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IN THE MID-EIGHTIES---III

Reminiscences of David E. Heineman, '87

A COUPLE OF POLITICAL STRAWS

DURING the Presidential campaign of 1884, James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate, passed through Ann Arbor and the train stopped a moment so that the Plumed Knight might show himself to the students and townspeople who thronged about the awful apology of a station house on the Michigan Central tracks. It was one of those Free Trade campaigns and the Free Trade view of it was being strongly emphasized in the collegiate chairs of Political Economy. The train was scheduled to just stop and start. Blaine's speech consisted of one sentence, but memorable enough for political tact and professorial rebuke. He appeared, acknowledged the cheering, magnetized the crowd into silence with his eyes and queried: "Gentlemen, I beg you to reflect why it is that college students at twenty are Free Traders and at forty are Protectionists?" And the train moved on.

It was during the same campaign that a Republican meeting, held at the Rink, located where the Interurban waiting room now spreads its palatial reception rooms, was addressed by a rather piping-voiced, somewhat "dudish" mannered "Haw-vud" chap. The crowd was rather slim and I think the general impression was that the speaker would be more valuable to the cause if he were booked at New England town assemblages rather than in the rancous district of "Fog-

horn" Allen, the local Congressman. The audience was polite and appreciative but not especially demonstrative. And yet there must be those who in looking back to that meeting feel their pulses quicken and their chests expand at the recollection of perhaps the only occasion when they saw and heard Theodore, the Incomparable, the Titan of our Time!

PRO PATRIA

INCIDENTALLY it may be recalled that politics cut an important figure on the Campus, especially among the Laws. There were Republican and Democratic Clubs and plenty of impromptu meetings at which speeches were made, partly from conviction, partly for the practice. Some of our present day statesmen were in evidence and I doubt not could furnish some interesting anecdotes of these meetings. The old Law Building entrance was the wrangling ground par excellence and anybody who wanted to get into a political argument could readily be accommodated.

I distinctly recall one occasion when I furnished the arguments. A little party was on the way to "smoke out" Charlie Dixon, who, by the way, now resides in Ann Arbor while continuing with the Federal Government in engineering work. Smoking-out consisted, presumably still does, of a gang dropping at a man's room on a cold night and under guise of a pleasant call filling up the room with to-

bacco so that, when the callers departed, the occupant had either to choke or chill his room with the zero atmosphere. During this evening one of the boys asked me if I could explain how such an intelligent chap as Dixon could be a Democrat. I couldn't, and proceeded to argue the matter with Charlie. He proved poor material for conversion and more than held his Democratic trenches. The dispute waxed long and hot. On the way home the bunch confided to me that it was a put-up job. Charlie happened to be an orthodox dyed-in-the-wool Republican. He had been put next and incidentally it kept him from noticing the increasing density of the smoke.

Presumably the old ways for "letting out steam" are no longer indulged in by the Laws. The most usual of these was mass-yelling, jeering and cat-calls in the lecture room just before lecture time. The entrance of a strident neck-tie or suit or for the matter of that, of anybody or anything that would serve as an excuse was the signal for an outburst of yelling that could be heard all over the Campus. It was considered a nuisance especially in the "shack" hospital buildings near where the Science Building now stands, but that didn't make any difference to the Laws. It was their prerogative to make more

