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* CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Letters of Caroline Gordon Tate to Sally Wood Kohn, 1925-1937</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Howard C. Horsford</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princeton 1910-1914</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Allen Goodrich Shenstone</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Death of Flores</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Frederic Rosengarten, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Observed, 1982, by Dale Roylance. The Elmer Adler Book</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collecting Contest, 1982, by Dale Roylance.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New and Notable</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recent Acquisitions—Manuscripts, by Jean Preston.</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recent Acquisitions—Books, by Stephen Ferguson.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends of the Library</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Meeting and Dinner. Financial Report.</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ILLUSTRATIONS

Caroline Gordon Tate, 1931, page 3
Caroline, Nancy, and Allen Tate, 1928, page 4
Caroline Tate, Allen Tate, and Sally Kohn, 1932, page 7
Benfolly, the Tates' home in Tennessee, page 9
Katherine Anne Porter at Benfolly, 1937, page 14
Promotion for the Flores balloon flight, page 45
"The New City of Guatemala," page 46
Promotion for the Flores benefit performance, page 49
"On the Death of... Flores," pages 50-51
Thomas Rowlandson, "Great News" and "Raree-Show," page 58
Thomas Shotter Boys, "The Strand," page 60
Gustave Doré, wood engraving of St. Paul's, page 62
Alvin Langdon Coburn, photograph of St. Paul's, page 63

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Letters of Caroline Gordon Tate to Sally Wood Kohn, 1925-1937

By Howard C. Horsford

Princeton University Library's extensive holdings of the papers of Allen Tate and his first wife, the novelist Caroline Gordon,¹ have recently been augmented by the gift of the letters Caroline wrote to Sally Wood Kohn between 1925 and 1937. Fortuitously the letters from these years were put away and forgotten, although later ones have disappeared. As it happens, however, the survivors from these 12 or so years offer an unusual and hitherto unavailable wealth of insight regarding this notable couple and their host of famous friends and acquaintances.²

The recipient, Sally Wood (Mrs. Lawrence Kohn) of Rochester, New York, had graduated from Wellesley into the fervor of World War I. Hospital volunteer work with sick and wounded soldiers at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, led to nurses' training, social work, and marriage to a mine-labor investigator. When she settled in the Greenwich Village of the 1920s, she resumed an old habit of story writing. Caroline Gordon, fresh from Kentucky and Tennessee, had also come to the Village to write; at the instance of a relative who had married into a Rochester family, she introduced herself to Sally Wood, and they became lifelong friends. Shortly, Caroline married Allen Tate, but Sally Wood, not long after attending the birth of the Tates' daughter,

¹ Caroline Gordon was born at Merry Mont Farm near Trenton, Kentucky in 1895. She died in San Cristobal Las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico in 1981.
² Louisiana State University Press has scheduled publication of these letters for 1983. In preparing them for publication Mrs. Kohn has had substantial help from Professor Horsford. The letters were a gift to the Library from Mrs. Kohn. [Editor's note.]
had to depart abruptly for France because of the serious, protracted illness of a brother. The letters begin at this point, as Caroline anguishes over the necessity of leaving their infant daughter in the care of the elder Gordons lest the child suffer from the precarious poverty of the Tates.

The close friendship between the two women—perhaps Caroline’s closest—developed partly because, Mrs. Kohn believes, they were both deeply interested in the craft of fiction, and Caroline had then virtually no other woman with whom to talk; Allen, of course, like male writers generally, always had other men talking poetry with him. And perhaps it was partly because over the years, when creativity flagged they seemed to revitalize each other.

The letters, nevertheless, are not self-consciously “literary.” They are the casual, intimate, sometimes acerbic, sometimes weary letters of one close friend to another: about the difficulties of poverty, of housekeeping in cold-water flats or managing tenant-farmer help, of clothing and educating a precocious daughter, of coping with publishers and deadlines and writers’ blocks and cold and flu. But perhaps unexpectedly, they are also pervaded by a wry humor, a salty tongue, and more especially, intimate anecdotes about or comments on other writers, famous or soon to become so: the Nashville Agrarians, especially Robert Penn Warren and Andrew Lytle; other close friends like Ford Madox Ford, Hart Crane, and Katherine Anne Porter; still other familiar visitors like Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, or Robert Lowell; allusions to or encounters with Faulkner, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Thomas Wolfe, or E. E. Cummings—all these and others appear in matter-of-fact conjunctions strewn through her accounts to her friend.

Implicit in this is the reflection of a talented young couple and their friends struggling with uncertain and meager incomes, even hunger, as they seek to become established in the decades after World War I; perhaps no other American group in those years quite matched in creativity the men and women who off and on shared the hospitality of Allen and Caroline Tate, to be counseled, befriended, entertained, often enough housed and fed. And there is the special relevance of the struggle of a woman in those decades to be simultaneously a supportive wife, mother, resourceful manager, and also a committed professional. “Professional”—this is the term by which, in some asperity, she repeatedly defined herself in another small group of last letters to her friend in her old age.
Hart Crane, the poet, whom the Tates tried to befriend, appears among the first of the famous names in the early letters. His own letters and his biographers have given his version of the time he spent with the Tates in an isolated farmhouse remote in Putnam County on the New York-Connecticut line. But two of Caroline’s letters add an unexpected dimension to the angry end of the winter, of which Crane’s biographers seem unaware. Just after Crane had flung off for Cuba, her third surviving letter mentioned the quarrel and their landlady, Mrs. Turner, while the fourth letter amplified the account. “Hart is a fine poet, but God save me from ever having another romantic in the house with me! We had material for an Eugene O’Neill play in this house . . . Our landlady, a worthy soul of sixty four, fell violently in love with Hart.” Forgetting she had already written this, the next repeats,

The winter was a million times better than it would have been in New York, but it was a horror in some ways . . .

Our landlady, aged sixty five, fell violently in love with Hart. It was a sort of Eugene O’Neill situation—this pathetic elderly person in love with a young homosexual. The situation gets more poignant as we have seen her past life gradually revealed. Her husband [with transvestite obsessions] has been in an asylum for the insane for the past five years . . . And now he . . . is out of the asylum, and we are instructed not to let him in if he comes tapping, like Pew, on the window pane! . . .

To cap the climax of our winter’s drama, a young sailor arrived . . . with his ditty box, prepared to stay indefinitely, just a week after Hart had sailed for the Isle of Pines!!!

Later in Paris on Allen’s Guggenheim Fellowship,3 with Sally Wood now back in New York, Caroline wrote scathingly of the haunts of the expatriates in the 1920s. “The Dome and the Rotonde are really quite terrible, don’t you think? A sort of super-Greenwich village. They actually appal.” And of two well-known frequenters:

As for Harold Stearns, I cannot feel any desire to know him (with your description in mind). People who make a cult of drink bore me terribly, even friends of yours, dear

3 The Tates, with daughter Nancy, sailed for England in September 1928 and returned to New York in January 1929.
Sally. I know that they are amusing at times, as people are always saying of them, but my experience has been that you have to wade through such dreary wastes for those few moments . . . Cummings, for instance, I regard as one of the greatest bores that ever lived. He will sit for hours gearing himself up to make some brilliant stroke—when it comes out it is usually something like "Fuckaduck."

From a second visit to France, this time on Caroline's Guggenheim, come two descriptions of an order more slyly humorous, the first, that of Katherine Anne Porter being painted by Ford Madox Ford's current wife: "Janice [Biala] is painting a picture of K. A. which Allen and I call—privately—Battling Porter. A stout, washerwomanish woman sitting in a corner, her mitts poised almost as if for action. If there were only another figure with a sponge and towel it would be perfect."

Sally Wood had accompanied the Tates to France on this second trip, but after spending the summer together with the Fords near the Riviera, she had remained in the south when the Tates removed to Paris for the winter. Here Caroline had what appears to be her first encounter with Gertrude Stein, though Allen had known her, along with Hemingway, from the earlier winter.

Speaking of dogs we were taking a turn in the gardens the other day and I saw streaking towards us an oversized white French poodle and one of those Mexican toy terriers—chi—what do you call them? "My God, look at that" said I, meaning the remarkable pair of dogs. Allen having an eye more for the ladies said "Yes, it's Gertrude Stein" and so it was. She stopped and had a chat . . . Gertrude was surprised to hear that it was me and not Allen who had the Guggenheim this time. "You?" she says "And what can you do?" "I'm trying to write a novel" I rejoined meekly. When you come up I do want to take you there. She will treat you with great contempt on account of your sex but you can see her Picassos and it will be worth going. She never addresses a remark to the women and it is rather nice, you can just wander around and look at her pictures.

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4 Leaving Nancy in the care of Caroline's aunt, the Tates left for France in July 1932. They settled on the French Riviera at Cap Brun, Toulon, for the summer and autumn. In late February 1933, they returned to Tennessee.
One letter expressed her amusement at the antics of a southern writers conference organized by Robert Penn Warren in Baton Rouge, on Huey Long's largesse. Another described encounters at a Modern Language Association meeting in Richmond. "Miss Ellen Glasgow gave an eggnogg party which I got through nicely by collaring the first man I saw and saying Bring me a whiskey and soda." Later, she described Thomas Wolfe in a hotel room there: "He was drunk and dumb and extremely amiable. He kept looking at me and blubbering 'Mrs. Gordon, Max Perkins thinks you're wonderful.' He is so dumb that he can hardly follow a conversation. We were talking about the wonderful whore house scene in [Faulkner's] Sanctuary. Wolfe assured us solemnly that he had intimate acquaintance with whore houses in many places and that whore house wasn't true to life."

Particularly lively is her account of the arrival of Robert Lowell at Benfolly. (For several years this was their Tennessee home which Allen's brother Ben helped them acquire, just across the state line from Caroline's maternal grandmother in Kentucky.) That spring and summer, the house was overrun with Ford Madox Ford's ménage, presently joined by Katherine Anne Porter and others, when Lowell showed up in his Model T. In Lowell's own brief account written for the Sewanee Review (1959) in honor of Allen, he claimed that as he approached, "I was brought to earth by my bumper mashing the Tates' frail agrarian mail box post. Getting out to disguise the damage, I turned my back on their peeling, pillared house." This is more reticent than candid. Caroline is more explicit:

The other day we had what I believe is the strangest visitation we ever had. Allen and I were standing in the circle admiring the lemon lilies when a car drove up to the gate and a young man got out. He stopped down there by the post box and answered the calls of Nature then ascended the slope. We stood there eyeing him sternly and were on the point of shouting "defense d'uriner" when he came up to Allen, regarded him fixedly and muttered something about Ford. Something made us treat him more gently and ask him into the house. He is a young man named Lowell from Massachusetts who heard Ford lecture in Boston and as he wasn't getting on well at Harvard decided to come south to learn how to write. We kept him overnight and
sent him on to Nashville to learn further about writing. I think Ford really rescued him from a bad situation. His family decided he was crazy because he wants to be a poet and had him in a psychopathic sanitarium. He does have a queer eye on him but is very well behaved and affable, but imagine a Lowell (yes, the poor boy’s mother is a Cabot)—imagine one coming all the way from Boston to sit at Southern feet.

Told there was no room for him in the house, Lowell bought a tent and returned; a July letter supplements the account.

The grandnephew of James Russell Lowell lives in an umbrella tent on the lawn. . . . Ford was so enraged at being taken literally that he doesn’t speak to him at the table. He’s such a nice boy. Drives me out to Merry Mont [her grandmother’s farm] to haul in buttermilk etc., flits the dining room—the handiest boy I ever knew, in fact. When he isn’t doing errands he retires to his tent whence a low bumble emerges—Robert reading Andrew Marvell aloud to get the scansion. I’ve given Ford hell about not speaking to him and he now addresses him as “Young man.” I develop my paragraphs poorly—the point is that one can only have a certain number of guests not speaking to each other.

Specifically literary comment is not especially frequent, but when it appears it indicates her close attention to the work of her contemporaries. Even as she is annoyed with Faulkner personally, for example, because he would not write an essay Allen had requested, she expresses unstinted admiration of his craft. “William Faulkner . . . wrote Allen yesterday in the most affected hand I ever saw that he hadn’t opened his [mail] for three months and therefore couldn’t contribute to the Southern number of Poetry which Allen ill advisedly edited. W. F. is a piece of cheese. I do not say this because he spit on me that time; he just is. Too bad. He sure can write.”

In 1934, the Tates moved to Memphis for two winters where Allen taught at Southwestern University; Caroline, through an uneasy tutorial arrangement with a would-be lady novelist, was having her first experience teaching “creative writing.” Depressed by Memphis, their rented bungalow, and academic life (as she saw it), she nevertheless found in fact that she had more time for her own writing. But she was irritated with northern editors whom she accused of expecting only gore and decadence from the South, and she showed her close attention to Hemingway by improvising a short parody.

Those Magazine people are awful. They’ve still got my story and not a word out of them. I didn’t know there was a lynch wave. I’ve a mind to write my experience at one of our Saturday night lynching parties and send it to him. Bet he’d print it like a shot. It takes shape in my mind already (Hemingway style, not Faulkner, would be best): “It was dark when Bill got to the house that Saturday night. I went to the door myself. ‘Naw,’ I said, ‘I ain’t going. I got a cramp in my leg.’ He didn’t say anything for a minute. I could see he felt pretty bad. ‘Aw, Tom’ he said, ‘you better come. You ain’t missed a Saturday night yet.’

‘Who you going to lynch?’ I asked.

‘Aunt Sally’s Joe.’

I knew the nigger he was talking about, a big yellow buck nigger, with gray eyes, my third cousin once removed by my great uncle Lionel.

‘All right,’ I said, ‘I’ll come’ and I went in the house and got my rope and we started down the path.”

I could do better than that if I took time. Still, I claim the idea is good. You could work up some right pretty stuff about the lynchers, those who were affectionado and those who weren’t. It tempts me.

Of course, the most significant literary relationship is the one she began as part-time secretary to Ford Madox Ford, after the Tates returned to New York from the country, and during one of his many visits to the States. It is first mentioned in the fall of 1927: “I’ve been doing odd jobs, proof reading for a month or so, then working for Ford—and now he’s passing me on to Elinor Wylie when he leaves in February. He’s awfully nice, and I love to see him take his sentences by the tail and uncurl them—in a perfectly elegant manner. I don’t believe there’s anybody writing now who can do it so elegantly. At times he almost weeps over my lapses into Americanisms. ‘My dear child, do you spell “honour” without a u?’

