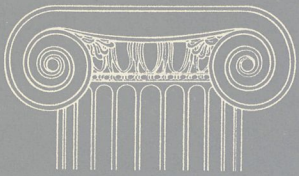

COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS

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THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES publish the *Columns* three times a year at Butler Library, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y. Current single numbers, one dollar.

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A Library Is People

A LIBRARY is people. People borrowing books, people helping with the use of books, people donating books. And books are people too: "True friends that will never flatter or dissemble."

This issue of the COLUMNS is about three Columbia Library people. James Hulme Canfield was a Director who infected the Columbia Libraries with a passion for democracy. Isadore Mudge was a Reference Librarian who stamped her personality so indelibly on her field that reference work became known to a generation of students as "mudging." Alexander Gumby was a collector whose whole lifework is bound within the covers of his several hundred scrapbooks on the American Negro, now in the Library.

None of these three are to be found today working on Morningside Heights, but in the articles which follow their personalities come vividly before the eye of the reader. That is well, because as the years pass the library buildings become larger, the staff more numerous—faces dissolve in the crowd.

In spite of bigness, of success, the Columbia Library is still a friendly place. In that labyrinth of steel and concrete there are warm personalities still. They still smile when you borrow a book.

A library is people.

A Librarian's Creed:
James Hulme Canfield

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

BEFORE coming to Columbia at the turn of the century, my Vermont-and-New York father had long and variously served the life of the intelligence in our nation. He had been for many years professor of history and economics (he always said that there he occupied a settee, not a Chair) at the State University of Kansas; from there he went to be Chancellor of the University of Nebraska; thence to be President of the Ohio State University; and then—even his fabulous vitality beginning to show signs of wear—he returned, at the invitation of President Seth Low who was a lifetime friend of his, to spend the last decade of his life in his boyhood home town of New York.

Of his years in Nebraska, Alvin Johnson (of the New School for Social Research) speaks thus in his recently published autobiography: "At the top was the Chancellor. A mighty man was he, drawing a salary said to be the largest in the state. We adored Chancellor Canfield. We regarded him not only as a shining representative of the world of culture, but as a true democrat, who used all his influence to abate the snobbishness of the students from the families composing the rising middle-class—that the university might not be cursed with caste formation."

That passage gave me joy. Exactly so would my father wish to be remembered by one of his old students. He was a Vermonter, and an intensely democratic spirit has been part of the tradition of Vermont ever since the settlement of the state in 1764, when my father's Canfield forebears came into the Green Mountains.

But in Vermont, as everywhere else, there are many kinds of personalities. Some have enough passivity in their make-up to feel

at ease in the status quo, wherever they go. Not an ounce of passivity in James Hulme Canfield. He felt ardently about everything, and he burned with zeal about advancing the cause of democracy.

Do you ask–a good many people did wonderingly put this question to my father–"But what's a man doing as Librarian in an institution of learning, if what he wants is to advance the cause of democracy?"

I only wish my father were here to answer–once again–that question. From long practice, he could do it much better than I. But the echo of his answers, of his vibrant, persuasive, extremely audible voice is still in my ears, and speaks on this page.

Squaring his powerful shoulders, his brilliant black eyes shining, he carried the war with flame and sword into the enemy's territory, about like this:–"The implication in your question is that there is an innate contradiction between scholarly learning and democracy. Never, never, never! That idea–that scholarly learning can exist only, or exist better, where there are upper and lower classes–came from the Dark Ages, crossed the Atlantic as a stowaway, and never should have been allowed to land. 'A *gentleman* and a scholar'! Nonsense! The gentry make very poor scholars. They're brought up to ease. Other people do their work for them. You can't be a scholar without the ability to work hard and long. Scholars are needed in a democracy, and they need a democracy to live in. A library, particularly, perhaps, a great University library, is a front-line post in the battle to preserve and give value to the democratic way of life. Only if that way of life survives, will true scholars have a life worth an honest man's bothering with.

"Why do we have institutions of learning anyhow? It is a horror to think–let the thought be ever so secret and unavowed–that they exist to help a part of the younger generation get into a class which thinks itself socially superior." Flames of scorn leaped sulphurously out from the word "socially" when my father pronounced it in speaking of its vulgar presumption in pushing its way into the world of the intellect.

Thus had my Vermont father, for all the years of his life, risen in defense of higher education for everybody, when—by implication —he saw it, as so often in our nation, in any nation, being slyly pushed back on the shelf where only the white, the male, the well-to-do, the well-dressed and the socially acceptable could reach it. Fifty years before President Conant used the phrase, James Hulme Canfield used it as part of his constant militant effort to keep the doors of learning wide open,—"What our nation must have is not a classless but a casteless society."

It goes without saying that my father always stood firm against special favors for men students as against women, for white students as against Negroes. What burned in his mind was not the injustice to the excluded, but the danger to the nation, which needed every single one of its brainy straight-fibred citizens or there would just not be enough superior people to go around. "No superior class, only superior individuals," was his slogan, and he could never see that it did not apply to the world of scholarly learning as much as to any other milieu. In fact more there than elsewhere, because he thought the intellectual world the most important, and also because it was at that spot on the battle-front that fervor for the good cause was apt to flag.

It was sixty, seventy, almost eighty years ago that he spoke thus about the new universities of the West where he was professor and president. It was fifty years ago that, stepping up his tempo a little to drown out a new kind of opposition, he spoke out for the libraries of Columbia.

Before I set down another word, I should underline the half-century which has gone by since my father went to Columbia, and remind you that the library world has changed beyond recognition in those fifty years. My father's attitude, radical then, is taken for granted now. What happiness it would give him if he could think that he had helped along this transformation of moral atmosphere!

I should also say, to begin with, that it was not at Columbia that he encountered opposition from the odd kind of intellectual

"vested interests," who felt that the prestige of scholarliness would be heightened, if members of the common herd were excluded from it for other reasons than their intellectual calibre. Nobody as late in American history as that actually voiced such an idea, you must understand. They just acted on it— with a silent smothering weight of conservative precedent. There was little of this at Columbia. At least little felt by my father. Seth Low and he were always close friends, had been from their school days. When my father was on his death-bed, Seth Low, then an old man too, came to say good-bye to him, and received one of his last warm smiles. From the time he became President, the then young Nicholas Murray Butler showed to the Librarian of Columbia, his intimate and comrade, a side of his nature which few people saw, unguessed by those who knew him only during the later period of his life— a side idealistic, sensitive, uncertain.

To the experienced older man who loved and esteemed him, and who had twice been through the ordeal into which Dr. Butler was stepping—the incredibly complicated position of President of a great university—Dr. Butler could speak from an open heart of the double-and-twisted tortuous problems in which he was involved, and of his uneasy wonder at seeing that job from the inside. Dr. Butler told me once, when he was as old as my father was in those years, "It was your father's gift of humor as much even as his first-hand acquaintance with what I was going through, that used to heave me out of the Slough of Despond. I remember one story he told me at a time when I was deeply troubled by the clashing conflicts between trustees, faculty, students, and alumni. How could I serve the best interests of all of them? I was bitterly attacked by the other three whenever I acted to help one of the four. Late on a winter evening, alone with your father in his office, I was talking of all this, sure of his understanding, as of no other man's. He interrupted me to say 'When I was first become a University President, the great Dr. Eliot was President of Harvard. Talking with him once, I said a little of what you are now saying. He answered me as judiciously as if he were explaining the law of

gravity, that such was the nature of the position. "You'll find, Canfield, that whatever decision you take, some of your faculty will think you a liar."' Your father said he was shocked at the idea in connection with such a mighty figure and protested 'But President Eliot, *your* faculty doesn't think that of you!'

"The Harvard President answered coolly, 'No, they don't think it. They know it.'"

Long after my father's death, I went down to New York to receive an honorary degree from Columbia. Of Dr. Butler's citation I heard only the first phrase, ". . . , Bearer of a name very dear to us here . . ." The words took me back so vividly into the loving (the word is not too colorful) relation between those two men of power and heart, that I heard no more.

It was not only through the two Presidents who were two old friends that my father's Columbia decade was brightened. From the staff he secured warm, animated cooperation, not at all by iron discipline, but because he felt with such a hearty sincerity the importance of the service they were all giving to young Americans in the process of becoming superior members of our nation's intellectual life. He was always poised, so to speak, ready to spring forward to help clear away barriers to any student-like efforts. Having, as University President, elsewhere, served a long and often hard apprenticeship at helping non-student-like efforts, such as football, cane-sprees and proms, he thankfully left those to the President. It was one of his joys in his Columbia years that he had there no responsibility for anything save to further intellectual development as far as that could be done by means of books. How reverently he pronounced that great word "books." He carried the staff with him in ardor for this responsibility. Luckily ardor is as infectious a quality as apathy and cynicism, although rather more rare. A yawn can dampen the will-to-act of a whole roomful of people; but a hearty, "Come along, everybody! Now's the day and now's the hour!" can bring them to their feet. Everybody who worked at the library, the janitors too,

were proud of their work because Dr. Canfield made them proud. Among our family treasures is a collection of letters which came in, after my father's sudden death, from a wider range of Columbia personalities than we had dreamed he knew, all of them aglow with the reflection of his devotion.

No, it was not inside but outside of Columbia that scandalized disapproval was aroused by my father's idea that librarianship in a great institution of learning is a vital active part of a democracy's life. I wonder if I might be permitted in an informal sketch like this to use a descriptive analogy of so intimate a quality that in my young ladyhood (fifty years ago) it would have been thought indecorous? Everybody says anything, in print nowadays, I notice. Why shouldn't an old lady, as well as everybody else, profit by this new license?

When I was young, all women wore corsets. Take it from me who tried one on, once in a while, for a minute or two, the Inquisition had few things worse than some of those "Nuremberg Virgin" contraptions. I never could wear one—finding my breathing cut off to the suffocation point. This was revolutionary. I was often taken severely to task. An acquaintance, also a young lady, exclaimed once, "I don't see how you *can* go without! How do you dare dance with a man?"

This took me aback. "Dancing with a man" was, in my youth, one of my great pleasures. "Why—what—?" My face was sincerely blank. I had no idea what she meant. She said, with an expression of fascinated repulsion, "Why, when you stand up with a dancing partner and he puts his arm around you, he must—" she lowered her voice and looked over her shoulder, "feel as if he were touching something *alive*."

My guess is that such horror was felt by old-style traditional college and university librarians, when in staid professional conventions and committee meetings and on editorial boards, they encountered my father's very much alive zeal for clearing away any underbrush of rules, precedents, customs, old traditions, which interfered with getting needed books into students' hands.

He was quite aware that he was disliked and looked down on by those scholars who preferred the society of incunabula and costly first editions to that of flesh-and-blood students. Well, that was all right. It was only fair. He disliked and looked down on such "mediaeval personalities" as he heartily called them. Honors were even. To him, first editions were worth the money they cost only if there was some genuine significance in their being "firsts"; if some development of the author's theories or personality could be traced by comparisons made in later editions. But if they were of value *only* because they were rare, with perhaps a printing error in a word on page 67 which made no difference in the meaning of the book, my father laughed heartily at the idea of paying for them with money which might be used for a valuable reference book for sure-enough study. "Let special millionaires' libraries purchase them in order to enjoy the pride of possessions," he said, negligently. Hell hath no fury like a first-edition fan whose special scale of values is questioned. It was a good thing that my father's shoulders were broad.

At the time when my father gave up being college professor and president in order to promote the use of books, there was, besides first-edition fans and incunabula addicts, a special kind of librarian in many older institutions of learning, who was, by definition, aroused to fury by such ideas as my father's.

He was an inimitably skillful teller of funny stories, every one chosen because it was aimed at a chink in the armor of the conservative and apathetic. One of his favorite anecdotes was of the college librarian who, looking complacently around the empty reading-room of his library, and at the well-filled shelves, remarked with pride, "Every book is in its right place. Except two, and I know where they are. I'll have them back tomorrow."

James Hulme Canfield's ideal of the reading-room of an institution of learning was a crowd of students consulting books which could not be taken out, and standing in line before the loan desk to take home those which could. It was with eager enthusiasm "as if there were something in it for *him*" (to use the significantly

cynical folk-phrase of surprise at disinterested activity) that he rattled the dry bones of older book-using procedures. He longed to make book-using the tyrannical, not-to-be-resisted reflex-habit of every student.

He spent an immense deal of time in his office as all librarians of big universities do, poring over budgets and publishers' announcements and overhead expenses and salary lists, reading and dictating innumerable letters. He also spent some time practically every day seeing old students of his, who came to New York and could not go away without seeing, this time, once again, the leader of their youth. Some of them had become successful—exactly in the way he would have hoped—men and women of power and distinction—William Allen White of Kansas, Alvin Johnson of Nebraska, Lieutenant-Captain-Colonel-General John J. Pershing, Senator Borah, President Ed. Elliott of Purdue. Many of them were successful in more conventional ways—presidents of banks, heads of big industries, deans of colleges. Some were just hard-working Americans, solvent, useful citizens, who came to show Professor (or President or Chancellor) Canfield their fine children or grandchildren. Some were seedy failures who came to borrow a dollar or two. Every one of them warmed his hands and his heart at my father's welcome. He was in contact too, and delighted to be, with the youngsters who were then undergraduates at Columbia. Alfred Knopf (who became one of the most brilliantly intellectual publishers of the country) told me that his freshman year was darkened by a required course in a science, taught by one of those professors who detested freshmen. When the results of the final examination were published, very few in the class had passed. "I went to your father in a somewhat disturbed frame of mind. I have never forgotten what he told me. He said not to worry; that when he hired a shepherd to drive a hundred sheep from one village to the next, and the shepherd found a few sheep able to set so fast a pace that all the others dropped out by the wayside, he didn't blame the sheep, but the shepherd."

No matter what the day brought he also constantly went in and

out of every corner of the library with his quick, vigorous step, to see how book-using was faring. This was early enough in library-practice so that speed in getting an asked-for book into the hands of a student was by no means taken for granted. At least in the halls of learning. It was all right for the low-caste readers in public libraries. My father expended on ways of getting books rapidly from the shelves of the Columbia Library to potential readers enough energy and ingenuity—his family used to think—to run a transcontinental railway system.

His instinct was to tear down and throw away anything that interfered with the reading by a student. Did a student doze, inconspicuously, over a Columbia Library book? My father, up in arms to nurture the life of the intellect, wanted to know why? Was the Library too hot? Was the book the wrong one for that student or for the phase of intellectual growth attained by him? Or perhaps it was just that the student had too little money to eat properly. Or he might be a non-intellectual who should not be in college at all. Possibly, on the other hand, he might be a potential scholar of value, but obliged to stoke a furnace, or wait on table to earn his food and lodging, so that when he sat down with a book, he could not give it the absolute concentration of attention it deserved. My father considered it part of his job to use his tact and charm and resourcefulness (and he had a great deal of those qualities when he wanted) to look into such situations, and try with humane, discreet, good manners and good intentions to "do something." People with traditional book-mindedness scornfully thought this "undignified for a librarian." That was a joke for my father. What he was doing was what he had longed to see done in the libraries of the institutions of learning where he had been professor, of which he had been president. To do this was one of the reasons why he had accepted President Low's invitation to come to Columbia.

It was a fortunate decision. He passed there the happiest decade of his life. And possibly one of the most useful.

Is there still, I wonder, anybody at Columbia who remembers

him? Yes, only the other day I saw Harry Norris, who was a lively merry young man when my father was Librarian, now a lively merry old man, retired after a lifetime of usefulness to the University as Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. He happened to tell me a story about my father new to me, a tiny episode, perfectly in character. One afternoon he saw President Butler and the Librarian together, as they often were, walking slowly down the steps of the library, deep in talk. A sight-seeing bus lumbered around the corner of 116th Street and stopped. The guide stood up, put his megaphone to his lips and began to yell hoarsely into it, that they were now before Columbia University, and that "Down the steps is coming Nich-o-las Murray But-ler, the Pres-i-dent of the----"

Mr. Norris told me with laughter as fresh as though he had seen it only yesterday, that my father instantly swept off his hat and with a grandly theatrical gesture bowed low to the people in the bus, while Dr. Butler, enchanted by the absurdity, collapsed in laughter against the statue of Alma Mater.

Up to the day of his death, this kind of gay, prankish high spirits was part of the sparkle of my father's personality. It made him much sought after for social doings. He knew everybody in New York, either from old times or new connections; belonged to all the Clubs; went to all the public dinners to "represent Columbia," a chore which Dr. Butler found tedious and was glad to turn over to my zestful father, who enjoyed it; and an uncountable number of times he was one of the after-dinner speakers, always with a new and lusciously funny anecdote. He was not an especially skillful money-getter. That is, you know, a special gift like an ear for music or a natural sense of balance for skating. But he always spoke up for Columbia's needs, and many and many a gift of money for books came in from influential men with whom he had been hobnobbing at table.

He liked fun, he liked color, and he loved Columbia where he was so happy. He took part with hearty good-will in all the stately rituals of academic life. Among his honorary doctorates

was one from Oxford (imagine the annoyance of the first-edition, uncut-leaves fans). One of the pleasant memories of my girlhood is the trip to England to see him, in a noble ceremony, wearing his Oxford cap and great flaming scarlet gown, receive the degree with a citation in sonorous Latin, praising him for his enthusiasm for books as tools of students. I hope there are one or two still at Columbia who can remember seeing the old librarian, his thick white hair shining silver under his academic cap, the long scarlet British cloak of antique cut billowing out in the American breeze as, his black eyes shining, he stepped along in the academic procession.

At the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of Columbia, I too marched in that parade, my own hair gray by that time. A spirited brass band preceded the long, colorful academic procession that day, and I was glad to hear it tootling and banging away as enthusiastically for those long-robed elderly workers in the field of the intelligence as though we were athletes. I remembered well that it had been one of my father's whimsically original ideas thus to enliven academic marches. On the principle of Martin Luther's objection to letting the devil have all the good tunes, he welcomed everything that would make the life of the intelligence more stirring to the imagination, more quickening to the heart of man.