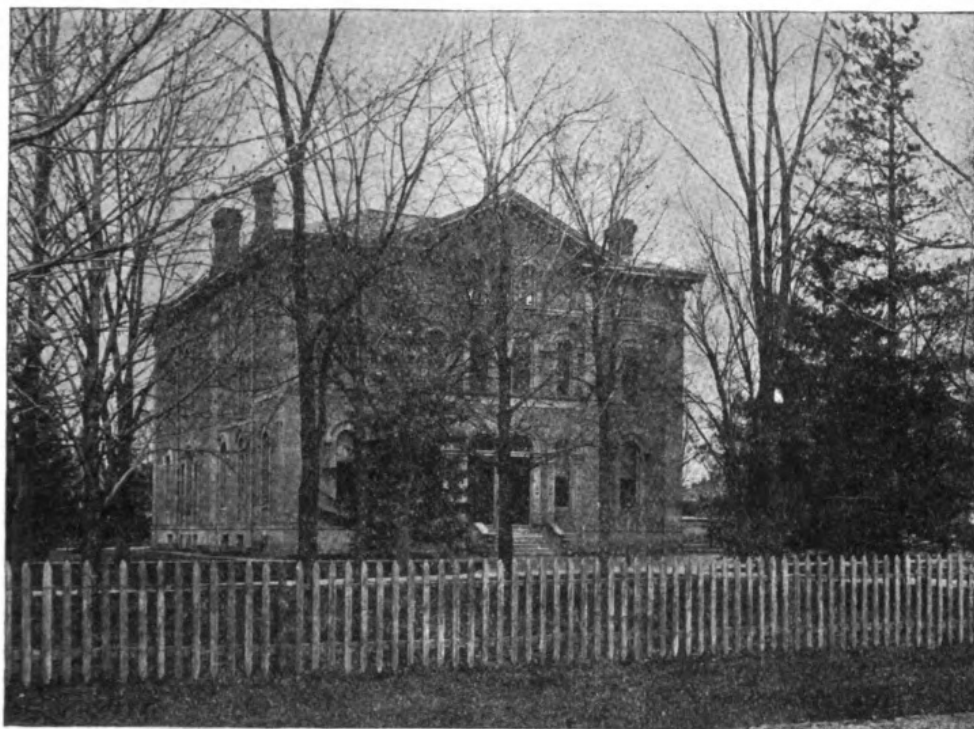
noise than all the other departments combined and it was suffered in silence, everybody else furnishing the silence.

MAKING LAWYERS

IN MY college days, when the law seniors were ripe for picking or plucking, they used to march the picked ones down to the Court House, where they were joyously received by the County Clerk, to whom each candidate meant a fee. They recorded their names, went into the Court Room where they were "examined". The examination consisted in some one of the law Faculty asking each one a question. Then they were formally admitted to the Bar, went to the Clerk's office, paid the fee and got a certificate. One of my friends, Francis Stevenson, an engineering student, happened to see the crowd filing into the Court House one day and it so provoked his curiosity that he trailed along and learned what was doing. He reported results that evening at Fred Brown's in his own delightfully quaint fashion and I vividly recall John Gruesel's quizzical expression, as "Stevy" expanded. It seemed Stevy was taken with a sudden notion of becoming a lawyer, so in he goes to the Clerk's office, writes



THE FIRST UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL
Which Stood on the Present Site of
the Chemistry Building



