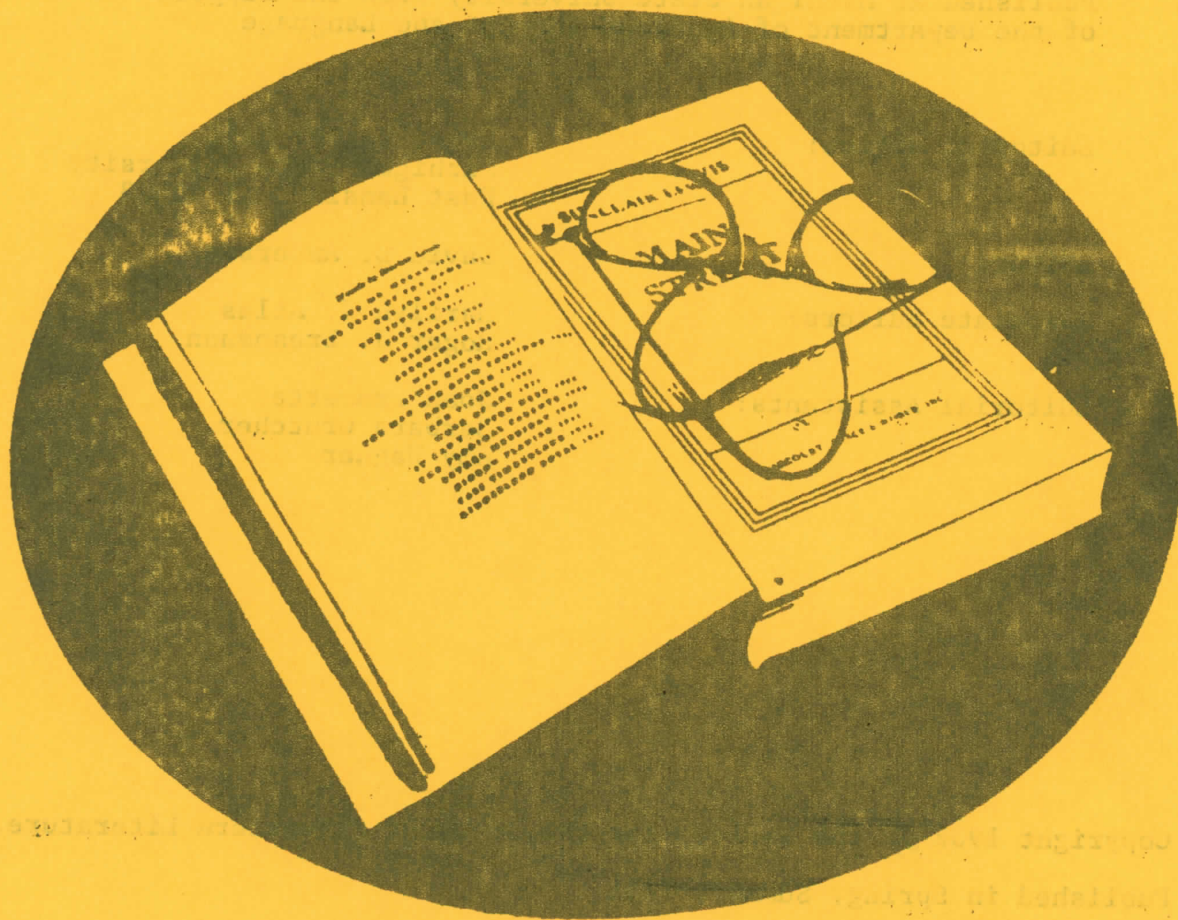


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Football and Other Academic Arts at Michigan State University

Author: Pauline G. Adams

and

Editor: Emma S. Thornton

Sports news rarely highlights a description of the play, the scores of the day, the skill of the players, the euphoria of the "happening." Rather, athletic commercialization, violence on the field, and drug use off the field tend to be spotlighted. This corruption, though most flagrantly seen in professional sports, is not without college dimensions. Commercialization, violence, and drugs aside, what is the place of intercollegiate sports in a university? An examination of the intercollegiate athletic program at Michigan State University reveals a commonality of interest between sports and other dimensions of the academic community, even the society beyond.

But of all intercollegiate sports, football dominates; football dominates at Michigan State, as well. However, football did not rise easily or fully dressed on Aggie soil. It was neither full-suited nor fully equipped for almost a century after the college was established. Quite the contrary, it was precisely because Michigan State was an agricultural college that it was unfitted for an active sports program. First, all students, men and women alike, were required to work three hours a day in the barns and fields. Thus, little time or energy was left for sports. Second, a long winter vacation

which allowed students to teach in country schools and thus earn needed funds to continue their educations meant a fall term too short for participation in the intercollegiate football schedule. Third, the faculty, alumni, and governing board opposed a sports program for fear that it would introduce an undesirable element into campus life. As late as 1899, the Board held that "Many coaches . . . were reputedly so intent on victory and therefore so accustomed to dishonest practice that they would be a pernicious influence on campus" (Kuhn, p. 255). Fourth, since the overwhelming majority of students came from Michigan farms, their experience and interest in physical activities were less likely to be in organized sports. It is entirely in keeping with their backgrounds, for example, that the biggest sporting event reported for the year 1873 was "a match hunt between sophomore and junior teams on a fall Saturday which [bagged] 79 squirrels, 12 pigeons, 9 quail, 4 turkeys, 6 partridges and 3 ducks" (Spartan Saga, p. 7).

Despite these hindrances, students as early as the 1860's (Michigan Agricultural College was founded in 1855, one of the first agricultural colleges in the country) began to agitate for more than "a gymnasium [consisting] of a trapeze and swinging rings suspended from campus trees [But] student petitions for the fitting of an indoor gymnasium were denied by a Board which thought the farm a healthier place to exercise and feared that sports might crowd out manual labor" (Kuhn, p. 134).

During the 1880s, while football was developing rapidly in

universities throughout the nation, Michigan State students continued to press. One such student, Liberty Hyde Bailey, later world-renowned for his horticultural research and writings, was then editor of the Speculum, a literary and scientific quarterly, founded in 1881. Bailey editorialized: "Why can we not form a college association? . . . Why should we be behind other colleges in this respect? At present, our sports are confined to an occasional 'scrub' game of baseball, or a miscellaneous kicking of a football. Why can not the energy displayed in these games be organized and improved?" (Spartan Saga, p. 7).