"God Almighty Hates a Quitter"

AUSTIN P. EVANS

THE sentence which appears as the caption of this brief appreciation of Miss Isadore G. Mudge, Reference Librarian of the Columbia University Libraries from 1911 to 1941, was sent to her by President Nicholas Murray Butler with the request that she find out by whom it was uttered and under what circumstances. For Miss Mudge this was all in a day's work. As President Butler was never weary of telling, his office constantly taxed her knowledge and resourcefulness in tracking down facts, dates, and quotations. As usual, she came up with the answer. In a typewritten Memoir of some 350 pages now deposited in Special Collections: "Development of the Reference Department of the Columbia University Libraries," she tells the story of her search for this item, and remarks that the statement might well be prominently displayed in every reference library and serve as the motto of all reference librarians. Nothing more aptly expresses the impression that her character, her will, and her enthusiasm for scholarly exactitude made upon those who as librarians worked with her, or, as students seeking help, came to her with their problems. Nothing less than the best effort was tolerated in herself or in those who worked under her direction; no one who came to her with an honest problem, no matter how immaturely envisaged, was turned away without helpful suggestion and assistance. And that helpfulness consisted not only in finding an answer to the immediate question brought to her, but was extended to aiding the student to learn of the tools and techniques by which he might in future help himself.

One of Miss Mudge's extracurricular activities which some members of the teaching staff remember with gratitude was the informal introduction to the library and its reference tools which

she gave early in the fall semester to small groups of students, usually seminars, in a personally conducted tour of the reference library. It was with a real thrill of pleasure that in her Memoir I found my own name recorded among those who had availed themselves of that service and had thus afforded my students in successive seminars this early introduction to a master workman and to the tools of her craft. It is a pleasure here to record that that service has been ably continued since Miss Mudge's retirement by Miss Winchell and her assistants.

What is the key to an understanding of the power and enthusiasm with which Miss Mudge conducted her work? Presumably the answer must be found in the ability with which she was endowed and the natural bent of her mind. But that natural ability had to be trained and directed. Perhaps the explanation lies in a conversation which I had with her a short while ago. Finding ourselves in northern Westchester County with a little free time, my wife and I decided to satisfy a long-felt desire to see Miss Mudge. Of late years she has not been able to come to the University as often as many of us would like. We found her on a wooded hillside, in a home consisting of a remodelled barn, the hand-hewn timbers of which were old, as houses are judged nowadays, when the War of Independence was fought. Much of herself has gone into that remodelling during the twenty-five years that she has owned the place, first as a week-end and summer hideout, but in recent years as a permanent residence. She ushered us into the large livingroom with its fine old oak beams and oak panels. One side of the room consists almost entirely of windows which give out over the tops of trees in the valley below to the distant hills, trees brilliant in their fall dress of yellow and orange and red and brown. Just below the house is an old orchard of apple and pear, beneath which Miss Mudge has naturalized the daffodils which form the basis of the almost legendary stories of the wealth of blooms that she has picked to be sold during the war for overseas relief—up to 15,000 daffodils alone contributed during the course of one season—and latterly for other forms of community service.

It was good to see Miss Mudge in her home. Though arthritis has cramped her movements more than she and her friends would wish, and though she has to use "that thing" in order effectively to carry on conversation, the years have been kind to her. It is hard to believe that she has been retired for more than ten years; her eye is as bright and her mind as eager and questing as when she presided over the central reading room under the dome of the old Low Memorial Library. As we sat in her livingroom, talk flowed rapidly. It went by natural degrees back to a great teacher who had been a decisive factor in the intellectual development of both of us, Professor George L. Burr of Cornell University, under whom she had studied in the last decade of the nineteenth century while I had worked with him in the early years of the twentieth. It was our common enthusiasm for him that constituted the bond that drew us together when I came to Columbia in 1915. We talked about his scholarship and his teaching, his insistence that students should present the evidence for their statements of presumed historical fact, and failing such evidence should remain silent. He had no patience with those who insisted upon "expressing themselves" on the basis of no verified knowledge. It was through his teaching, Miss Mudge avers, that she first sensed the importance of getting back to the sources of knowledge and received early introduction to the problem of seeking those sources through reference guides. This, she said, constituted the start of her career as a reference librarian. We recalled that in his preoccupation with the search for all the evidence, and in his insistence upon imparting to his students his own enthusiasm for painstaking research, Professor Burr had written relatively little, and the question arose whether a great teacher projects himself into the future more fundamentally through his immediate personal contact with his students or through the books which he writes. The question probably has no answer, but we were agreed that Professor Burr, and indeed any great teacher, would live long through successive generations of students, fired by those who had received their original inspiration from him. It might have been

appropriately added that this is quite as true of great librarians!

Miss Mudge's position in the library world is so firmly established, and her service to the scholarly community of Columbia so fresh in the minds of many of us, that it scarcely needs laboring here. Those of my generation who depended upon her expert help know, without discussion, that she was the greatest reference librarian in the country during the period of her active service! Indeed, as one would expect, her fame extends beyond the confines of this country. She herself tells the story of a Major in the English army from whom she received an appeal for information regarding the source of a few lines of poetry. He stated that he had sought aid from "all the libraries" of England and finally a librarian in one of the Irish libraries suggested that he "write to Miss Mudge." He thought the lines were probably taken from an early American poem and hoped that she might be able to find it. Though the point of my story is the appeal for help from overseas, it may be of interest to add that Miss Mudge read the lines, suspected at once that they were from the pen of a recent writer, and found that they were written by an Englishman, Masefield, and published in numerous English editions of his works. She remarks with dry humor that it took considerably longer to compose a diplomatic letter to the Major, apprising him of that fact, than it did to locate the poem! What she omitted to state was that it was her superior knowledge and insight that led her to the work that gave the correct answer.

If we who use the library have for long known by intuition that Miss Mudge is the most outstanding of reference librarians, librarians themselves concede that she gathered the most complete and useful collection of reference works assembled in any reference room in this country. It is but natural that a distinguished librarian, given physical resources such as money to buy the books, would assemble a distinguished collection of reference books. Perhaps the point needs no emphasis. But a factor which contributed to this mutual excellence is a matter of some interest and should be mentioned. Miss Mudge makes it clear in her

Memoir. Shortly before she came to Columbia she had been asked to pick up the work on the *Guide to the Study and Use of Reference Books,* two editions of which had been prepared and published by Miss Alice B. Kroeger, who died in 1909. At the same time she was asked by the Library Association to prepare an annual survey of reference works to be published in its Journal. These tasks she assumed, and when she came to Columbia in February of 1911 she brought them with her. For the *Guide to Reference Books,* an indispensable aid to the librarian and research worker (known currently as "Mudge," just as gathering bibliography in preparation of a paper has been referred to among Columbia students as "mudging"), she compiled a supplement to the second edition and then brought out in 1917 a third edition, a fourth in 1925, a fifth in 1929, and a sixth in 1936. To complete the story there are to this sixth edition four supplements, the first prepared by Miss Mudge and the others by Miss Winchell, who is likewise the author of the seventh edition which appeared, in considerably revised form, in 1951.

Miss Mudge's work on this *Guide,* together with the annual review of new reference works, strengthened her work as reference librarian by giving her an incomparable knowledge of the literature, while her work as reference librarian afforded constant suggestion for improvement in organization or critical comment in the *Guide.* It helps one to understand how, in the first few years of her work as reference librarian, she was able thoroughly to reorganize and enrich the reference collection in the Library; and at the same time it may help to explain that uncanny sense of where to look for the answer to a given question and that detailed knowledge as to what sort of question might properly be asked of a given reference work, which were the wonder and despair of all who availed themselves of her services.

Not satisfied with the accomplishments indicated above, Miss Mudge taught reference librarianship and bibliography, at first for two or three years in Summer Session and later as Associate Professor in the School of Library Service, from 1927 to 1938 and

during the year 1941–1942. In addition, either alone or in collaboration with others, she published a *Thackeray Dictionary* (1910) and a *George Eliot Dictionary* (1924), a volume on *Special Collections in Libraries in the United States* (1912), and from 1911 to 1930 compiled the *Columbia Bibliography*, not to mention a few other lesser publications.

Miss Mudge has led a busy life and by her personality and competence has stamped herself indelibly upon the library which she served so well and upon the Columbia community. May she long enjoy a well-earned rest among her beloved Westchester hills, firm in the knowledge that great librarians, like great teachers, live in the memories of those whose pride in workmanship and fidelity to truth they have quickened.

Postscript

Not, we hasten to amend, just in memories! As a sequel to this warm and deserved tribute, let us share our most recent and characteristic bit of Mudgiana. Feeling that our readers would like to know the source of the quotation used as our title, we appealed, somewhat hesitantly, to Miss Mudge. After all, it has been a good many years. She pondered and said, "I remember the incident, but not the details. Let me think and maybe it will come to me." At 8 o'clock the next morning she called Miss Winchell and said: "I thought and thought, and the word that stuck in my mind was Maine. *So I looked up* Maine *in the* Columbia Encyclopedia, *and there I found the name* Thomas B. Reed. *I think this may be your lead." Miss Winchell looked up W. A. Robinson's life of Reed, and sure enough there it was!—a reproach heatedly spoken in the course of the presidential campaign of 1896. So the tradition lives on; and to both Miss Mudge and Miss Winchell, once again our thanks!*

The Adventures of My Scrapbooks

L. S. ALEXANDER GUMBY

In 1950 Mr. Gumby presented to the Columbia Library his extensive scrapbook collection on the American Negro. When completed it will consist of from two to three hundred handsome volumes, each dealing with a particular aspect of Negro activity. The story of Mr. Gumby's collection from its inception to its transfer to the Department of Special Collections is one of selfless devotion of a collector to his project. It is a record of hope and failure, of building and rebuilding throughout a lifetime.[1]

MY INTEREST in scrapbooks began in 1901 when I was sixteen years old. My sister and I had gone to live with our grandparents. We started a scrapbook in a sample book of wallpaper left behind by some paperhangers. We made our paste of flour and water, and mounted pictures and newspaper clippings. I recall that the clippings about the assassination of President McKinley in September, 1901, nearly filled our scrapbook.

My grandmother cherished a desire for me to become a lawyer, and made it possible for me to go to Dover State College in Delaware. I entered college in 1902, but I spent only a year there. My preparation was topheavy, and my own lofty impatience further interfered with my studies. While at the public school in Salisbury I had read widely, but I am afraid that I paid too little heed to the need for sound fundamentals such as spelling, grammar, and the like. Realizing my smart dumbness I left college before the final

[1] This article is a revision of one that appeared in the *Columbia Library World* for January, 1951. Since the *Library World* is sent almost entirely to officers and employees of the Columbia Library, we thought that it should reach a wider group of readers. The original article has been abridged somewhat, and Mr. Gumby has brought his story up to date.—Ed.

examinations of the year. I went to Philadelphia, taking with me the paperhanger's scrapbook, which my sister had reluctantly let me have when I left for college. It was packed in an old round-top trunk, along with several unmounted newspaper clippings, pictures of my student friends, mementos of my few college days, several badly spelled class compositions, essays with high-sounding titles, and poems, too, that had been greatly applauded when read in the classroom or at some literary club but which invariably rated no better than zero with my professor.

After remaining in Philadelphia about three years, I moved to New York City. At once I became a New Yorker in spirit and principle, for I found here more freedom of action than I had ever known before. I became familiar with all of the best shows and most famous actors on Broadway, and I formed the habit early of enthusiastically collecting all the playbills, pictures, and clippings I could find about my favorites. Somehow in my journeyings my old round-top trunk had been lost—and with it the wallpaper scrapbook. Only my suitcase had come through, but it contained more clippings and pictures than clothes, for the scrapbook-making urge was never far from my mind.

During those early years in New York it seemed that a willingness to change jobs was a mark of a youth's ambition. Through a friend I heard of an opening at Columbia University, waiting on table at lunch hours. I applied for the job and got it. The table assigned to me was frequently chosen by Dr. Koo, who usually came in late. He was very popular with the students, and I soon became his great admirer. When, later, he became headline news I clipped everything I could find about him. I also gathered a good deal of material about Dr. Butler, but I never got around to collecting Columbia University items as such in those days.

It was not until 1910 that I seriously began to do something about my overflowing collection of clippings. I decided to gather them into scrapbooks. Without experience in the arranging of such a vast amount of miscellaneous material, I naturally made a botch of it in my first efforts. When I finally admitted to myself that it

would all have to be done over, I decided to classify the material into groups. I soon found, however, as my collections continued to grow, that even this arrangement was unsatisfactory, for it was impossible to interfile new material. It was not until I adopted the looseleaf method that I found a satisfactory answer to my problem. That, of course, meant remounting my material once more. After sorting it into master subjects, I found that I had enough Negro items for that subject alone. This Negro scrapbook in turn I divided into master subjects; and because the leaves could be shifted, I was able to break the master subjects into chapters. I arranged chronologically the clippings that were not too badly damaged by their repeated remountings. I soon had a bulging volume of Negro items, whereupon I broke the chapters up into separate books. Thus began my Negro Scrapbook collection.

In the years from 1914 until America went into the first World War, I had the opportunity of going to several large cities and towns in this country and in Canada. I visited public libraries and studied various methods of compiling and mounting scrapbook material. I also searched second-hand bookshops for items for my scrapbooks, and for old and rare books; I soon became better known for my collection of choice books than for my scrapbooks —to such an extent, in fact, that I was registered in the 1922 edition of "Who's Who in Book Collecting."

With the generous help of a friend who was a partner in a Wall Street firm, I was able to collect rare editions and manuscripts and items for my fast-growing scrapbooks, which had now become an obsession with me. My tiny apartment became so crowded with my collections that I finally had to lease the entire second-floor unpartitioned apartment of the house where I lived, and here I started "The Gumby Book Studio" for my personal use, to entertain my friends, and as a place in which to master the art of making scrapbooks. It should have been called "The Gumby Scrapbook Studio" as it was intended, but at the time I thought the name a bit too long. Soon friends formed the habit of visiting the Studio, and they in turn brought their friends who brought their friends, re-

gardless of race or color—those who were seriously interested in arts and letters. The Studio became a rendezvous for intellectuals, musicians, and artists. I dare say that the Gumby Book Studio was the first unpremeditated interracial movement in Harlem.

The reputation of my Negro scrapbook collection had spread widely, and I was pressed to exhibit it on numerous occasions. It was shown in Philadelphia, Boston, and of course, New York City during various Negro History weeks. However, so many of the finer items were unaccountably missing after certain of these excursions that I was forced to stop this lending regardless of the purpose or how much I would have liked to assist.

In 1929 my wealthy friend's firm lost millions. The Studio thereby lost its main support, and money was scarce among my friends. The upkeep of the Studio in its usual style was extremely expensive. We had earlier launched a magazine called *The Gumby Studio Quarterly* (see Volume 96 of the Scrapbooks), which was not intended to be a profitable venture. In order to carry on, I reluctantly sold several of my first and rare editions; but even so I finally was forced to close the Studio and its activities, and to send to storage all of the Studio's trappings and my collections.

The loss of my Studio and fatigue from overwork sent me to the hospital, where I remained for four years. Several loyal friends managed to carry the storage rent for some time, but finally I was notified that my entire possessions must be sold for back rent. I learned of a man who could help me. He would take care of my things in return for certain first editions in the collection. He did not want the scrapbooks or Negro items, but offered to keep them safe for me in his home until I was able to take them over again. I agreed gratefully.

On my first day out of the hospital in 1934 and over the protests of two friends accompanying me, I insisted on going at once to examine my collection.

Even before we were ushered down to the cellar where the collection was stored (I should say scattered), we began to hear excuses reversing the assurances that had been written to me

several times while I was in the hospital. In a low part of the cellar were stored the fourteen or sixteen cases and trunks containing my scrapbooks. I noticed a dried water mark on the two bottom cases. I was hastily informed that a little water had gotten into the cellar but it did not seem to have reached into the cases.

On the contrary, later examination showed the two bottom cases to be practically paper-mud and mildew inside; very few of the items in the books were salvagable. Naturally I was heart-broken. And yet I was grateful that the collection as a whole had been saved from the auction-block.

When what was left of the scrapbooks and books was stacked in my $6-a-week room, I decided to remove all Negro items from scrapbooks that were not essentially Negroic and to add them to the Negro collection, as that part had suffered least damage. As I worked, I kept before me the goal of making this part of the collection a far-reaching historical item of Negroana, with each of its volumes so fine and selective in its make-up that no other collection could even hope to equal it.

I also decided that my collection should be finally placed where it would be safeguarded and where it would be of more extensive use than I could offer, and it was presented to the Columbia Library. In 1950 I became dangerously ill again. When I recovered and could leave the hospital, the Columbia Library gave me grants to sort and complete my material. I worked on it until last summer, when I had gone beyond the set retirement age of the University. Now I am retired.

I have labored toward my goal for more than fifteen years. Whether or not I have succeeded, I do sincerely hope that the collection will be useful for serious historical research, and will remain an abiding incentive to those who try to make scrapbooks on any subject.

Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

IN AN announcement made at the Spring meeting of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries, the University voiced its decision to establish a full-fledged graphic arts program. It will naturally take some time for the envisaged program to reach its fullest stage, but already the announcement has resulted in several gifts of unusual and highly useful graphic arts materials.

Mention was made in the last issue of COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS of Mr. Frank Altschul's gift of fifty-three hard-to-find items printed at his Overbrook Press. Early in the summer the Sun Chemical Corporation of Long Island City presented a valuable collection covering the first hundred years in the development of the lithographic process since its invention by Alois Senefelder early in the 19th century. The principal part of the gift consists of about a thousand pictorial lithographs, selected to show various applications and techniques, and including a number of very scarce and costly prints. Not only does the collection contain some of the earliest lithographs ever made; it carries the process well into the present, culminating in a full set of Joseph Pennell's superb Panama Canal construction scenes issued in 1912.