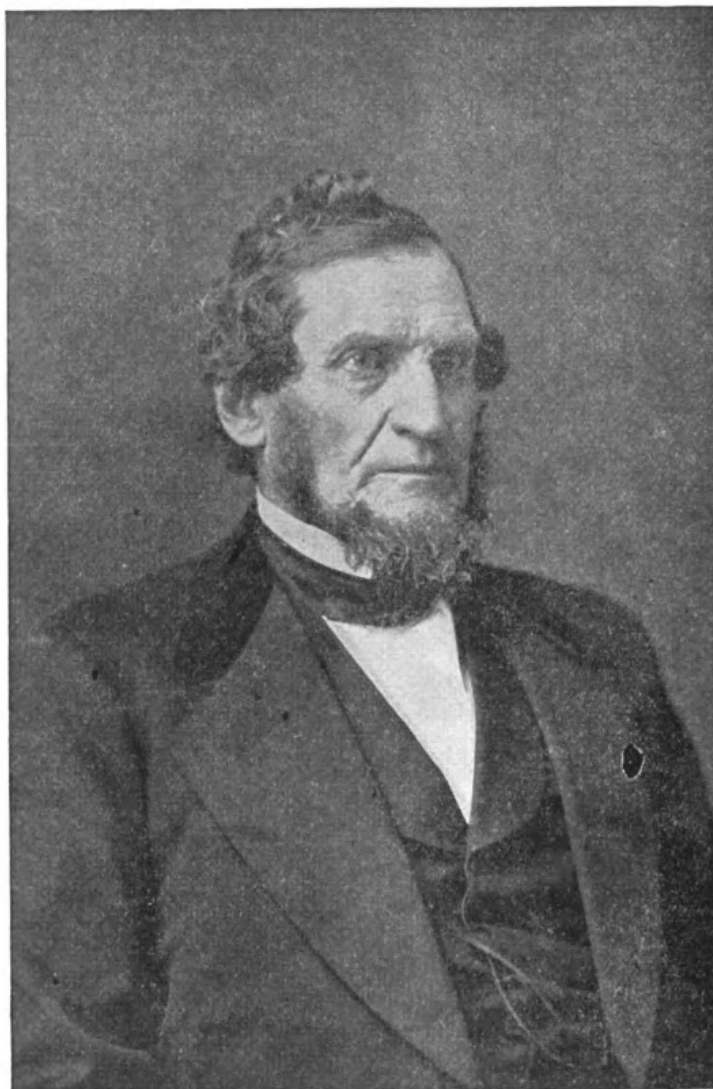
THE OLD LAW BUILDING

A "Wrangling Ground par Excellence" later Incorporated into the Present Structure

down his name and address on the list and takes a seat in the Court room. The list is in Judge Cooley's hand and in due course the Judge calls out, "Mr. Stevenson." Up stands Stevy, a maverick, if ever there was one. "Mr. Stevenson, define 'Trespass.'" Stevy confided to us that he had a vague impression that "Trespass" was something like jumping over a man's fence at two a. m., pounding on the door and asking the occupant to kindly oblige him with a match. At any rate he gazed blandly at the Judge and said nothing. "You know all right," remarked the latter, "but you're probably rattled" and proceeded to call the next man's name. When the "exam" was over, Stevy went to the Clerk's office, paid his fee, got the certificate and sat among us that night, a two-fold member of the bar. Nowadays the class goes to Lansing, I believe. It's more dignified, I suppose, but the opportunity is gone of making a lawyer "at sight."

GETTING THE DROP ON A DEAD MAN

THERE must be many medical graduates who remember the following incident, which I witnessed in the amphitheatre at one of Dr. Corydon Ford's anatomical lectures. My law school roommate, Lloyd W. Moultrie, now a prominent attorney in Los Angeles, and myself occasionally visited the surgical clinics and the Ford lectures. On the day in question, Dr. Ford had been demonstrating anatomy over a subject which had been quite thoroughly dissected. The subject reclined on a table which could be tilted by means of a screw handle beneath the table. The lecture was finished, Dr. Ford covered the subject with a light cloth and turning his back on it, began conversing with a group of medics who were apparently plying him with questions. The group increased and in the throng someone must have leaned heavily

**CORYDON LA FORD**

Professor of Anatomy and Physiology 1854-1894.

on the table. The result was that the table tilted in the wrong direction, the subject tobogganed to the floor, striking skull first with all the hereditament thereunto pertaining piling up on top of it in a shapeless mass. Dr. Ford was a terror on the question of neatness. Fortunately he was so absorbed in his interviewers that he never noticed what had happened. The students to whom he was talking began to make special efforts to keep him interested while a half-dozen

others stooped down and by repeated two-handed efforts lifted up what was on the floor. I forbear further details. The work was completed, the table secured and the cloth replaced without the Doctor's knowledge. There happened to be some actors present, from a company playing at the opera house that evening and they sat near me in the upper tiers. They looked rather sober during the lecture and never blinked at the uncanny finale but I noticed one of them, when

they got outside, roaring with laughter till the tears ran down his face. The show had evidently made a hit with him.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