In 1895, Speculum published the results of a survey of twenty-five colleges and found that "ours is the only one which does not support a football team" (Kuhn, p. 160). By the following year, the long winter vacation, formerly from November first to late February, was abolished. The resulting longer fall term allowed the Aggies to field a football team. "They [started] from almost scratch. Not only was the team inexperienced, not only were they too poor to employ a coach, but [at practice] because there was no second eleven, there was 'nothing to break our interference but a bunch of evergreens' and nothing to 'buck' but the wind" (Kuhn, p. 254).

By 1899, however, thanks to the enthusiasm of President Snyder, who had taken office three years earlier, and Board member L. Whitney Watkins, a recent graduate (1893), the Board accepted Rev. Charles Bemies, a graduate of Western Theological Seminary, to coach sports, lead chapel, and direct the YMCA. Though Bemies remained as coach for only two years, a start had been made. By 1900, again thanks

to Watkins, the Board purchased a 13-acre tract for sports. Michigan State football was launched. By 1915, when Snyder left the presidency, athletic competition had become an integral part of campus life, though it still had a long way to go to make its mark on the nation's playing fields. And it was an agonizingly long period of deprivation. Beginning in 1916, for the next sixteen seasons, the green and white scored just one home touchdown against "its most treasured opponent [the University of Michigan]" (Kuhn, p. 328).

Throughout this period, almost to the eve of World War II, poor football scheduling helped perpetuate the lean Spartan pickings. Even neighboring opponent, the University of Michigan, made only one football visit to East Lansing between 1914 and 1943. That one visit, in 1924, was to initiate a new stadium which Governor Grosbeck hoped would enable M.A.C. to schedule strong teams at home and thus shed "the tradition of a 'cow college'" (Kuhn, p. 329).

Unfortunately, Governor Grosbeck's hopes for Michigan State were not fully or immediately realized. The hunger for winning teams, for wider recognition, for a unifying campus enthusiasm, for respectability as an institution of higher learning became increasingly intense. This hunger was made more acute by the long-standing rivalry between M.A.C. and the U. of M. It was John A. Hannah who was particularly sensitive to this hunger and saw the way to appease it. Hannah had become president in 1941, after six years as secretary of the governing board. Charles Bachman, head football coach from 1933 to 1946 and Hannah's good friend, recalled Hannah saying, "Michigan State is a diamond in the rough; all it needs is a football victory

over Michigan--no, two victories so people will not say it was a fluke--and the college will become a great educational institution. According to Bachman, Hannah realized the value Notre Dame and Michigan received from 'free football advertising' and 'he chose that path to polish the diamond'" (Shapiro, p. 30). Though Hannah refutes Bachman's memory, Beth Shapiro, in an as yet unpublished doctoral thesis entitled Intercollegiate Athletics and Big Time Sport at Michigan State University: or "The Difference Between Good and Great Is a Little Extra Effort" notes that in nearly every speech "before an athletic group Hannah indicated that he believed intercollegiate athletics to be a positive influence on college campuses because competitive sports unifies student, faculty, townspeople, and alumni in a way no other activity can" (Shapiro, pp. 30-1).

Hannah, who came out of the land grant tradition in higher education and carried to the presidency of Michigan State University his belief that there should be no disharmony of interests between campus and off campus, reflects that belief in his attitude towards the role of sports. Hannah's philosophy can be summarized as follows: Sports in general, and football most particularly, support the political interests of the university (i.e., broad recognition and stature in the wider community); sports also support the financial interests of the university; in addition, sports support the goal of a democratic society within the university (i.e., on the team, as in the stadium, all are welcome regardless of race, color, creed, or status as long as the players have the requisite skill and the spectators have the requisite entrance ticket);

finally, sports support the goal of unifying students, faculty, alumni, townspeople, and a more distant public; not only are all these peripheral objectives of a university potentially enhanced by sports, but sports need not run counter to the primary goal of a university--academic excellence. To put it somewhat differently, sports can supply a people glue.

Evidence of the importance of the football program to the community is most often observed among shopkeepers, restaurateurs, and other members of the Downtown Coaches Club, etc. Football lore even insinuates itself into the personal histories of former players long after their cleats have been stored. A man's football prowess gave meaning to his life and recognition in the community. For instance, in an obituary that appeared in the State Journal (May 17, 1939) of Adelbert D. Van Dervoort, the following notice was taken:

While a student at Michigan State College he won fame as a football player [He] was a letter winner as a guard on teams in 1914, '15, '16, and, returning from the war, again in 1919. . . . He played on the team that beat University of Michigan 24-0 in 1915. Friends recall that he was the second member of that team to have died recently. Bob Hubbell, quarterback, died in California two months ago.

[Van Dervoort's] sports interest was largely concentrated on football He was the founder and organizer of the Downtown Coaches' Club Sel-dom absent when Michigan State played a home game, he had won the title of No. 1 Spartan fan

One of his hobbies was giving dinners for football players

Michigan State's entry into the Big Ten in 1949 was, in Hannah's eyes the open sesame for achieving his vision. And it worked, boosting Michigan State onto the national scene. "The

effect of membership was invigorating, bringing with it [the] new criteria [of the Big Ten] by which to judge [not only the sports program but] faculty, library, scholarship, and academic purpose [as well]" (Kuhn, p. 466).

This view of the role of sports, most often football, at Michigan State percolates throughout the university community and interestingly enough is found in student fiction in the post-World War II period. According to our research, five novels, each with a campus setting, have been published by M.S.U. students during this period. They differ widely in content, style, and tone; each reflects the author's personal experience as well as the decade in which each was written. However, all reflect Michigan State's campus scene to some degree, and three of the five refer to a football Saturday.

A Gradual Joy by Alma Routsong (1953), the first of these novels to be published, described M.S.U.'s campus in 1946-1948. It is a story about two World War II veterans: in a naval hospital, Jim Seton, a Marine wounded at Iwo Jima, meets Henrietta, a WAVE who wants to become a surgeon. Their story is one of boy meets girl; boy marries girl; boy and girl return to college, Michigan State; girl drops out of school to have a baby; girl abandons career plans. What Routsong does best in this novel is recreate the daily details that made up the lives of G.I. Bill of Rights students, particularly at Michigan State. Routsong felt impelled in recreating the campus scene to describe a football Saturday.

Henrietta saw her first football games on those Saturdays. The Setons went with [their neighbors] the Posts. . . . The roads would be full of student veterans, most of them wearing still their army clothes with dark, new places where the insignia had been taken off. Only the wives added color, and then not much, because most of them seemed to have discovered that black is a practical color for poor people, since it goes with everything. The wives carried olive-drab army blankets and little bags full of diapers and baby bottles, and the men carried the actual babies. Rosy babies, whose health was perhaps even amazing, considering that the uniform family income was ninety dollars a month. Jim was almost ashamed of his good, casual, civilian clothes.