The gift also includes nearly two hundred volumes, mainly works on the technical aspects of lithography. Among the many scarce editions and treatises dealing with the early days of the craft are two copies of the first printing of Senefelder's original exposition of his process, published in Munich in 1818, as well as the first edition of the English translation, issued by Ackerman in London in 1819.

The collection was originally formed by the officials of the Fuchs & Lang Manufacturing Corporation, makers of lithographic inks, in order to document the development of the craft. For

several years a special gallery was reserved for the display of the prints. Later, after the company was merged with the Sun Chemical Corporation, the plant headquarters were moved, and the gallery facilities were discontinued. At Columbia the collection will augment notably the resources for study and research in all phases of the graphic arts, and it will share a place with the Typographic Library, the Book Arts collection, and the Epstean Collection on the History of Photography.

Over the years, countless graphic arts students have been inspired by the opportunity of visiting the paper museum that until recently was housed on the top floor of the building occupied by the Stevens-Nelson Paper Corporation. There they were able to watch Mr. Harrison Elliott, an official of the firm, carry through all of the processes of manufacturing hand-made paper. They listened while linen and cotton rags were being macerated into pulp in a "beater." They saw the pulp aging in a vat, diluted with water to the consistency of creamy soup, in which process all but the basic cellular structure of the fibres is dissolved away. And they watched Mr. Elliott dip a hand-mould into the vat, lift out a thin layer of the ready pulp, shake it gently, and turn out a damp, fully matted sheet that needed only to be sized, pressed and dried to become a finished piece of fine hand-made paper, suitable for use in the handsomest of books.

Recently Mr. Elliott presented his complete apparatus to the University. Steps are now being taken to find a suitable place to set up this equipment in working order, so that students and visitors will again be able to watch the progressive steps in the interesting and instructive process of paper-manufacture.

Mr. Max Nomad, well known as a writer on corporate forms of government, left- and right-wing movements, and similar questions that trouble a large part of our serious thinking during these times, has deposited in the Columbia University Libraries his entire file of clippings, excerpts, and the like, dealing with these

subjects. The collection numbers hundreds of thousands of items, and nearly sixty standard manuscript boxes are required to house it. Each item is carefully documented as to its place and date of publication, and the material is arranged by countries. The prodigious labor which Mr. Nomad has put into the compilation of the collection wonderfully facilitates use by other scholars, and renders further organizational work unnecessary.

Thomas S. Jones, a poet of deep religious insight, died about twenty years ago in New York. His papers, books, and manuscripts were left in the care of his friend, John L. Foley. Within the past few weeks they were presented to the Columbia University Libraries, and they will be available to qualified students and scholars in the department of Special Collections.

A current commentary on Jones calls him "a poet of some importance making a serious contribution to our religious literature." Examination of the collection of his books and papers encourages a more subjective analysis, suggesting that he was a singularly well-loved personality with a wide circle of intimates, including many of the principal literary figures of his day. He was a generous and conscientious correspondent, judging by the hundreds upon hundreds of letters from his friends and associates which he neatly and carefully filed away in packets. From authors both here and abroad he was the recipient of scores of affectionately-inscribed slim little volumes of poetry, many of them collectors' items in their own right, and doubly so in their present "association" forms.

One of Jones's principal preoccupations during his later years was the release of the poetry of the subconscious directly through "automatic writing," and his files contain a wide range of manuscripts composed by that method. Automatic writing once was used in efforts to communicate with the supernatural, and now is the special tool of psychology in probing the latent recesses of the mind. Serious students of this phase of enquiry will find in this collection a varied, dependable, and fruitful area for exploration.

Other Recent Gifts

WEBB, JOHN. *Sermon preached . . . November 15, 1772.* Boston, 1772. ≈ Photograph of the Copley portrait of Dorothy Quincy, one of the former owners of Mr. Webb's lecture-sermon before the General Assembly, November 15, 1772. ≈ Manuscript records of *Rocca Antica,* 17th and 18th centuries, with printed supplements of the 19th century—three manuscript volumes and unbound printed supplements. *From Harry G. Friedman.*

POMPONIUS MELA. *De situ orbis* [1501]. *From Valerien Lada-Mocarski.*

FULTON PATENTS. Three manuscript copies of patents issued to Robert Fulton in 1809 and 1811. ≈ [CORRY, JOHN], *Biographical Memoir of the Illustrious George Washington. . . .* Barnard, Vt.: Joseph Dix, 1813. *From Robert E. Schmitz.*

PLAYBILL. Manuscript playbill of a program presented on board the "Theater Royal," H. M. S. *Tribune,* as it lay in port at Chinchu Island (off Lima, Peru) February 19, 1857. *From Margaret and Richard Bancroft.*

JUVENAL. *The Satires of Juvenal . . .* London: Printed for W. Lowndes, 1785, Vol. I. ≈ *Dionysius Longinus on the Sublime . . .,* 5th ed. Joseph Brown, 1757. From the personal library of Dean Hawkes. *From John Hawkes.*

GREAT BOOKS. *Great Books of the Western World.* Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 1952. 54 volumes, Founders' edition. *From Willard V. King.*

GILBERT, CASS. Eleven original drawings for projects done in association with the architect Cass Gilbert and others. ≈ An imposing wall panel of French walnut, sumptuously carved in the Georgian taste and incorporating a barometer. *From W. Francklyn Paris.*

BASKERVILLE BIBLE. Printed by John Baskerville, 1772. *From Mrs. Alta Given Williams.*

GUERRA, GIOVANNI. Album containing 134 original drawings by Giovanni Guerra, 16th-century Italian painter and architect. *From Alice and Constance Ogden.*

MAUCLERC, JULIEN. *Traité d'architecture.* Paris, 1648. An extremely rare work containing plates engraved by Pierre Daret. *From J. J. Klaber.*

BERLIOZ, HECTOR. Books and manuscripts by and about Hector Berlioz, including five autograph letters from the musician and many others relative to his life. *From Prof. Jacques M. Barzun.*

UNKO SEKKUTSU. By Mizuno. Volumes I, IV, and VII (texts and plates), continuing a previous gift of volumes in this set. *From the Bank of Japan through Prof. Carl S. Shoup.*

ARCHITECTURE. Three original drawings by Richard Upjohn, and 78 books from the professional library of the Upjohn family. *From Prof. Everard Upjohn.*

The Editor Visits the Medical Library

OUR visit the other day to the Medical Library at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center was made at a rather different tempo than visits years ago, when we used to rush in, a harassed medical student, chasing an elusive textbook, or intent on some hasty search of the literature. On this occasion we calmly reserved an afternoon of Librarian Thomas Fleming's time—causing who knows what dislocation in that kindly man's schedule, but gratifying ourself with a luxurious sense of postgraduate leisure.

The stairs leading up to the Library still had their familiar aromatic but businesslike hospital odor, and the Library itself looked much the same. In the high, vaguely Gothic reading-room the white-coated readers gazed at the same fat volumes. The assistant stood as before behind the counter, and students peered over his shoulder to see if Gray's *Anatomy* or Boyd's *Pathology* were on the reserve shelves. The Doctors Draper, father and son, still stared with bronze impassivity from their plaque on the east wall, noting the constantly accelerating influx of books, the overflowing shelves—wondering, perhaps, where will it all end?

"Yes, where will it all end?" said Mr. Fleming, as we sat after lunch in his book-lined office. "This library building was opened in 1928 with 49,000 volumes, and with room on shelves for 100,000 in all. Today we have more than 175,000, and the collection is increasing at the rate of about 8,500 volumes a year. We received 785 journals in 1937, the year I began here as Librarian; today we take 2,023 journals. Last year we dropped 32 journals, but added 199 new ones."

"How about a bonfire of some of your obsolete volumes?" we suggested, appalled at this inexorable multiplication of the printed word.

Mr. Fleming smiled wryly. "We have 11,000 items or there-

abouts which we should like to get rid of. They've outlived their usefulness—and it costs us $3.00 to house a book here. That's $33,000 for the lot. But here's the rub. It costs money to throw a book away! A trained librarian has to decide about the obsolescence of each item; then, there are three or more cards to be withdrawn from the catalogue, and often other cards have to be corrected because of the changes in arrangement. It costs, we estimate, 36 cents to withdraw a book from circulation, or a total of $3,960 for the 11,000. I wish some kind friends would give us $3,960 in order to make $33,000 worth of book space available!"

In spite of the growth of the collection, the Medical Library can meet only 60% of the literature requirements of research workers, compared with 90% in 1937. This is partly because the literature has grown faster than the Library. "Medical knowledge," said Mr. Fleming, "increases by geometric rather than arithmetric progression. Fifteen years ago there was only one journal of Anesthesia. Now there are twelve. The use of the Medical Library has increased about 1200% since the opening of the Center. It started as a collection of books and journals primarily for medical students. It has now become the nucleus of one of the world's greatest centers for medical research."

"Here's one of the services we offer," he continued, leading us to a table loaded with a stack of books. "Dr. X is doing research on cancer of the breast. We scan the literature for him, and when we find a pertinent article we put it on this table. Whenever he has a quarter of an hour or so he dashes in and makes notes. As fast as he gets through the volumes we put out, we feed him more. He pays us one dollar a month and ten cents for each reference found. This streamlined bibliographical service saves valuable time for Dr. X and the thirteen others who are using it."

As Mr. Fleming demonstrated his overflowing shelves, and told us about the thousands of volumes he had had to transfer to the nearby Deaf and Dumb Asylum, now used for storage, it became obvious that the only solution to his problem was a new building. He said that in fact they had plans for such a building,

to be erected on the site of the P. & S. parking lot at 168th Street and Fort Washington Avenue. It would cost more than $1,500,000, but it would be the first modern library specifically designed to meet the requirements of a great medical center. It was an exciting idea, and when we recalled the sums which were being given for medical research, it seemed altogether possible that someday an imaginative philanthropist would kindle at the thought of creating such a library. Without a library to preserve the record of scientific discoveries, and to stimulate the discoveries of the future, the work of the laboratories would be as ephemeral as the fumes from their retorts.

By this time, thoughts of the ever-increasing avalanche of medical literature and of the hectic pace of modern research had given us a slight headache. For relaxation, we asked to see some of the historical items in the collection, and were shown a manuscript, donated by Dr. Dana Atchley, in the hand of a P. & S. medical student of the Eighteen Twenties. It contained notes on the lectures of David Hosack M.D., "Professor of the Practice of Physic." We looked with amazement at the leisurely handwriting and polished sentences, studded with the Professor's anecdotes and with the student's sly comments. There were no abbreviations. It was the perfect antithesis of the hurry and bustle of modern medicine. We thought of our own sketchy notes of fifteen years ago. The student of 1952 probably uses shorthand!

The telephone rang, and we heard Mr. Fleming talking as if he were somehow involved in the arrangements for a beauty contest. "That's the lighter side of my job," he laughed. "The Editor of *Mademoiselle* wants me to find a photogenic Medical Librarian whom they can feature in a forthcoming article." We left him with this problem—and the problem of where to put his next 100,000 volumes—unsolved.

Activities of The Friends

"Date with a Book"

THE series of readings "Date with a Book," arranged by Dr. Russell Potter representing the Institute of Arts and Sciences, with the aid of Mrs. Albert Baer acting for the Friends, was opened on Wednesday evening, October 22, in McMillin Theater by Clifton Fadiman. Mr. Fadiman, one of the foremost champions of reawakening an interest in oral reading, was at his best. He was in good voice, and seemed to enjoy the evident rapprochement between him and his listeners.

He opened with Wordsworth's sonnet "The World Is Too Much With Us," and followed with Ogden Nash's "I Will Rise and Go Now" to illustrate the same theme in the current vernacular. He read several short stories from the *New Yorker*, including Gerald McMillin's "The Television Helps, but Not Very Much." He did W. F. Harvey's "August Heat" in full spotlight in the darkened auditorium, with most spooky effect. He read several other ghost stories, added some aphorisms from Abe Martin, and closed with the opening address to the jury of Serjeant Buzfuz in the celebrated case of *Bardell* v. *Pickwick* from the *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Fadiman said that there were two geniuses currently practicing the art of reading aloud–Emlyn Williams and Charles Laughton. After hearing Mr. Fadiman, many of his listeners felt that there were *three*.

The succeeding evenings are: Nov. 5, C. L. R. James, "The Reader's Herman Melville" and, on Nov. 19, "The Reader's Shakespeare"; Dec. 3, John Carradine, "The Reader's Defoe and Stevenson"; Dec. 17, Max Eastman, "The Enjoyment of Poetry"; Jan. 7, Carl Carmer, "Our Heritage of Ballad and Folk Tale"; Feb. 4, Maurice Valency, "The Reader's Housman and T. S. Eliot"; Mar. 4, Henry Morton Robinson, "An Evening with

Henry Morton Robinson"; Apr. 8, John Mason Brown, "The Reader's G. B. S."; and Apr. 22, Charles Laughton, "An Evening with Charles Laughton."

The Friends of the Columbia Libraries are interested not only in the acquiring and care of books, but in their reading, their understanding and enjoyment. Accordingly we are glad to cooperate in this renaissance of what has been almost a lost art.

The Council

WE ARE happy to welcome to the Council two new members. FRANK ALTSCHUL is a known executive with long-standing interest in problems of education, also a student of international relations, a bibliophile of note, and owner of the Overbrook Press, which has produced a number of fine press books, many of which have become collectors' items. MRS. FRANZ STONE, of East Aurora, New York, is a civic leader, wartime director of the Army Anti-Aircraft Volunteers in Washington, D. C. She is deeply interested in library problems and is bringing to the Friends a wide experience in executive and administrative matters.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, whose father was librarian at Columbia from 1899 to his death in 1909, is a well-known novelist and critic . . . AUSTIN P. EVANS is Professor of History at Columbia, and has had for many years a close interest in the library and its activities . . . L. S. ALEXANDER GUMBY has devoted a lifetime to his scrapbooks on Negroana.

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Free subscription to COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS.

* * *

As a Friend of the Columbia Libraries you are asked to assume no specific obligations. We rely on your friendship towards our institution and its ideals. However, if members express their support through annual donations of books or other material, or cash, we shall have a tangible indication that our program to arouse interest in the pressing needs of the Libraries has been successful. The smallest contributions are not the least welcome, and all donations are deductible for income tax purposes.*

* Please make checks payable to Columbia University.

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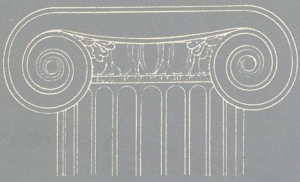

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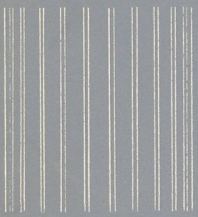

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THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES publish the *Columns* three times a year at Butler Library, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y. Current single numbers, one dollar.

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COLUMBIA
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History-Makers on the Campus

THE nineteenth-century student of history was very often preoccupied with the remote, the antique—with "the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome." He did not expect, on raising his eyes from the pages of Livy, to see before him in the flesh Scipio Africanus or any other hero of classical times. In 1952, the young historian in Burgess Library, typically a student of the contemporary world, might at one moment have been studying the campaigns of Eisenhower, and a few minutes later have actually encountered this new conqueror of Carthage in the elevator! Members of Columbia's Russian Institute Student Group have had the unique experience of discussing with Kerensky, Prime Minister of the Russian Provisional Government of 1917, some of the reasons for the failure of his regime. Former Ambassador Jessup is once again meeting students on Morningside Heights. The name of Virginia Gildersleeve, a familiar figure on the campus, is inscribed with those of other delegates from the United States in the United Nations Charter. And the now President of the United States has been succeeded as President of Columbia by Grayson Kirk, himself one of the mental architects of the United Nations.

We dedicate this issue, which contains several articles about Columbia's contributions to the political sciences, to Grayson Kirk. An educator, a historian, a statesman, he is a distinguished representative of men at Columbia who not only teach and record but also *make* history.

History in the Deep-Freeze

The Story of Columbia's Oral History Project

DEAN ALBERTSON

THE acquisition of hundreds of tape-recorded memoirs from many outstanding national and international leaders, each volume bound and sealed until the date set for release by the donor, have transformed part of Columbia University Library into a "deep-freeze" of current American history.

This is the work of the Oral History Research Office under the Direction of Professor Allan Nevins.

Born of a sincere attempt to answer the all-important, elusive historical "Why?," the project has combined the best of time-tested interviewing technique with modern electronic recording equipment to amass for future scholars a fabulous wealth of hitherto untapped source material. Complete autobiographies of the great, the famous, and the prime-movers with a passion for anonymity will be available for historians of tomorrow—memoirs which will bring into single focus the memory of a participant, the critical questioning of a trained historian, and the documentation of personal written and printed records. Frozen from the tempting sensationalism of the present, the life story of our times told in candid detail by the makers of modern history themselves will be thawed in the future light of scholarly research.

Oral History, long a dream in the mind of Professor Nevins, came into being in the fall of 1948 when he discovered that one of his advanced graduate students had interviewing experience. With a three-thousand-dollar grant from Columbia University's Bancroft Fund to finance an Oral History Experiment, Professor Nevins set program and policy, and assigned Mr. Dean Albertson the task of recording the reminiscences of prominent citizens who

had played major roles in the history of New York City and State.

The first stress was laid on political history, and George McAneny consented to be the initial interviewee. He was followed by Henry Bruere, Frederic R. Coudert, Raymond B. Fosdick, William A. Prendergast, Frederick C. Tanner and George S. Van Schaick, who filled in great gaps in the known history of New York from the days of Low and Odell to those of LaGuardia and Lehman. Then the scope was broadened. Doctors Joseph Collins and Haven Emerson contributed material on early medicine; Lawrence Veiller and Homer Folks recorded much on the little-known story of social work; while Martin Saxe and Lawson Purdy told of New York taxation and finance.