THERE is one sight to be witnessed any pleasant Sunday in the Spring or Autumn, which brings back to me more poignantly than any other, the realization of once having been a student at the U. of M. I refer to the students that may be seen at such times strolling along the banks of the Huron River, about the only thing at Ann Arbor that hasn't changed. Sometimes the boys would take along a shot-gun or a Flobert, for rabbits or feathered targets might appear and there were always sticks or stones about the river which made good targets. "Pi" Hickey, otherwise Dr. Preston Hickey, who has just been appointed professor of Roentgenology at the University, will recollect one such occasion when he and myself were wandering down-river. We happened to be standing on one of the railroad bridges when in cocking my rifle, the hardness of the hammer-action caused the muzzle to be raised and the hammer slipping under my thumb caused the bullet to get "Pi" in the thigh (more rime than reason to that). It plowed half around that limb, right beneath the epidermis—one couldn't say "skin" in talking about a doctor—and then proceeded on its way. "Pi" hardly seemed startled while I was

plainly frantic. He turned around and began and continued to laugh. There wasn't anything funny about it to me. In fact I didn't know but what the wound was a bad or fatal one. Presently my victim explained that he was tremendously and hilariously impressed with the volubility and versatility wherewith I was cursing myself for what had happened. When I ran down a bit, we commandeered the first buggy that came along and drove to Dr. Vaughan's who treated the wound and utterly forgot to treat me who must have seemed the worse injured of the two. Life wasn't very pleasant for me for some days afterwards. Too many of the boys, with studied interest, were asking me if I was doing much big game hunting these days, if Hickey-birds were plentiful and other courteous questions of that sort.

The Huron River, endeared to the old grad as it will be more and more to the students of the present, loveliest in late spring with the infinite varieties of green contrasting with the yellow cowslips, the haunt of the sentimentally attached and the potentially sentimentally detached, singing at the foot-stool of the University as all unchanging rivers sing:

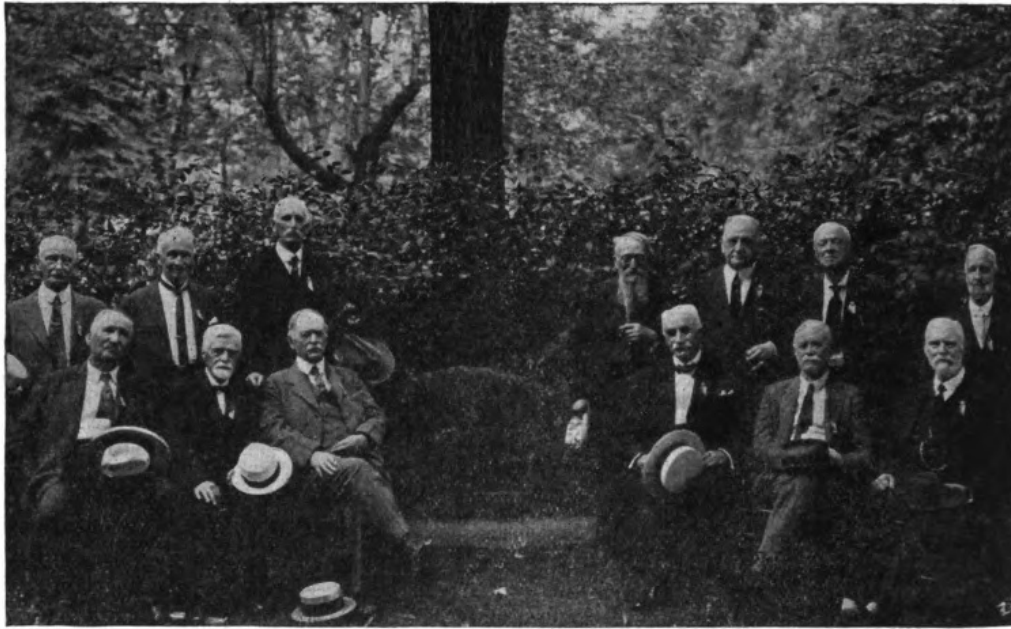
"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

VALE

IN recalling old-time days, there is one thing which one is very apt to forget: When to stop!