The importance and value of this relationship—to Caroline, not Allen as some of his biographers seem to think—are implied in the recurrent allusions to Ford, admiring, sometimes indulgent of his autocratic propensities, sometimes wryly exasperated
by his demands or the difficulties with one or another of his successive wives. So remembering Paris the first time:

Christmas came on, with lots of gayeties and I was carousing of nights and working all day on my novel for the last three or four weeks ... Ford took me by the scruff of the neck about three weeks before I left, set me down in his apartment every morning at eleven o'clock and forced me to dictate at least five thousand words, not all in one morning, of my novel to him. If I complained that it was hard to work with everything so hurried and Christmas presents to buy he observed "You have no passion for your art. It is unfortunate" in such a sinister way that I would reel forth sentences in a sort of panic. Never did I see such a passion for the novel as that man has. I have known him for several years, and he has been bousing me to show him my novel all that time. But you know I never have anything in a state to show anybody. And besides I never thought he would like it. I did show him some short things which I myself rather fancied, some of them a damn sight better done than the novel, and he would mumble in his moustache "Beautiful writing, but I don't know what it is all about." Then finally I drag this novel, only half finished over, and he flies into a great rage and accuses me of concealing it from him until there is no time to do anything and so on and so on. I left the manuscript, half finished, with him and he is going to try to get me a contract and an advance on it.

Or again, in anticipation of the second French year to be near Ford:

I'm expecting any day a letter from Ford telling me exactly and authoritatively what to do. His advice will probably be good. . . . I really like being in his vicinity. To have even one person sort of planning things so you can get your work done helps a lot. . . . Really, he never did anything worse than demand that we spend all our evenings with him at a period when he was undergoing all sorts of terrific troubles (a fool doctor had told him he was likely to kick off any minute.)

In his critical biography of Tate, Radcliffe Squires naturally concentrates on Allen's relation to Ford, but the consequence rather misplaces the emphasis; perhaps this was because of the generosity of Allen's later praise of Ford and his neglecting to mention Caroline in an address he gave at the University of Minnesota, in the unhappy years after the final break in the marriage. Actually, Caroline was Ford's exclusive interest, and Allen, so Mrs. Kohn says, became rather weary of the incessant conversation about fiction; his one novel, *The Fathers*, however much it owed to Ford and to his wife, is in a way a kind of aggressive defense.

In any event, it is something of a wonder that Caroline got any writing done, whether during the protracted visits of Ford and others to Tennessee or elsewhere. Wherever they lived, the Tates' household was always "extended." The summer of Lowell's descent (1937) was only a little more hectic than usual.

The Fords arrived last Wednesday and we've shaken down into a routine—but not without strife. I took Janice by the horns last night before she'd had time to get really obnoxious and explained to her that while I seemed very feckless I had in my way a system and that it didn't include French cooking by a Tennessee negro or by me either. We had for dinner yesterday spring lamb, home grown strawberries, new potatoes and cauliflower with Hollandaise sauce. A damn good dinner I call it; I knocked off work at ten to cook it. Janice said if I'd only had told her in time we could have had the cauliflower Polonaise. "No, we wouldn't" says I, "we like it better Hollandaise." It's dreadful to feel that way about a guest but I knew she would run me nuts, and ruin my book if I didn't smack her paws off the bat. When I think of all the people I've had here, feeding them on a shoestring (financially if not literarily)—you, I suppose, were the most patient and long suffering, but none of them ever really complained.

By midsummer, when she and Allen were due to go to Olivet College in Michigan for a summer session of teaching writing, the Fords were still house guests. I have four days in which to finish my novel [*The Garden of Adonis*] collect clothes for Olivet, etc. etc. . . . I've done the cooking for six or eight people all summer besides writing the novel.) Have a negro girl who washes dishes but can't clean up because there is somebody writing a

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5 The Tates were married in 1924, divorced in 1946, remarried in 1946, separated in 1955, and once again divorced in 1959.
book in every room of the house." And in the fall she added, "I have been extremely busy for three months recovering from the Ford visit. I was simply flat when they left. By taking two naps a day for several weeks and reading many detective stories I managed to recover my moral health about three weeks ago."

This last surviving letter also combines such details of domesticity with shrewd comments on another well-known friend.

Katherine Anne [Porter] stayed with us five weeks but went to New Orleans about a month ago. She couldn't write here—life was so distracting, what with the cats and all the fruits of the earth needing to be preserved, pickled or made into wine. She made mint liqueur, preserved peaches whole, made five gallons of elderberry wine, brandied peaches and would have brandied and preserved bushels more if I had provided her with them. All this, of course, partly out of domestic passions, partly out of charitable concern for our welfare and a good part I wickedly believe just to get out of work. She has to sever every earthly tie she has before she can do any work, go off to a hotel somewhere usually. . . Just now she is busy getting rid of a husband, who to her great surprise has acted exactly the way her husbands always act. He does have one new dodge, though. When she told him she was leaving him he refused to believe it and all the time she has been away he writes her pleasant letters, saying he does miss her but he wouldn't for worlds cut her visit short. These letters cause her to simply tear her hair.

Impressive in these letters nevertheless is the incidental evidence of how much the Tates did get done despite extraordinary generosity with time and hospitality to others, even when, like many struggling young artists, they were cohabiting with dire poverty. And of course in matters domestic, most of the work fell on Caroline. The early letters from Putnam County humorously display Allen's fundamental alienation from life on the land, and finally his restlessness which helped bring them back to the city, professed Agrarian though he was. A more earthy agrarianism shows in Caroline's inveterate country woman's delight in the soil, gardening to supplement their puny income. Their scale of living can be measured by their expenditures on rent—$8.00 a month—and food—$28.00 for two months. Regarding the troubling question whether they had
the right to retrieve the infant Nancy from Caroline's mother, she had to acknowledge, "It is fiendishly cold here in the winter. Then too, there are times when we simply don't eat." Meanwhile, writing potboilers "to redeem the family larder," she was also trying to get started on her own novel, and by the autumn of 1926, "We now have one regular hack job which gives us a regular income of thirty three dollars a month! This seems a great deal of money after starving all winter." With the return to the city, janitorial work for rent, the expectation of Allen's Guggenheim, and the good sales of his biography of Stonewall Jackson, "I haven't as yet taken in the fact that by fall we will have enough money on hand for at least two years living.... We have literally not known where the next package of cigarettes was coming from these last two years."

But the return meant also the renewal of constant interruptions. This last letter goes on: "I have little to show for two—or is it three years—work. This book I have just finished, and three fourths of another novel. . . . It is these young poets from the South—they call us up as soon as they hit the Pennsylvania Station and they stay anywhere from a week to a month." And as she tries frantically to get ready for Europe, "I have been sewing madly . . . for two days, crouched in a welter of young men from Vanderbilt. This is the time for the annual interruption. I have never seen anything like the way they come—some I never even heard of before appeared yesterday."

Their return to Tennessee altered the configuration of problems, but not the number or the intensity. They had had, for example, to shorten their second residence in Paris because the temporary tenant of Benfolly had let the upstairs pipes freeze and burst, the county was threatening to sue for unpaid taxes, and besides, if they were to survive the coming year, Caroline acknowledged, she had better get back to set hens, supervise the lambing, and put in a summer garden. The unexpired lease, however, meant living most of the summer with her maternal grandmother—"Ma" or "Miss Carrie." The ramifications of an extended southern family, constantly impinging on Caroline's time and energy, make a long story in themselves, however wryly or ruefully she reports them to her northern friend.

Going to Merry Mont was a mistake, I reckon. It is just too hectic and the place has a very bad influence on me and through me on Allen. The family responsibilities kept getting heavier and heavier. It is not only routine, niggers to get out of jail, turkeys to run in, and all that. It is the moral pressure that my uncle constantly exerts on me to take care of my grandmother in her declining years. She is failing fast now, almost blind and fell down three times the other day. Of course he keeps wishing Allen and I'd stay there till she dies but I have told him I won't do it. We get Benfolly August 15, thank God.

I don't suppose you realize how wicked a woman my grandmother has been. She has carried it to such a pitch that she is a real moral influence. And now that this implacable nature has a little mellowness overlying it she is much more sinister. Dad takes a theological view of the matter and says "Mrs. Meriwether ought to have a chance to repent her sins before she dies."

But that indomitable, aged grandmother lived on. As late as one of the last surviving letters, from the winter of 1937, Caroline reports the situation both pathetic and humorous.

I forgot to report on Merry Mont—I would not spare you any detail of my sufferings. My aunt, Loulie (surely you know that noble woman, the one who made the immortal remark about the menopause. "I saw it was all foolishness so I just stopped it."). Well she is now at Merry Mont taking care of Miss Carrie. Being so benevolent Loulie always has a few lame ducks to exercise her benevolence on. The two she has now are . . . Cousin Mag and another Cousin, Kitty. Cousin Mag except for that persistent delusion that she is a pea that has rolled into a crack in the floor is quite sound on practically every subject, including the King and Mrs. Simpson. Cousin Kitty wrings her hands and mutters and paces the floor all day. Her conversation goes like this, "Lord have mercy on me . . . Don't that dog [Nancy's dachshund] have short legs . . . Lord have mercy on me . . . I told Loulie not to do that . . . Lord have mercy on me . . ." Allen as he sank to rest that night murmured "I'm not afraid of Cousin Mag but I am afraid of Cousin Kitty" and gets up and puts a chair against the door. My grandmother is in high feather. She and Loulie wage continual war. Ma: "If I didn't have any better memory than you I'd offer myself to an institution." Loulie: "I would if I weren't already the head of one." All pretty grisly yet they
managed to have quite a little Christmas spirit with egg nog before breakfast and all the other ritual observances. I felt ten years older when I emerged from the fray, however. . . . Yes, I’m going to write a novel about them. It will be pretty Russian, I think I’ll call it “The Women on the Porch.” The two lunatics will furnish the chorus.

Not all problems were exasperating, like getting blacks out of jail; dealing with petty duplicity could have its humor.

We have finally got rid of Uncle Doc, thank God and now get three gallons of milk a day instead of the two quarts he let us have. It was an exciting contest while it lasted, our whole thoughts were bent on milk. He got up in the night, milked the cow secretly and sold the milk. Anybody coming along would have seen a strange sight in the moonlight one night all of us out to bag the cow. It was the cook’s idea. We solemnly fastened a pillow case around that noble bag then secured it by tapes that ran up over her back, tied the knot in a way known only to Lucy and there she was. I thought this was Lucy’s brilliant invention but she says it is a common practice, a sort of chastity belt for cows. It was too much for poor Uncle Doc. He gave up. But he couldn’t bear to live here without stealing milk so he went off.

Especially valuable to any biographer are the indications of Caroline’s complex, conflicting relationships to her father and mother. The early letters, notably, while the infant Nancy perforce was in her grandmother’s care, are dense with resentments against Mrs. Gordon’s genteel southern-lady attitudes and expectations. Concurrently Caroline responded to her father’s situation and sought to identify with him. After the Reverend and Mrs. Gordon had brought Nancy north for a summer visit, a long letter summed up:

Mother . . . is a person of strong passions, and she has set her heart on Nancy. I really think she would collapse if we took her away. Then I feel some responsibility towards my father. She always makes him suffer for any disappointment that comes to her. He and I have had a sort of gentlemen’s agreement ever since I was fifteen or sixteen, to help each other out when we can.

My disapproval of Mother, my indignation against her—and Allen’s—is all on moral grounds. And she feels great disapproval of us too, so we’re completely antagonistic.

Her admiration for, the striving to be close to her father is, of course, the source of several stories and one of her most successful novels. Aleck Maury: Sportsman is based closely on his life and attitudes; its genesis was in one of those strenuous summer sojourns at her grandmother’s place while Caroline recuperated from surgery just before leaving for France the second time. Her now widowed father had visited them, and a general impression is first indicated in Caroline’s amusement at his continuing recalcitrance to those overwhelming Meriwethers.

Poor Ma has had a regular house party all summer. Her two daughters and the Tates and last week Dad came up from Florida. . . . He was in splendid form. We had a great time sitting on the porch all day and talking. I fear Allen would have been completely demoralized if Dad had stayed longer. He was getting that care free spirit to a pronounced degree. They went fishing every afternoon. We could not even get them to attend Aunt Molly Ferguson’s funeral. Allen would have gone but Dad instilled the spirit of rebellion in him by announcing grandly: “Cousin Molly Ferguson is no more kin to me than a catfish. Why should I go to her funeral? No, I am going fishing. I haven’t many more years to live and I have already preached four thousand funerals and some of them were the very devil.”

In the summer of their return from France, Allen and Caroline finally and rather desperately fled Merry Mont for the Alabama plantation, Cornsilk, of Andrew Lytle’s father.

I am in no shape now for very difficult work and have hit on a book to write that will be relaxation and a sort of labor of love. . . . It will be written in collaboration with Dad if I can ever get hold of him long enough to take two or three weeks dictation. I think the germ of the idea came to me from something you said once, that these stories were evidently works of art for him. [Mrs. Kohn says that the Rev-

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6 The Women on the Porch was published by Charles Scribner’s Sons in 1944.

7 Andrew Lytle, novelist and biographer, was living in Monteagle, Tennessee in 1930 when the Tates first moved to Benfolly, their home in Clarksville. They had known each other for more than five years, having been introduced by John Crowe Ransom.
erend Mr. Gordon was the best raconteur she ever heard.] It will be more like Siegfried Sassoons "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man" than anything I can think of, though no doubt people will find resemblances to Hemingway's bull fighting book in it. Anyhow it is to be [a] history of a life dominated by a passion for fishing. It will at any rate be an interesting experiment in prose writing for me. I hope to make the action very rapid.

It should be obvious that writing, however, with the other responsibilities she unhesitatingly accepted, had to be managed almost in the interstices of her life. If it was not cooking for a houseful of guests and friends, it was dealing with untrained help; if not sewing for Nancy, then for herself, money being too scarce for new clothes; if not dealing with her own writing problems, then nursing the family, especially Allen, through bouts of flu in cold quarters, or encouraging him through repeated and protracted writing blocks. "I love to sew, but you can't sew very much and have any kind of prose style." Whether to take Nancy to France the second time involved the consequence added problem of housekeeping: "God knows I loathe a menage. It would be grand to get up in the morning and go to work without even thinking about dishes." Certainly life at Benfolly, if different from Merry Mont, could also be consuming. "But the business of cooking three meals a day, churning and so on is too much for me. I am so exhausted by afternoon that I have to get in bed and stay for hours and I can't think of a word to write."