As the work began, the interviewer laboriously wrote down by hand quotations and key sentences, rushing to his typewriter when the interview had ended to fill in from memory the 80 per cent balance which he had missed. The swiftly flowing comments and witticisms of Charles C. Burlingham proved the undoing of this method. The first tape-recorders were straightway purchased early in 1949 and the "Experiment" became a Project.

The mechanization of the "two men and a lead pencil" made it quickly apparent that a vastly expanded concept of the work was in order. First, an office had to be found and two professors wryly gave up a study room on the ground floor of Butler Library. Next came the employment of a secretary, then transcribers to transform the recorded tape into manuscript. The perplexed trustees of the Bancroft Fund released an additional six thousand dollars. Special desks to hold transcribing tape-recorders and all the other paraphernalia of a business office brought to the academic halls of Columbia Library something quite apart from traditional research apparatus. Now, bulging its original quarters with a staff of twelve, the OHRO burst into an adjoining office, and two more academic administrators retreated to the higher reaches of the building.

Nevertheless, beneath outward growth and change in housekeeping effects, the Project was setting operational procedures from which it has never deviated.

Professor Nevins meets periodically with the University Committee (Dean Harry Carman, and Professors Arthur W. Macmahon, Carter Goodrich, and Archibald H. Stockder) and his staff, to map out areas of historical coverage and available prospective interviewees. Then letters are written requesting permission to interview.

To the great surprise of the OHRO, the incidence of affirmative replies is about 95 per cent. Nearly every prominent American leader has an awareness of his participation in historical events and, while he is aware that a request from Columbia University to tell his story for posterity is a pleasant massaging of his ego, it is primarily his sense of history which leads him to do it. For those who refuse, the motives are mixed. His period of public life was so painful to one politician that he flatly stated he never wanted to think about it again. Another wrote that he went into public service only to "get Roosevelt out of the White House, and to end deficit government financing. . ." and so, under the circumstances, he didn't really feel that he would have much to tell.

To those who accept Oral History, its well-designed processes come as something of a shock. When the interviewer first meets say, Congressman Smith, for a conference, the latter has in mind the relaxing prospect of an amiable chat, or perhaps getting a few things straight on the record. Then he hears that the interviewer has spent weeks in research preparing himself on Mr. Smith's life and work; that it will not be two or three interviews but a long series of them ranging over a period of many weeks, even months. The harried Congressman stares in disbelief as the interviewer courteously requests that Mr. Smith rummage around in his attic or in the barn of his country home, and produce every scrap of correspondence, memoranda, diary notes, and speeches. Smith's incredulity increases by leaps and bounds when he is apprised of the fact that he is about to be asked to describe in detail (and his replies recorded) every single thing he has done, everything he has seen, and, worse!, his motives, estimates and evaluations over a busy lifetime. His infrequent golf and bridge games fade before

him as he learns that the reminiscences will proceed in an orderly chronological fashion from his infancy and early schooling, through his public life, and right up to the present day. He is about to reach for his hat as he contemplates the endless hours he will spend checking and correcting hundreds of pages of manuscript.

But he doesn't.

Instead, he considers the serious and determined historian before him. It is apparent that this is for history, and that the lessons from his own victories and defeats must be projected into the future in their most candid form. He understands that not only will his memoirs be sealed, but also that the interviewer will never reveal what he hears from Mr. Smith, either on or off the tape. One breach of confidence would wreck the whole project. Smith is made to feel the necessary cooperativeness of the venture—that the interviewer will ask every conceivable question he can think of, but that he will not attempt to badger or trick the Congressman into answering. Moreover, the interviewer has placed his time, morning, afternoon or evening, entirely at his disposal. Checking with a few friends with whom the interviewer is currently working, the interviewee is reassured, and work begins.

As soon as a recorded tape is transcribed, the script is sent to the interviewee. He checks it for accuracy, but retains its flavor as a "spoken manuscript." As soon as it is returned to the Office, processing of the script is completed. It is put in order, re-checked for typing errors, indexed, perfectly typed on most lasting bond paper, and filed, bound and sealed, in the Special Collections Department of the Library. The manuscript will not be opened for use until the date specified by the interviewee, and then it is opened only to serious and accredited research scholars.

The roster of American leaders whose memoirs are flowing into Columbia University is impressive. The memoirs of Paul Appleby, James F. Curtis, F. Trubee Davison, Learned Hand, Arthur Krock, Albert D. Lasker, Eugene Meyer, John Lord O'Brian, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Jackson E. Reynolds, Nelson Rockefeller, Henry L. Stimson, Rexford G. Tugwell, James W. Wadsworth,

M. L. Wilson, and over two hundred others are making this collection undoubtedly one of the most priceless source archives in existence.

These memoirs, ranging in length from five hundred to fifteen hundred pages, many of them documented by personal letters and diary notes, are the backbone of the collection. The monumental five- to ten-volume memoirs of Spruille Braden, Robert H. Jackson, Marvin Jones, Frances Perkins, Henry A. Wallace, and James P. Warburg testify to the efficacy of the technique when an excellent memory is combined with enormous historical research and documentation.

The rapid development of the Oral History Office brought many problems to its staff and made it a problem child of the University. Overzealous in enthusiasm, it was painful to create competent and cooperative administrators out of the graduate students who served as project interviewers. The photo lab became jammed with rush orders. Documentary acquisitions of all types flooded the Special Collections Department. The News Bureau was apprised of releases when they read them in the morning papers. The heads of Binding, Purchasing, and Mailing departments staggered beneath the onslaught of special requests. Fortunately, academic authorities too had faith in their new offspring. With patience and good humor they calmly channeled the new energy with a course of administrative instruction, and brought Oral History within the fold of the University family.

The tape-recorder, while faithful in its reproduction of a historical narrative, proved difficult to handle. New York City's cacophonous street noises would drown out the voices. The tendency of some interviewees to stride about their offices in ex-cathedra dictation caused gaps on the tape. The innocuous little brown microphone itself caused extreme anxiety to the speaker until blended into the clutter of his desk.

Setting the recorder up out of sight of the interviewee but within instant reach of the interviewer was always a difficult problem. A corner of a desk or the space beneath a coffee table is normally

utilized. In one instance, however, where a man was interviewed in a hospital, the recorder was relegated to a position among the bedpans, and the microphone was hung alongside the call-cord.

Transcribing, too, had its preoccupations. Dictaphone transscribing techniques were inadequate because this was not "dictated" material. An ironicism or sarcastic comment was lost on the literal reproduction of the tape-recorder. Furthermore, in the intense recapitulation of a stirring event a man would make minor factual errors, misplacing a President by fifty years or sinking the wrong ship in the right battle. Transcribers, more than being typists, had to have a solid and well-informed background in American History as well as the literary ability to feel and reproduce the exact flavor and tone of the interviewee's distinctive personality. Here, Barnard history professors came to the aid of the project and established the practice of sending their best students to the OHRO upon graduation.

Transcribers, in addition to being privy to the spoken word of men who make history, occasionally find moments of contemporary drama on the tape. One transcriber, working over a discourse on shipping subsidies, heard a female voice enter the tape with the words, "Pardon me, sir, is your car parked out front?" The interviewer's voice replied, "Yes, it is." Whereupon the female voice announced, "It's on fire," and the tape recorded the hastily departing steps of the interviewer.

The delicate relationship between interviewer and interviewee soon had to be examined. The relatively youthful interviewers, whose own memory encompassed only an age of government spending and welfare projects, were apt to irritate "old-timers" in misunderstanding the emotional content still contained in such burning issues as the Gold Standard and the Protective Tariff. At times, the shoe was on the other foot. One interviewer forced himself to supreme heights of tact and historical objectivity in questioning an ardent Prohibitionist about the Noble Experiment.

But, more often than not, the interviewer's seeming intimacy with the characters of say, the Mitchel Administration, has per-

plexed an interviewee to such exclamations as, "Oh, but surely you remember. . . !," quite forgetting that the interviewer was not even born at that time. Indeed, so successful have the oral historians been in projecting their sympathy and understanding, that their role in many instances has become one of historical father confessor. Thus they find themselves able to ask safely "Why?," and to have recorded for history the kind of answer that would be given to a close friend or intimate.

Keenly aware that the recorded memoir best serves the interests of history when used in conjunction with written evidence, interviewers have always sought out papers wherever they could find them. Each interviewer has had his share of searching through sooty basements and old barns for those nearly forgotten trunks of letters. On one occasion, the response to a request for personal papers was astonishing. Mr. William Jay Schieffelin replied that he was awfully sorry but that he had not kept his personal files. All he had, he said, was one small folder, and he apologetically produced a series of eight letters from his ancestor, John Jay, written to General Schuyler during the American Revolution.

The work of the Oral History Research Office has brought to Columbia University Library several fine collections of papers, including originals and reproductions. Among them are the correspondence of onetime law partner of Franklin Roosevelt, Langdon P. Marvin; Manhattan Republican leader Herbert Parsons; former New York City Comptroller William A. Prendergast; New York State Superintendent of Insurance George S. Van Schaick; and Doctor Haven Emerson's folio of Ralph Waldo Emerson letters.

The success of Oral History documentary acquisitions has placed a severe strain on the Special Collections Department to maintain basic cataloguing, and it has been impossible to list, sort, or index all of these important collections.

Another by-product of regular Oral History work was attempted in the fall of 1949 when the interviewers made the rounds of candidates and campaign headquarters for a month preceding

the balloting in a special effort to record the history of that year's New York election as it transpired.

Candidates were cornered in smoky offices swarming with precinct workers. Operating in teams of two, one interviewer manned the tape-recorder several offices down the corridor, while the other, carrying the microphone on a fifty-foot extension, sought to capture the impressions of the principals in the midst of the fray. Subjects for interviews had to be contacted on five-minute notice for interviews which rarely ran as long as thirty minutes, and these were hurriedly sandwiched between making a speech and shaking the hands of some civic delegation.

On election night, it was intended that the special project should be rounded off with spot interviews from the flushed but happy victors, or concession comments from those defeated. With the vote still being tallied, the result yet unknown, a team of interviewers and their recording equipment appeared at Tammany Hall and naïvely set up shop. Within ten minutes, Tammany's braves had fled to the inner sanctum and the oral historians were on their way elsewhere.

While election-night recordings had proven unsuccessful, the project was able to interview not only most of the contenders for the leading offices–Herbert Lehman, Newbold Morris, Vito Marcantonio, Harry Uviller and John Foster Dulles–but also their campaign managers, finance chairmen, and "close political advisors."

Over the four-year period of operation, the Oral History program has undergone some changes. The original basis for selecting an interviewee was that he live in or near New York City, regardless of the scope of his activity. It quickly became obvious that interviewing competency required of the interviewer enormous research in a multitude of fields, ranging all the way from 19th-century psychology and social welfare work to the complexities of international trade, New Deal farm policy, and Point Four. There were even side excursions into research on Barnum & Bailey, the bordellos of New York, muckrakers, architecture, baseball,

and woman suffrage. This scope of expert knowledge was too great for each interviewer to maintain, and specialization became imperative.

It was here that Oral History matured from a Project into a Research Office.

First, the national political-economic-social assignment was split at 1932. Mr. Albertson undertook the work in the period of the New Deal. Mr. Owen W. Bombard was employed to record the history of New York and the pre-1932 national scene. Mr. Wendell H. Link became the interviewer-specialist in the field of foreign affairs and journalism.

A special project was carried on for eighteen months by Mr. Frank Ernest Hill in interviewing the pioneers of the radio and television industry. Funds were provided for this work by the industry itself.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bombard was taken from the office by the Ford Motor Company to open a similar project in Detroit for the purpose of carrying on Oral History techniques in recording the history of the Ford family and company. He was replaced by Mr. Harlan B. Phillips, who added judicial history to the program.

The most definitive specialization in fields occurred when, in January 1952, Professor Nevins dispatched Mr. Albertson to open another Oral History Research Office in Washington, D.C. The Washington work was immediately broken along subject lines without regard to chronology. The initial study has been made of the Department of Agriculture and 20th-century American agriculture as viewed by agricultural administrators, scientists, legislators, and economists. A similar study of the Department of Labor will begin in the summer of 1953.

The financing of Oral History has always been, of course, the greatest obstacle of all. The original Bancroft Fund grant was maintained at $9,000. Another $6,000 has been contributed annually by the Lucius N. Littauer Foundation. A grant of $1,000 was given by the William C. Whitney Foundation. The Washington

work was covered for a two-year period by the Old Dominion Foundation.

And yet, on this wholly inadequate albeit generous sum of money, the project has recorded over 50,000 pages of memoir manuscript, documented by a like number of personal letters.

Like most projects, university or otherwise, which contribute to progress through research, study and scientific investigation, the Oral History Research Office depends for the time being almost entirely on the vision of the men who carry it out for recognition of its possibilities.

Because history evaluated in scholarship can be of immeasurable help in the problems to come after this present time, and because Oral History seeks to provide those tools of evaluation in the fullest and most complete sense, it is a project of tomorrow rather than of today.

An Unwritten Life of Stephen Crane

DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

STEPHEN CRANE'S great time has come at last. During his own short life *The Red Badge of Courage* brought him fame —for having written the most vivid book describing a war that ended five years before he was born. But Crane was almost forgotten after his death, at twenty-eight, in 1900; the twenties saw a revival of interest, but literary fashions changed and his work was in the shadow again. Now, however, we can realize that he, more than any other American author of his time, had what Henry James called "the imagination of disaster." Stephen Crane looms large among the authors from our past who speak directly to us in the present. The news is therefore especially welcome that Columbia has just acquired by purchase what is probably the largest single collection of Crane materials in the library of any institution.

In the Columbia Crane collection there are over thirteen hundred items. Holograph and typewritten manuscripts of much of his fiction and poetry reveal the creative methods of this writer of haunting intensity. Folders bulge with letters, photographs, dance cards, household accounts, military passes, legal papers, and all sorts of memorabilia concerning the families of Crane and his wife, Cora Howorth. Here, too, are valuable letters to the Cranes from their friends: Henry James, William Dean Howells, Joseph Conrad, Wells, Shaw, Harold Frederic, Hamlin Garland—a literary *Who's Who* of England and America in the 1890's.

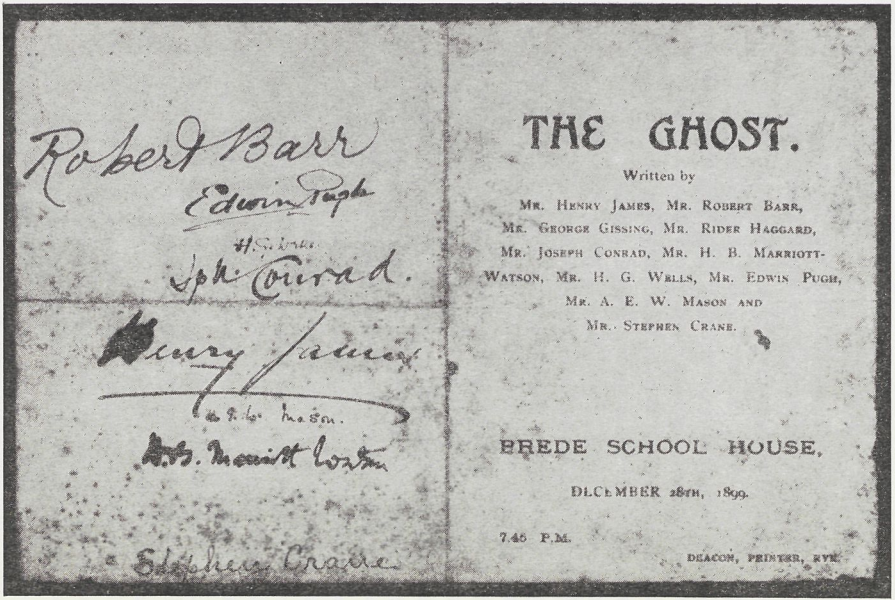
Mrs. Crane kept five scrapbooks, following her husband's career with wifely devotion; they are here, with clippings of newspaper articles not hitherto identified as Crane's, and reviews of his books from the newspapers of three continents. Cora Crane's own notebooks and manuscripts are here too, for she was herself a writer of parts—and one of the strangest, most puzzling women in the his-

tory of American letters. It was she who first assembled this collection (including nineteen editions of Crane's works and fifty-five volumes from his library). She kept together these trunkloads of documents and mementoes because she planned someday to write a biography of her husband. One of the completely irreplaceable items now at Columbia is a cheap, paper-bound notebook containing her pencilled notes for this biography, begun the day after Stephen Crane died.

But Cora Crane did not get beyond a dozen pages of grief-stricken memories. She never used her treasure-trove of materials. As neither Thomas Beer nor John Berryman, Crane's only biographers, had access to this collection, the definitive work on Stephen Crane remains to be done.

After Crane's untimely death in England his widow returned to the United States. At Jacksonville, Florida, she soon set up a resort known as "The Court." Before long this place gained a reputation which exiled Mrs. Crane from polite society in that Southern city. Yet its proprietress had had respectability – as well as charm – enough to help make so fastidious an observer as Henry James a family friend and frequent visitor to Brede Place, Crane's English home. He continued to write to her after Stephen's death; his letters of condolence are among the most moving documents in the collection.

Any biography of Stephen Crane will have to take full account of Cora. As a newspaper correspondent, writing under the name of Imogene Carter, she became the Marguerite Higgins of the Graeco-Turkish War in 1897. "In Athens this is war," she wrote, "... tears and flowers and blood and oratory. Surely there must be other things. I am going to try and find out at the front." The Hearst Syndicate soon had bold headlines: "WITH THE HOWITZERS ... Last of the Writers to Go ... Her Bravery Amazes Soldiers." But Cora's notebooks show a more sensitive, introspective woman than readers of her dispatches would suspect. Sentimental in the extreme, she filled her pages with quotations from Burns, Byron, Shakespeare, Keats, *David Copperfield*, Mrs. Browning, Seneca,



Autographed Program of *The Ghost* in the Columbia Crane collection

George Eliot, and a piece of doggerel by one Philander Johnson. "I have an incessant longing for love and sympathy," she confided to her notebook; whatever may have been the shortcomings of her virtue in later years, these were the two qualities she gave in fullest measure to Stephen Crane and shared with him while he lived.