A GLIMPSE OF THE HURON



'69 AT THEIR LAST REUNION

Thirteen of the Seventeen Surviving Members Grouped Around the Class Stone in front of the Class Elm
 Hall, Lothrop, Wilkinson
 Lamm, Bancroft, Dewey
 Cook, Swift Snover, Gelston
 Brush, Hayes, Perry

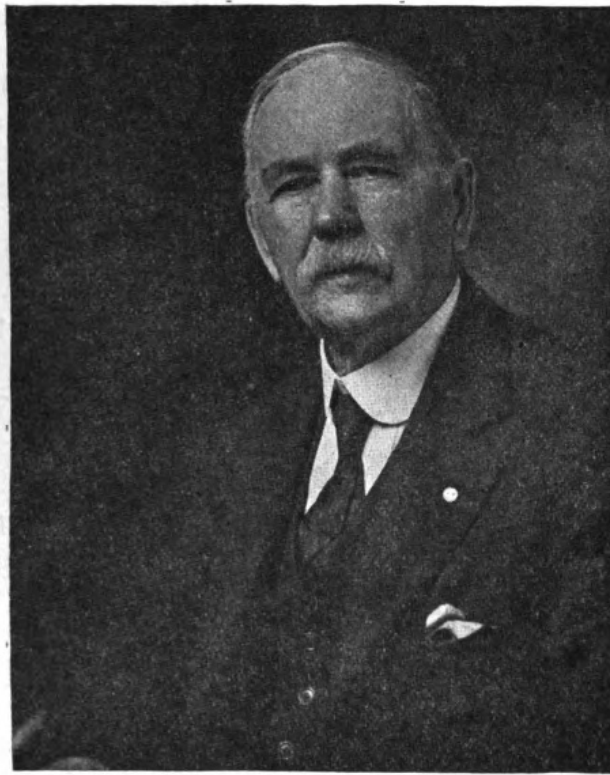
THE CLASS OF '69

Some Memories of Franklin S. Dewey, Class Secretary

THE class of '69 had something of a reputation while in the University. They entered, ninety-six and graduated forty-four. Only seventeen are still living. Most of them were farmer boys, accustomed to hard work and no luxuries, and most of them worked their way through. Many boarded themselves. Two came with seventy-five dollars. With this they built and furnished a house and paid their way through the year. The house and furnishings might, by padding, inventory ten dollars. One of these became superintendent of schools for twenty years at South Bend, and then a distinguished lawyer; the other a successful lawyer, judge, and finally chief justice of Missouri Supreme Court. Another worked his way through and built over six thousand miles of railroad and became a multi-millionaire.

Four of the class became millionaires and about fourteen reached the six figures and beyond.

These men were kind and philanthropic. In the fall of '66 they discovered the corner stone of the Methodist Church on State Street sleeping lonely in the night. The next day it was to be put in place. A vast concourse gathered for the solemn service. The corner stone had been laid,—but no one knew where—except '69. Late in the day it was discovered in the historic cat-hole where tradition says the old university bell sleeps. Discovering a lot of horses loose in a livery stable, '69 corralled them comfortably in Prof. Olney's room for the night. The next morning when his supreme dignity opened the door he is said to have exclaimed,—"Good Lord," and several other things, albeit he was a most Godly man.



FRANKLIN S. DEWEY, '69
Secretary of His Class. Through Whose Efforts
the Class Tree was Saved

'69 First Chooses Yellow and Blue

One thing for which this class is responsible is not generally known. In '66 they conceived the idea of "Class Colors." The entire class met in the old chapel (north wing of the present main building) and after a couple of meetings and much discussion, selected for our Class Colors "Maize and Blue," and subsequently these colors were adopted by following classes and finally by the University.

