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That Kind of Party

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD '17

"That Kind of Party" was originally intended by Fitzgerald to be one of the series of nine stories which he wrote around Basil Duke Lee and his friends. Fitzgerald wrote the series for The Saturday Evening Post and the eight other stories were printed there, but the Post rejected "That Kind of Party" because its editors did not care to believe that children of ten and eleven played kissing games. This was one of those characteristically absurd attitudes Fitzgerald was always unearthing, to his outraged astonishment, in the editors of large-circulation magazines. Since the Basil series was planned for the Post, Fitzgerald sought to conceal the connection of "That Kind of Party" with Basil before he sold it elsewhere by changing the names of the characters (but at one point in the existing type-script the typist has inadvertently kept the name "Basil"). There is no evidence of what the other editors to whom he sought to sell the story thought, but I suppose we can assume that they did not believe people kissed before twenty-one either. In any event, the story was never printed.

The Basil series was written out of Fitzgerald's recollections of his boyhood in St. Paul (though there are several details in "That Kind of Party"—the mention of Tonawanda and the eating of the raw egg, for example—which reflect his younger days in Buffalo); the scenes and characters can easily be identified by people who grew up with Fitzgerald: the "towheaded little boy with the greenest of eyes and thin keen features" is clearly Master Scott Fitzgerald. "Basil's father," says a note in Fitzgerald's notebooks, "had been an unsuccessful young Kentuckian of good family and his
mother, Alice Reilly, the daughter of a 'pioneer' wholesale grocer.' These descriptions fit Scott Fitzgerald's parents very closely.

The Post printed its eight Basil stories in the order of Basil's growing up, and, with one slight exception, the stories were also written in that order. It is probably safe, therefore, to assume that "That Kind of Party," which belongs in the chronology of Basil's life between "The Scandal Detectives" (written in March, 1928) and "A Night at the Fair" (written in May, 1928), was written between these two stories, in April, 1928. These facts are not, perhaps, of vital importance. What does matter is that, though "That Kind of Party" is not the best of the Basil stories, it is far from the least interesting and ought not to have had to wait twenty-three years for print. In fact, the nine Basil stories ought, as Maxwell Perkins kept insisting during Fitzgerald's lifetime, to be put together in a book.—Arthur Mizener '30

After the party was over a toplofty Stevens-Duryea and two 1909 Maxwells waited with a single victoria at the curb—the boys watched as the Stevens filled with a jovial load of little girls and roared away. Then they strung down the street in threes and fours, some of them riotous, others silent and thoughtful. Even for the always-surprised ages of ten and eleven, when the processes of assimilation race hard to keep abreast of life, it had been a notable afternoon.

So thought Terence R. Tipton, by occupation actor, athlete, scholar, philatelist, and collector of cigar bands. He was so exalted that all his life he would remember vividly coming out of the house, the feel of the spring evening, the way that Dolly Bartlett walked to the auto and looked back at him, pert, exultant, and glowing. What he felt was like fright—appropriate enough, for one of the major compulsions had just taken its place in his life. Fool for love was Terence from now, and not just at a distance but as one who had been summoned and embraced, one who had tasted with a piercing delight and had become an addict within an hour. Two questions were in his mind as he approached his house—how long had it been going on, and when was he liable to encounter it again?

His mother greeted a rather pale, towheaded little boy with the greenest of eyes and thin keen features. How was he? He was all right. Did he have a good time at the Gilrays'? It was all right.

Would he tell her about it? There was nothing to tell.
"Wouldn't you like to have a party, Terence?" she suggested.
"You've been to so many."
"No, I wouldn't, Mother."
"Just think—ten boys and ten little girls, and ice cream and cake and games."
"What games?" he asked, not faintly considering a party but from reflex action to the word.
"Oh, euchre or hearts or authors."
"They don't have that."
"What do they have?"
"Oh, they just fool around. But I don't want to have a party."
Yet suddenly the patent disadvantages of having girls in his own house and bringing into contact the worlds within and without, like indelicately tearing down the front wall, were challenged by his desire to be close to Dolly Bartlett again.
"Could we just be alone without anybody around?" he asked.
"Why, I wouldn't bother you," said Mrs. Tipton. "I'd simply get things started, then leave you."
"That's the way they all do." But Terence remembered that several ladies had been there all afternoon, and it would be absolutely unthinkable if his mother were anywhere at hand.