What became havens from these stresses after a while were prolonged visits to Andrew Lytle's place near Sewanee, or especially his father's plantation: havens for her, at least; however theoretically an Agrarian, Allen often was restless in this remoteness.

I never saw such a place for work as Cornsilk. The first morning I was there I walked as in a trance into a secluded corner of the dining room. I dug myself out a spot by removing several bushels of peanuts, a mediaeval cuirass, three or four demijohns of cherry bounce etc., set up a card table in the spot thus cleared and almost without thinking began to write steadily. ... And the strange thing was that this spot—it's about two by four—this spot which proved such a wonderful place, I couldn't even see it at first for the peanuts and things. ... Writing there I produced fifteen thousand words in one week. I could say twenty thousand but I wish to make a conservative estimate.

Fascinated with life at the plantation and the remarkable figure of the elder Mr. Lytle, she recurrently described him to Sally, his actions and the cheerful chaos of the house, in humorous but warmly affectionate terms. Most of all life there allowed for uninterrupted writing. "Seems strange to be broke and living as I consider myself doing in the lap of luxury. This life at Cornsilk gets better every day, at least for anybody writing a book. The routine—we speak of it now as 'the' routine is almost inflexible. ... The routine is breakfast, work, lunch, short nap, work, swim from five to six thirty, cocktail (one), supper, bed. Sleep like hell. Get up and go at it again. Even Allen wrote two pages this morning."

The casual allusions to what she or Allen is writing—or not writing—will surely be useful to anyone concerned with establishing the genesis, chronology, or sometimes intention of a work, and in several cases, correcting misinformation. The Times Literary Supplement review of the recently issued Collected Stories (1981) would not have been so misleading if these letters had been available. The reviewer's statement that "she began her career in journalism ... but her literary career did not really begin until her return to the South in 1930," seems ignorant of the long commitment and apprenticeship in the Putnam County and the Greenwich Village years, and seems to imply that it was her contact with Ford in Paris that turned her in the direction of fiction. In any case, the reviewer seriously understates the connection with Ford: "She went with Tate to France ... and in Paris acted briefly as secretary to Ford Madox Ford, who encouraged her." Or again, despite the assertion of the editors of the recently published letters between Allen and John Peale Bishop, a letter of hers makes clear that Allen had not finally abandoned the ill-starred Lee biography in 1932, but had tried again as late as the fall of 1933.

Sometimes the letters provide the basis for highly illuminating insights into the psychological underpinning of a story. In the case of her most famous one, "Old Red," for example, it has been shown how important is the complex of attitudes and feelings arising from the subtle interplay among her father, her husband, and her grandmother's family. Sometimes self-criti-
icism is evident, as in the case of the struggles with her first published novel, *Penhally* (1931), or in her remark about “Old Red”: “I was really more interested in rendering the character of the man than I was in the action of the story and that always betrays you.” Even more self-conscious is a response to remarks evidently made by Sally Wood about *Aleck Maury*; this letter was written from Memphis, where Caroline was having her first experience trying to teach someone else, and we can see her formulating Jamesian principles of craft.

You are right in saying that it is hard for me to come out and say the thing as I did there. It’s one of my faults as a writer. One reason is because I am afraid. I too often see inexperienced writers thinking that they have done the trick because they have come out and said it when it isn’t done at all. And always I come back to the conclusion that it can’t be done that way. The only reason I could state the meaning of his life [that is, the fictional version of her father] on page 224 is because I had implied it over and over again in all the rest of the book.

These excerpts should suggest, at least, the value of the letters for any biographical study, of the Tates themselves but also of their many well-known friends. What brief passages cannot really show is the necessarily diffuse and implicit sense these letters give of the full dimensions of her relationship to her parents, or her mother’s eccentrically willful family, her admiration for her husband, their attitudes toward the South and its people, or toward their friends—all of which densely underlie the work of both of them.

Especially revelatory, in a degree not commonly recognized by writers who are concerned with Allen, is this record of the first ten or 12 happier years of the marriage when they were young, poor, and ambitiously dedicated to the profession of serious literature—before the bitterness of their later separations, before the disappointments and strains of later years had skewed affections and generousities. Never, or almost never, is the importance of Caroline’s support to Allen even mentioned, let alone examined.

In part, it was often enough her hack work that supplied a few dollars to keep them going. In the country, it was she who gardened, garnered, and preserved the winter’s food while he stood bemused with nature’s processes. In Paris, it was she who daily set aside her own writing to shuffle out in the rain or cold, to the boulangerie, the épicerie, the charcuterie and charbonnier. So was flesh warmed and fed, so were fed and warmed the friends. But there was other material aid, too. In Paris, after the long, cold, illness-ridden winter of their first residence, she anticipated going south because she was “very anxious for Allen and Nancy to lie around in the sun and get the gripe germ completely out of their system.” Yet because Allen’s publisher was demanding the finished biography of Jefferson Davis,

Allen leaped out of his sick bed and began typing madly. I also began typing madly. We continued to type madly day and night until the fourth of July when that damn book was dispatched.... We then went out and celebrated our freedom by getting drunk with Hart Crane who is ... spending his grandmother’s legacy....

I got up this morning, determined to work—I had to drop my work for a whole month to help Allen.

The second year in Paris, she would have liked to stay on because while Nancy lived with a relative in the States, Caroline had more freedom from domesticity to do her own writing—but, apart from the crises at Benfolly, Allen was anxious to get back to the States and libraries for his—as it turned out—never finished biography of Lee. And at Benfolly it is she again who turns away from her own work to try her hand at reviews which will bring in a few dollars.

These kinds of material aid are real enough, of course, and important, but not easily demonstrated are her sustaining patience and understanding during the many frustrating stretches of his inability to write, especially during the long years when the impossible Lee biography clung, a succubus on both their creative energies. And it is she who rejoices equally with him when his writing blocks thaw, when a barren time begins to green again. True, the first long winter of Allen’s teaching in Memphis was exhausting, but toward spring she could write, “More important news that I haven’t mentioned is that Allen is at last working again.... It has considerably lightened the thick mire of gloom that has hung over this household for two years now. He has written an essay on The Profession of Letters in the South and is now revising his whole book of essays [Re-
actionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas]." Relief, but also pride adds, "If a paralytic had suddenly thrown away his crutch to take dance steps we couldn't be more pleased"—not merely that Allen was glad, but "we"—they together. This is what needs to be said more emphatically about these earlier years.

Princeton 1910-1914

By Allen Goodrich Shenstone

Allen Shenstone was born in Toronto in 1893. When he was admitted to Princeton in the fall of 1910, he was the only Canadian in a class of 400 freshmen. After graduation, he continued his studies in physics at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, but a few months after the outbreak of World War I he joined the British Army, serving with the Royal Engineers. He was awarded the British Military Cross for bravery and was demobilized in 1919.

In 1920 he received his M.A. degree from Princeton and two years later his Ph.D. Except for three years as an instructor at Toronto University (1922-1925), his entire teaching career was spent at Princeton. In 1949 he succeeded Henry DeWolf Smyth as chairman of the Department of Physics, a post he held for 11 years. His research in atomic spectroscopy led to his election as a fellow of the Royal Society and to his receiving the William F. Meggers Award of the Optical Society of America. For his service as scientific liaison officer of the National Research Council of Canada in Washington and London during World War II he was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire.

Professor Shenstone married the former Molly Chadwick in 1923, and they had one son, Michael. After her death in 1967, he married Tiffin Harper, widow of Raymond Harper of the Princeton Class of 1918. When Professor Shenstone died in 1980, he left among his papers an unpublished memoir, a chapter from which is printed here with the kind permission of his widow.

My decision to go to Princeton had a much greater influence on my subsequent life than such decisions usually have. It determined practically the whole of my professional, as well as my social, life. (One thing it did not change was my nationality! I have always remained a Canadian citizen.)

After spending the summer in Nova Scotia with my family, I set out in September 1910 to become a university student. I
had just turned 17 and had never been away from home by myself nor had I ever seen Princeton under any auspices. I took the Lehigh Valley night train from Toronto to Newark, changed there to the Pennsylvania, and at Princeton Junction changed again. The Princeton station was then close to the Blair Hall Arch and steps, which were obviously built as an entrance to the university. I can still see myself, very lonely, walking up those steps and wondering what that new life would offer. On the advice of Russell Mount, Princeton '02, my brother Norman's friend, I had written to a Mrs. Topley at 32 Wiggins Street for a room, trusting that she still, after 12 years, took in freshman lodgers. She had answered yes so I knew where to go. But first I had to report to the registrar to find out what academic conditions I had to overcome. To my delight, I found them very light. I would have a "condition" in Latin unless I got a third group in the first term, and I would have to pass an examination in solid geometry, which I had never studied. The latter I worked up by myself and passed easily. The Latin was necessary because I had read less than the usual requirements, but in fact I had studied it so much more intensively that it was not at all a hurdle.

In 1910 Princeton was a small town with dirt roads. The main street, Nassau, was part of the highway between New York and Philadelphia, and the Nassau Hotel remained as the successor to the inn at which the stagecoaches had stopped. North of Nassau Street was an area mainly occupied by blacks who supplied most of the labor and domestic services of the town. The eastern end of the town included a large residential area, mainly occupied by townpeople as distinguished from university people. However, there were two streets of houses, Fitzrandolph and Broadmead, which had been built by Moses Taylor Pyne for the faculty and later bequeathed to the university. Stretching out to the west of Princeton were the great estates of the wealthy: Marquand, Pyne, Morgan, Armour, Russell.

The university occupied most of the south side of Nassau Street from just east of Washington Road to University Place, except for the First Presbyterian Church, which still stands, and a few small houses along Nassau Street which were eventually moved away. House moving was obviously much practiced in the 19th and early 20th centuries. For instance, in 1867 the houses now at 108 and 112 Mercer Street were moved from Alexander Street to make room for Stuart Hall at the seminary. No. 108 was occupied many years later by the Harper family, the mother in that family now being my wife Tiffin. No. 112 was for many years the Albert Einstein house, later occupied by his stepdaughter Margot. There are probably some 65 or 70 houses that are not on their original foundations. A partial catalogue of such houses was assembled some years ago by the university archivist, the late Halsey Thomas. I myself have a distinct recollection of seeing a house being towed east along Nassau Street by horses.

The only public mechanical transport consisted of two electric trolley lines to Trenton. One of those had its station on University Place in a still existing stone building, and its track followed a course south of Mercer Road. The other, called the "fast line," started from the corner of Witherspoon Street and Spring Street and followed a course north of Stockton Street. That right of way is still distinguishable in many places.

At the northwest corner of Stockton Street and Bayard Lane there stood a hotel, called the Princeton Inn, and there were several tea rooms or small restaurants in that part of the town. On Nassau Street itself was the Nassau Hotel with a fine bar room which connected with a private room reserved for seniors. There were several other drinking places, but the only one I can identify was Doc Topley's near the corner of Witherspoon Street. Doc Topley had been a proctor, but had been dismissed for showing favoritism. He had reacted to his dismissal by opening a bar, which became known as a freshman drinking place. He was the husband of my very religious landlady. At that time, I think, there was no law governing the drinking age, and the only control over students was exercised by the proctors. They were apt to lie in wait at closing time to catch students crossing Nassau Street in an inebriated condition. There was a strict university regulation prohibiting all alcohol on the campus, even apparently in the deans' houses.

Maclean House, built in 1756 as the president's residence, was later the home of the dean of the faculty and is now occupied by the Alumni Council. The Joseph Henry House has
had an extraordinary history. It was built in 1837 for Professor Joseph Henry, to his designs, and stood where the Henry Moore sculpture now stands. When Reunion Hall was built, the Henry House, which has thick brick walls, was taken down and rebuilt on a site between the present library and the chapel. It stood between the first Dickinson Hall and the Marquand Chapel, both of which were destroyed by fire on the night of 14 May 1920. The Joseph Henry House was saved partly because of its slate roof and partly by the efforts to keep it wet. The chapel fire was started by embers from Dickinson getting through ventilators into the space between the ceiling and the roof. The fire took place on the weekend of club house parties, and the many students and their girls in full evening dress added a festive air to the drama.

The third position of the Henry House was at the corner of Nassau Street and Washington Road. It was moved there when the present chapel was built in 1925. While the Henry House was in its second and third positions, it was the residence of the dean of the college, and I knew it in both places. When the Firestone Library was built in 1948, the Joseph Henry House had to be moved again. It is now on the front campus facing toward Maclean House, and has become the home of the dean of the faculty.

The center campus must have been very beautiful before the Pyne Library, now the East Pyne building, was built. Before that time there existed East College, a duplicate of West College, facing it across Cannon Green. In front of Nassau Hall was Philosophical Hall, a twin of Stanhope Hall, which faced it across the front campus. Unfortunately it was destroyed in order to build Chancellor Green Library, now the student center.

In 1910 at the southeast corner of Nassau Street and University Place there stood an old hotel, University Hall. It had been converted into a Commons in which all freshmen and sophomores took their meals, freshmen entering on University Place and sophomores on Nassau Street. Most freshmen lived in lodging houses on Mercer Street and University Place with some groups in the neighborhood of Vandeventer Street and Wiggins Street. I was one of the latter, but unfortunately I was the only one in the Topley house. I had a beautiful room on the top floor in a turret looking down Vandeventer and a bathroom all to myself. I was very lonely and homesick for weeks, a condition aggravated by an old practice, known as “horsing” of the freshmen by the sophomores. All freshmen wore a costume, ordained solely by custom I am sure, consisting of black shoes, socks without garters, corduroy trousers, a black turtle-neck sweater, and a small black cap with a small peak. It can be understood that that costume made us very easily identifiable. Unlike hazing, horseing was not physical, but the sophomores did everything possible to humiliate us. A favorite game was to make two freshmen stand up in a handy niche in the old observatory wall, one behind the other, the front one to make a speech and the other to make the gestures with his arms. As a freshman I saw no humor in it, but as a sophomore I realized it could be quite funny. Sometimes, when a lecture in a large freshman course finished just before lunch, the freshmen would be lined up and marched to Commons in lockstep. They would all have their trousers rolled up and if any garters were revealed, they were hung on the owner’s ears. An individual freshman could be harassed by sophomores at any time or place. I found it very trying indeed and did my best to avoid being caught. I worked out devious routes from Wiggins Street to Commons that took me through back streets rarely used by students.