As they approached the stadium, they began to mix with the better-heeled people from town and the dormitories. It began to look like a football crowd then, with pennants and chrysanthemums, fur coats, an occasional whiff of fine aphrodisiac perfume. Jim was always happy. The band played, and although he would have sworn he would forever hate any music having the tiniest military or marching suggestion in it, he found that he liked this music as much as he ever had as a freshman, and when the teams came trotting onto the field, he cheered.

They were fortunate, every game, in having behind them experts who discussed the intricacies of each play even to the point of predicting from the sketchiest evidence what the play would be. Watch Guerre, they would say. It's going through the middle. Jim, having looked forward to explaining the game to Henrietta, resented the silence these experts forced on him, but he listened to them, and found their always accurate comments helpful.

The first game when State achieved, toward the end of the first quarter, its first touchdown, and the band played the little snatch of State's fight song:

Fight, fight, come on, team fight!
Vic-to-ree for MSC!

Jim was astonished at how glad he was. He and Tom thumped each other on the back, singing and shouting, "Good boy, wonderful, hooray!" Henrietta, looking almost terrified, like a country child on a city street, asked Livy, who was shouting too, "What is it? How can they care? What difference does it make? Good God."

"It doesn't make any difference at all. Not a darned bit. Not a bit. But you're supposed to let yourself forget that. It's like poetry--a willing suspension of disbelief. Hooray! Good boy!" Livy said. (p. 88)

Henrietta's question about the football game, "What difference does it make?" can be asked of the author and her inclusion of this particular description. How did the Saturday football experience affect the characters or the plot or the theme of the story? The answer is Livy's answer to Henrietta, namely, "It doesn't make any difference at all." Yet Routsong could not omit the football Saturday. The football Saturday became a single telling moment of college life. It provided a people glue. However, it was only incidental to the author's purpose which was, in part:

...to praise this generation of wonderful young men, who fought with a bravery that awes anyone who cares to think it over, and then came home unbrutalized, undramatic, and went to school or work, or, often, both simultaneously. I wanted to show the taxpayer one of the things his taxes go for, to help him not to begrudge the G.I. Bill of Rights. (p. 200)

Whereas A Gradual Joy is a realistic picture of the returned Veteran from World War II on the Michigan State campus, No Transfer, by Stephen Walton, published in 1967 while he was still an undergraduate, is an allegorical novel set in an indefinite future. Walton envisions a place called Modern University (M.U.) that portends what the author fears will be the path to survival in a "flawed modern world." In this imagined university, the president describes the Self-Discipline Plan, which he calls "the soul of Modern University." President Clark tells the incoming freshmen:

You will not be allowed to transfer to other institutions . . . A few of you will provide Self-Discipline Lessons for your fellow students. [Each quarter one of you whose grade average falls in the unacceptable category will be chosen by lot to be guillotined before the assembled student body.] Others of you will bear the ultimate responsibility for presenting such lessons. [Your responsibility if your name is selected by lot from those in the top grade category will be that of executioner.] (p. 31)

I hope that at least some of you have learned by now that nothing is free in this world. You are provided here with the best faculty and facilities possible. You are bound only by the minimum rules necessary to maintain simple order. You are placed in an environment that may seem to some of you more like a country club or perhaps even a red-light district, than a university. You are treated as adults, which implies a certain risk. But you should not be gambling with yourselves.

We believe that Modern University, with its Self-Discipline Plan, provides the training and background best suited to survival in our flawed modern world-- and to success in it, if you want it. (p. 32)

Though Walton's university is fictional, any Michigan Stater would have a sense of deja vu while reading his descriptions. Michigan State's anonymous presence is summoned up most obviously when Walton describes a football Saturday, even though as he describes it, it is completely irrelevant to his theme and purpose.

That weekend brought the first home football game [Gary] had with him a couple of rolls of toilet paper to throw as streamers. He'd been meaning to lift them from the floor supply room, the place where you got such refills, along with light bulbs and cleaning supplies. But this morning the Floor Supervisor had come down the hall passing out two rolls at each room. Enthusiasm was apparently expected Gary and [his date] Joyce found that the only speed they could move at was that of the pack. This was acceptable, as everyone was heading for the stadium and they were on time

It was perfect weather for football, cold but with a clear sky and all outdoors in Kodachrome color. Program vendors situated along the cement walk from Tower to stadium were doing a brisk business. So were pom-pom sellers and girls with great bunches of huge white flowers with black M's painted on them. Gary bought a program and a pom-pom, . . . He bought one of the painted flowers--somehow they reminded him of the souvenir turtles--and had to stop to fumble to get it pinned to the jacket of Joyce's tweed suit

He surrendered their tickets at the gate and got half of each back. Before going to their seats they stopped at an inside concession stand. He got a "Beat the Irish" button for himself--Frazier had made himself a cardboard button saying "Beat Our Lady," but that was perhaps a little too much. He bought caramel corn and pop-top Buds for Joyce and himself They found their way to their seats in the freshman section, the end zone. The stadium was filling fast. There was a large contingent in the visitor's stand, including a pep band that was not about to allow the crowd to go long without music.

They opened their beer cans Pst, pst, and they were sitting there in the confusion they'd brought with them, sipping beer while juggling the pom-pom and both looking at the program.

Before long, it got started. The MU band trotted in, with black uniforms laden with silver braid, followed by leaping cheerleaders. There was quick marching, the familiar victory song addressed to the visitors, more marching, twirlers tossing batons high into the air, then relative order with the band formed at the center of the field and the crowd standing for the National Anthem and the raising of the flag. With everyone still standing, the MU alma mater came next. Gary and Joyce followed the lyrics in the program. Her voice was high, clear, and slightly off key. His baritone was a little farther off, but good and loud. Then there was the MU fight song, cheering, and then the band took its seats and everyone sat down again. The starting line-ups were announced, visitors and defenders cheered by their respective factions. The kick-off was decided--MU receiving--and the crowd stood to hold up its thumbs and go 'ssssssssssBoom!' It was a hard, fast game. . . . Neither side showed too much hesitation about fouling, and scores grew rapidly.

Joyce was frantic, shouting Gary, who was himself going wild. Singing, shouting, waving pom-poms and tossing toilet paper served as emotional outlets for the cool young men in black and silver down on the field. They might as well tear out the seats, Gary thought, we spend more time standing than sitting. MU touchdowns won him emphatic if badly aimed kisses from Joyce. The noise in the stadium would have frightened anyone who didn't know what was going on. . . .