The mail that came to Brede Place was full of surprises. In 1899 Mrs. Crane had solicited her friends for a fund to provide for the children of Harold Frederic, the novelist. That August Bernard Shaw replied, "We have three very expensive orphans on hand already—parents alive in every case. My impulse is to repudiate all extra orphans with loud execrations . . . I should simply take them out into the garden and bury them." But he enclosed £5 nonetheless, and added, typically, "I am greatly shocked to find that your letter is dated the 17th June; but when you know me better you will be surprised at the promptness of my reply."

And here is Henry James thanking Cora Crane for sending him some snapshots taken on his last visit (the photographs are in the collection): "All thanks for the strange images—which I never expected to behold. They form a precious memento of a romantic hour . . . . I look as if I had swallowed a wasp, or a penny toy. And I tried to look so beautiful. I tried too hard, doubtless. But don't show it to any one as H. J. trying. . ."

Among the rarest and most interesting curiosities in the Columbia Crane collection is the only known copy of several pages of the script of a play entitled *The Ghost*. The writing is not distinguished, but what is remarkable is its authorship. *The Ghost* was the joint product of Messrs. Henry James, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Rider Haggard, H. G. Wells, two or three others, and Stephen Crane. The collection includes a printed program signed by all the authors except Gissing and Haggard.[1] Another curiosity is the file of correspondence regarding a dinner honoring

[1] While this article was in press, an interesting account of the circumstances under which *The Ghost* was produced appeared. In "*The Ghost* at Brede Place," *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, December 1952, John D. Gordan writes, "Perhaps some day a manuscript of *The Ghost* will turn up among the papers of one of the collaborators . . . . any curiosity that involved such an array of talent is a ghost that can never quite be laid."

Crane, sponsored by *The Philistine*, a magazine to which he contributed. Here are letters from 106 literary personages, among them John Kendrick Bangs, Ambrose Bierce, Bliss Carman, Richard Harding Davis, Charles Eliot Norton, and the Literary Editor of the Harvard *Lampoon*.

Columbia is fortunate to have these rich resources for definitive research on Crane and the literature of his time. Plans are now under way to issue a complete descriptive bibliography of this collection in time for the Bicentennial Celebration of the University in 1954. The Library hopes that its Friends will help augment these Crane holdings and thus make this collection the finest of its kind in the country. While the letters in the present collection, addressed *to* the Cranes, mirror the literary life of a whole decade, Columbia does not have a single letter *from* Stephen Crane. The acquisition of additional manuscripts of his verse and fiction would add greatly to the usefulness of what we already have. And, of course, any further mementoes of the Crane and Howorth families will be of greatest usefulness to Crane's next biographers and critics.

Columbia's New Treasure-House of Russian History

PHILIP E. MOSELY

ONE OF THE busiest but least-known activities of Columbia's busy Libraries is conducted on the top floor of the Butler Library. Here the inquiring visitor will find the new and rapidly growing Archive of Russian and East European History and Culture, an important recent addition to Columbia's unsurpassed facilities for the study of the history and literature of Russia and of current Soviet developments. In this Archive the serious scholar of things Russian can consult and analyze a wide range of original unpublished source materials. And new materials are flowing in week by week—from the United States and France, from Britain and Turkey, from Brazil and Germany—as Russian and other East European exiles learn of this opportunity to preserve their unique collections.

Does the scholar need to know, from original sources, how intelligent and well-informed members of the Russian imperial family regarded the problems and dangers which beset the old regime at the beginning of the twentieth century? Here he will find an extensive series of documents and memoirs deposited with the Archive by members of the House of Romanov, setting forth in detail their views on developments in Russia before and during the Revolution.

Between the 1860's and 1917 Russia saw a rapid development of the system of provincial and county *zemstvo* self-government. Until after the revolution of 1905 the central bureaucracy looked with suspicion and hostility on the growth of the *zemstvos*, which were winning widespread loyalty among the people because they contributed greatly to the improvement of health, education, and

farming practices. Naturally, the *zemstvos* were promptly suppressed by the Bolsheviks, who established a highly centralized rule of their own, and the *zemstvo* movement is seldom mentioned in Soviet versions of Russian history. Thanks to an extensive collection of memoirs which the Archive has received from numerous surviving leaders of the *zemstvos*, Columbia now offers scholars an opportunity for the detailed study of this significant Russian movement toward self-government.

Many students of Russian affairs, then and since, have felt that the assassination in 1911 of Prime Minister Stolypin marked the end of a promising attempt to reconstruct Russian society from above and thus to avert the outbreak of revolution from below. No comprehensive account has ever been written of Stolypin's aims and policies, and Russian archives have long since been closed to objective students. Thanks, however, to collections of documents and memoirs which have been deposited with the Archive by Stolypin's close relatives and co-workers, much new light can now be shed on his concept of a peaceful reconstruction and modernization of Russian life from above.

While the name of Lenin first became widely known in 1917, he had elaborated his program and methods of revolutionary action over the preceding twenty-five years of political struggle against the Tsarist regime and against competing political groups. The Columbia Archive is unusually rich in its collection of unpublished letters and other documents from Lenin's pen, particularly for the period 1906–1917. Here the visitor finds a remarkable correspondence in which Lenin discussed with followers and rivals the nature of the future revolution and the best means of bringing his party to power. The ways in which the great writer, Maxim Gorky, gathered money for the revolutionaries through contributions solicited from Russian merchants and manufacturers dissatisfied with the old regime, and repulsion which Gorky also felt for Lenin's disregard of ordinary human sufferings, are illustrated in unpublished correspondence.

After Lenin's party had seized power, his rule was opposed by

many disunited groups and forces in a civil war which lasted for almost three years. The Archive contains important collections which illuminate the activities and the problems of the leaders of the White Armies and the dilemmas of policy which they faced in trying to rally popular support against the Bolshevik regime, as well as numerous memoirs written by participants soon after the struggle had come to its close.

During World War II almost one-third of the Soviet population was, at one time or another, under German occupation. How did the people in western Russia and Ukraine react to the removal of Soviet control? From among the hundreds of thousands of Soviet people who were removed by force from Soviet territory or who left it voluntarily, not a few have had the urge and ability to tell the West about their experiences in their homeland, at their work, in prisons or forced-labor camps, or in the army. The Archive has received a considerable number of unpublished memoirs and other studies written down by the most recent non-returners and escapees. These provide an important source for the understanding of Soviet life and often supplement in essential ways the data for which the researcher must otherwise depend upon closely controlled Soviet sources.

People of many political views, from former high officials of the monarchy to liberal reformers and revolutionaries, have found a common interest in preserving for posterity their diaries, letters, documents, memoirs, and rare newspapers and pamphlets, and every week the Columbia Archive receives new inquiries and contributions from many countries of the free world. This eager cooperation reflects a high opinion of the impartial and scholarly role of Columbia University, for each contributor knows that his materials, whether extensive or not in scope, will be preserved and scrupulously protected against any exploitation for political or personal purposes, and will be made available under proper safeguards for study by scholars imbued with the tradition of objective research.

Each contribution is recorded in a central register, together with

the conditions set for its deposit and use. For example, certain important deposits cannot be announced until after the lapse of a definite period of years, and, in accordance with the wishes of their donors, such contributions have not been referred to in this short description. Other outstanding collections are now being studied by qualified scholars in order to round out their analysis of Russian political and literary history.

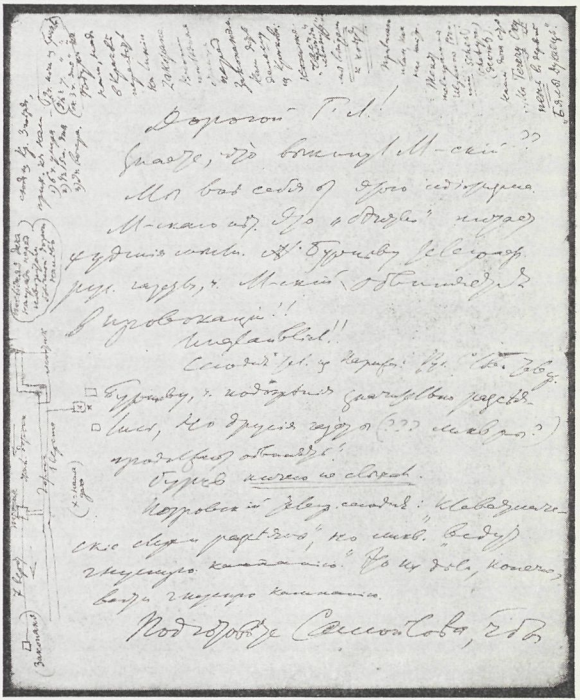
The Archive has a special concern with the study of Russia, but it is no less eager to strengthen its collections which deal with other peoples of Eastern Europe. It has received important materials which illustrate the recent history of Poland, Ukraine, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, and it welcomes deposits which concern any part of Eastern Europe.

The Archive has received the friendly support and encouragement of a number of prominent Russian writers and scholars. Prior to his death, the late Boris A. Bakhmeteff, for many years Professor at Columbia and previously Ambassador of the Russian Provisional Government to the United States, took an active hand in the plans for establishing the Archive. Professor Michael M. Karpovich, of Harvard University, a well-known historian, serves as chairman of the Sponsoring Committee. Its other members are Alexandra Tolstoy, daughter of Leo Tolstoy and an important author in her own right; Marc Aldanov, an outstanding novelist of twentieth-century Russia and its revolution; Ivan Bunin, the only Russian Nobel Prize winner in Literature and one of the last members of the great Russian school of humanist novelists; Alexei Maklakoff, a distinguished liberal leader and historian; and Boris Nicolaevsky, author of numerous works on the history of the Russian revolutionary movement. The membership of the Sponsoring Committee has established clearly in the minds of Russians scattered throughout the free world the great significance of the Archive as a leading center for the preservation and scientific study of original materials of Russian history.

Through the unfailing cooperation of Dr. Carl M. White, Director of the Libraries, of Dr. Richard Logsdon, and of other

officers of the Libraries, the Archive has been provided with excellent facilities for its work. A special locked cage, with controlled access, has been provided for the systematic protection of the collections. The most modern conditions—protection against sunlight (the worst enemy of archival materials), a constant humidity and temperature, fireproof quarters—have been arranged. In addition, a large corner room provides ample space for the Archive workers and for scholars who are doing research on its materials. Mr. Lev F. Magerovsky, who helped to organize the Russian Archive in Prague and served as its Assistant Director for many years, has been Curator of the Archive since its establishment. Aside from the facilities and services furnished by the University Libraries, the financial requirements of the Archive are being provided for the first five years, beginning in July 1951, as a part of the activities of Columbia's Russian Institute, whose research program has received the support of a generous grant made by the Rockefeller Foundation.

The Libraries' new Archive of Russian and East European History and Culture adds immeasurably to the University's research resources in the Russian field. It is strengthening further the research program of the University's Russian Institute, which, since its establishment in 1946, has trained more than one hundred and fifty young men and women for work in government and international service, in journalism and in research institutes, and has provided teachers of Russian and Soviet affairs for more than forty colleges and universities in the United States and in several other countries.



Letter from Lenin, in the Russian Archive at Columbia

Lenin Sends Directions to the Bolshevist Underground

The interesting letter from Lenin of which the first page is reproduced here was addressed presumably to G. L. Shklovsky and written in the early summer of 1914. It chiefly reflects Lenin's highly emotional reaction to the news of Roman Malinovsky's resignation from the Duma on May 8, 1914 and his flight abroad. For its glimpse into the workings of the Bolshevist Underground, we give a translation of the letter. (The marginal notes and drawings on the first page, not translated, give directions for journeying by rail via Cracow to Lenin's residence in Zakopane in Galicia.)

Dear G. L.

Do you know what M[alinov]sky has gone and done??

We are beside ourselves with this idiocy.

M[alinov]sky is gone. This "flight" nourishes the worst thoughts. Russian newspapers have telegraphed to Burtsev that M[alinov]sky is accused of provocation!!

Unbelievable!!

Today a telegram [was received] from Paris. Rus[skoe] Slovo telegraphs to Burtsev that suspicions have diminished considerably, but other newspapers (??? liqui[dato]rs) continue to accuse!

Burtsev has heard nothing.

Petrovsky telegraphed today: "Slanderous rumors dispelled," but liqui[dators] "are conducting an odious campaign." That is their business, of course, to conduct an odious campaign.

Prepare Samoilov, so that [continuation on second page of letter, not shown] his nerves won't act up!

It is ridiculous to be nervous.

By the way. There is a reelection in Moscow. Between us: Samoilov is very much needed for a journey. Answer me immediately (without saying a word to him) whether he is able to travel. If not, when will he be able? Exact information about his health? (Weight, sleeping, etc. etc.) Talk with the doctor. Answer immediately.

How about Zgr?? Hasn't everything been sent yet to Vink? You know, of course, that we must utilize Vink, to bring the matter to an end. For God's sake, give that fool Zgrapen a real going-over.

Quicker. Hurry up. Am waiting copy of his letter already sent to Vink. Greetings. Yours, Lenin.

P.S. If he is able to go to Russia now for 2–3 weeks, then wait for a telegram from me: one word "must" will signify Samoilov should immediately come to us here.

One of the baffling figures among the pre-1917 revolutionaries who were closest to Lenin was Malinovsky, a Bolshevist leader in the Fourth Duma. When the Bolsheviks came to power in 1917, the opening up of the Tsarist police records revealed that Malinovsky had been a police agent and provocateur over many years—a fact which had been repeatedly alleged by colleagues and opponents of Lenin at an earlier date. Returning voluntarily to Russia in 1918, he was executed after a swift and secret trial.

In the maze of revolutionary conspiracy and factional strife within the Social Democratic party, Lenin's relations with Malinovsky have baffled observers and historians. Lenin appears not to have recognized Malinovsky's "treachery"; or he may have chosen to ignore it for complex reasons of revolutionary intrigue.

Vladimir Burtsev, referred to by Lenin, was a talented journalist and historian of the revolutionary movement, generally respected by all factions as its "conscience" because of his unremitting and sharp-witted struggle against the too frequent "double agents" who infiltrated its ranks. Burtsev had previously played a leading part in the exposure of Azeff, who was for many years simultaneously a leading organizer of terrorist acts and a police-spy. Although Burtsev had, prior to May 1914, passed on to Lenin rumors of Malinovsky's double-dealing, Lenin remained unconvinced of his guilt until 1917, when he was able to study the files of the Tsarist Okhrana. *"Zgrapen" and "Vink" are code-names, referring apparently to members of the underground railway which linked the revolutionary centers in Russia and abroad.*

As can be seen from the letter, the only "provocation" which Lenin recognized was the suspicions and doubts raised by his opponents, whom he lumps together as "liquidators." By this term Lenin described all those Social Democrats who refused to accept the orders of a hand-picked "Central Committee," the election of which he had engineered at a rump-conference in 1912 and in which he had included Malinovsky as a key-member! The strong emotional reaction which Lenin's letter displayed at a crucial moment in the life of the Bolshevist Party makes this a document of great significance for the history of Russia. (Note based in large part on Three Who Made a Revolution *by Bertram D. Wolfe, New York, 1948.)*

Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

FOR MORE than half a century there has been a vigorous interest in the artistic and graphic requirements of the advertising poster—whether for circus, for Broadway hit, for condensed milk, or for the latest best seller. Many monographs on the technique and philosophy of the poster have been written. Within recent weeks a great New York newspaper devoted nearly a full-page spread in its Sunday drama section to an illustrated critique lamenting the lack of "that old-time punch" in modern theatrical posters. Dignified art galleries have featured innumerable exhibitions of "The Poster." Collectors for more than two generations have sought out specimens of the poster work of Toulouse-Lautrec, Beardsley, Chéret, Grasset, Pennell, Bradley—to cull only a handful of names from the long list of artists who have at one time or another turned seriously to the design of advertising bills. Dealers in rare books and art objects have fostered this interest, acquiring stocks of pristine examples as they have come off the press and searching for recoverable specimens from the forgotten past, all for the purpose of guiding them into the collections of connoisseurs.

One of the leading sources for posters in recent decades was maintained by the late Gabriel Engel (A.B. 1913), whose office in Union Square had long been the haunt of collectors of modern first editions. Mr. Engel's catalogues came increasingly to emphasize "pictorial posters"—arising, doubtless, from his own abiding interest in the subject. The catalogues are in themselves collectors' items, for their descriptions draw on the deep experience and personal knowledge of posters and poster artists which Mr. and Mrs. Engel had gleaned over the years.

Within the past few weeks the entire stock of posters remaining

in Mr. Engel's establishment after his death came to Columbia University as an anonymous gift, in tribute to his memory. Only the most cursory kind of estimate has so far been possible, but it is likely that at least 10,000 pieces are included. It may well be that, because of this gift, Columbia can be ranked among the leading repositories of this fascinating but fragile resource for research in the graphic arts.

Of very special significance in this connection is another anonymous gift of a highly selective collection of literary and artistic posters, numbering a little over five hundred pieces. This is a most exceptional group, the individual items having been carefully picked for their condition and merit. More than four hundred, for example, were chosen to represent the work of such artists as Abbey, Beardsley, Bradley, Kemble, Outcault, Parrish, Penfield, Pennell, Pyle, Remington, Rogers, and their peers. Among them is a series of bills prepared by various artists some fifty years ago to advertize the American editions of some of Kipling's best-known works. The balance of the collection is made up of English and American posters of World War I, and a small selection of railroading prints and views of our national parks.

During the past year there have been repeated occasions for reporting gifts by Mr. Harry G. Friedman, a member of the Friends. Scarcely an issue of the COLUMNS has been without mention of some presentation he has made—now a medieval liturgical manuscript, now an early edition of Tasso, again an important colonial Boston imprint, or a collection of the 17th/18th-century municipal records of a suburb of Rome.