In addition to horseing there were four rushes which were physical battles between the classes, the freshmen usually being encouraged and sometimes assisted by the juniors. The four rushes were all very different, but all in a way a relief from horseing because one was defending oneself. There was one after a freshman election meeting in Dickinson Hall. We were attacked by the sophomores and had to more or less fight our way out. The second rush took place after a game, I think freshman-sophomore baseball, at University Field where the Engineering School now stands. That rush was a running fight back to the campus. There was a cannon rush around the cannon behind Nassau Hall. It took place at night, the freshmen defending the cannon by circulating en masse around it. It was the fiercest of the rushes. The fourth rush took place at the entrance to the gymnasium. Some years later one resulted in the death of a student from a heart attack which led eventually to a ban on all rushes.

One other tradition involved the Halls, the American Whig Society and the Cliosophic Society, which were still of some importance as debating societies. They were secret societies, the only ones to which a student could belong, every entering stu-
dent having had to sign an undertaking that he would belong to no secret society except Whig or Clio while a student of Princeton University. The two societies vied for the freshmen, and nearly all of the class joined one or the other. They both held initiation ceremonies of more or less traditional kinds, the only amusing feature being the drinking of a liquid that resulted in a Whig member urinating blue and a Clio member pink, the colors of the ribbons on their respective diplomas.

Although there was no other Canadian undergraduate with whom I could reminisce about home, I of course soon knew many of my classmates, especially those whose last initial was S and who therefore sat near me at lectures. I remember especially two men whom I found very congenial, Harold Stuart and Alex Stevenson. Harold became a well-known pediatrician in Boston, and Alex was a successful engineer at the General Electric Company in Schenectady. Harold Stuart’s family were very kind to me—in fact they were the only family of a fellow student to invite me to stay at their home. They lived on West End Avenue in New York in one of those narrow row houses which rose to four stories. The lighting was by gas, and I remember the hall light which lit itself by means of an electric spark when the gas was turned on.

My relative isolation in that first term at Princeton left me with plenty of time for work. I apparently made good use of it because when the term marks appeared, I found I had got a first group in all my courses, which included required Latin and English, trigonometry, algebra, physics, and sophomore French. The physics course was for beginners and included lectures, classes, and laboratories. The lecturer was Professor McClenahan, a great showman but perhaps not a top-rank physicist. He was at that time dean of the college with Professor W. F. Magie, also a physicist, dean of the faculty. They were replaced as deans by President Hibben without any personal notice of the action. Professor McClenahan, soon after, left the faculty to head the Museum of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. In the second term, I evidently let down somewhat because I got a second group in French. I did not go out for any athletics in the first term, but in the second I rowed on the second freshman crew—not a great honor because there were not enough candidates to form a third crew. Our coach was Professor Scoon who had only recently returned from Oxford. My presence on that crew is recorded by a photograph of us in the racing shell.

In the spring I applied for a university dormitory room and got a very pleasant one, No. 105 in Patton Hall in the last entry so that my windows overlooked open country. It was really a pair of rooms, both small, but the sitting room was big enough for a couch, desk, chair, and easy chair. The bedroom was crowded but adequate. I spent two years in that room and found it very pleasant to be among undergraduates of several classes.

My academic record in sophomore year was a disgrace. At that time there was a required course in the Philosophy Department consisting of two terms of lectures in philosophy by President John Grier Hibben, and classes first term in logic and second term in psychology. The course was very badly organized, and I found the teaching very poor compared with my other courses. Neither the lectures nor the classes inspired me to work, and the result was that I got a second group in the first term; and my only third group in the second term. Since in the first term I also acquired a second group in a graphics course that I do not remember at all, I finished the year with a general second group, though after the mathematics course taught by Dean Fine I won the Class of 1861 Prize.

I can blame some of my academic drop in sophomore year on the club system. Actually from what I know of later changes in the system it has not been much improved. Although in 1910 freshmen and sophomores were not allowed on Prospect Street, either in or out of the clubs, each club (except Ivy) chose, at some time late in the freshman or early in the sophomore year, a student whom they wanted in the club and who was influential enough to gather around him a “club section” of presumably congenial sophomores. Such sections were not necessarily pledged to a particular club, and it was not unusual for a section to change right up to the time of club elections in February. The whole process was known as “bicker” and could take a lot of work and concentration from a group trying to put together a really strong section. I did not have much knowledge of all this while still a freshman. Early in sophomore year I was invited to join a section of a certain club, but I had had intimations that I might be asked to join Cap and Gown, a club I preferred. In Cap and Gown we had a very congenial group of 16 which included several men who made a mark in later years. The best known was Allen Welsh Dulles, one of the founders of the C.I.A. He was one of my most intimate friends and in senior year he, John Colt, and I managed to get rooms close together in Edwards.
At some point in the spring of sophomore year, our group of 16 became officially members of the Cap and Gown club and were initiated into it by a very wet dinner party at the Nassau Hotel. I had never had such an experience before, but I managed to drink enough to satisfy my clubmates, though with sufficient control to remain sober. The drink was mainly a strong punch which disagreed with me thoroughly. I remember many of the members of the club of the Class of 1913 and particularly that very great brain surgeon Wilder Penfield. Even as an undergraduate he was a very impressive person, and I knew him quite well. He did me a favor in the spring of sophomore year when we were members of the club but still eating our meals at Commons. My mother and father came to see me in Princeton and, of course, I wanted them to see the club. Wilder was the person who took us to the club and arranged that we should dine there.

In addition to the taboos of freshman and sophomore years I have already mentioned, there were some general taboos that would not be understandable now. No Princeton student would have been found dead wearing anything orange and black, for instance a tie. Earned athletic insignia were worn under certain circumstances but only then. Anything that indicated which school a student had come from was also taboo.

The chief athletic award was the “P,” orange on a black sweater. Every student who played football or baseball, and I think crew, was awarded the “P.” In addition the members of many minor sport teams that won a championship were given the “P,” but otherwise they wore lesser insignia, also orange on black. For instance the hockey team would be awarded the “HPT.” In track an individual who was an intercollegiate champion got a “P.” There were class numerals awarded for playing on interclass teams.

In sophomore and junior years my efforts to take part in athletics were very unsuccessful. As a sophomore I tried track and quickly found that I was outclassed by nearly everyone. In junior year, I tried football, but I was immediately relegated to a group called the “ineligibles,” which included not only students who were ineligible for scholastic reasons, but men who were graduate or seminary students. In my case, I was eligible but below any varsity standards of physique. We included a number of excellent players, among them a seminary student named Thompson who had been decathlon champion in the previous Olympics. We had fun practicing under the guidance of a famous player, Heff Herring ’07, who had been a Rhodes Scholar and had played rugby for Oxford as well as football at Princeton.

Games played a very large part in a student's life even if he was only a spectator. Baseball was very popular, drawing large numbers of candidates not only for freshman and varsity teams but also for class teams which played a regular series of intramural games which were very well attended. The baseball field was converted during the fall to accommodate large crowds of spectators for football. For many years the field was the scene of the last baseball game of the season at Commencement.

The popularity of football was so great that the Pennsylvania Railroad maintained at least a dozen tracks for parking special trains that brought thousands from New York and Philadelphia and even from New Haven, Boston, and Washington. There were, of course, few motor cars. Undergraduate attendance at major football games probably exceeded 75 percent, the great mass of them concentrated in a cheering section directed by cheerleaders. There were no bands but more singing than is customary now.

The rules of football were very different then. There were three instead of four downs for ten yards so that games frequently became just successions of “two bucks and a kick.” There were far fewer restrictions on personal actions. I think the forward pass had been introduced, but initially there was no need to catch it. I can recall only one case of its use and the great scramble to retrieve the ball. In 1911, in the fall of my sophomore year, Princeton was successful against both Harvard and Yale. The games were won in each case by the quick action of Sam White ’12 who picked up a fumbled ball and ran for a touchdown. Since winning against both Yale and Harvard made us champions, a huge bonfire was built around the cannon behind Nassau Hall. The celebration went on far into the night, and the remains of the fire were still smoldering in the morning. It was a great ceremony which I saw several times in later years. We did not do very well in football in my junior year, and in my senior year we, like all other opponents of Harvard, were overwhelmed by the extraordinary drop kicking of Bricky. I remember watching him before the game when he came on the field and for practice kicked three perfect kicks at each end, each set comprising one from each side and one from the mid-
dle from about the 30-yard line. The change in the shape and size of the ball to make it easier to pass has made drop kicking impossible.

Life in the Cap and Gown club was very pleasant. Thirty-two members did not overstretched the facilities, which included a large sitting room with a beautiful fireplace and comfortable furniture, a quite ample dining room, and upstairs a particularly attractive library and a billiard room. There was a club steward, “Big Dick,” who managed the catering and did very well for us and perhaps for himself also. Our meals were served on tables with tablecloths, and there was none of the rush that is a concomitant of all cafeteria eating. We had our own tennis courts immediately behind the clubhouse, and they were heavily used. There was no stadium to block our view of fields and woods.

Each spring on a weekend that everyone hoped would be fine, there were club house parties. It was very gay, starting I think on Friday and continuing until Sunday. There were picnics and games, but the big night was Saturday when all the clubs had dances. For those affairs the girls, not “dates” in those days, were mostly put up in the clubhouses, together with a considerable number of chaperones, mothers, aunts, and the like. A tradition of house parties and other dances, which must seem odd to later generations, was that no flowers were presented to any of the girls. It was a tradition that at least saved money. Prospect Street on the Saturday night was very gay indeed. Groups moved from one club to another so that there was a constant flow of students and girls in their full evening finery.

There were other formal dances during the year, one organized by each of the four classes. There was the Freshman Dance under the aegis of the dean of the faculty, the Sophomore Reception at Commencement, the Junior Promenade some time in the winter, and the Senior Promenade probably in the spring. There were other dances given by Princeton families, and I went to many of them. It was at such parties that I met Philena Fine, Dean Fine’s daughter, Esther Cleveland, the daughter of President Cleveland, Elaine Van Dyke, Mary Tucker from Bermuda, Mary Tupper, and many others. The first two I have mentioned became my very good friends later on when I returned to Princeton.

All the university dances were quite formal. There were al-

ways many chaperones. All the participants at house parties as well as dances had programs in which they entered the name of the person with whom they were to have each dance. Obviously a popular girl would fill her program very quickly. The chief dances were all held in the gymnasium which had a very stiff floor that was hard on one’s feet.

The change from sophomore year with eating in Commons to junior year in a club was very great indeed. It meant living with friends instead of a great mob. In Cap and Gown there were 16 seniors and 16 of us juniors, and we mixed together very well. I have mentioned Wilder Penfield, who stands out most in my memory, perhaps because of my later contacts with him in the Second World War. In 1914 my best friends were John Colt and Allen Dulles, but I also found George Kassler, Paul Kellogg, and Guy Robinson particularly congenial. Those five were the ones I was most likely to sit around with after dinner, but all of us got on very well indeed. When we became seniors and the class of 1915 joined us, I made many new friends, especially Pardee Erdman and John Finney.

How did students occupy themselves when there were no movies, no television, no radio, and no cars? In fact, they found many ways of keeping busy and enjoying life, perhaps more than many do nowadays.

In addition to the main sports there were many others in which there was intracollegiate as well as intercollegiate competition. The Bric-a-Brac includes 17 sports, some of which do not appear in later issues. Unique to Princeton was the Cane Spree which still exists but in modified form. Interclass rivalry in all sports was very lively, and the percentage of students involved must have been very high, since the total undergraduate body did not exceed 1,400.

Athletics could not suffice for the year-round activity of students. The result was the organization of many other activities. There were, for instance, 12 state or sectional clubs and 20 preparatory school clubs as well as the Princeton Undergraduate Schools Committee. An important organization was the Senior Council. There were also a Law Club, a Municipal Club, a Medical Club, a Press Club, and a Dining Halls Committee. The Right Wing Club, the Monday Night Club, and the Ten existed for their own purposes which may have been drinking parties.

Of considerable importance were the musical organizations,
the Glee Club, the Mandolin Club, the Banjo Club, the Orphic Order, and the Chapel Choir. Music produced by the students was essential, because except for a series conducted by Arthur Whiting who brought to Room 50 in McCosh Hall concerts of chamber music and lectures which were entertaining and quite educational, there were no regularly scheduled concerts. Photographs of the various musical clubs show the members dressed immaculately in full evening dress with stiff shirts and collars and white ties.

What was true in 1910-1914 and is still true is that the Triangle Club absorbed a very large amount of undergraduate time and effort. The production of a musical comedy every year is a difficult job. On the serious side of drama there was the English Dramatic Association which, I remember, produced The Few of Malta in one of my years.

The Halls, Clio and Whig, played a much greater part in student life then than now. They held organized oratory contests and debates, both internal and intercollegiate, even international. They gave many prizes both in set contests and for debating. There was a special contest on Washington’s Birthday.

Religion on the campus was served by the Chapel and the Philadelphia Society. All undergraduates were required to attend daily chapel twice a week at, I think, eight in the morning, and Sunday chapel half the Sundays in each term. A good many students, including myself, found that the easiest way to satisfy the requirements was to go every day at the beginning of the term and to most of the early Sundays, leaving one free of the obligation in the later part of the term. The Philadelphia Society occupied Murray-Dodge Hall and was the equivalent of the Y.M.C.A. It took a quite active part on the campus and attracted some exceptional students. It existed into the twenties when it came under the influence of Buchmanism and was finally closed by the university.

In junior year I entered the honors course in mathematics and physics which had been started a few years before and which lasted, I think, only until about 1920. In that honors course, a student took only four courses, three from a special list of courses and one from a nonscientific field. Five honors courses were offered in junior and senior years, starting with pure mathematics and ending with experimental physics. In senior year one could elect the courses not carried in junior year or take the senior courses that extended the work of the junior courses. As a junior I elected the three middle courses, B, C, and D in both terms. They were described as follows: B was analysis and differential equations with Professor Swift; C was mechanics with Professor Veblen; and D was theoretical physics, including electricity and magnetism and optics, with Professor Trowbridge.

