venison! Why I thought they shot them!"

### GLEE CLUB HONORS

THE student body in general was not musically inclined. The fraternity houses were equipped with pianos and banjos and as today resounded with choruses, more or less well rendered, generally quite less. But the mass of the students roomed two or three in a house and opportunities for chorus work were absent. The result was that the student repertoire consisted of a very few songs, banal and wormy and for the most part not distinctively of the Campus, especially "The Bull Dog on the Bank," "'Tis Love," "Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye," and that sort of stuff. I recall the highest musical compliment, incidentally the only one, I ever received. A party of us were coming back at half after eleven from down town (they closed at eleven) and as we wandered up-town, some of the party must have indulged an exaggerated estimate of the musical value of our singing. As we approached the residence of Dean Cooley, then, as now, a Campus favorite, some one suggested that we "serenade Cooley" which we proceeded to do. The hour was late, the house was dark, the "serenading" was hideous. Presently up went a bed room window, Cooley appeared in robe de nuit, smiled benignly and made us a little speech of thanks. What saved our lives must have been the little misapprehension under which he labored, for he prefaced his little speech with a very formal "Gentlemen of the Glee Club!"



C. M. GAYLEY, '78  
Best Known to Michigan Men and Women as the Author of  
"The Yellow and Blue"

My impression is that Professor Gayley's writing "The Yellow and Blue" was what gave the real start to Campus chorals. Professor Scott's efforts also helped. I remember the first time "The Yellow and Blue" was publicly sung. It went as well as ever and took hold immediately. It had come to stay.

#### DEAD LANGUAGE—LIVE PROFESSORS

**S**PEAKING of Professor Gayley recalls one of the best tributes to a teacher's enthusiasm and magnetism that I can recall. Gayley was then an Assistant Professor of Latin. Not content with

putting us over the prescribed hurdles, he readily got together some dozen or so of his students who met for two hours every Thursday evening to read and translate the lesser known Latin poets. There was seldom an absentee and the work required considerable preparation as the lesser known Latin poets had a way of not being readily rendered by sophomores ranging beyond touching distance of the lexicon. The gatherings were enjoyable, enthusiastic and profitable and the significance of the tribute to the professor lay in the fact that at the end of the semester no credit was allowed for the work which was purely voluntary, I wonder if it happens nowadays.