At dinner the subject came up again.
"Tell Father what you did at the Gilrays'," his mother said.
"You must remember."
"Of course I do, but—."
"I'm beginning to think you played kissing games," Mr. Tipton guessed casually.
"Oh, they had a crazy game they called Clap-in-and-clap-out," said Terence indifferently.
"What's that?"
"Well, all the boys go out and they say somebody has a letter. No, that's post office. Anyhow, they have to come in and guess who sent for them." Hating himself for the disloyalty to the great experience, he tried to end with: "And then they kneed down and if he's wrong they clap him out of the room. Can I have some more gravy, please?"
"But what if he's right?"
"Oh, he's supposed to hug them," Terence mumbled. It sounded so shameful—it had been so lovely.
"All of them?"
"No, only one."
"So that's the kind of party you wanted," said his mother, somewhat shocked. "Oh, Terence."
"I did not," he protested. "I didn't say I wanted that."
"But you didn't want me to be there."
"I've met Gilray downtown," said Mr. Tipton. "A rather ordinary fellow from upstate."

This snobbery toward a diversion that had been popular in Washington's day at Mount Vernon was the urban attitude toward the folkways of rural America. As Mr. Tipton intended, it had an effect on Terence, but not the effect counted on. It caused Terence, who suddenly needed a pliable collaborator, to decide upon a boy named Joe Schoonover, whose family were newcomers in the city. He bicycled over to Joe's house immediately after dinner.

His proposition was that Joe ought to give a party right away and, instead of having just a few kissing games, have them steadily all afternoon, scarcely pausing for a bite to eat. Terence painted the orgy in brutal but glowing colors:

"Of course you can have Gladys. And then when you get tired of her, you can ask for Kitty or anybody you want, and they'll ask for you, too. Oh, it'll be wonderful!"

"Supposing somebody else asked for Dolly Bartlett."
"Oh, don't be a poor fool."
"I'll bet you'd just go jump in the lake and drown yourself."
"I would not."
"You would too."

This was poignant talk but there was the practical matter of asking Mrs. Schoonover. Terence waited outside in the dusk till Joe returned.

"Mother says all right."
"Say, she won't care what we do, will she?"
"Why should she?" asked Joe innocently. "I told her about it this afternoon and she just laughed."

Terence's schooling was at Mrs. Cary's Academy, where he idled through interminable dull gray hours. He guessed that there was little to learn there and his resentment frequently broke forth in insolence, but on the morning of Joe Schoonover's party he was simply a quiet lunatic at his desk, asking only to be undisturbed.

"So the capital of America is Washington," said Miss Cole, "and the capital of Canada is Ottawa, and the capital of Central America—"
"—is Mexico City," someone guessed.
"Hasn't any," said Terence absently.
"Oh, it must have a capital," said Miss Cole, looking at her map.
"Well, it doesn't happen to have one."
"That'll do, Terence. Put down Mexico City for the capital of Central America. Now that leaves South America."

Terence sighed.
"There's no use teaching us wrong," he suggested.

Ten minutes later, somewhat frightened, he reported to the principal's office, where all the forces of injustice were confusingly arrayed against him.

"What you think doesn't matter," said Mrs. Cary. "Miss Cole is your teacher and you were impertinent. Your parents would want to hear about it."

He was glad his father was away, but if Mrs. Cary telephoned, his mother would quite possibly keep him home from the party. With this wretched fate hanging over him, he left the school gate at noon and was assailed by the voice of Albert Moore, son of his mother's best friend, and thus a likely enemy.

Albert enlarged upon the visit to the principal and the probable consequences at home. Terence thereupon remarked that Albert, due to his spectacles, possessed four visual organs. Albert retorted as to Terence's pretension to universal wisdom. Brusque references to terrified felines and huge paranoiacs enlivened the conversation and presently there was violent weeping and waving, during which Terence quite accidentally butted into Albert's nose. Blood flowed—Albert howled with anguish and terror, believing that his lifeblood was dripping down over his yellow tie. Terence started away, stopped, pulled out his handkerchief and threw it toward Albert as a literal sop, then resumed his departure from the horrid scene, up back alleys and over fences, running from his crime. Half an hour later he appeared at Joe Schoonover's back door and had the cook announce him.

"What's the matter?" asked Joe.
"I didn't go home. I had a fight with Albert Moore."
"Gosh. Did he take off his glasses?"
"No, why?"
"It's a penitentiary offense to hit anybody with glasses. Say, I've got to finish lunch."

Terence sat wretchedly on a box in the alley until Joe appeared, with news appropriate to a darkening world.

"I don't know about the kissing games," he said. "Mother said it was silly."

With difficulty Terence wrested his mind from the specter of reform school.

"I wish she'd get sick," he said absently. "Don't you say that about my mother."

"I mean, I wish her sister would get sick," he corrected himself.

"Then she couldn't come to the party."

"I wish that too," reflected Joe. "Not very sick, though."

"Why don't you call her up and tell her her sister is sick?"

"She lives in Tonawanda. She'd send a telegram—she did once."

"Let's go ask Fats Palmer about a telegram."