The MU band put on a fine show at halftime, songs current and marching precise, giving Gary's throat a rest. Then the game started again. Gary was sure he couldn't shout any more, but he did. There were airhorns and trumpets in the stands to support the calls of the crowd.

It looked like it was going to be a tie. But MU got the ball and kept it, and there was an eighty-yard run, giving a touchdown in the last five seconds. A damn fine game.

Everybody was standing and there was shouting and last rolls of toilet paper being tossed and Joyce was hugging him and screaming happily into his ear. Then everybody started leaving. Hanging onto her hand, he led the way down over the bleachers and out. She took his arm and held it tight to her for the walk back to the tower. They headed for one of the smaller bars for celebratory beers.
(p. 77-80 *passim*)

The author's caustic pen does not extend to the role of football at the university. Football as described above was a healthy release for the student body. That football Saturday was not an illustration of blood and gore. Rather it was exhilarating, and ironically in this story, it was humanizing. Duncan Chase, the wise upperclassman narrator, sums it up: "The rah-rah [of the football game is] the inexpensive drug of the undergraduate." He recognizes "the therapeutic values of relaxation and recreation" and, in his case, is able to live unthreatened, secure from either the highest or lowest grade categories. Thus, once

again, the presence of football in a novel by an M.S.U. student, though incidental, reflects its benign presence on the M.S.U. campus, playing the role President Hannah foresaw.

The third novel, Gotcha, Gipper, published in 1974, is a collaborative effort of two alumni, Owen Franks and Arnold S. Hirsch. It is completely centered on football at Michigan State; more accurately, it is about Michigan State's opening football game with Number 1-rated Notre Dame as the book anticipates the 1977 season. Whereas Michigan State went through a football famine in the first half of the century, the football feast that replaced it is celebrated in this novel. The authors dedicated their book "to the athletic departments of two legendary football powers, Michigan State University and the University of Notre Dame! Continued success, guys!" Thus the authors pay obeisance to the importance of football in their lives as students. Following the dedication page there is an epigraph that, with its triple entendre, sets the theme of the novel:

For it's not whether
You win or lose--
But how well you
Play the Dame!

The novel opens with the coaches bemoaning the low caliber of their players. "I think they're too nice They're not football players, they're a bunch of easy-going nice kids whose hormones just happened to get high on vitamins when they reached puberty. I actually think they're afraid of hurting somebody" (p. 20). To make matters worse, the quarterback has just broken

his leg in practice. At that moment, a beautiful co-ed strolls across the now empty practice field. Hawkins, the line coach and connoisseur of the female half of the human race,

yelled across the field at the bona fide, certified 10 [whom he had yet to meet], "Oh, miss, excuse me, but could you please get us that football near you?"

The 10 walked a few yards to her right, picked up a practice ball that had been left on the field, and asked in a very musical voice, "This one?"

"Yes, please," responded Hawkins. "Could you bring it here, please?"

The 10 then very calmly yelled, "Catch!" She assumed the classic passing position, cocked her right arm and threw the football. The spheroid became airborne like no female-thrown pigskin had ever become airborne. This was no side-armed half-toss. It was an over-the-top-of-the-ear, followed-through beauty. Like a missile, the ball rose in a perfect spiral and carried 65 yards before hitting a mesmerized Jim Hawkins full in the chest. (p. 30c.)

The coaches decide to use Irene, this wonder woman co-ed, as their very secret weapon against Notre Dame that coming Saturday. The rest of the novel comically develops this basic joke. At the end, in a carefully detailed description of the final minutes of play, the reader's expectations are fulfilled. Thanks to Irene's quarterbacking, after the team begged a reluctant coach to put her in the game, M.S.U. won 15-14. The novel is a loving spoof of the game and reflects the alumni authors' own enjoyment and lightheartedness, both in respect to the game and the writing of the novel.

Once again, the gestalt of football at Michigan State, as revealed by student writers, is not inconsistent with President Hannah's perspective on the role of sports as a unifying, energizing, stimulating, positive force.

The final two novels, both hard-boiled detective yarns, were written by Brad Lang: Crockett on the Loose was published in 1975 and Crockett: The Perdition Express was published in 1976. In the tradition of their genre, the novels are filled with drugs, violence, and murder. They take place in a university town very much an amalgamation of East Lansing and Lansing. Paradoxically, these violent novels do not mention football at all. It would appear that the characters are too overwhelmingly involved in the sports off campus--drugs, alcohol, sex-- to be swept up by a football Saturday.

Nevertheless, the ways in which football can exploit both players and public have been addressed by commissions, reporters, novelists, and movie makers. The commercialism of college football is attested to by recurring conflicts involving the NCAA, the CFA (College Football Association), ABC, CBS, and NBC. The violence of the game, infamous; the drugs, pervasive. In the fiction written by Michigan State students in the post-World War II era, however, the exploitative, commercial, and violent aspects have been minimized. Instead, the role of football in campus life tends to reinforce the idea of a people glue generated by the strong sports program that finally came to Michigan State.

Michigan State University

Christopher Gist, Benjamin Lincoln, and The Opening of the Midwest

David D. Anderson

The history of American literature begins with the travel literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, the reports, the journals, the promotional tracts, and the letters that, beginning with Columbus in 1493 and extending through the works of John Smith, Thomas Hariot, and others, record the initial impact of the American wilderness and its primitive inhabitants upon the sophisticated members of an advanced western European culture. The record of that impact is often difficult to find--Hariot, for example, one of the most perceptive and precise European observers, is virtually unknown and unread today--and difficult to read and interpret in the light of three centuries of accumulated knowledge, but its subject matter is as exciting as the era out of which it came as it describes the attempt to erect an orderly European society in the American wilderness.

The substance of which epics are made, these early American documents--American in subject matter and in the vision of abundance and opportunity which they portray--established the tone of a later vital, uniquely American literature, a literature of optimism, of conflict, of faith in the future, of the eventual human victory over environmental hostility and economic and political tyranny.

A parallel pattern exists in the literature--again, reports, journals, promotional tracts, and letters--that marks the initial movement from a relatively stable, orderly, increasingly American society east of the Appalachians to the wilderness beyond in the second half of the eighteenth century. Earlier, the Jesuit Relations of the seventeenth century were records of the attempt by the Church Militant to win the Great Lakes country for Christ and for Louis XIV, for the ancien regime of an old order. The Relations remain a remarkable introduction to the natural and ethnological record of a substantial part of the North American wilderness and of a dream that never became reality. But the literary remains of those who came later, from eastern English-speaking settlements, permanently established and rapidly becoming American, tell a different story, that of the attempt--foreshadowing success-- to win a new country for a new people.