Early in May, '69, the whole class went over north of the River and brought in a fine specimen of the American elm. This was about five inches in diameter and required a four horse team to bring it in with all its earth. We planted it with great ceremony, and employed the janitor to nurse it for a couple of years. It flourished and grew to a circumference of more than six feet and at this writing

the new Literary Building is usurping its territory. One or the other has got to quit. The Regents have appropriated \$250 for transplanting it but this is found to be wholly inadequate. If the tree is moved '69 must dig down for the needful. The President assures us that if the tree must be sacrificed another will be planted beside our class rock in its new location.

The Class Rock

About this class rock. The tree looked lonely. We knew of the old, historic "calico rock" just south of Washtenaw Ave. half way to Ypsilanti. It was near a spring and beside the old Indian trail. We engaged Mr. Goodhue, a noted truckman, and he, with four horses and a low-hanging dray and all of '69 marched out in grand array, and after hard labor and much sweating with thirst (not all slaked

at the spring) the five thousand pound pudding stone was heaved aboard and the whole caravan moved slowly for the Campus. The sun was down and it was very dark when our burden was laid on its new bed. Very late that night Dan'l H. Rhodes, a classmate, in crossing the Campus, discovered a concourse of men armed with spades and shovels. They began making a grave for our rock. As they were too many for him he roused us all and we were soon at a designated place, and with one grand rush we burst through and as we were well armed the vandals took to their heels. We then detailed four of our number to guard the rock every night. We watched it as a mother might watch her baby. The freshies then determined to show the sophs what they could do. The writer managed to leap upon the rock just in

time and with a heavy ball club made the mob understand that the first man that came within reach would lose his brains if he had any. The three companions were shut out by the mob but they used their legs and soon had all our class in line of battle. The victory was ours. Then they determined to paint it, but day and night we sat on it and never a vandal could get near enough to fling his pot of paint upon it. Is it any wonder that these mementos are dear to us. In the ground plan of the Literary Building their place is marked and one of our class will place a tablet in the floor in memory of '69 and our cherished mementos. It may, with its history, be an inspiration to our progeny. About the Campus there are too few of the evidences of sentiment for the things of former days. I fear sentiment is dying out.

F. S. DEWEY, '69, DISCOVERS ICHTHYOSAURUS

Franklin S. Dewey, '69, who spent the winter of '21-'22, with his daughter in Jacksonville, Fla., has written the Alumni Association a very interesting account of his discovery, at Silver Springs, Fla., of a very fine specimen of the Ichthyosaurus. He writes about this discovery as follows:

Near the geographical center of the state is the city of Ocala, about six thousand, and five miles from that is Silver Springs, a little lake of a few acres, with a depth of eighty feet. The water boils up down there in scores of geysers, and official report says that the output is about three hundred sixty-nine thousand gallons a minute. We were out on this lake in a glassbottomed boat; I never saw such limpid water; no matter how deep, the smallest particle was as clearly seen as if only air intervened. Suddenly, perhaps wildly, I called a halt. Away down there deep was something strange and uncanny. A long, huge form, rock, but not like the Ocala rock on which it lay. A different color, and then the shape, like a monster alligator. It was clearly

a petrification. There was no doubt about it at all. Some beast or reptile of ancient geologic time chiseled out of the solid rock by the boiling water. He was not quite all there, his head was gone, but the joint where his head was once hitched on was perfect. Some of his tail was gone, but there was over twenty-five feet of him left. I judged that in life he was over thirty feet long. I think his head might be found, but I couldn't see it. If I had plastered his name on him it would have been Ichthyosaurus, for that was his baptismal name. Of course, I was anxious to know if I was the first discoverer, but found, after looking through the libraries, geological reports and the reports of the Springs, that there was no report of its having been seen. Finally I found a man who had known an old Dutch geologist, who was recently a professor of geology in a Florida college, and at the same time state geologist, who had seen it, recognized it and given it the same name I bestowed; then he died without telling the world.

In one of the phosphate beds in the vicinity I rescued from its sleep of endless ages a monster tooth of the American elephant, the mastodon. It was about four by five inches on the face.