My elective was English 301, 16th-century writing (Spenser, Sidney, and Marlowe) with Professor Harper. In the second term my elective English 302 was a course in Shakespeare, also with Professor Harper. I remember that during a long day preceding the Shakespeare examination I reread all ten of the plays we had studied. In all of those junior courses I managed a first group, and in those days there were no pluses and minuses on groups.

I fully enjoyed my senior year at Princeton. I had got a room, No. 2 South Edwards, close to the rooms occupied by my friends John Colt and Allen Dulles, so that we saw each other frequently there as well as in the club. They were both good students though Allen was the better of the two. I had elected the senior honors courses B, C, and D for my main studies, and they were very interesting. B was mathematical analysis with Professor Wedderburn using Goursat’s Cours d’analyse mathématique. There were only two students, so we became very intimate with Professor Wedderburn and consequently enjoyed the work immensely. C was electricity and magnetism with Professor E. P. Adams using Jeans’s text. I got to know Adams very well and had the pleasure of knowing him better when I became a graduate student after the war. D was called theoretical physics. It included thermodynamics, radioactivity, and the electrical properties of gases. It was taught chiefly by Professor Magie and perhaps Professor O. W. Richardson. For my nonscientific requirement I took, with nine of my classmates, an English department seminar on the English drama from the Restoration to the present day. A classmate had discovered that the seminar would be given if sufficient seniors requested it. It was taught by Professor Heermance, and we met in Nassau Hall once a week in the evening for about three hours. We were assigned a total of about 125 plays, and I got copies and read all of them, many in acting editions. About every three weeks it would become one’s turn to write a long report on one or a group of plays and read it to the class for criticism. It was the most interesting course I ever had, and I naturally, therefore, did
very well in it. In any case my senior year record was as high as possible, and at graduation I was given highest honors and magna cum laude, the highest citation at that time. I had become Phi Beta Kappa after the first term of senior year.

But my senior year was far from being all studies. In the fall I went out for hockey. In my class were a number of students from St. Paul’s School in Concord, New Hampshire. The group included first and foremost H.A.H. (Hobey) Baker, probably the greatest hockey player ever produced in the United States. He was an extraordinary athlete, able to play any game. He played football for Princeton for three years and was captain in senior year. He was captain of the hockey team in junior year, a position very rarely held by a junior. He was by no means the only hockey player from St. Paul’s, where hockey was such a major sport that its teams played against varsity hockey teams, not freshman teams or school teams. For a considerable period, hockey at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton was dominated by the products of St. Paul’s. In our senior year there were enough of them to fill every position on the team except one of the two defense positions and the goalkeeper. There were also a few lessers lights to help in practice but more were needed. I could skate very well, and though I was not at all experienced as a hockey player, I was accepted on the squad. The captain, Wendell Kuhn, played center, and Baker was the rover, a position that no longer exists since the team was cut down from seven to six players. Ehrick Kilner was right wing, Bob McColl, left wing, Thornton Emmons was point, Amory Haskett ’16 coverpoint, and Frank H. Winants was the goaliekeeper. It should be noted that this was before the day of unlimited in-and-out substitutions. The team of seven men played the whole time unless a substitute replaced a player who could not then return to the game. Obviously everyone had to be in perfect physical condition. There was no rink in Princeton, so for real practice we went to New York twice a week to play for about an hour at the St. Nicholas Rink. We went to a hotel for a very early dinner, did our practice, and then came home by a late train. Some of us did use our time on the train going in for study, but coming back to Princeton we were too tired. One item that will never be known unless I record it is that I supplied the skates for the whole team. They were Automobile Model D and were wanted by everyone on the team after Hobey adopted them. They were made and probably still are made by the

Canada Cycle and Motor Company of which my father was a director. I used to bring them back with me from Toronto.

If there was ice on Carnegie Lake, we took advantage of it even though there were no limiting boards to confine the play. If ice was not available, we practiced shooting from a board floor or running in the gymnasium. I remember seeing, with awe, Hobey Baker doing giant swings on the horizontal bar, another proof of his all-around physical ability.

The rules under which we played were radically different from those now in vogue. No forward passing whatsoever was allowed, so that the forwards always had to stay behind the puck in order to receive it on a lateral pass. More important perhaps than the offside rule was the prohibition of body checking. We did not need padding such as is necessary nowadays. We wore knee pads with attached shin protectors which were simply stiff molded material without any padding. We wore a black jersey with orange rings on the sleeves and black tights with orange rings at the calves. To complete the costume we had white shorts made of some satintlike material. Hockey was a fast but gentlemanly game.

In the Christmas holidays, I went up as usual to Toronto and went to a couple of dances, but then I had to go to St. Paul’s for practice. In so doing I disappointed a girl I was quite keen on who was having her coming-out party late in the holidays. We had about a week of practice and then went to Boston where there was the Boston arena with artificial ice. There we played, or rather the team played, I being an unused substitute, against Toronto University and beat them 6-1. We then played Ottawa College, and they won as they did again later in the season in Ottawa. For most of the season we played very successfully, winning almost all our games including two with Yale and one with Harvard. I was used only once during that part of the season, when I played most of the game against West Point and, in fact, scored. Then a crucial second game with Harvard was played in Boston. After the regulation hour of play, the score stood at 1-1, so overtime became necessary. By that time, two of our forwards were exhausted and substitutes had to replace them. It was then that, for the only time, I played in a major game. There were five minutes each direction with no score and then seven minutes sudden death until Harvard made the winning goal. I had to that game been practicing as a defense man, but became a forward of necessity. I had only one chance
for a shot at goal and it was blocked. At one point, with a Harvard man coming at me with the puck, I stood still in his way and was warned by the referee. That is my definite evidence that body checking was illegal even though the Harvard player actually ran into me. The season finished when we won a third game against Harvard and could claim the championship.

At the end of the winter we had been invited to come up to Ottawa to play a game with Ottawa College. We had a very good time, but the game was hardly hockey, since the ice was rapidly melting and the puck would hardly move in the slush. They beat us by a goal. The next evening the team took the night train to New York, while I boarded one for Toronto. In the middle of the night we ran into a snowdrift and consequently arrived in Toronto about 5:00 P.M. instead of 8:00 A.M. There was no food on the train, but a man with a bottle of brandy shared it with everyone in our car.

The spring of 1914 was very enjoyable in spite of the fact that everything we did reminded us that the joys of undergraduate life were disappearing. Every night we sang on the steps of Nassau Hall, as many classes had done before us. It always started with the song "Do you want to know who we are, we are the men of the Senior Class, we have traveled near and far, we have taken many a glass, we sit and take our ease—see." It goes to the tune of the opening chorus of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado which starts "Do you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan, etc." Then there was the faculty song for which we had many verses; the song that starts "My love she sits on the campus" and traditionally had to be followed by a yodeller; the song that begins "Our lofty elms so gently break the twilight crescent moon's soft light" and is followed by "Integer vitae, scelerisque purus." At some point we sang "Where oh where are the verdant freshmen" and similar verses for the other classes. The singing finished with "Old Nassau" and a cheer for 1914 and for Princeton.

The tension built up as we approached our last exams and our graduation. Commencement was preceded by the excitement of reunions, and then the class became the important thing. There was the Baccalaureate Sermon on the Sunday with families gathered to see their young men of the senior class. Monday was, and is, Class Day when the seniors sit around the Cannon behind Nassau Hall and listen to speeches, much interrupted by classmates, and hear the results of the class poll on such things as "most likely to succeed," "greatest bore," "greatest social light," and a host of other predictions which usually turn out quite wrong. Monday night there was the Sophomore Reception—really a senior dance—at which all the sisters, fiancées, best girls, and much family gathered to dance into the small hours. It went on so long that four of us decided that there was no use going to bed, so I got out the family car, a large touring car with a Knight sleeve-valve engine, and we toured the neighboring countryside until it was time for breakfast. Then there were the graduation ceremonies in Alexander Hall. The Valedictory Address and the Latin Salutatory were delivered by the highest standing members of the class, followed by the presentation of diplomas to every graduating member by name, and we had become alumni of Princeton.

All that did not finish our emotional weekend because on that Tuesday night there took place the Steps Ceremony. We sang as usual on the steps and then handed them over to what juniors remained in town, who in turn sang for a time ending with the last verse of the steps song "Where oh where are the grave old seniors, where oh where are the grave old seniors, where oh where are the grave old seniors, safe now in the wide wide world; they've gone out from their alma mater, they've gone out from their alma mater, they've gone out from their alma mater, safe now in the wide wide world."

The last class ceremony took place on the front campus after it had been completely cleared of everyone but the seniors. We sat around in a great circle and drank to everyone by name. A punch bowl was passed from hand to hand, and as each classmate drank from it, the whole class sang to him, "Here's to you, John Brown, here's to you, our jovial friend and we drink before we part for sake of company, we drink before we part, here's to you John Brown." After singing that song to each of the 250 classmates who had been graduated, the night had nearly passed. All that was left was the final dispersal.
The Death of Flores

BY FREDERIC ROSEN GARTEN, JR.

On January 30, 1848, an unprecedented event was scheduled to take place in the Plaza de Toros in the capital city of Guatemala. A professional balloonist was going to defy gravity and ascend to a great height above the clouds in the basket of his hot air balloon. Although there was an abundance of political and military excitement at the time in Central America, nothing quite like this excursion into the atmosphere had ever occurred before: entertainment of a sensational, theatrical nature had been limited to the trapeze acts of an occasional traveling circus.

A local entrepreneur, Don José Vicente del Aguila, who financed the exhibition, was obliged to obtain the approval of the governmental authorities, which was in itself no mean accomplishment. First of all, he needed the permission of the minister of government, but above all he needed the consent of the dictatorial, iron-fisted president of the Republic, General José Rafael Carrera, who ruled effectively but harshly. Somewhat reluctantly, Carrera granted permission for the aerostatic exhibition at the Plaza de Toros: the event was to be dedicated to his honor, and he was to occupy the Box of Honor which was to be suitably festooned with elegant garlands, braids, and floral splendor.

In 1848, Guatemala was in a state of political turmoil, as it had been ever since gaining independence from Spain in 1821; so the diversion of entertainment such as Flores’s balloon exhibition must have been eagerly anticipated by the local populace. For years, constant bickering and fighting between Liberal and Conservative factions had left a trail of blood throughout Central America. In 1839, Mariano Galvez, the Liberal president of Guatemala, attempted to apply in Guatemala a Spanish translation of the System of Penal Laws of the State of Louisiana: the death penalty was abolished, trial by jury was instituted, while the power of the Catholic Church, conservative landowners, and wealthy merchants was drastically curtailed. Most Guatemalans were illiterate Indians who were unable to understand the complicated Spanish jargon spoken by local judges; the idealistic reforms of Galvez soon became unpopular. At this point, one of the most powerful and controversial leaders in Central American history, the above-mentioned José Rafael Carrera, appeared on the scene. Leading a peasant army in a successful revolt against the Liberals, Carrera seized control of Guatemala with the support of the Church, the aristocracy, and local business merchants. In 1842, he was elected president of Guatemala, a post he continued to hold for most of the time until his death in 1865.

Carrera, of humble origin and mixed white and Indian parentage, was born in a slum in the capital of Guatemala in 1814: a pig-driver in his youth, he did not know how to read or write. Nevertheless, he was endowed with extraordinary native intelligence and charisma. The following message, published by his Liberal enemies in 1838, gives a rough idea of the unstable, turbulent conditions Carrera faced in Guatemala, and may explain to some extent the severe measures he was obliged to take from time to time to maintain law and order:

NOTICE

The person or persons who may deliver the criminal Rafael Carrera, dead or alive . . . shall receive a reward of fifteen hundred dollars and two caballerias of land, and pardon for any crime he has committed.

The General-in-chief
J. N. Carvallo

Guatemala, July 20, 1898

*See John Lloyd Stephens, Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan (London, 1854), p. 147.
Carrera was characterized by his followers as a farsighted, heroic patriot—by his enemies as a bloodthirsty ignoramus. He stimulated the production of coffee, which had been introduced to Central America from Haiti in the late 18th century, to supplement the existing agricultural crops consisting mainly of cochineal, cacao, black beans, corn, and native fruits. He founded an orphan asylum and built a wharf at the Pacific port of San José, while favoring the aristocracy and restoring the Church to its position of privilege. His reactionary policies were bitterly condemned by the Liberals, although Carrera was decorated by the Pope for his services to religion. Banditry was prevalent in Guatemala, where it was dangerous to travel outside of the capital. The more affluent residents of the city retired after dark behind thick stone or adobe walls, grilled windows, and sturdy, reinforced portals in their one-story houses.

In early January 1848, the promoter del Aguila distributed tempting advertisements concerning the forthcoming aerial spectacular, promising to satisfy the Guatemalan public in every respect. A Mexican horse troop would lead a parade through the city, starting at 11:00 A.M. The bullring would be magnificently decorated for the brilliant spectacle. Del Aguila pointed out the striking progress that had been made in ballooning during the previous 60 years, following the imaginative, pioneering efforts of some French aeronauts. He extolled the balloonists who, floating through the upper atmosphere without the wings of eagles, had thrilled many spectators throughout Europe and North and South America; and now, at last, that celebrated aeronaut, Don José María Flores, had arrived in Guatemala to add new laurels to his distinguished accomplishments. This would, indeed, be the first manned balloon flight in the history of Central America. The experienced Flores had already made more than 60 successful ballooning ascents in other countries including Venezuela, Colombia, and Mexico: furthermore, he was reputed to have floated higher than any other balloonist in the world with the exception of the international champion, Gay-Lussac.

In point of fact, the first balloon flight in history was carried out on June 5, 1783, at Annonay, France: Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier launched an unmanned fabric bag, filled with hot air, which rose and drifted about a mile and a half. ¹ In Sep-

¹ Encyclopaedia Britannica, Micropaedia, 1974: 1, 767.
tember of the same year, they sent aloft a larger balloon carrying a sheep, a duck, and a rooster. The first manned balloon flight took place on November 21, 1783, when François Laurent and Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier made a daring ascent over Paris, covering about five miles; they were treated like heroes. Two other French balloonists were not so cordially received a month later when they floated 15 miles from Paris to a small, rural village: the local peasants, terrified by the sight of a flying monster coming down from the sky, attacked the balloon as it landed and tore it apart with pitchforks. Subsequently, Napoleon made use of anchored observation balloons in some of his battles.