This issue will mark no exception. Mr. Friedman's most recent gift is a two-volume set of Campegius Vitringa's commentaries on the prophet Isaiah, printed in the German city of Herborn in 1722. Vitringa was one of the Pietists of the early 18th century, notable for his influence in overcoming the Lutheran objections to the Adventists—who held the belief, recurrent throughout medieval and renaissance times, and supported by such eminent men

of science as Napier and Newton, that the second advent of Christ was imminent.

Mr. Everette L. DeGolyer has presented to the Geology Library the first work on geology to be published in the New World. It is Andrés Manuel Del Rio's *Elementos de Orictognosia*, issued in two volumes in Mexico City, 1795 and 1805. No copy of this edition is listed as being in the Library of Congress, and only the first part is recorded in the British Museum.

Del Rio himself settled in America in 1829, and published several geological studies in American journals. He became president of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania in 1834–35.

Some two hundred volumes on hydraulics and related subjects, the technical portion of the library of the late Dr. Boris A. Bakhmeteff, have been presented in his name by Mrs. Bakhmeteff to the Egleston Engineering Library. Dr. Bakhmeteff, formerly Professor of Civil Engineering at Columbia, was internationally known as an authority on fluid mechanics. His library comprised books of the highest quality and usefulness and provided data assisting him substantially in his research, which produced such classics in engineering as *Hydraulics of Open Channels* and *The Mechanics of Turbulent Flow*.

Not all of the acquisitions which come to the Libraries are books or manuscripts or funds with which to provide such red corpuscles for our library system. Some benefactions take the welcome form of service. An especially notable example of this is to be found in a recent letter of acceptance of an invitation to become a member of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries. It came from Laura S. Young, a master bookbinder who instructs in the Graphic Arts division of General Studies. With Mrs. Young's permission a portion of her letter follows:

"As evidence of my real interest in the welfare of the libraries, I should like to offer to repair or restore, annually, one volume

which needs special treatment—perhaps from Avery's special collection. This I realize is not 'books or other material, or cash,' but I venture to make this offer . . . because I feel very strongly that any great institution can materially strengthen its organization by recognizing and utilizing the specialized knowledge and abilities of its staff."

Other Recent Gifts

ART CATALOGS. A collection of 357 important sales catalogs reflecting noted European private art collections over the past century. *From Samuel Silverman.*

INSCRIBED EDITIONS. A group of 28 autographed copies of works by contemporary authors, autographed to the donor; other volumes by earlier writers; and a check from Fields, Osgood & Co. to Harriet Beecher Stowe, August 18, 1870, countersigned by her. *From Professor and Mrs. Donald L. Clark.*

FORD PEACE EXPEDITION. A collection of pamphlets, documents, clippings, photographs, etc., relating to the Ford Peace Expedition of World War I. *From Mary Alden Hopkins.*

CHINESE BRONZES. *Senoku seishô*, a catalog in 12 volumes describing old bronzes in the collection of the late Baron Sumitomo. Profusely illustrated and containing detailed explanatory notes by leading authorities. *From the Tokyo office of the Sumitomo Company.*

WHITMAN WRITINGS. Various American magazines containing early printings of poems, essays, etc., by Walt Whitman, Samuel Clemens, and others. *From Mrs. Frank J. Sprague.*

FAMOUS BIBLES. A set of 60 original leaves from famous Bibles, 1121–1935, issued for exhibit purposes by Otto F. Ege, Cleveland School of Art and Western Reserve University, ca. 1935. *From Mrs. Frank J. Sprague.*

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS. Original manuscript of *Before the Sun Goes Down. From the author, Elizabeth Metzger Howard.*

Original manuscript of *On Native Ground. From the author, Alfred Kazin.*

JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY. A set of six volumes of the philosophical interpretations of Dr. Yoshishige Abe, President of Sakushu-in University, Tokyo. *From the author.*

The Editor Visits Burgess Library

THERE is a lively atmosphere in Burgess, the Library at Columbia which serves the departments of anthropology, history, public law, government, and sociology. Even during the vacation, on the day after New Year's, it gently seethed, and we were told that in term-time every seat in the big reading-rooms is taken and there are queues for the catalogues.

We walked around the rooms with the young Librarian, Paul Palmer, and studied the titles of the books. It was like making a quick trip around the world, both contemporaneously and backward in time, for the theme of Burgess is the history and behavior of all the races of man. But instead of the usual inane guides who frustrate travellers, one finds there the greatest spirits of our own and past epochs, eager to conduct the student to uttermost places and times.

There is nothing static about Burgess. Books constantly come and go. Professors in some two hundred courses offered by the Faculty of Political Science specify which titles are to be placed there for required reading, while the librarians keep weeding out those which are no longer in demand. Mr. Palmer showed us some of the bibliography sheets submitted by faculty members, and we realized that his job was a very interesting one, in that he had the chance to work with and become familiar with materials suggested by some of the keenest and most stimulating minds in the country on their special subjects. We also realized that this particular librarian's task was not always an easy one. What to do, for instance, about the instructor with only 25 students who asks for ten copies of a certain volume to be placed on the shelves? Or the handwritten list with abbreviated, often misleading information? Or the list which arrives only a day or two before the course is to begin, requesting rare, hard-to-find items not in the Columbia collections? Or the young instructor, thrilled with his never-pre-

viously-offered course, who would like Burgess to purchase an excessive number of expensive books? The Librarian has to deal efficiently and diplomatically with these problems. He showed us, in passing, a copy of an obscure book, of which five copies had been requested by a professor. This copy (the only one purchased) had never been taken out, although it had been there some time, and it had hardly been looked into, judging by the protesting crackle it emitted when opened. "I have to try to estimate what is a reasonable number of copies to order," he explained. Outside on a bulletin board he showed us the dust cover of this particular volume, along with half a dozen others. "Some of these are new acquisitions which are not being read," he said, sounding a little like an anxious father with a backward child. "We try in this way to bring them to the students' attention."

Your editor kept prowling around the rooms, fascinated by this microcosm of the world. On one shelf we found James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* and Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead.* "They're used for the history of World War II," said the Librarian, and we rendered a mental salute to the instructor who had so imaginatively perceived the teaching value of "popular" literature. There were many books on Russia, running the gamut from Lenin to Masaryk. "Russia shares the honors with that perennial favorite, Lincoln and the Civil War, as one of the two most studied subjects in the history field," Mr. Palmer told us.

". . . Our most popular book? Well, the first one I think of is Mills's *White Collar.* Probably the students are doing some extra-curricular reading with that one—sort of finding out about themselves. The same thing goes for Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd.*"

We were curious about the Library as a barometer of student interests. The Librarian hazarded a guess that early in the century ancient history and the French Revolution would have been among the favorite subjects. Now these are crowded out by interest in contemporary revolutions, or nationalist movements, such as those of Eastern Europe, the Far East, and Africa, and by new sciences like anthropology and sociology. As soon as they become

established, these new sciences also start to change. Anthropologists who once measured the heads of "primitives" now measure the marital and job satisfactions of the American white-collar class, and the change is faithfully reflected on the shelves of Burgess.

John Berthel, in charge of Butler Library (of which Burgess is a part), added some comments of his own. He reminded us that Burgess in term-time has to meet the daily reading requirements of four to five thousand students. Its 20,000 volumes are thumbed over many times in the reading-rooms, besides which each book is borrowed an average of ten times during the year for outside reading. He compared the ebb and flow of students, with sudden influxes at the end of each lecture hour, to the violent rise and fall of the tide in the Bay of Fundy. "We try to run Burgess," he said, "with the streamlined efficiency of a factory assembly line. At the same time it has to be flexible, compact, and sensitive to changing interests; an epitome, not of the ivory tower, or of the contemplative scriptorium of the Middle Ages, but of a great modern university in action."

On the way out we were checked by a conscientious student for contraband. Our battered notebook was passed. We had to abandon our idea of returning and smuggling out some of the books which had especially attracted us: the Skira *Etruscan Painting*, Lloyd Morris's *Incredible New York*, Mills's *White Collar*. The sequel to our visit to Burgess was another and more expensive visit—to a bookstore.

Activities of The Friends

ON WEDNESDAY evening January 7, at the sixth meeting of the "Date with a Book" series in McMillin Academic Theater, we were treated to an interesting and hilarious program of folk tales and songs, with Mr. Carl Carmer as narrator and Professor Harry W. Jones of the Columbia Law School as guitarist and singer. Afterward the Friends adjourned to the Women's Faculty Club for an informal and exceedingly pleasant hour, which was further enlivened with generous entertainment by our guests of honor.

We would remind our members that there are still three programs to come in this series.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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* * *

As a Friend of the Columbia Libraries you are asked to assume no specific obligations. We rely on your friendship towards our institution and its ideals. However, if members express their support through annual donations of books or other material, or cash, we shall have a tangible indication that our program to arouse interest in the pressing needs of the Libraries has been successful. The smallest contributions are not the least welcome, and all donations are deductible for income tax purposes.*

* Please make checks payable to Columbia University.

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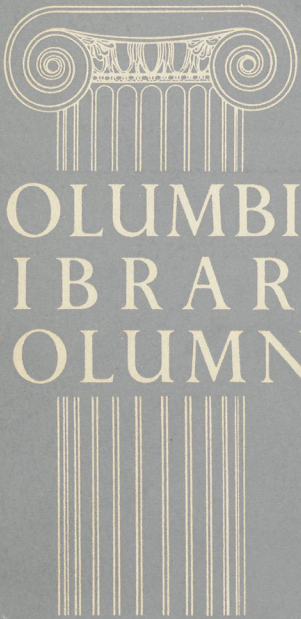

COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS

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THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES publish the *Columns* three times a year at Butler Library, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y. Current single numbers, one dollar.

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COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS

Burning the Books

The men who make and serve museums and libraries certainly are truly happy. . . . They are free men, above the necessity for judgment between good and evil. It is theirs merely to assemble and arrange the evidence.

—Lawrence C. Wroth

WE HOPE that librarians, by and large, still feel themselves free men. Some of their number in overseas Libraries of the State Department can today hardly be happy men, as brash Congressional investigators denounce them for admitting onto their shelves the books of authors labelled subversive. They are on the carpet, in fact, for exercising that very prerogative of superiority to moral judgments accorded them by Professor Wroth. Recently a Congressional Committee has investigated "obscene" literature. Congressmen Celler and Walter, in a tart minority report, point out that the majority of the Committee go beyond the problem of obscenity to criticize a variety of other ideas in the condemned books, and that "this comes dangerously close to book-burning."

In spite of the distant glow of inquisitorial fires, they continue in the Columbia Libraries "to assemble and arrange the evidence." To contemplate this serene and never-ending process gives us reassurance in a world so eaten-up by moral indignation.

Besides, it has been estimated that to remove a book from our library shelves costs 36 cents. A respectable bonfire would require at least 1,000 volumes. Could we afford, in the present state of Library finances, even to *gather* the books for a literary auto-da-fé?

The Friendly Libraries

COLTON STORM

The Director of the Clements Library tells how the William Wilson Papers came to the University of Michigan, and how the Columbia Libraries cheerfully helped.

ABOUT a year ago, I had the good fortune to find that several scholarly and not quite scholarly meetings were to take place in the East during two successive weeks. Ann Arbor is my home, and it is a lovely place to live especially in the spring; but scattered up and down the Eastern seaboard I have several friends whose company is always delightful. Therefore, the attendance on these important meetings of national organizations was mandatory. Among the more attractive gatherings scheduled was the annual session of the Bibliographical Society of America at Charlottesville, Virginia.

Charlottesville is a peculiar place. It is important and fascinating because it is built around the University of Virginia and has attracted numerous exceptionally interesting people. It is also notable because, while most eating places in the vicinity are of indifferent character, the Farmington Country Club leaves me with the impression that food in the Charlottesville area is magnificent. One of my good friends in Detroit had provided me with a guest card on the off-chance that there would be an opportunity to make use of the dining room. When I set out from Ann Arbor, a visit to the Farmington Country Club was far from my mind. However, within a few minutes of arriving at the Alderman Library there came into view three notorious characters of the current American book world: Messrs. P. J. Conkwright, E. Harold Hugo, and Richard S. Wormser. We were decorous during the meeting, but afterwards our greetings were familiar and affectionate. The Colonade Club demanded our attention for a considerable spell of time, while we were the guests of that distin-

guished Virginia gentleman, John Cooke Wyllie, but the matter of solids was eventually brought to our attention. It occurred to me then that there was in my pocket a guest card for the Farmington Country Club; so with a gesture in the grand manner I invited the other three gentlemen to be my guests (as far as admittance was concerned) at the Farmington.

We dined exceedingly well, but the dinner was costly, from the Clements Library point of view. During the repast, one of the guests described a collection of manuscripts which he had secured just before setting out on his southern jaunt. Mr. Wormser very carefully undersold his excitement over the collection, and he was so successful in communicating his enthusiasm that I secured from him a promise that he would offer the collection to the Clements Library immediately upon hearing whether or not a certain New York institution had accepted or rejected his offer.

For the next month or so, I spent many anxious hours thinking about the possibilities of acquiring the great collection. Curiously enough, I have no recollection of what happened in Charlottesville after hearing about the collection of papers formed by Dr. William Wilson (1755–1828) of Clermont, New York. I know we visited Monticello and were thoroughly soaked by a shower of rain on our return, but I shall have to revisit Monticello to comprehend its beauties. At last, the extraordinarily welcome news arrived that the certain New York institution had declined to purchase the William Wilson Papers. The offer was submitted to the Clements Library and accepted immediately. By the first of July, the papers were all in our Manuscript Division, and shortly thereafter work on sorting and arranging them commenced. They proved very exciting. They contain large quantities of information that will eventually be of great value to economic, agrarian, and medical historians. The Library feels fortunate in owning the collection, and grateful to Mr. Wormser and to the certain New York institution which turned them down.

Dr. William Wilson was born in Scotland in 1755. He came to the United States in 1784 with letters of introduction to various

prominent Americans including Chancellor Robert R. Livingston. The Chancellor, needing a competent medical man in his area, induced Dr. Wilson to establish himself at Clermont. There Dr. Wilson enjoyed a long and successful career in every phase of professional, lay, and political activity. As confidant and advisor to the Chancellor, he was given charge of the great Livingston holdings while the owner served as Minister to France. Later he acted as executor of the Chancellor's estate. He was president of the county medical organization and of the state medical society, second judge of Columbia County, first postmaster of Clermont, and prominent in local and state agricultural circles.

The Wilson Papers include a considerable body of material relating to the management of various interests of other members of the Livingston family. Correspondence with local farmers, tradesmen, tenants, artisans, members of well-known New York families, about Livingston and Wilson political, financial, and agricultural affairs, and surveys, leases, other legal agreements, and accounts comprise the bulk of the Papers. Present also are letters and papers of several of the Doctor's children, including Robert L. Wilson, a New York attorney; Stephen B. Wilson, who enjoyed a long career in the Navy; and William H. Wilson of the U. S. Army Medical Department.

Among the papers of Dr. Wilson there is a substantial run of account books covering, in varying degrees, the years from the early 1780's until well into the second decade of the 19th century. There are gaps in the run; apparently some volumes were missing and apparently no records were kept for some years or the records were destroyed. However, from other materials in the collection a fairly complete accounting of Dr. Wilson's income is possible. Still we wished most heartily that the series of accounts was complete.

Just before I left for a vacation in Northern Michigan, about the middle of August, a catalogue of the Tuttle Company of Rutland, Vermont, arrived. Usually, I read such catalogues with a great deal of avidity, but on this occasion there was too much

to be done before leaving town, and the catalogue was set aside unread. In some ways, that action was a mistake; in others, it was one of the happier things that have occurred here in recent years. About the same time, Mr. Wormser picked up (at Southampton, England) a large bundle of catalogues which had been shipped to him from New York. Those catalogues were to be his ship-board reading on the way home. Two months later, in New York, I stopped at the establishment of Mr. Wormser, whose first action was to hand me a leaf torn from a Tuttle catalogue: "Did you see this?" he asked. I looked at it carefully, and to my horror discovered that Messrs. Tuttle had offered two volumes of manuscript accounts kept by Dr. William Wilson of Clermont, New York. The time was October; the catalogue was issued in August; obviously the two volumes had been sold. Stuffing the description into my wallet, I carried it around like a mill stone until I returned to Ann Arbor. A letter to the Tuttle barn brought the amused reply of Miss Jane Wright that, although the account books had been advertised in August, during the same week in October two orders had arrived in Rutland requiring delivery of the account books. Unfortunately, the Clements Library order was the second to arrive.

For years, this Library has joined other libraries in preaching the gospel of coöperation between collectors, librarians, and dealers. It seemed to me that if the opportunity ever existed when coöperation might be secured from either a librarian or a collector (I didn't think about dealers coöperating, because they do automatically), this was it. Therefore, I sent a letter to Miss Wright enclosing a letter addressed to the purchaser of the Wilson account books. I explained that we had recently purchased the papers of Dr. Wilson, and that the account books had somehow become separated from the papers before we secured them. I asked, in case there was no overwhelming reason for the purchaser to keep the accounts, if he would sell them to the Clements Library. Miss Wright's response was immediate. I could almost hear the chuckles with which she wrote her letter and sent it post haste

to us. Miss Wright explained that she was returning my letter addressed to the purchaser of the account books because, although it is normally not the custom of the Tuttle Company to release names of purchasers, she thought it would be best if I acted directly with the purchaser. She told me very kindly Columbia University Libraries had purchased the account books and suggested I write directly to Columbia.

Mr. Wormser and I had often discussed New York Librarians, and it occurred to me that his remarks about Dr. Carl M. White might indicate a degree of friendship. Therefore, instead of writing directly to Dr. White, I called Mr. Wormser on the phone. I explained what I had learned and asked if he would care to undertake negotiations with Columbia. Mr. Wormser did so, and within a very short while I had a pleasant letter from Dr. White, offering to surrender the volumes to the Clements Library. They were sent directly to us, and billed to the Library through the Tuttle firm.