Like their sixteenth and seventeenth century predecessors, the travel literature of the Old West in the eighteenth century is exciting and epic, much of it little known, more of it unknown. Reposing in the dusty archives of historical societies, often unknown to the archivists, their authors sometimes prominent in their day but forgotten in ours, these documents mark a beginning in subject matter, determination, and faith as surely as did those of Smith and Mariot, the beginning of a Western, and, by the middle of the nineteenth century, a Midwestern literature.

Two of those documents, those of Christopher Gist's journey

in the Ohio Valley in 1753 and Benjamin Lincoln's mission to the Indians of the mouth of the Maumee (then Miami) River at Sandusky, a trading post in what is now Northwestern Ohio forty years later, were deposited in the archives of Massachusetts Historical Society in 1835, published in the Society's Collections that same year as historical curiosities, and forgotten. But in them the contrasting flavors of the times, the missions, the territory, and the authors are evident as two early chapters in the evolution of the land. Contrasting, too, is the figure of George Washington--Major Washington in 1753, President Washington in 1793--in the background of each, images lost in the man become myth.

Gist, born in Maryland, circa 1706 and dead of smallpox in either South Carolina or Georgia in 1759, was a frontiersman in the mythical tradition that surrounds Daniel Boone, and in fact, he explored northern Kentucky eighteen years before Boone. Lincoln, conversely, was a New Englander who shared in the defeats, the shame, and the eventual victory of the Revolution, rising from Major General of Massachusetts Militia to Secretary of War under the Continental Congress and commander of Massachusetts troops in the suppression of Shay's rebellion in 1787. Gist was and remained a frontiersman of whom little is known, spending much of his life beyond the mountains and the periphery of civilization in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, often with or on missions to the Indians. Lincoln's record, that of the second rank of men who made the nation, is complete, as are the records of his service as lieutenant gov-

ernor of Massachusetts, member of the Constitutional Convention, collector of the port of Boston, and agent of the federal government. He died, reportedly peacefully, at home in Boston in 1810.

Gist's mission in 1753, apparently the only one during which he kept a journal, was seemingly simple and immediate: to guide Major Washington, an emissary of the Virginia government at Williamsburg, to treat with the French commandant at Fort Le Boeuf on the Ohio River, the fort that controlled the Ohio country and denied English claims and access to the land West of the mountains; Lincoln's was epic: to secure title to huge tracts of that same country from the Indians so that it could be opened up to settlement. These records, forty years apart in time, define, too, the evolution of the land West of the mountains from pawn in an age-old European power struggle to the beginning of the transition of a new colonial nation, loosely united and without clear identity, to continental power.

Gist's journal, direct, terse, and factual, is apparently a reflection of the man as what legend tells us he must have been and as Washington later described him in reference to a later appointment as Indian agent. "I know of no person so well qualified for an undertaking of this sort, as Captain Gist," he wrote (the origin and legitimacy of the title is questionable; it may have been a courtesy). "He has had extensive dealings with the Indians, is in great esteem among them, well acquainted with their manners and customs, indefatigable and patient,--", a man of the West. Furthermore, as Washington records but Gist does

not, Gist apparently saved his life twice on that journey, the first time from an Indian sniper and the second from drowning in the swollen, icy Allegheny. Gist's journal covers the duration of the trip, from November 14, 1753, to January 6, 1754. It begins at his home in the wilderness, in the territory then claimed by both Pennsylvania and Maryland, and resolved ten years later by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. Gist's opening is terse, suggestive of the manner and psychology of the people who opened the West:

Wednesday, 14th November, 1753 . . . Major George Washington came to my house at Will's Creek, and delivered me a letter from the council in Virginia, requesting me to attend him up to the commandant of the French fort on the Ohio River.

With neither delay nor suggestion of preparations, the journey begins:

Thursday, 15th. We set out, and at night encamped at George's creek, about eight miles, where a messenger came with letters from my son, who was just returned from his people at the Cherokees, and lay sick at the mouth of the Conegecheague. But as I found myself entered again on public business, and Major Washington and all the company unwilling I should return, I wrote and sent medicines to my son, and so continued my journey, and encamped at a big hill in the forks of Youghiogany, about eighteen miles.

The detail continues: on Sunday, November 18, he records twenty-one miles in snow "oncle" deep; on Tuesday, November 20, ". . . rain in the afternoon; I killed a deer; travelled about seven miles."

From November 24th to the 30th, Gist's primary contribution becomes apparent; he treats with the Indians for safe passage and escort to the fort, a time during which the basis for Washington's

description of Gist becomes apparent. Gist laconically describes the events:

Saturday, 24th we went to King Shingass, and he and Lawmolooh went with us to the Logstown, and we spoke to the chiefs this evening, and repaired to our camp.

Sunday, 25th The Half-King came in this afternoon.

Monday, 26th. We delivered our message to the Half-King, and they promised by him that we should set out three nights after.

Tuesday, 27th. Stayed in our camp. Monac-toocho and Pollatha Wappia gave us some provisions. We stayed until the 29th, when the Indians said they were not ready. They desired us to stay until the next day; and as the warriors were not come, the Half-King said he would go with us himself, and take care of us.

On November 30, the party set out, averaging about fifteen miles a day, Gist recording the weather, the distance, and the kills--two bucks on December 1, a bear on December 10, both by the Indians. On December 4 (5 in the Journal), at the Indian town of Venango, they encounter Monsieur Joncaire, the French interpreter for the Six Nations, who agrees to accompany them, and on the next day the role of the accompanying Indians becomes clear:

. . . Rain all day. Our Indians were in council with the Delawares, who lived under the French colors, and ordered them to deliver up to the French the belt, with the marks of the four towns, according to desire of King Shingass. But the chief of these Delawares said, "It was true King Shingass was a great man, but he had set no speech; and," said he, "I cannot pretend to make a speech for a King." So our Indians could not prevail with them to deliver their belt; but the Half-King did deliver his belt, as he had determined. Joncaire did everything he

could to prevail our Indians to stay behind us, and I took all care to have them along with us.

They left on the 30th; on December 11, after passing through rain, mud, and swollen streams, they reached the fort, where Gist, unaware of or disinterested in Washington's mission and the vital information he gained, reports the facts:

. . . . Our interpreter gave the commandant notice of our being over the creek; upon which he sent several officers to conduct us to the fort, and they received us with a great deal of complaisance.