Sunday, January 30, 1848, was a clear, dry-season day in the Guatemalan capital—typical of the springlike climate of Central America at an altitude of 5,000 feet. By noon, a huge crowd had gathered: it seemed that virtually the entire population of the city was moving toward the Plaza de Toros (a site that is now a small park and marketplace opposite the railroad station in Guatemala City, known as Plaza de Barrios; the Plaza de Toros no longer exists). Many spectators were seated on higher ground above the Plaza, on the Cielito and Calvario hills, since it cost from 3 to 6 reales to gain admittance. (Seats in the shade cost 6 reales, those in the sun only 3.) The rest of the capital appeared to be deserted. At 3:00 P.M., a military band started to play popular martial pieces, while a troop of soldiers carried out precise exercises in close-order drill. A Mexican equestrian group mounted on high-spirited steeds performed some difficult bareback stunts. A troop of nimble Guatemalan tumblers put on a show of acrobatic feats to the delight of the crowd, estimated to be in the neighborhood of 20,000.

The aeronaut Flores appeared, dressed in a dark brown suit adorned with shiny, gold buttons. He waved a white, broad-rimmed sombrero as he bowed respectfully to President Carrera and other important Guatemalan government officials seated in the Box of Honor. A native of Buenos Aires, Argentina, Flores was about 40 years old, slim, dashing, and handsome. To economize on travel expenses, he had left his wife and two young daughters in Oaxaca, Mexico, where he had recently made several successful balloon flights. He presented a preliminary, skillful exhibition of ballooning, making use of a few small paper balloons which soared up and away.

Flores then directed the inflating of his huge balloon, about 40 feet in diameter by 60 feet in height, which was to lift him
into the sky. The balloon itself, a nonporous bag made of light, tough, cotton cloth, was filled with heated air to enable it to rise and float in the atmosphere. By 5:30 P.M. the balloon was so inflated that it was straining to go up. Flores, meanwhile, was moving about rapidly and confidently, shouting instructions to his assistants. The excitement of the crowd by this time had reached a feverish pitch. Many spectators started to scream, while the military set off numerous, booming cannon shots. Flores called out “Hip, hip, vamos!” as he stepped into the balloon basket, which suddenly took off: as he soared rapidly upward, he saluted President Carrera and threw his hat down to the crowd below. Distracted by so much loud noise and hubbub, he failed to notice that one side of his balloon had caught fire. The applause and laughter of the crowd soon turned to moans of disbelief and grief, as the public became aware of an impending tragedy.

By the time Flores realized that his balloon was burning, he had reached an altitude of some 800 to 900 feet. Helpless in his basket, he could do nothing to put out the ravaging flames. Three or four minutes passed before the basket, reinforced with an iron railing, was violently cast loose and hurled downward like a stone—its supporting ropes had been consumed by fire. The unfortunate Flores crashed to the ground, several hundred yards away from the Plaza de Toros. Some friends ran to the prostrate aeronaut, but he was already dead. The multitude, which only a few minutes earlier had been so vociferous, gradually quieted down, and no sound was heard except for some muffled sobs and wails. For two days after the tragedy, nothing else was discussed in Guatemala City. A local newspaper surmised that most of the spectators were unable to sleep, while a considerable number became physically ill from grief. Following a solemn funeral, attended by numerous admirers of the unfortunate Flores at the church of San Juan de Dios, his remains were buried in the Cementerio General of the capital of Guatemala.

Probably the most disconsolate individual was the promoter of the ill-fated exhibition, José Vicente del Aguila. On February 6, 1848, one week after the accident, del Aguila organized a public display of the finest bulls and horses from the best Guatemalan haciendas, which was given at the Plaza de Toros; the entire proceeds from this sad benefit were donated to the widow and children of José María Flores in Oaxaca.
¡AY NO EXISTE!

Á LA MUERTE DEL INTRÉPIDO É INFELIZ AEREOACTA
D. JOSÉ MARÍA FLORES,
OCURRIDA, EN SU DESGRACIADA ASCENSIÓN, LA TARDE DE AYER 30 DE ENERO DE 1848.

SONETRO.
¡olaste al cielo! ¡Ah, vanos deseados!
Mas con alas, cual levan, de cera;
Y como era ya tu hora postrímera
¿Cómo él también te viste despeñado!
¡Grande! ¡hubiste! ¡pájaro y elevado!
Fué aquel momento, en que a celeste esfera,
Cual si Agüila retaz a gieno fuera,
El lanzasteis caliente y arrojado.
Mas soy de mal que toda la alegría,
Mezclada de ternura, con que os cubo
Hacer tu magnífica artística ascensión,
Se tornó de imporvista, en angustia;
Pues tus mismos tormentos padecimos,
Al contemplarte ya sin salución.

Este desgraciado joven, de cortesía y finos modales; tenía, como
Lo ha acreditado, un templo de alma no común. La desgracia en que,
Tal vez, nacía o su carácter emprendedor, lo condujeron sin duda a
abrazar una carrera de peligros, en que, muchas veces, no solo halló
Por el medio decoroso del trabajo, la subsistencia de su pobre fami-
Lia, sino los laureles de gloria con que la opinion sabe ceñir la sien
Del talento y del valor. Y, aunque en Guatemala, tuvo la funesta
Ascenión, á que nos referimos un éxito tan desgraciado, el Aeroinacta
Sintió todas las sensaciones de placer, que pueden causar á un ar-
Tista los victores entusiastas de todo un pueblo, que lo contemplaba
Atónito, atravesar el espacio y elevarse al cielo.

Yo estoy intimamente conmovido por la suerte horrible y desastro-
Sa que tocó á Flores, así como lo está toda la población, en la que se
Notaron, por la maravilla del ascenso, y por la catastrofe con que se
Terminó, emociones y rasgos de dolor mas bien para sentidos que no
Para expresados.—Desde que salió el globo, en que iba surcando los
Aires nuestro viajero, ya iba herido del fuego; pero fue abogada la
Voz de aviso, que se dio por algunos, con los victores de entusiastas
Y salvos de artillería con que el Supremo Gobierno y el público
Correspondieron al urbano y graciosos saludo con que se despedía de
La tierra el escudriñador de las alturas. Ebiro el de gloria, no pu-
Do conocer, al principio, todo su peligro; mas se propuso el incen-
Diez, con tal rapidez, que, en pocos momentos, se desprendió la ca-
Nea, que sostenia la barquilla, del resto del globo, y el desdichado Flo-
Res y los espectadores sentimos á un mismo tiempo el golpe de muerte.

Después, pues, dar un alivio á mi imaginación, fatigada y opri-
Mida, en lo la memoria del suceso, no puedo menos que propor-
Cionar á las almas sensibles, amadoras de la humanidad, de las ci-encia-
Cias y de las artes, el mismo consuelo, que yo tendrá, al ver que
Contribuimos en favor de la familia de Flores con lo que nos dice
Nuestro distintivo carácter de piedad. Si, conciudadanos generosos,
No solo debemos, á la familia del desgraciado, esta muestra de re-
specto al valor distinguido, sino que la debemos de justicia; pues, aun
Los que pagamos, lo pedido en el cartel, nunca podremos compensar
dignamente el sacrificio del joven que voló á una muerte casi cier-
ta, por dar pan á sus hijos y presentarnos una idea del poder del hom-
Bre, en un cuadro, nuevo para nosotros.

Guatemala, Enero 31. de 1848.
José Basilio Porras.

SUSCRIPCION.

Está abierta en las variedades, á cargo del Sr. D. Julian Rivera. En la
Tienda del Sr. D. Manuel Matheu, y en la del Sr. D. Manuel Yela, quienes se
Han prestado generosos á desembolsar tan honesta comisión, y quienes darán cuenta con el resultado y listas de suscripción al Sr. Presidente de la República, que preside el acto imponente de la ascensión, y á quien vinimos derramar, por el descanso lágrimas que le honran, para que, por la mira más justa y segura,
Mane á la desgraciada familia de Flores, en la cantidad que se recoge por este medio, y otros de que se ocupa el S. G., una ligera muestra del aprecio que sabe hacer Guatemala, no solo del mérito, sino del valor desgraciado.

"On the Death of the Intrepid and Unfortunate Aeronaut Don José María Flores"
Sonnet by José Basilio Porras printed on a broadsheet
Friends of the Library Fund
There is an expression in Spanish: “No hay mal que por bien no venga,” which means roughly that something good may come out of every misfortune. Such was the case following the death of Flores, when numerous Guatemalan poets were moved to verse to honor the memory of the defunct balloonist. One of the best of these poetic efforts is now in the collections of the Princeton University Library in the form of a broadsheet, purchased with funds given by the Friends of the Library. It is a sonnet by José Basilio Porras, a versatile newspaper journalist and political figure of the period, who in 1838 had been president of the Federal Congress of Central America:

ON THE DEATH OF THE INTREPID AND UNFORTUNATE AERONAUT DON JOSÉ MARÍA FLORES WHICH TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY JANUARY 30, 1848, DURING HIS ILL-FATED ASCENT

SONNET
You flew to the sky! Oh bold FLORES! With wings of wax, like Icarus; And as it was your final hour Like him you saw yourself hurled downward! Great! sublime! majestic and exalted! Was that moment when you launched yourself Toward celestial spheres, valiant and impetuous, As if your spirit were a swift Eagle. But alas! how quickly all the cordial Happiness we felt when we saw you Making your brave, artistic ascent, Turned suddenly to agony; For we ourselves suffered your own torments, When we observed your hopeless fate.

Guatemala, January 31, 1848.
José Basilio Porras.

Another notable poem, composed by an anonymous verse maker, appeared in the Guatemalan newspaper, La Revista, on February 4, 1848:

A LA MUERTE DEL CELEBRE AERONAUTA
D. J. M. FLORES

En vano inexorable la natura
Al hombre fija por mansion la tierra;
En vano en cortos limites encierra
Su genio y su poder con mano dura;

En vano le sujeta cual cadena
En su estrecha prision la pesantez;
En vano humilla el hado su altivez
Y á vivir entre el polvo le condena;

Que hallando luego al estendido suelo
A su ambicion y á su poder estrecho,
Atado á un lienzo y con osado pecho,
Dejó la tierra y elevóse al cielo;

Y la tierra lo ha visto abandonarla
Por llegar á regiones ignoradas,
Y las nubes lo vieron asombradas
A su altura llegar y traspasarla.

Asi vimos á Flores atrevido,
Llenos de espanto y de terror profundo,
Lanzarse audaz allá... lejos del mundo
En una fragil barquilla suspendido.

Al ver su gran arrojo, al ver su gloria,
No es un hombre, pensé, no es un mortal.
Y al ver su fin aterrador, fatal;
Tambien el genio es polvo, barro, escoria.
ON THE DEATH OF THE FAMOUS AERONAUT
DON JOSÉ MARÍA FLORES

Nature inexorably fixes
Home for man down upon the earth;
Confining his powers and genius
With an iron hand, to restricted limits;

Like a chain gravity holds him
Down within his narrow prison;
Fate humiliates his arrogance without pity
And condemns him to live in dust;

Finding then the broad earth
Too confining for his ambition and power
With bold confidence, tied to coarse cloth,
He left the earth and was raised toward the sky.

And the earth saw him abandon it
To head toward unknown regions,
The astonished clouds watched him
As he reached, then surpassed their height.

Thus filled with dread and profound terror,
We watched the daring Flores
Hurl himself upward—far from the earth,
Suspended in a fragile balloon basket.

Witnessing his colossal boldness and glory,
I thought he cannot be a mortal being;
Then saw his terrifying, fatal crash,
As genius became worthless dust and mud.

Library Notes

LONDON OBSERVED, 1982

From April 25 to October 10, 1982, “London Observed: A Graphic Arts Exhibition of Historical Prints” appeared in the Gould Gallery on the first floor and the Graphic Arts Collection on the second floor of Firestone Library. This major exhibition, illustrating in prints and books the history and development of one of the great cities of the world from the 15th century to our own times, was prepared by the Graphic Arts staff, Dale Roylance, curator, and Nancy Finlay, curatorial assistant.

The panoramas of London by Wenzel Hollar were lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Thomas Shotter Boys’s portfolio of hand-colored lithographs, Original Views of London As It Is, 1842, occupied a prominent place on the walls of the Gould Gallery. It has been placed on deposit in the Graphic Arts Collection by Leonard L. Milberg ‘53. All other prints and books for the exhibition came from the Princeton University Library.

The publication of the exhibition brochure was made possible by The Leonard L. Milberg, Class of 1953, Fund for the Graphic Arts. The text of that brochure, written by Dale Roylance, is republished here along with five of its illustrations.

Early engraved views, known also as vedute and topographical views, have an importance beyond their great charm as pictures of things past. Such prints also often incorporate the technical information of maps, serve as invaluable records of vanished architecture and urban design, and provide pictorial documentation of the way of life of another time. At their best, old city views have the magical power to shape our entire conception of another place and time: Piranesi’s Rome, Canaletto’s Venice, and Hogarth’s London have become an ineradicable part of our visual memory of these great cities.

Among the cities of Europe, London stands apart for the number and continuity of its portrayals in engraved prints. Every technique in the history of the graphic arts, from en-
graving to photography, seems to have generated a new enthusiasm for London as subject.

The first printed illustration of London appears in woodcut form in books from the presses of two of England's earliest printers. The first image, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1497, shows a medieval walled city of spires, but its visual identity is as anonymous as the city woodcuts of the Nuremberg Chronicle. The Richard Pynson woodcut, printed by him in 1510, is more unmistakably London, with the Thames, Old St. Paul's, and the Tower of London easily recognizable.

Topographical engraving benefited enormously from the introduction and mastery of the art of engraving on copper. The process lent itself very well to the fine detail and precise delineation so important in architectural rendering. By the beginning of the 17th century, Dutch engravers had come to produce the great, highly sophisticated atlases of maps associated with new exploration and navigation of the world. One of the first and most important was Georg Braun's Civitates Orbis Terrarum. "Londinium" is prominently placed as this 1552 folio's first engraved plate. Braun's London, as well as the 16th-century London views by Ralph Agas (ca. 1560) and John Norden (1593), are more bird's-eye view maps than true city views, however.

In the long panorama view by Nicholas John Visscher (ca. 1610) the zenith perspective of 16th-century views descends to a more comfortable and human eye level. Many city views now adopted this skyline prospect, together with a Baroque format of flying cartouches and inscriptive banners borne aloft by cherubim. Visscher's panorama has several of these allegorical figures soaring above an otherwise very realistic scene of Tudor London. It presents a now vanished London very well described in such historical chronicles of the 17th century as John Stowe's Survey of London and John Camden's Britannia. A reminder that this is also Shakespeare's London may be seen in the detail of the Globe Theater.