It seems to me that this little story, in somewhat abbreviated form, ought to be carved on the Clements Library and the Columbia University Libraries buildings as a permanent record of coöperation between libraries. I doubt very much that such an arrangement would have been possible fifty years ago. The climate of collecting, gathering, and using American historical resources has changed mightily in that period, and I think the climate has changed for the better. These are not days in which a James Lenox could refuse a Henry Harrisse admittance to a collection. They are not days in which university libraries can reserve great masses of research materials for the exclusive use of their own faculties. Librarians realize that the demands of the scholarly world are so great that no single library can meet them all. It is only by coöperation between libraries, librarians, and scholars that the best use of the materials belonging to any institution can be made. The willingness of Columbia University Libraries to surrender an important manuscript which Columbia wanted (and still wants) so that the two volumes could take their proper place

in a larger body of related manuscripts is a splendid example of this desire of libraries and librarians to coöperate with one another. I do not venture to predict what may happen in the future; but I can and do assert that this kindness on the part of the Librarian and Columbia University Libraries is the beginning of a "long and beautiful friendship."

Columbia's Giant Encyclopedia

Plimpton Manuscript No. 263

BERTHA M. FRICK

A LITTLE over five hundred years ago Sir Thomas Chaworth, head of an ancient and illustrious Nottinghamshire family, built for himself a magnificent family home, Wiverton Hall, within an imposing park. As the huge beams and stone blocks began to give form to his dream castle, and later, as the fine paneling and wood carving began to give character to the regal-size rooms, it may have occurred to Sir Thomas that among all his store of books he had none in keeping with the proportions of his new library. Perhaps he recalled, with envy or delight, having seen as a boy an enormous manuscript in the library of the near-by Vernon family, or a similar one at the Simeons, and decided that the Chaworths too should have such a monumental tome to give proper dignity to their library.

Whatever may have been the incentive which inspired the ordering of such a book, today visitors to the Plimpton Collection in Room 655, Butler Library, gaze with admiration and amazement upon it—Columbia's largest manuscript and one of its largest books, written or printed.

The smooth white vellum leaves of this giant volume measure almost twenty-four inches high by sixteen inches wide. Its nearly eight hundred pages make it more than six inches thick and, with its eighteenth-century leather binding over thick boards, give it a weight of forty-nine pounds so that it taxes a man's muscles to lift it.

Now large Bibles and even larger choir books for lecterns in churches had often been written both in England and on the Continent. It was suitable to have such large books of large pro-

portions just as altar Bibles are designed today. But the three manuscripts mentioned above were books for home reading. The Vernon volume, the Bodleian Library's largest manuscript, and the Simeon manuscript in the British Museum, both written about the end of the fourteenth century, contain collections of English literature, prose and poetry. The Chaworth volume, copied about 1440, is an encyclopedia with the title *The Properties of Things.*

It is difficult to understand why these English peers had such unwieldy and unusual volumes made for themselves. The expense was enormous for the raw material alone. Probably calfskin, that is, vellum, was used for all such large books as it gives a larger size than a sheepskin. According to Graham Pollard the average size of a calfskin is four by six feet. A single skin would yield eight leaves (sixteen pages) each two feet by eighteen inches—almost the exact page size of these three books. By this standard the Plimpton manuscript required the skins of about fifty calves, while the vellum used for the Vernon manuscript, the bulkiest of the lot, needed a herd of more than sixty. Had sheepskin been used, the parchment makers would have needed twice as many animals.

It looks as though our Sir Thomas really wanted a show-piece. While the Vernon and Simeon manuscripts have close-packed pages of eighty to ninety lines per column, the Plimpton encyclopedia was planned and is written with wanton waste of pages.

The scribe ruled guide lines for margins and lines, planning the layout in luxurious style with two widely spaced columns containing only forty-three lines per column, thus leaving margins so ample that less than half of the page area is used for writing.

Then the scribe began writing in a large clear English Gothic minuscule, less formal than he would have thought suitable for a Latin Bible but far larger and clearer than is to be seen in many an English-language manuscript of the period. On he wrote, line after line, long column after long column, huge page after huge page. Another scribe took over, but the style of script remains the same for all the four or five penmen who apparently worked on the volume.

Finally, after how many days and weeks of finger-cramping toil no one knows, the end was reached. The scribe announced it in large formal letters, giving author and title in their original Latin form: "Explicit tractatus qui vocatur Bartholomaeus de proprietatibus rerum." And then added his patron's name in equally formal style: "Chaworth."

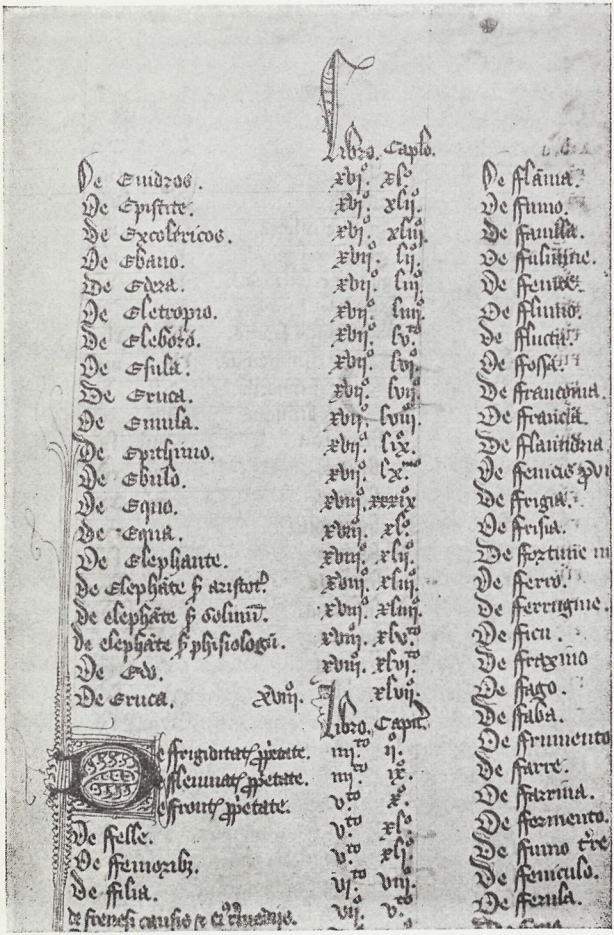
We shall soon see further evidence of the owner's identity.

The scribes now turned their sheets over to the rubricator and illuminator to make the colorful volume which instantly attracts the eye today.

The first fifteen pages are devoted to an alphabetical index, a necessity for such a reference work. Dull though it may be in content, the rubricator saw to it that it would not lack life in appearance. Index references are by book and chapter with the numerals for the former in red to set them off from the black chapter numerals. Each column of red numerals is headed by the Latin word "Libro." Often the rubricator could not resist turning its large initial "L" into the outline of a fish standing on its tail and with supercilious nose pointing far into the wide margin, sometimes jauntily supporting a waving red banner. Again, the side of the "L" becomes a puckish human profile staring impudently across the column, and we almost expect a tiny red tongue to roll out of his saucy mouth. In such irrelevant, and sometimes irreverent, ways did medieval scribes lighten long hours of labor.

Most magnificent is the opening page of the text, serving to announce the beginning of the book as does a modern title page. Wide gold bands outlined with narrow black lines form frames for the two columns of script. Around these bars curl and swirl lovely blue and rose acanthus-like leaves which gather to form rosettes at the corners and part in the middle of the bottom margin to flow around the shield on which is painted the Chaworth family arms—indisputable mark of ownership.

Sir Thomas Chaworth died in 1459, but apparently he had already given away this fine volume, for his will, although listing other books, makes no mention of this one, and this giant could



Page from the Index of *The Properties of Things*, showing humorous details

scarcely have been overlooked. He was a generous man and it is probable that he gave it to his cousin, Richard Willoughby. It remained in this family until the then Lord Middleton's library was sold in 1925. (Thomas Willoughby had been created Baron Middleton early in the eighteenth century.) Mr. Plimpton acquired the volume from the London dealer Quaritch, and it came to Columbia with the rest of Mr. Plimpton's rich library in 1936.

We may wonder why Sir Thomas wanted a volume of this size, but we can readily understand why he wanted this particular text—and be grateful to him for ensuring its preservation. It contains an English translation of the most popular encyclopedia of the Middle Ages. Its compiler, Bartholomew, was, as his name implies, born in England. However, he was educated in Paris and he wrote this encyclopedia, in Latin, while he was teaching there, about the year 1230. He must have had access to a good library as he quotes from a wide variety of sources and lists more than a hundred authors whom he consulted. He makes no claim for originality, for he carefully states that he merely wanted to compile these passages on the nature and properties of things which are scattered through the works of saints and philosophers, and thus make a convenient elementary textbook or work of reference for the student. His whole idea, he says, was to make plainer the enigmas which the Bible conceals. However, he gives what obviously must be his own comments when he reports on contemporary subjects and other topics that do not appear in the Scriptures. He was particularly interested in science and this is the key to the work's long popularity.

Bartholomew's own delightful descriptions may be judged by the following extracts. Can our contemporary encyclopedias provide such penetrating bits of information on two such common topics?

Of the Cat: He is a full lecherous beast in youth, swift, pliant, and merry, and leapeth and rusheth on everything that is before him; and is lead by a straw, and playeth therewith; and is a right heavy beast in age and full sleepy, and lieth slyly in wait for mice. . . . In

time of love is hard fighting for wives, and one scratcheth and rendeth the other grievously with biting and with claws. And he maketh a ruthful noise and ghastful, when one proffereth to fight with another. . . .

Of a Maid: Men behoove to take heed of maidens: for they be tender of complexion; small, pliant, and fair of disposition of body; shamefast, fearful and merry. . . . And for a woman is more meeker than a man, she weepeth sooner. And is more envious, and more laughing, and loving; and the soul is more in a woman than in a man. . . .

The encyclopedia fully realized its compiler's ambitions, for it was one of the books rented by students at the University of Paris; and its chapters on medicine were on the required list of books as subjects for lectures in the medical school at Montpellier. Although it was the original Latin text which was the standard in schools, its general popularity is shown by the number of languages into which it was translated. An Italian version appeared in 1309; then Charles V included it in his great program of translations and it was put into French by Jean Corbichon in 1372. The next generation saw the vogue for works in the English language, and John of Trevisa translated it in 1398. This is the version in the Plimpton manuscript. Later, the encyclopedia appeared in Provençal and finally in Spanish and in Dutch.

Of the more than fifty known manuscripts of Bartholomew's encyclopedia, eight are in the United States. The seven others include six in Latin and one in French, none of which approaches in size Sir Thomas's volume. Even the largest and most luxurious manuscript, the Pierpont Morgan Library's copy of the French translation, ornamented with eighteen half-page miniatures, is contained on 430 leaves about fifteen by eleven inches in size. All the other American-owned manuscripts are from ten to twelve inches in height, thus being the handy volumes Bartholomew envisioned. Perhaps he would have been aghast at the anything but convenient Chaworth manuscript!

The *De proprietatibus rerum* had plenty of competition during the century in which it was issued. In fact so many encyclopedias

appeared at this period that the thirteenth has been called the "century of encyclopedias." Its most famous competitor and the largest was the *Speculum maius* of Vincent de Beauvais, published in Paris about 1250 under royal sponsorship (Vincent was tutor to Louis IX). The Englishman's compilation shows something of the same relation in size to the Frenchman's as that between today's *Columbia Encyclopedia* and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* Vincent's huge work required seven enormous volumes when it was first printed, making it the largest incunabulum in existence. The first English edition of Bartholomew is a compact but handsomely printed volume of 954 pages just under twelve inches high, thus considerably less bulky than its 1950 counterpart—the *Columbia Encyclopedia* with 2,203 pages exactly twelve inches high.

Bartholomew's work attained "best seller" proportions in the incunabula period, its twenty-four editions giving it first rank among all other encyclopedias and placing it fifteenth in comparison with other scientific works. First printed in Latin at Basel in 1470, before the year 1500 ended there were eleven other editions in Latin, eight in French, two in Spanish, and one each in Dutch and English.

The English edition did not appear until about 1495, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor. It was reprinted in 1535 and again in 1582. But after a life-span of three and one-half centuries its tide had finally run out and the world more or less forgot that the one-time best seller had ever existed.

However, in modern times it has come to attention again, even to the point where the British and the French have disputed Bartholomew's nationality, both claiming him as a native son! Interest in Bartholomew's work was heightened when our handsome manuscript appeared on the market in 1925. Soon after the manuscript came to Columbia, Robert W. Mitchner spent many long hours of his sabbatical leave from Indiana University poring over the clearly penned words. Then Professor Mitchner's observant eyes saw what no modern scholar had noticed before—delicate pencil markings and numerals added at regular intervals. By com-

paring these with the first printed English edition he found that these marks correspond to appropriate pages in the printed work. Further study convinced him that Wynkyn de Worde had used this very manuscript as his copy when he put the work into type. The discovery, a remarkable piece of scholarship, was announced in 1951 in the *Transactions* of the Bibliographical Society in London.

Wynkyn de Worde must have borrowed the manuscript from Sir Henry Willoughby and transported the precious volume to Westminster. One can only imagine the fear and respect that de Worde must have instilled in his compositors to keep them from sullying the pure white of the vellum. Only a single thumb-print has been found as telltale evidence of a printer's ink-stained hands.

Sir Thomas Chaworth's show-piece takes an honored and important place among the few treasured examples of early printers' copy. Columbia is fortunate in having the two volumes again side by side. In them can be seen such changes in spelling and punctuation as de Worde felt he must make to bring the work up to date. We may see substitution of words current at his time or of words which seem to him an improvement over the English of John of Trevisa's day. Likewise we may see practices, and errors, of fifteenth-century compositors.

Bartholomew the Englishman's *The Properties of Things* is about to be put into print again. Professor Mitchner is preparing copy from the text in the Chaworth-Middleton (Willoughby)-Plimpton manuscript.

Spirits, Poets and Poetry
in the Thomas S. Jones Collection

THE bequest of literary manuscripts, correspondence and books from Thomas S. Jones, an American poet active throughout most of the three early decades of our century, was announced in our November (1952) issue.

Jones began to publish his poems even prior to the American poetical renaissance a year or two before the First World War. His collection admirably conveys the atmosphere of those times. His books include presentation copies or first editions of Louise Imogen Guiney, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Anna Hempstead Branch, Clinton Scollard, James Lane Allen, and Sara Teasdale, and of a considerable number of men and women at least once conspicuous in a fruitful decade of American verse. Most of Jones's own books were published by Thomas B. Mosher, the independent-minded and eclectic editor, bibliophile and aesthete whose home was in Portland, Maine. Jones kept the greater number of the titles that came from the Mosher Press, now often considered as rarities in recent Americana.

He corresponded with a majority of the writers whose books he owned and with many more. There is a long and striking series of letters from F. W. Prescott, a highly imaginative scholar at Cornell, who wrote some of the first literary essays in America bearing strong marks of the new ideas in psychology. There are letters from poets and antiquaries in England, in which country several of Jones's small books were published. Jones kept carbon copies of a large number of his own letters, which are themselves revealing from a biographical point of view.

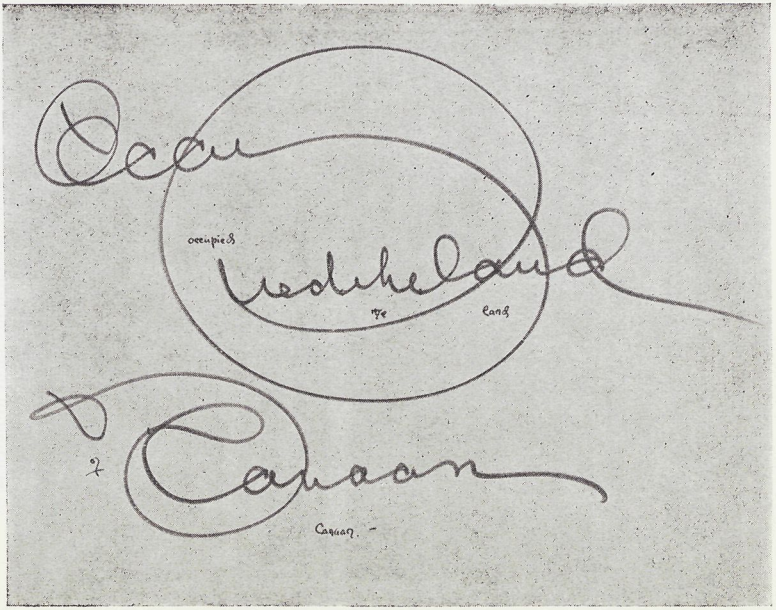
Much interested in mysticism and in comparative religion, he was introduced to spiritism as a young student by Hiram Corson, the friend of Browning. He developed a capacity for "automatic" or "spirit" writing, and he first committed to paper by this process

the poetry of all his books published during the second and most fruitful period of his active life—a process which is of peculiar interest to the student either of psychical phenomena or of psychology. Henry W. Wells writes: "No part of these works was committed to writing until inscribed with great flowing script in pencil by the hand of a woman over whose wrist the poet held his fingers. There was no real question as to what hand directed the pencil. But Jones felt that all such writing was in some way instantaneously bestowed upon him, not composed in the usual manner, either through reason or intuition. A Muse intervened. Occasionally the Muse even used foreign tongues, with which the poet denied acquaintance. The mind of the Muse was certainly not that of the medium, who was fitted for her modest role in part by her incontestable neutrality. The actual Muse was, in Jones's eye, more nearly an ever nameless spirit somewhere in the angelic hierarchies."[1] In this fashion he would dash off a sonnet or a prose passage at a high speed. On at least two occasions he is said to have composed Petrarchian sonnets in 90 seconds. Sometimes the verse poured forth after he had "asked for" a given sonnet, setting its general theme.