Wednesday, 12th. The Major gave the passport, showed his commission, and offered the Governor's letter to the commandant; but he desired not to receive them, until the other commander from Lake Erie came, whom he sent for, and expected next day by twelve o'clock.

Thursday, 13th. The other General came. The Major delivered the letter, and desired a speedy answer; the time of year and business required it. They took our Indians into private council, and gave them several presents.

Although Gist does not record it, Washington's mission, to order the French to vacate the fort and the Ohio valley, was a failure because the French simply refused to do so; it was successful in an unanticipated way: Washington learned that the French intended to advance further East, information that had to be delivered to the Virginia government as quickly as possible. Gist laconically records the hasty return hampered by weather suddenly turned frigid:

Friday, 14th. When we had done our business . . . we set out with two canoes

Tuesday, 18th. finding the waters lower very fast, were obliged to go and leave our Indians.

Friday, 21st. The ice was so hard we could not break our way through, but were obliged to hand our vessels across a point of land and put them in the creek again

Wednesday, 26th. The Major desired me to set out on foot, and leave our company, as the creeks were frozen Indeed I was unwilling he should undertake such a travel, who had never been used to walking before this time. But as he insisted on it, I set out with our packs, like Indians, and travelled eighteen miles. That night we lodged at an Indian cabin, and the Major was much fatigued. It was very cold; all the small runs were frozen, that we could hardly get water to drink.

On the 27th Gist reports the encounter in which Washington later insisted, Gist saved him from an Indian bullet; on the 29th, he reports the incident in which, again according to Washington, Gist saved him from drowning. But Gist makes no such claim:

Saturday, 29th. We set out early, got to Alligheny, made a raft, and with much difficulty got over to an island, a little above Shannopin's town. The Major having fallen in off the raft, and my fingers frost-bitten, and the sun down and very cold, we contented ourselves to encamp upon that island. It was deep water between us and the shore; but the cold did us some service, for in the morning it was frozen hard enough for us to pass over on the ice.

On January 2, they crossed the Youghiogany, on the 3rd, Gist reports rain; on the 6th they reach Will's creek, where the journey and the journal end. Washington went to Williamsburg, to a lieutenant-colonel's commission and victory, defeat, and glory in the Pennsylvania campaigns later in 1754; Gist served under him in the same capacity as before, and then, in a vain effort to secure Indian support for the war against the French, he went South. There, upon Washington's recommendation, he be-

came an Indian agent, and there he died at 53.

In the ensuing forty years, French power was expelled from the Ohio country and Canada; the colonies had rebelled and become a nation; Washington had become the American first in war, and, after the adoption of the Constitution, first in peace as the President of the new nation. The English, in turn, were expelled from the Ohio country and the West, except for their strong points at Detroit and Michilimackinac. But the Indians remained, and Washington, always interested in the West, remembering his glimpses of a vast land rich beyond the imagination, inhabited by fewer than 300,000 Indians in all the West east of the Mississippi--more than a hundred thousand acres for each individual--and he remained determined that it be opened to American settlement, at least in part. To legitimize the residency of some 5,000 whites west of the mountains and to secure clear title to part of that land north of the Ohio--the often-violated border between Indian country and white settlement in Kentucky--he sent three commissioners, Benjamin Lincoln, Leeverly Randolph, and Timothy Pickering, to treat with the Indians. Of the three, only Lincoln kept a journal.

Lincoln began his journal with his departure, presidential commission in hand, from Philadelphia, then capitol of the United States, on April 27, 1793. Unlike Gist's terse, factual account of the journey, none of the entries of which contain other than objectively reported experiences, Lincoln's journal contains fact, observation, speculation, and moral pronounce-

ments. Between Philadelphia and New York, for example, he not only found lands "that are generally level and good for wheat," but "great delay, from a seeming combination between the stage-drivers and the keepers of public houses. These abuses ought to be corrected."

The portion of the journey, minutely described, between New York, by way of the Hudson, the Mohawk, Wood Creek, and Lake Ontario, to Niagara, is not only descriptive of a journey largely by water, with innumerable opportunities for observation, conversation, and comment, but it is also the record of movement from civilization to the frontier as such journeys were made during the initial settlement of a newer New England in the Ohio country that had been Connecticut's Western Reserve. At the same time, it is full of Lincoln's sharp observations and sharper opinions. Schenectady, he found "a village of much more importance than I had expected," a trading center, but on Sunday, May 5, a day on which he would not travel, he records, "At meeting. Towards evening, I came out with strong prejudices in favor of my own minister."

At Niagara Lincoln entered the wilderness. Yet there, at British Fort Niagara, he begins to observe the rich potential of the West. On June 4, as a true son of the Enlightenment, he notes,

Niagara Fort, built by the French about 1725, is in about 43 20' north latitude, one degree north of Boston; yet I find the season quite as clement here and vegetation quite as forward. On

the second of this month I dined in company at the Landing six miles from this place. As a dessert, a large quantity of strawberries were served, not propagated in gardens, or ripened by art, but were the natural growth of the unimproved soil. It is a fact, which I think will soon be established, that moving westward in the same latitude, the weather meliorates as you progress on that course. To investigate the causes of this event in nature is beyond my reach. Perhaps they are among those hidden things which may open more satisfactorily to our view, when we shall have turned another page in the book of nature.

Lincoln remained in the area a month, awaiting a favorable wind to sail the length of Lake Erie. On July 5, a delegation of Indians from the tribes assembled at the Falls of the Miami arrived aboard a British ship to confer with the commissioners. Still smarting from their defeat by General Anthony Wayne at Fallen Timbers the year before, they demanded satisfaction on two points: the restriction of future movements of the Army in the Miami country and the authorization of the commissioners to establish a new demarcation line between Indians and whites.

In his account of the initial meeting between commissioners of the Federal government at Philadelphia and the representatives led by the Shawanese chief Cat's Eyes, Lincoln moved beyond personal documentation to provide a verbatim description of the messages orally exchanged and the symbolic belts and strings of Wampum exchanged. The first such account in detail of a meeting between representatives of the President of the United States and of representatives of Indian tribes, it provides at the same time de facto recognition of Indian tribal sovereignty over and property rights in Indian land. It also recognizes

by implication the inevitable pressures exerted upon Indian land by expansionist Americans, the Indians expressing alarm at armed military incursions into the area and their desire for a fixed line of limitation, and the commissioners insisting that incursions can be halted only until a treaty is signed; beyond that, they can only promise to abide by the provisions of the treaty. The Commissioners, Lincoln reports, conclude:

"Our ears have been open to your speech; it is agreeable to us. We are ready to proceed with you to Sandusky, where, under the direction of the Great Spirit, we hope that we shall soon establish a peace on terms equally interesting and agreeable to all parties."