One of the most celebrated of topographical artists, Wenzel Hollar, is closely associated with the depiction of 17th-century London. The sharply observant Hollar had been brought to England from Bohemia in 1636 as an artist in the entourage of the Earl of Arundel. In addition to his many etched portraits and costume studies of English society, Hollar created an extraordinary number of topographical studies of England and of London. Two Hollar panoramas of London are of the great-
est interest in showing London before and after the great fire of 1666. The fire, which raged unchecked for four days, destroyed most of the medieval city of London. The appalling event was turned into the opportunity of building a new city, and architects Christopher Wren, Nicholas Hawksmoor, and James Gibbs erected over the burnt-out ruins of a timbered city a new London, built of brick and Portland stone. By 1711 Wren's masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral, was finished, and a far more familiar London skyline established.

During the same times that saw the development of the aristocratic London of Christopher Wren in fine houses, squares, and churches, there emerged a squalid and raucous London of the streets. Tradesmen and hawkers discovered the advertising value of shouting their wares, beggars, street musicians, and "raree" peep shows clamored for attention, and London after dark became the London of thieves and prostitutes. One of the greatest of all graphic artists, William Hogarth, recorded all this with the energy and wit of the born satirist and artist. His prints of "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane" show the contrast between the virtues of moderation in beer drinking, with its happy drinkers amid well-kept buildings and crumbling pawn shop, and the excesses of gin drinking, with devastation wreaked on both people and neighborhood, save only the prosperous pawn shop. Poverty and crime lived in close proximity with wealth and art, and the prints of Hogarth, like the novels of Defoe and Fielding, give us a still vivid picture of the high and low life of 18th-century London.

Popular prints in the form of street cries and caricatures also flourished at this time, and the first print shops—including Carrington & Bowles in St. Paul's churchyard and Humphrey's at 27 St. James's Street—became an important part of the London scene. Such shops made possible a new political role for art and prints. Caricatures by James Gillray and Thomas Rowlandson attacked with a venomous and bitter gusto the established order of things. Rowlandson's bite was softened, however, in many of his illustrations of London life. His contributions to Dr. Syntax in London, and most of all those in the picture encyclopedia of The Microcosm of London, present a warmer appraisal of the human condition than appears in most caricatures. The Microcosm of London, issued in 1808 in four volumes by the great London print publisher Rudolph Ackermann, has aquatint engravings of all the important building facades and
interiors of London rendered by Augustus Charles Pugin, with the figures inhabiting them etched by Rowlandson. The splendors of London palaces are presented in another of Ackermann’s multivolume color plate books, W. H. Pyne’s History of the Royal Residences, London, 1819. Westminster Abbey was featured in still another Ackermann color plate book in 1812 with aquatints by Pugin and others.

Aquatint engraving, with its beautiful duplication of the flat tones of watercolor painting, proved to be the ideal technique for 18th-century topographical prints. Its introduction in England by Paul Sandby in 1775 coincided with a great revival of watercolor painting in England. Ackermann was a master entrepreneur of art as business, and he recognized a new public taste for color prints in aquatint. He established his own printshop, Ackermann’s Repository of Arts at 101 The Strand, London, where he employed both children and political exiles from the French Revolution in the assembly line coloring of his many fine color plate books. One of the first illustrated periodicals, The Repository of Arts, was published in 40 volumes in the years 1809 to 1828 as an arbiter of all things elegant, from fashion to garden ornaments. Regency taste, modes, and manners were recorded and promoted here as in no other publication of the 18th century. In addition to the many aquatint views of London that appear in The Repository of Arts, there are series of plates on furniture, interior decoration, theaters, and gardens, patterns for needlework, and even actual fabric swatches tipped in to show the latest patterns. As in The Microcosm of London, the city views are by Pugin and Rowlandson, and were published in 1816 as a separate book, a standard Ackermann procedure, in J. B. Papworth’s Select Views of London.

Of the same period, but printed in the new process of lithography, is one of the masterpieces of the history of the graphic arts, Thomas Shotter Boys’s Original Views of London As It Is. Nowhere in previous city views of London do figures in the landscape work so well as here. In the 17th-century panoramas, the minuscule figures are almost lost in the sweeping architectural landscape. In Hogarth, the tableau of human frailty and the moral to be illustrated from it are more important than any specific city scene. Boys’s London for the first time fully grasps a noble and gracious city ambience of architecture and people in a large and, at the same time, prosperous city. It is
the London that the poet Wordsworth saw, standing on Westminster Bridge in 1802:

This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie,
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

The prosperity and peace of England continued despite the Napoleonic wars. By mid-century, the shared confidence and good will of the nation and its monarchs peaked in the first world's fair, London's Great Exhibition of 1851. Seldom in the history of the world has an event created such a full and resplendent graphic record. Nearly all the best artists and printmakers of the day labored to create books and prints worthy of the fair itself. The Illustrated London News indulged in mammoth foldout woodcuts of Paxton's Crystal Palace and from July to December of 1851 ran continuous special features on the fair. George Baxter in his special color print process, and George Cruikshank in his endlessly detailed etching, created some of their best oversize prints depicting London and its fair. Victoria and Albert rode the crest of all this good pictorial publicity by commissioning a series of paintings by Joseph Nash, Louis Haghe, and David Roberts to illustrate a huge folio called Dickinson's Comprehensive Pictures of the Great Exhibition (London, 1851). Printed in a consummately skillful color lithography, the 50 folio plates of this work are permeated with a sunny optimism and faith in the progress of man that is almost religious.

All was not well in the best of all possible worlds, however, and the many serious problems of the great city became manifest in the last half of the 19th century. Congestion and pollution, twin evils of the industrial revolution, began to create their own version of a metropolis. At this distance in time we are able to view the crime and poverty of late 19th-century London in a picturesque Dickensian fog, but a French visitor in 1872 looked more directly at the dark side of London. Gustave Doré, already famous for his wood-engraved illustrations to Dante's Inferno, wandered through London's sights and sorrows, making drawings for his own dark view of the 19th-century city. In the text to Doré's London, Douglas Jerrold writes:

London is all too charged with misery. The mighty capital
Gustave Doré
Princeton University Library

Alvin Langdon Coburn
Photograph of "St. Paul's from Ludgate Circus"
Princeton University Library
comprehends whole townships of the almost hopeless poor. You step out of the Strand into Drury Lane or Bedfordbury [notorious slums]; out of Regent Street by the East into the slums of the shirtless; out of the Royal Exchange into Petticoat Lane: nay, out of the glittering halls of Parliament into the Alsatia that—diminished but not destroyed—lies a shame and scandal behind Westminster Abbey. The Devil’s Acre skirts the Broad Sanctuary.

A collaborative, more literal documentation of all this misery exists in the six-volume work by Henry Mayhew, London Labour and the London Poor: A Cyclopaedia of the condition and earnings of those that will work, those that cannot work and those that will not work (London, 1861). A classic in the history of social work, Mayhew’s book also includes a pictorial survey of the costermongers, prostitutes, street sellers, and artisans of the city, with wood engravings taken from daguerreotypes. Photography plays an increasing role in the late 19th century in the documentation of old London in such projects as the 1881 portfolio of the Society for Photographing Relics of Old London, with carbon prints by Henry Dixon.

In our own time, photography has emerged as the main printmaking process, and many artists of the medium have turned to the city view as subject. The “truthful lens” is ideal for architectural scenes with its ability to match the eye in taking a pure perspective, texture and tone, and all the multifarious details of a scene at a glance. Indeed it has been suggested that the best topographical views by such masters as Canaletto and Thomas Shotter Boys may have involved the early use of the lens of the camera lucida. Modern city views also have their photographic masters. Atget and Brassai, Evelyn Hofer and Cartier-Bresson may be regarded as 20th-century descendants of the city view engravers of earlier centuries. One of the best visual records of Edwardian London is its poetic portrayal in photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn. And in more recent photography, Bill Brandt created his reputation as a photographer of London by prowling the city to capture on film the same scenes that were engraved for Doré’s 19th-century London.

The Second World War and the decades following have drastically changed the face of London. Modern urban sprawl, congestion, and pollution have altered old London in almost irremediable ways. The London of historical engravings, however, remains as beautiful, various, and colorful as the prints themselves.

—DALE ROYLANCE, Curator of Graphic Arts

THE ELMER ADLER BOOK COLLECTING CONTEST, 1982

In an age when young people are frequently criticized for failing to read books, the idea of a student book collecting contest might seem anachronistic. Yet despite annual apprehension that student collectors may not appear, the response to the Elmer Adler book collecting contest continues strong. Each year several new student collectors arrive in the Graphic Arts Collection to announce their personal interest. On May 14, the three judges of the book collecting contest, Mina Bryan, Robert Taylor, and Dale Roylance met with each of the applicants, read their essays on book collecting, and saw some of the books from their personal libraries. First prize was awarded Bret Watson ’82 for his fine collection of Russian novelist Vladimir Nabokov, and second prize was given to Stacy Andres ’84 for her collection of books on medieval history.

—DALE ROYLANCE, Curator of Graphic Arts
RECENT ACQUISITIONS—MANUSCRIPTS

The following manuscripts were added to the Library's collections during the period from July 1, 1981, through June 30, 1982. This listing does not include deposited manuscripts, nor photocopies of manuscripts housed elsewhere. Manuscripts in the Seeley G. Mudd Library of 20th-century public affairs papers are separately noted, as are manuscript additions to the Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelists.


ARENAS, REINALDO. Manuscripts of his Otra vez el mar, Termina el desfile, and poem El Central. From the author.

BEARDSLEY, AUBREY. Autograph letter to Leonard Smithers, October 14, 1897.

BELCHER, JONATHAN. Twelve letters to his nephew Mather Byles, 1730-1748, from the governor of the Province of New Jersey and benefactor of Princeton.

BOYD, JULIAN P. Personal papers, including correspondence with Archibald MacLeish, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S Truman. Gift of Mrs. Julian P. Boyd.

BROWN, FREDERICK THOMAS. Addition to the family papers: his daughter Mary Brown Lapier's album including photographs of Mexico, 1897. Gift of Miss Katharine S. Pearce.

BURT, NATHANIEL '36. His musical score "Fruits of Solitude" in three parts. Gift of the composer.

CIVIL WAR. Eighty-two letters from William T. Meredith on board U.S. flagship Hartford, 1864, to his wife. Gift of his descendant, Mrs. Florine Dana Kopper.

COLLINS, WILKIE. Autograph letter to the Reverend George Bainton about his methods of writing, September 23, 1897.

COOK, PROFESSOR G. H. Seven letters addressed to him and others, 1841-1846. Gift of Mrs. Ruth Hutchinson Calkins.

COZZENS, JAMES GOULD. Five additional boxes of material from his publisher Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, including copies used there by Professor Matthew Bruccoli; to be added to the Cozzens papers. Gift of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

CRUIKSHANK, GEORGE. Papers, including several hundred letters received, plays and poems sent to him, and other material.

DAVIDSON, DONALD. Five letters to Professor Louis O. Coxe '40. Gift of the recipient.

DODGE, MARY MAPES. Letters to her at St. Nicholas magazine, from Kipling, Longfellow, Whittier, Celia Thaxter, Frank Stockton, and others including many women writers, 1867-1903.

DONOSO, JOSE '51. Manuscripts including La Misteriosa desparación de la Marquesita de Loria and Poemas de un novelista. From the author.


EINSTEIN, ALBERT. Three letters to Hermann Broch, one with an autograph poem, and one letter to Professor V. Middendorf, 1944-1946. From Mrs. Erich Kahler.


ENGSTROM, ELMER W. Addresses and papers from his years as director of research and president of RCA; diplomas and other papers. Gift of Dr. Elmer W. Engstrom.

FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE. Fourteen letters to W. Tinsley, 1867-1902.

FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT '17. Thomas Daniels's collations of his short stories, with notes. Gift of the compiler's widow.


FORD, FORD MADOX. "Epilogue," the manuscript of an unpublished work, ca. 1917. Gift of Omar S. Pound.

GORDON, CAROLINE. Setting copy (including original typescript of Robert Penn Warren's introduction) and proofs of her Col-
LECTED SHORT STORIES, 1981. Gift of Dr. and Mrs. Percy H. Wood, Jr.

GORDON, CAROLINE. Typescript with corrections of her uncompleted novel "Joy of the Mountains." Gift of Dr. and Mrs. Percy H. Wood, Jr.

GORDON, CAROLINE. Forty-five letters to her from Jean Thomas, 1960-1963. Transfer from Catholic Worker Archives, Marquette University.


HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. Letter to Mrs. Charles Scribner on the death of her husband [February 18, 1952]. Gift of her son Charles Scribner, Jr. '43.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS. Over 100 letters, two essays, and other papers. Gift of Goodwin G. Weinberg '29.

JONES, JAMES. Correspondence with Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947-1964. Gift of The Scribner Book Companies, Inc. for addition to the Charles Scribner's Sons Archive.

KAHLER, ERICH. Papers, manuscripts, typescripts, and proofs of books, articles, and lectures, and some correspondence. Gift of Mrs. Erich Kahler.

KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR '04. Letters to his parents, 1904-1931, and four typescripts to add to the collection of his papers. Gift of his daughter, Mrs. Frank W. Hubby.

KORAN. Illuminated manuscript in Arabic, probably 18th century. Gift of Mrs. Charles Ingerman in memory of her father, Howard Longstreh.


LANHAM, GENERAL CHARLES T. Personal papers of General Lanham, including copies of his letters to Ernest Hemingway, photographs, and material about Hemingway's years as war correspondent in France, 1944-1945. Gift of Mrs. Charles T. Lanham.


MACLAY, ROBERT HALL. Some 150 letters to his brother Arthur Collins Maclay from Tientsin, China, 1919-1929, with much other material. Gift of the estate of Elisabeth M. Trowbridge.

MARION, ELIZABETH. Letters to Carl Van Doren, including four letters from him and four from Mark Van Doren. Gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Marion Saunders.


O'NEILL, ROSE CECIL. Twenty-one letters and cards from the originator and designer of the Kewpies to William Curtis Gibson, art editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and Mrs. Gibson, and other material relating to her. Gift of Robert Van Valzhak, Jr. '36.