His sonnet on Blake is typical of his work in this verse form:

> Upon the edges of the trembling sea
> He walks with patriarchs and Druid kings,
> And from the far horizon, white with wings,
> Flames Los the terrible, fierce-browed and free;
> Or where the purple headlands slope to lee,
> He hears the seraphs by their silver springs
> Murmur of bright unutterable things,
> Of worlds destroyed that fairer worlds may be.
>
> And ever at his side a shadow grows,
> From leaves that bud and blossom at his feet
> To stars beyond the crystal's widest span:
> Sap of the suns! breath of the morning rose!
> Tiger and lamb within that shadow meet—
> The Shape of God who is the Eternal Man.

[1] "The Visions of Thomas S. Jones," *Review of Religion*, March, 1953.



Example of Jones's automatic writing: "Occupied the land of Canaan"

The illustration opposite is an example of Jones's exquisite script. It is a page of automatic writing from a prose-poem entitled "The Celts." This manuscript, which consists of 128 pages of foolscap, is in an enormous script, with the words written out again underneath in ordinary size. One is aghast at the prodigal expenditure of paper: sometimes only one word will fit on a page! The manuscript begins: "There is a long message which can come when you will . . . The subject of the message? It is a thing foreshadowed . . . Now rest for five minutes; then no talking as it comes." Then the prose-poem follows. At page 84, the "Muse" announces: "Now for to-day enough. Read aloud Ezekiel 26 and 27. We bless you. Leave it now, little dweller in God's Garden." However, the writing continues for a few pages, answering questions about obscure points in the preceding material.

These are not wholly unique documents, for writing of this sort, or very like it, has been fairly well known; but it may well be doubted if so full a record of automatic writing of verse is anywhere else to be found.

Although Jones did not claim direct communication with the dead, his meditations gave him a powerful sense of intimacy with them. Like William Blake, he could project himself backwards till he felt himself in the mystic company of "patriarchs and Druid kings." A dream world, a world of vision, or of art, was rendered possible for Jones by this extraordinary habit of composition. A library becomes a poetic laboratory which possesses such an intimate record of a poet's mind.

Spirit-writing may strike some as humbug. The excerpts quoted from "The Celts" have, perhaps, an air of the mediumistic seance with its sham reverence and portentousness. However, there was in Jones a spring of genuine religious mysticism which redeems him, and which he himself recognized as the essential nourisher of his spiritual being. Writing of his spiritual development, he says: "You can trace a growth that leads up to 'As in a Rose-Jar,' but never is there a consciousness of a certain divine Immanence until I make a discovery and write it out in 'Joyous Gard' . . . . And

then came the realization of 'In Excelsis,' the writing of it, and the public declaration of it; I had come to the realization of the Incarnation by the way of beauty, nature, people, friends, poets, and then the Greatest One of All. From that date I feel I have never been a free person."

The last stanza of "In Excelsis," the climactic poem of Jones's life, illustrates his ultimate dedication:

> Waiting, I turn to Thee,
> Expectant, humble, and on bended knee;
> Youth's radiant fire
> Only to burn at Thy unknown desire—
> For this alone has Song been granted me.
> Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will;
> All wonders fill
> My cup, and it is Thine;
> Life's precious wine
> For this alone: for Thee.
> Yet never can be paid
> The debt long laid
> Upon my heart, because my lips did press
> In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness!

Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

IT MUST be increasingly clear to readers of these pages that the Columbia University Libraries are rapidly assuming major importance as a repository for manuscript and archival collections. In recent issues we have reported many acquisitions of such materials—both by gift and by purchase—which have added significantly to our resources for literary and historical research—the Gumby Collection on the American Negro; the Stephen Crane Collection; the Samuel J. Tilden papers representing his political career; the Chalfant-Britton Collection of early Chinese writings; the various Russian archival files; the Max Nomad clippings on corporate forms of government; the Thomas S. Jones Collection of books, correspondence, and "automatic writing" manuscripts; the Oral History Memoirs; the growing corpus of manuscripts of contemporary authors; and many other smaller but no less useful groups of unique materials.

The importance of such original sources for advanced graduate research cannot be over-emphasized. In most instances, however, the collections come to us in an unorganized state, and one of our greatest problems has been that of making the materials available for scholarly use. There is at present under way a project, sponsored and being carried out by The Libraries, of listing and describing some two hundred groups of archival materials that are housed in the various libraries about the campus. This compilation will be closed as of June 30, 1953, so that the descriptions can be published. It is already foreseen that supplements to the list will be required periodically, and it is recognized that the work will always be something less than complete. Just *how* incomplete can be inferred from the rate of acquisition indicated by the following trio of collections chosen for mention from the

many which have arrived since the previous issue of LIBRARY COLUMNS appeared.

The Boudin Papers: the correspondence and papers of the late Louis B. Boudin (1874–1952), presented in his memory by his widow, Dr. Anna P. Boudin, and his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney E. Cohn. The collection comprises at least 500 pieces, including letters from prominent European socialists or authorities on socialism, 1906–1915; the complete unpublished manuscript of Boudin's work *Order Out of Chaos*, a study of economic crises; and various other manuscripts and lecture notes, both published and unpublished.

The Rautenstrauch Papers: the scientific papers and lecture notes, published and unpublished, of the late Professor Walter Rautenstrauch (1880–1951), presented in his memory by Mrs. Rautenstrauch and Dr. Raymond Villers, his former associate. Professor Rautenstrauch was an eminent authority on industrial engineering and management, a pioneer at making executives out of engineers, and was responsible to a large degree for the establishment at Columbia University of the department of Industrial Engineering.

The Hart Crane Collection: the correspondence, manuscripts, and memorabilia of Hart Crane (1899–1932), recently purchased. Crane, a controversial figure during his productive years, is now recognized as a pre-eminent influence in American poetry of the present century. His major work, *The Bridge*, carries on the Whitman tradition. The collection, numbering hundreds of pieces, includes many of the poet's work sheets, revisions of poems, drafts, and letters—including incoming correspondence from contemporary authors.

On Tuesday evening, April 7, the occasion of the opening of the current "50 Books of the Year" exhibition, Mr. Walter Dorwin Teague, President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts,

formally presented to Columbia University, through Dr. Carl M. White, the Institute's cumulative file of its annual "50 Books" selections. The exhibitions were begun in 1923, and Columbia is therefore receiving, to become a part of its Graphic Arts collections, thirty years of selections: a total of 1500 books. When it is recalled that these were chosen by juries of men prominent in the field of book production, and that "the purposes of inaugurating a series of annual traveling exhibitions of books chosen, not for their literary content, but for their excellence as examples of [American] book-making, were the obvious ones of encouraging the best efforts of our publishers and book-printers and of stimulating a wider interest of the public in tasteful and well-made books," it will be understood how indispensable this collection is to the interpretation and appreciation of the changing standards and techniques in American book design over the past generation. Moreover, many of the items in the collection are now virtually unobtainable through ordinary channels; and Columbia is therefore doubly grateful to have this complete file for its Graphic Arts library.

A most impressive and valuable group of fourteen English and American first editions of prominent authors, mainly of the 19th century, has just been presented anonymously to The Libraries. Among the items are Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*, the latter in the original boards with cloth backs; Dickens' *Master Humphrey's Clock* in the extremely scarce state with gilded edges and cream end-papers; Kipling's third book, *Quartette*, published at Lahore in 1885, in the original wrappers; and a fine copy of Scott's *Waverly* in contemporary calf, the first issues of all three volumes.

Avery Library reports the valuable gift, from the Misses Alice and Constance Ogden, of an album of 134 original drawings by Giovanni Guerra (1544–1618), which constitute an important artistic document, throwing considerable light on the work of

this Italian Renaissance painter, who worked for Pope Sixtus V in the Vatican Palace. The drawings are mainly sepia wash, and record Biblical subjects.

The Medical Library notes two significant presentations of specialized collections. The library of the late Dr. Gaylord Willis Graves was presented in his memory by Mrs. Graves. Dr. Graves had instructed in pediatrics at the College of Physicians and Surgeons from 1922 to 1929, and his library, comprising more than 1500 pieces, includes books and pamphlets in his field, as well as issues of pediatric journals. The library of the late Dr. Maximilian Schulman (P&S 1905) was presented in his memory by Mrs. Schulman. Included in the gift are 300 bound volumes and 1400 unbound issues of periodicals, principally relating to cardiac and internal medicine. Of considerable interest are four bound volumes of notes on lectures at P & S which Dr. Schulman attended from 1902 to 1905.

In the previous issue of LIBRARY COLUMNS was noted the offer of Mrs. Laura S. Young to repair or restore one volume annually as her contribution to the work of the Friends. In the interim, Professor and Mrs. Joseph L. Blau presented to The Libraries a fine copy of a work by Johannes Baptista Crispius, *De Platone Caute Legendo,* printed at Rome in 1594. The copy, which had once belonged to Archbishop Ussher (1581–1656), was in its original leather binding, somewhat tattered by the passage of time. This was the volume selected by Mrs. Young for her restoration work; it is now reposing in Special Collections, completely refurbished. A protective case is being made for it and soon this work, representing a happy instance of cooperative generosity, will be ready for scholars to use.

Other Recent Gifts

ORIGINAL WATER COLORS. A group of three large water colors by the well-known architectural recorder and author, Vernon Howe Bailey. *From the artist.*

ENGINEERING. A collection of 888 volumes on civil and military engineering, presented to the Egleston Engineering Library. *From Herbert T. Wade.*

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS. Original manuscripts of six short stories which are to be published this spring in the *Saturday Evening Post. From the author, James Warner Bellah.*

Original manuscript of a chapter from *The Flying Swans. From the author, Padraic Colum.*

Original manuscript of *Whaling Wives. From the author, Henry Beetle Hough.*

Original manuscript and proofs of *Landfall. From the author, Helen R. Hull.*

Original manuscript of *Pound Foolish. From the author, Robert Molloy.*

ARCHITECTURE. Twelve published works relating to American and Continental architecture. *From Frederick Frost, Sr.*

Fourteen books and pamphlets, principally relating to early American architecture. *From Talbot F. Hamlin.*

RUSSIA. The first edition of P. S. Pallas's *Reise durch verschiedene Provinzen des Russischen Reichs*, St. Petersburg, 1771. *From Valerien Lada-Mocarski.*

DIARIES. Manuscript diaries of John D. Ward, 1827–1830, in five volumes. *From Robert E. Schmitz.*

The Editor Visits the Law Library

OUR visits to the Columbia Libraries always give us the feeling of breaking through, not the sound-, but the time-barrier. Some Libraries, like Columbiana and Special Collections, have carried us back to the past. The Medical Library, in contact with the latest developments in laboratory and clinic, lives urgently in the present. The Oral History Project, its records sealed until the date set by the personages involved, is dedicated to the historians of the future. But in the Law Library, past, present and future are intermingled, and our current visit will have to be described under each of these time-categories in turn.

The veriest layman—even a simple medico like ourself—knows that law looks to precedent and the past. Yet it was not until we recently explored the stacks in Kent Hall with Harry Bitner, Associate Law Librarian, that the meaning of this came alive for us. Most libraries have publications in series running back into past epochs, but usually a hundred years or so is a very respectable run. In the Law Library stacks we found row after row of vellum-bound books—annual case-reports—dating from the eighteenth, seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them from much earlier times. We took one down and found it to be a Yearbook of the reign of Richard II. Granted that the book was not contemporary with the case material, still its title page bore a date three years earlier than that of the First Folio of Shakespeare. We came on a paragraph about a husband and wife outlawed for debt in 1388. The Court ordered the woman to be released from custody, "because her husband had gone across the sea, and it would be mischief to keep her in prison." Englishmen who crossed the sea in 1388 probably did so to soldier with John of Gaunt in Castile. Food for the imagination! Never again would we think of all law books as dull and lifeless. In fact we learned that some are

so exciting to students that they have to be kept in a special reserved section to prevent their being "read to pieces"!

We emerged from the stacks—and the past—into the busy present of the reading rooms. Not far from where we had examined the case-records of the fourteenth century we found students consulting U. S. Supreme Court decisions of the day before yesterday: decisions handed down on Monday, and received at the Library Wednesday morning!

Up-to-the-minute services such as this are expensive, and in the office of Miles Price, the Law Librarian, we learned something of the financial woes of this Library. Until 1949 the Library had managed to keep its great collections in the fields of domestic, foreign and international law in good shape. The difficult financial position of the University forced it to cut the Library appropriation that year. Although some of this cut has been restored, the appropriation for law books is less today than it was fifteen years ago. Yet the material necessary in some areas—for example, international law—has greatly increased, while at the same time the cost of books and overhead has sky-rocketed. We were shown a positively tragic document prepared by the Library Committee, which in May, 1951, outlined the restrictions henceforth to be applied to Law Library acquisitions. While every effort was to be made to supply present teaching needs, the research collections in many areas, including a number of foreign countries hitherto kept up to date, were not to be further developed. There was no mistaking the emotion behind the Law Librarian's comments on Columbia's slide from second to third place among University Law Libraries, and on the dismal prospect of a further decline should the emergency aid from the Dean's Fund and Alumni Contributions begin to falter.

We, too, felt depressed when we contrasted this state of affairs with the past achievements of the Library, not least of which was the building up of the best law library catalogue extant. Furthermore, no law library in the country has served more distinguished

students, witness the names of Supreme Court Justices alone: Hughes, Cardozo, Stone, Reed and Douglas.

A splendid past, an uncertain present: what of the future? When we asked this question, Mr. Price handed us a 3″ by 5″ card on which 100 pages of a book were microscopically reproduced. This, he said, might be the answer to one problem: the housing of a book collection which had passed the 300,000 mark (the main stack at Kent was built to hold 100,000 volumes), and which could be expected to double in the next sixteen years.

But the future of the Law Library is really in the hands of those friends and alumni who, from personal experience, know its irreplaceable value. We cannot conceive that they will go imperturbably about their business, in a city which is the world's greatest center of legal practice, while an institution which trained many of them, and to which they look for recruits, slowly founders for lack of support.

Miles Price counts on that support, and he is ready to implement it with his own vision of the law library of the future. It is a vision based on a very practical experiment conducted by himself. Twenty-three years ago he came to Columbia as Law Librarian, with every qualification except the essential one of legal training. With characteristic energy, he set about the study of the law—in addition to his library work. Every afternoon, an assistant assembled on a book truck and placed beside his desk the law books he would need for the evening's study. Having eliminated the interposition of the loan desk, as well as long walks in search of books, he found that he could romp through a quantity of reading which would take the inertia-ridden, less conveniently served student twice as long. In the intervening years, he has incorporated the lesson of this experiment into a theory of library planning which would hang reading and seminar rooms around a central bookstack, where the reader would find the books of his subject, on the same floor level, easily accessible without an interposing wall and practically at arm's reach.

Although he himself is approaching retirement, Mr. Price is determined that the Law Library shall have a future as brilliant as its past. Cognizant of plans for the development of the Law School, Miles Price's vision for the Law Library of the future is a center built around a core of books, a core not sealed off but freely offering its sustenance like the honeycomb in the hive—a vision which deserves the thoughtful support of all those who believe that, at a university, "books make the man."

Activities of The Friends

Finances

IN THE period June 1, 1952–March 30, 1953, the Friends contributed in cash a total of $8,254.08. Of this, $3,329.08 was unrestricted and, with the exception of $896.99 unexpended balance, has gone into our activities. The remaining $4,925.00 was restricted for special purposes, and includes $4,500.00 donated to the Libraries by a most generous anonymous Friend.

In addition, there have been gifts by Friends of books and manuscripts, including a most important collection from the anonymous donor mentioned above.

Last year at this time our membership was 160; now it is 266.

Gifts from Friends of the Columbia Libraries

	1952–53 (10 months)	1951–52 (12 months)
Unrestricted	$3,329.08	$2,950.19
Restricted	4,925.00	0.00
Total	$8,254.08	$2,950.19

The Council

We are glad to welcome to the Council WALTER D. FLETCHER, Trustee of Columbia University.

The Bancroft Awards Dinner

The Bancroft Awards Dinner, sponsored by the Friends of the Columbia Libraries, was held at the Men's Faculty Club, Monday evening, April 20th.

The Bancroft Prizes are granted annually by the Trustees of Columbia University under terms of the will of the late Frederic Bancroft for "distinguished writings in American History, American Diplomacy, or American International Relations." The prizes for 1952 were granted to *The Era of Good Feelings*, by George Dangerfield and published by Harcourt Brace and Company, and to *Rendezvous with Destiny, a History of Modern American Reform*, by Eric F. Goldman and published by Alfred A. Knopf.

August Heckscher, Chief Editorial Writer of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, presided, and the presentations were made by President Grayson Kirk. The principal speaker of the evening was Professor Allan Nevins, DeWitt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia and a 1948 Bancroft Prize winner. He spoke on "Some Aspects of American Scholarship as Represented by Frederic Bancroft."

Almost two hundred guests attended, including Friends, professors, historians, publishers, and critics assembled to pay honor to the prize-winners, their books, and their publishers. The Bancroft Awards Dinner is one of the most pleasant and significant of the activities of the Friends. By sponsoring this annual event, the Friends join with others in acclaiming two distinguished historians and their works and thus carry out the wishes of one of the chief benefactors of the Columbia Libraries.

Tribute to Charles F. Claar

On May 4th Charles F. Claar of the Circulation Department of the Library completed fifty years of distinguished service. On that evening a group of his friends gathered in the Main Dining Room of John Jay Hall in his honor. The group comprised present and former staff members, professors, students, and alumni, all of whom had known his quiet, patient efficiency and his never-failing friendliness. Refreshments were served, and Mr. Claar was presented with a bound volume of appreciative letters and telegrams with an additional check.

While this event was not a specific activity of the Friends, many of them joined in this tribute of gratitude and affection to one of the most valued and best-loved members of the Library Staff.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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