The council fire was covered up.

If, as Lincoln records, the Commissioners' words were diplomatic and circumspect, neither his private report to the Secretary of War nor his observations of the Lake Erie shore were restrained. To the former, he wrote that "If the reports which circulate here from different quarters are true, General Wayne must have violated the clearest principles of a truce;" of the latter he wrote:

When I take a view of this extensive country, and contemplate the clemency of its seasons, the richness of its soil . . . when I farther consider the many natural advantages, if not peculiar to, yet possessed by this country, and that it is capable of giving support to an hundred times as many inhabitants as now occupy it, (for there is at present little more to be seen on the greatest proportion of the lands than here and there the footstep of the savage), I cannot persuade myself that it will remain long in so uncultivated a state; especially when I consider that to people fully this earth was in the original plan of the benevolent Deity

The first injunctions from Heaven to man were, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

This remarkable insight into the mind of the Almighty was that which was to dominate American thinking as Americans in search of cheap land and an open society had begun pouring into the Ohio country before the ink was dry on any treaty, and it was the dominant philosophical dimension of the movement that saw the new coastal nation become a continental power before the end of the next century. Lincoln does, however, qualify this eighteenth century explication of nineteenth manifest destiny: the Indians themselves may become part of the fruitful, victorious multitude if they mend their ways.

All I mean to suggest is an opinion that the present inhabitants of this country will become tillers of the ground, and sacrifice their present pursuits [pursuits Lincoln characterizes as "idle"] to that important and natural object; or they will become extinct or retire . . . and thereby make way for those who will subdue the earth and dress it.

With the arrival of the party at the western end of Lake Erie, Lincoln's entries become again brief and descriptive rather than philosophical:

July 21. We arrived at the west end of Lake Erie, where we landed, and the vessel pursued her course up the river to Detroit. The Commissioners could not obtain permission to visit it, although we were within eighteen miles of the garrison. [It was still under British control and would remain so until 1813 in spite of the Treaty of Paris] Upon our landing we were conducted to the house of Captain Eliot, who received us with hospitality . . . The morning after our arrival, we had a full supply of boiled green corn, which was well grown. Eliot has the best farm I have seen in the country by far. He has in possession the grounds on which the Indians formerly lived, and where the French first sat down to open a trade with the natives

Within days a delegation of Indians arrived from the council at the falls of the Miami, and from July 30 until August 14 Lincoln's journal is devoted to the details of the conference, including verbatim transcriptions of the messages and speeches of the two parties. In the transcriptions the opposing positions are clear. On July 30, the Indians presented their position:

Brothers, you are sent here by the United States in order to make peace with us, the confederate Indians.

Brothers, you know very well that the boundary line was run between the white people and us, at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, [signed by the British twenty-five years earlier] was the river Ohio.

Brothers, if you seriously design to make a firm and lasting peace, you will immediately remove all your people from our side of that river.

The Commissioners' reply on July 31 was equally firm:

We have explicitly declared to you that we cannot now make the Ohio the boundary between us.

. . . The concessions which we think necessary are, that you yield up . . . some of the lands on your side of the Ohio . . . the lands ceded . . . by the treaty of Fort Harmar [in 1785] . . . And in consideration thereof, the United States will give . . . a large sum in money or goods . . . and will every year deliver a large quantity of goods

On August 16 the Indians replied that "money is of no value to us; and . . . no consideration whatever can induce us to sell our lands" For all practical purposes the council was at an end; the fire again was extinguished, and, Lincoln records on August 17, "Our business being over, we left the mouth of Detroit river for Fort Erie, where we arrived the 21st." Although he continued his meticulous record until his arrival at

Albany, with his departure from the western end of Lake Erie his western adventure was over, the die was cast, and the ultimate disposition of the lands north and west of the Ohio River, the land already known as the Northwest Territory, its future already provided for by the Ordinance of 1787, adopted by the Congress, was assured. The battle of Tippecanoe was yet to be fought, as was the War of 1812, the second war of independence for the West, in which Indian power under Tecumseh was forever smashed. And Lincoln, again, secure in Boston, had seen in the West a vision of the future.

In a span of forty years the land west of the mountains had passed from a land known only to a brave--or foolhardy--few, a land seen and recorded in the terse language of action, to a land struggled over by those who would superimpose on it the eighteenth century vision of order and the Biblical vision of a land of abundance. To the latter, as Lincoln made clear, it was a land promised by God to those who were convinced they were chosen by him to exploit it. And perhaps here, in 1793, as the hordes began to cross the mountains on foot, on horseback, or in wagons, as they descended the Ohio and ascended the Muskingham, the Scioto, the Miami by raft, by flatboat, by canoe, rather than seven years later, is the beginning of the nineteenth century, the century that, at midpoint, saw the Old West, the Northwest, become the Midwest as the movement westward continued to the Pacific and beyond.

A Review

Rodney J. Mulder and John H. Timmerman, Frederick Manfred: A Bibliography and Publishing History (Sioux Falls, South Dakota: The Center for Western Studies, 1981). 139 pp. \$16.95.

Listing Frederick Manfred's works and the scholarship written about them up to January 1, 1981, this bibliography supplements George Kellogg's 1965 bibliography in The Swallow Pamphlets series, Frank Paluka's section on Manfred, definitive on books and editions through 1966, in Iowa Authors: A Bio-Bibliography of Sixty Native Writers, and various author checklists. It is the most complete bibliography to date on Manfred, who until 1952 published under the penname Feike Feikema. Rodney J. Mulder and John H. Timmerman, however, are less interested in cataloguing Manfred's literary productions and the criticism on them than in charting the publishing career of this midwestern writer of novels of the nineteenth-century American West and passionate explorations of his inner life--a form Manfred labelled runes. Believing several of Manfred's works to be classics despite the eastern literary establishment's negligence in acknowledging their artistic merit, Mulder and Timmerman suggest that Manfred's career raises significant questions about "the place of the Western writer in American letters."