Palm Leaf Book. Gift of Lawrence O. Snead III '75.

Prayer Roll. Illuminated prayers in roll form, with a miniature of the Trinity with a donor figure. English, late 15th century, with English local tax records written on the verso after the Reformation.

PRIETO-MAÍZ PAPERS. Hacienda records, 1822-1914; urban real estate, 1890-1914; and mining papers, 1890-1945; all from northern Mexico. Gift of Pedro Maíz '77, Mrs. Guadalupe Maíz Vda. de Madero, and Dr. Jesús Maíz.

RICE, HOWARD C., JR. Research material related to his work on the American campaigns of Rochambeau's army, 1780-1783. Gift of Mrs. Howard C. Rice, Jr.


ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX. Sixty-eight letters to Monroe Wheeler, 1927; 13 letters to Glenway Wescott, 1919-1939; 20 poems; impressions of her written by Glenway Wescott; and two letters from Marianne Moore. Gift of Monroe Wheeler.

RUSKIN, JOHN. Revisions to Chapter X of "St. Mark's Rest," about the mosaics of Venice.

RUSSELL, JONATHAN. Election sermon preached at Plymouth, June 1, 1686.

SANTAYANA, GEORGE. Correspondence with Charles Scribner's
Sons (approximately 200 letters including 78 letters from Santayana, 1946-1952). Gift of The Scribner Book Companies, Inc. for addition to the Charles Scribner's Sons Archive.


STURGES, JONATHAN, Class of 1885. Copies of material about him. Gift of Edward Ridley Finch, Jr. '41.

TATE, ALLEN. Additions to the family papers: letters to Nancy Tate Wood from Allen and Caroline Gordon Tate and others, 1938-1973; letters from Katherine Anne Porter to Caroline Gordon Tate and her daughter Nancy Tate Wood, 1931-1963. Gift of Dr. and Mrs. Percy H. Wood, Jr.


WASHINGTON, GEORGE. Letters to Col. Elias Dayton, June 14, 1781. Gift of an anonymous alumnus.

WHITMAN, WALT. Three short verses: "America," 1888, "As I Sit Writing Here," and "Going Somewhere." Gift of Alfred L. Rose '08, who also gave a few other manuscript items.

WILSON, ELLEN AXSON. Two letters to Mary Celestine Mitchell, 1911-1912. Gift of Mrs. Benjamin King.


WILSON, WOODROW, Class of 1879. Three letters, 1903 and 1913, and calling cards to Professor George M. Harper, Class of 1884. Gift of Mrs. George M. Harper, Jr.

WILSON, WOODROW, Class of 1879. Exchange of letters with Har-
collection or integrated group of papers was added to the holdings in the Seeley G. Mudd Manuscript Library:

LANHAM, CHARLES T. Personal papers, 1924-1978, including his correspondence for the years 1961-1978 and consisting in large part of restricted materials pertaining to General Lanham’s positions as chief of public relations at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE), 1951-1953, as an executive for the Penn Texas Corporation, 1955-1959, and as vice-president of the Xerox Corporation, 1961-1970, were the gift of Mrs. Charles T. Lanham.

The Seeley G. Mudd Manuscript Library has received the following manuscripts which augment or supplement existing papers or established collections:

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION. Additions to the archives by the ACLU included general correspondence and legal files for 1977.

BARUCH, BERNARD M. Copies of ten letters written by Mr. Baruch to his personal friend, Rudolph K. Kommer, during the 1920s and 1930s and some other items were the gift of the American Jewish Historical Society which is located on the campus of Brandeis University.

FORRESTAL, JAMES V. An exchange of correspondence about Secretary Forrestal in June 1949 between William A. Read and C. V. Richardson was given to the Library by Mr. Richardson.

KROCK, ARTHUR. Copies of manuscript materials relating to Arthur Krock from five presidential libraries and four other research collections were the gift of Lucian Pera ‘82.

MORSE, DAVID A. A transcript of an oral history interview for Columbia University on March 7, 1981, as well as some articles, speeches, and other items were added to his papers by Mr. Morse.

STEWENSON, ABDALI E. Some presidential campaign files for the years 1952, 1956, and 1960 and a speech by Wilson W. Wyatt about Governor Stevenson in 1981 were added to the Stevenson papers by George W. Ball, Barry Bingham, Sr., and Adlai E. Stevenson III.

—JEAN PRESTON, Curator of Manuscripts

RECENT ACQUISITIONS—BOOKS

During the past academic year (1981-1982) over 750 printed books and 716 pamphlets were purchased for the various collections. Donors presented more than 450 titles as well. Because these numbers are so large and space to record them is limited, only some 130 notable books have been listed.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND HISTORY


CHEROKEE NATION. The census of the Cherokee nation for 1880. Tahlequah, 1880. With this were purchased several other rare Cherokee imprints. Purchase. Friends of the Library Fund.


Continental European History and Literature


Elizabeth of Russia. [An account of the solemn ceremonies in the city of Moscow for the holy coronation of her august and imperial majesty]. Saint Petersburg, 1744. Printed in Russian. Title above translated from the engraved title page. Purchase. Friends of the Library Fund.


Icons biblicae praecipuas sacrae scripturae historias elegantem et graphicce representantes. Amsterdam, 1648. Gift of Mrs. Lila Tyng.


Spanish and Catalan Legal Tracts. A collection of 716 tracts
printed at Barcelona and other places during the 17th and 18th centuries. Purchase. History Fund and Latin American Studies Fund.


ENGLISH LITERATURE AND HISTORY


CHARACTER BOOKS, ENGLISH. A collection of 55 character books published in London between 1633 and 1750, the majority of which were printed in the 1680s. Purchase. Taylor Fund and Hunt Memorial Fund.


DEFOE, DANIEL. The life and strange-surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe; The farther adventures of Robinson Crusoe; and Serious reflections. . . . 3 vols. London, 1719-1720. Gift of Dr. Howard T. Behrman.


ENGLAND. PROCLAMATIONS. Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy out of this transitory life our Soveraigne Lady, . . . Elizabeth. London, 1602. Proclamation announcing the accession of James 1. Purchase. Taylor Fund and History Fund.


HARRINGTON, JAMES. The Oceana of . . . , and his other works. London, 1700. Purchase. Reed Fund.


Hickely pickely; or, A medley of characters, adapted to the age, relating to different persons. London, 1708. Purchase. Hunt Memorial Fund.


In imitation of Hudibras. The dissenting hypocrite, or occasional conformist; with reflections on two of the ring leaders, & c. London, 1704. Purchase. Taylor Fund.


MIDDLETON, THOMAS. The Spanish gipsie. As it was acted (with great applause) at the private house in Drury Lane and Salisbury Court. The second impression. London, 1661. Woodward and McManaway 816. Purchase. Taylor Fund.


Mr. Taste’s tour from the island of politeness, to that of dulness and scandal. London, 1733. Purports to have been written by Alexander Pope. Purchase. Hunt Memorial Fund.


Pasquin risen from the dead: or, His own relation of a late voyage he made to the other world, in a discourse with his friend Marforio. Translated from the Italian. London, 1674. Purchase. Taylor Fund.


Proposals for printing by subscription, a general system of horsemanship in all its branches. [London?, 1742?]. Purchase. Taylor Fund.


Songs in the opera of Antiochus as they are perform’d at the Queen’s Theatre. [London?, 1712]. Purchase. Friends of the Library Fund.


SWIFT, JONATHAN. Letters between Dr. Swift, Mr. Pope, & c. From the year 1714 to 1734. London, 1741. Purchase. English Literature Fund.


A treatise on the passions, so far as they regard the stage: with a critical enquiry into the theatrical merit of. . . . [London?, 1747]. Purchase. Taylor Fund.

TROTTER, CATHERINE. The unhappy penitent, a tragedy: as it is acted, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by His Majesty’s servants. London, 1701. Purchase. Hunt Memorial Fund.


**EMBLEM BOOKS**


REDEL, AUGUST CASIMIR. *Annus symbolicus, emblematicus, et versus leonino, quemcumque statum hominum incitan ad animum pie recreandum. [Augsburg, ca. 1695]*. Purchase. Reed Fund.

SPINNIKER, ADRIAAN. *Leerzaame zinnebeelden. With this is bound his Vervolg der leerzaame zinnebeelden en spiegel der boetvaardigheid*. Haarlem, 1757-1758. Purchase. Reed Fund.

SUDERMAN, JAN. *De godlievende ziel vertoont in zinnebeelden door Herman Hugo en Otto van Veen met dichkunstige verklaringen van . . . Amsterdam, 1737*. Purchase. Reed Fund.

**HISTORY OF SCIENCE**


GIIL, JAYME. *Perfecta y curiosa declaración de los provechos grandes, que dan las colmenas bien administradas y alabanzas de las abejas*. Zaragoza, 1621. Purchase. Reed Fund.


A treatise of the diseases most frequent in the West-Indies, and herein more particularly of those which occur in Barbadoes. London, 1726. Purchase. History of Science Fund.

**MISCELLANEOUS**


FRIDOLIN, STEPHAN. *Der schatzbehalter oder schrein der wahren


POYER, JOHN. The history of Barbados, from the first discovery . . . in 1605, till . . . 1801. London, 1808. Gift of Mrs. Christian Aall.


—STEPHEN FERGUSON, Curator of Rare Books

Friends of the
Princeton University Library

ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER

The annual meeting and dinner, attended by 162 Friends, guests, and members of the Library staff, were held in the Firestone Library and in the former Chancellor Green Library on Saturday evening, April 24, 1982. A new exhibition, installed by Dale Roylance and Nancy Finlay, opened that evening in the Gould Gallery. It was called “London Observed: A Graphic Arts Exhibition of Historical Prints” and was scheduled to remain on view until October 10. William H. Scheide, chairman of the Council, presided at the annual business meeting in the Friends Room in the Graphic Arts Collection.

Herbert S. Bailey, Jr. of the Council of the Friends submitted the list of proposed Council members for the Class of 1982-1985, and those named were unanimously elected by the members present. Two new members, Leonard L. Milberg ’53 and Geoffrey Steele, were welcomed to the Council to fill the vacancies resulting from the deaths of Levering Cartwright ’26 and Daniel Maggin.

After dinner in Chancellor Green, the chairman introduced Provost Neil L. Rudenstine who presented the Donald F. Hyde Award for Distinction in Book Collecting and Service to the Community of Scholars to Phyllis Goodhart Gordan of New York City.

The chairman then introduced the speaker of the evening, Nicolas Barker, head of conservation at the British Library and editor of The Book Collector. He called his talk “The Perils of Authorship in the Sixteenth Century.”

FINANCIAL REPORT

The summary of financial transactions on the Operating Account for the year 1981-1982 is as follows:

83
RECEIPTS

Cash balance July 1, 1980 $18,205
Dues for 1981-1982 as well as
special and matching gifts 57,092
Chronicle subscriptions and other sales 4,729
Annual dinner, April 24, 1982 3,810
Total  $83,845

EXPENDITURES

Printing of Chronicle, Vol. XLIII, No. 3 $ 4,385
Printing of Chronicle, Vol. XLIII, No. 1 4,522
Chronicle and other publication production
expenses 2,588
Postage and addressing 2,676
Printing of invitations, envelopes, etc. 3,830
Exhibition and reception expenses 3,006
Transfer to Acquisitions Fund 14,000
Clerical assistance 5,549
Editor's salary 2,928
November Council Dinner 7,32
Annual dinner, April 24, 1982 3,858
Miscellaneous 2,477
Total  $50,551
Cash balance June 30, 1982 $33,294

PUBLICATION FUND

RECEIPTS

Balance July 1, 1981 $4,308
Sales 2,303
Contributions 2,054
Total  $8,665

EXPENDITURES

Printing of New Jersey Road Maps $2,195
(750 copies)
Advertising and postage 128
Total  $2,323
Balance June 30, 1982 $6,342

Princeton University Library Publications

MAX BEERBOHM AND
THE MIRROR OF THE PAST
Lawrence Danson
A critical study of an
unpublished Beerbohm manuscript
in the Robert H. Taylor Collection
96 pp. 21 plates. 1982. $15.00

NEW JERSEY ROAD MAPS
OF THE 18TH CENTURY
ed. Howard C. Rice, Jr.
Facsimiles of eighteen maps
dating from 1762 to 1804
4 pp. text 36 pp. illus.
Third printing, 1981. $5.00

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTS:
THREE CENTURIES OF ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,
PRINTS AND DRAWINGS
Exhibition catalogue and articles
by Dale Roylance and Nancy Finlay
56 pp. 24 plates. 1981. $5.00

CERTAIN SMALL WORKS
Robert H. Taylor
Of Collectors and Collecting;
The Writer's Craft; Anthony Trollope
164 pp. 9 illus. 1980. $10.00
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Four plays written for the
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Jamie Kleinberg Shalleck
European Handbound Books in the
Princeton University Library
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Opera Overtures: Amadigi, Scipione, and Admeto
Oratorio Overtures: Samson and Athalia
Two Pugues: G minor and A minor
Performed by Edward Parmentier
Explanatory notes by J. Merrill Knapp
Stereo LP 1976. $7.50

SMYTH REPORT ON THE ATOMIC BOMB
Offprint of three Chronicle articles
about the publishing history and
bibliography of the official report
on the first atomic bomb
45 pp. 13 illus. 1976. $2.00

FATHER BOMBO'S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA
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The first American novel, written in
Nassau Hall in 1770 by Philip Frenneau '71
and Hugh Henry Brackenridge '71
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Stanley Corngold, Victor Lange, and
Theodore Ziolkowski
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DR. PANOFSKY & MR. TARKINGTON:
AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS, 1938-1946
ed. Richard M. Ludwig
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ed. Robert L. Patten
258 pp. 44 plates. 1974. $10.00

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ed. Robert S. Fraser
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Charles Ryskamp
intro. Geoffrey Keynes
A Descriptive Catalogue of an Exhibition
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intro. Gillett G. Griffin
76 pp. 1968. $3.00

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FROM THE CHESTER BEATTY LIBRARY
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ed. Charles Ryskamp
75 pp. 12 illus. 1966. $3.50

THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON AT PRINCETON
John R. Martin
42 pp. 24 illus. 1961. $7.50

ON PLAYS, PLAYWRIGHTS, AND PLAYGOERS:
SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF
BOOTH TARKINGTON
ed. Alan S. Downer
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