The bibliography is divided into four major sections, each preceded by a helpful explanation of the authors' bibliographic method. Two of the sections cite Manfred's original works and

and two, critical material on his writings. The first and longest section provides detailed descriptions of Manfred's books to ensure identification by scholars and collectors. The bibliographic entries for each first edition give a transcription of the title page; the size of the leaf, number of leaves, and pagination; the contents; the location in the text of an edition or impression identification; and a description of the cover. In addition, the authors include a description of the dust jacket, the place of composition, estimated sales figures, and the price. Because of their emphasis upon publishing history, Mulder and Timmerman do not limit their attention to first editions, but also provide full entries on later impressions, including paperback and foreign editions. Many of the bibliographic entries are further illuminated by notes on the composition and publishing process, revealing the authors' familiarity with Manfred's letters, notes, and manuscripts, as well as the thoroughness with which they interviewed their subject. The second section provides chronological checklists of Manfred's student writings, short stories, poems, articles and published letters, reviews, and interviews.

Mulder and Timmerman's purpose in the third and fourth divisions of their bibliography is to explore the impact of Manfred's writings upon the academic community and the general reading public. The third section--a critical bibliography--begins with entries on scholarly articles and books, most of which are annotated. Informative rather than evaluative, the annotations

describe the content of the works cited and whenever possible quote the author's direct statement of the thesis. These annotated entries are followed by two checklists: one including notices, newspaper accounts, and miscellaneous items, primarily from regional newspapers and magazines, and the other, dissertations and theses. In the fourth section of the bibliography, the authors prove their diligence in performing research. Compiling entries from personal files, Manfred's file, library searches, previous bibliographies, and the University of Minnesota archives, they list book reviews arranged chronologically according to book.

Frederick Manfred: A Bibliography and Publishing History concludes with a highly informative and entertaining narrative interview, which Rod Mulder conducted with Manfred in late August of 1979, focusing upon the writer's recollections of getting his works published. Filled with delightful anecdotes about such literary figures as William Carlos Williams and Robert Penn Warren and accounts of battles with would-be censors, the interview captures beautifully Manfred's humor and storytelling flair.

Mulder and Timmerman's volume accomplishes the goals of a traditional bibliography. It accurately and thoroughly describes Manfred's publications and cites relevant scholarship. The authors, however, go beyond these tasks to examine the complex interaction between a writer, his publishers, and the reading public. In this achievement lies the preeminent value of their work.

Lynne P. Shackelford
The University of North Carolina
at Chapel Hill

Midwest Playwrights' Program

The second annual Midwest Playwrights' Program (MPP) is, for the first time, coming to Chicago. Nine playwrights from seven Upper Midwest states have been invited by Artistic Director Dale Wasserman to the 1982 MPP. Wasserman, also founder of the MPP and author of "Man of La Mancha," says, "It's significant that the plays are improving as the playwrights learn that a structure in which to practice their art has been made available. We are proud of our distinguished alumni, and feel confident the 1982 production program will produce still more.

The playwrights, new voices of America's heartland, include: Erik Brogger (MN), Steven Dietz (MN), Emanuel Fried (IA), Jon Klein (IA), Kenn Pierson (SD), Laura Shamas (OH), Charles Smith (IL), Craig Volk (SD), and Mary D. Watson (IL).

The nine playwrights will convene for an intensive new play development workshop August 1-12 at Barat College in Lake Forest, and will showcase their plays at the Goodman Theatre of the Art Institute August 13th through the 15th.

Chicago dramaturg Jonathan Abarbanal has been appointed Literary Manager of the program. The Program's artistic staff, who selected the nine playwrights from the 300 applicants, also includes: Barbara Field, dramaturg and former Literary Manager of the Guthrie Theatre; Mary Robinson, dramaturg and Associate Artistic Director of the Hartford Stage Company and Christopher

Kirkland, Artistic Director of the Playwrights' Center in Minneapolis. Richard E. Hughes, Director of the University Theatre at the University of Wisconsin, will again be Producing Director.

The NPP, an annual event of the Playwrights' Center in Minneapolis, is working in conjunction with the League of Chicago Theatre for its 1982 conference. It is funded in part by the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, the Chicago Community Trust and the Illinois Arts Council.

The public is invited to attend all events. For further information, contact the League of Chicago Theatres, (312) 977-1730, or Julie Buzard, (612) 332-7481.

The Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature announces
its twelfth annual symposium, "The Cultural Heritage of the Midwest,"
and the fifth annual "Midwest Poetry Festival"
May 5-7, 1983
The Kellogg Center, Michigan State University

The Society invites scholars writers and interested members of the public to participate by giving papers and readings and by moderating and taking part in formal and informal discussions. Papers are especially invited in the following areas:

The Pre-Colonial Heritage:	Midwestern Literature
Archeology and Indian Culture	Midwestern Humor
Under Four Flags: The Colonial Heritage	Midwestern Popular Culture
The Agricultural Heritage	Midwestern Publishing and Publications
Midwestern Politics, 1787-1980	Midwestern Children's Literature
Midwestern Art and Architecture	Midwestern Studies in the Classroom
Midwestern Bibliographic Studies	The Rise of Industrialism
The Quality of Life in the Midwest, Past and Present: Cities, Towns, and the Countryside	

If your topic is of interest and does not fit any of the above categories, please submit it for consideration. This list is not meant to be exclusive.

The Midwest Poetry Festival will be held concurrently. Practicing Midwestern poets are invited to read and to comment on their works.

Papers and readings should not exceed twenty minutes in length. Papers should be comparative in nature, breaking new ground whenever possible. Proposals for papers and readings should include titles and brief descriptions; they will be received until December 15, 1982.

David D. Anderson, Program Chairman
Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature
Department of American Thought and Language
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan 48824

Check as many responses as apply:

I wish to participate by:

☐ Presenting a paper in the Cultural Heritage of the Midwest
Proposed title: _____

_____ Please attach a hundred word description.

☐ Giving a reading in the 'Midwest Poetry Festival'
☐ Poetry ☐ Prose
Please enclose a sample of your work

☐ Serving as a session moderator or discussant
Specify your interest area: _____

Because the symposium and the poetry festival are self-supporting from fee income, all participants are asked to pay the fee of \$40.

☐ I understand that I am expected to register at the participant rate, if accepted on the program. (Payment need not accompany this form).

____ Presenting a paper in the Cultural Heritage of the Midwest

Proposed title: _____

____ Please attach a hundred word description.

____ Giving a reading in the 'Midwest Poetry Festival'

____ Poetry _____ Prose

____ Please enclose a sample of your work

____ Serving as a session moderator or discussant

Specify your interest area: _____

Because the symposium and the poetry festival are self-supporting from fee income, all participants are asked to pay the fee of \$40.

____ I understand that I am expected to register at the participant rate, if accepted on the program. (Payment need not accompany this form).

Name _____

Title or affiliation _____

Best address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone number where I am most easily reached () _____

If your institution requires a formal letter of invitation to release and/or reimburse you, please check here: ☐