Fats Palmer, son of the block's janitor, was a messenger boy several years older than themselves, a cigarette smoker and a blasphemer. He refused to deliver a forged telegram because he might lose his job but for a quarter he would furnish a blank and get one of his small sisters to deliver it. Cash down in advance.

"I think I can get it," said Terence thoughtfully.

They waited for him outside an apartment house a few squares away. He was gone ten minutes; when he came out he wore a fatigued expression and, after showing a quarter in his palm, sat on the curbstone for a moment, his mouth tightly shut, and waved them silent.

"Who gave it to you, Terence?"

"My aunt," he muttered faintly, and then: "It was an egg."

"What egg?"

"Raw egg."

"Did you sell some eggs?" demanded Fats Palmer. "Say, I know where you can get eggs—"

Terence groaned.

"I had to eat it raw. She's a health fiend."

"Why, that's the easiest money I ever heard of," said Fats. "I've sucked eggs—"

"Don't!" begged Terence, but it was too late. That was an egg without therapeutic value—an egg sacrificed for love.

This is the telegram Terence wrote:

*Am sick but not so badly could you come at once please*

*Your loving sister*

By four o'clock Terence still knew academically that he had a family but they lived a long way off in a distant past. He knew also that he had sinned, and for a time he had walked an alley saying "Now I lay me" over and over for worldly mercy in the matter of Albert Moore's spectacles. The rest could wait until he was found out, preferably after death.

Four o'clock found him with Joe in the Schoonover's pantry, where they had chosen to pass the last half hour, deriving a sense of protection from the servants' presence in the kitchen. Mrs. Schoonover had gone, the guests were due—and as at a signal agreed upon the doorbell and the phone pealed out together.

"There they are," Joe whispered.

"If it's my family," said Terence hoarsely, "tell them I'm not here."

"It's not your family—it's the people for the party."

"The phone I mean."

"You'd better answer it." Joe opened the door to the kitchen.

"Didn't you hear the doorbell, Irma?"

"There's cake dough on my hands and Essie's too. You go, Joe."

"No, I certainly will not."

"Then they'll have to wait. Can't you two boys walk?"

Once again the double summons, emphatic and alarming, rang through the house.

"Joe, you got to tell my family I'm not here," said Terence tensely. "I can't say I'm not here, can I? It'll only take a minute to tell them. Just say I'm not here."

"We've got to go to the door. Do you want all the people to go home?"

"No, I don't. But you simply got to—"

Irma came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands.

"My sakes alive," she said, "why don't you tend the door before the children get away?"

They both talked at once, utterly confused. Irma broke the deadlock by picking up the phone.

"Hello," she said. "Keep quiet, Terence, I can't hear. Hello—"
hello... Nobody's on that phone now. You better brush your hair, Terence—and look at your hands!"

Terence rushed for the sink and worked hastily with the kitchen soap.

"Where's a comb?" he yelled. "Joe, where's your comb?"

"Upstairs, of course."

Still wet, Terence dashed up the back stairs, realizing only at the mirror that he looked exactly like a boy who had spent most of the day in the alley. Hurriedly he dug for a clean shirt of Joe's; as he buttoned it a wall floated up the front stairs.

"Terence, they've gone. There's nobody at the door—they've gone home."

Overwhelmed, the boys rushed out on the porch. Far down the street two small figures receded. Cupping their hands, Terence and Joe shouted. The figures stopped, turned around—then suddenly they were joined by other figures, a lot of figures; a Victoria drove around the corner and clopped up to the house. The party had begun.

At the sight of Dolly Bartlett Terence's heart rose chokingly and he wanted to be away. She was not anyone he knew, certainly not the girl about whom he put his arms a week ago. He stared as at a specter. He had never known what she looked like, perceiving her almost as an essence of time and weather—if there was frost and elation in the air she was frost and elation, if there was mystery in yellow windows on a summer night she was that mystery, if there was music that could inspire or sadden or excite she was that music, she was "Red Wing" and "Alice, Where Art Thou Going?" and "The Light of the Silvery Moon."

To cooler observers Dolly's hair was child's gold in knotted pig-tails, her face was regular and as cute as a kitten's, and her legs were neatly crossed at the ankles and dangled helplessly from a chair. She was so complete at ten, so confident and alive, that she was many boys' girl—a precocious mistress of the long look, the sustained smile, the private voice, and the delicate touch, devices of the generations.

With the other guests Dolly looked about for the hostess and, finding none, infiltrated into the drawing room to stand about whispering and laughing in nervous chorus. The boys also grouped for protection, save two unconscious minions of eight who took advantage of their elders' shyness to show off, with dashings about and raucous laughter. Minutes passed and nothing happened; Joe and Terence communicated in hissing whispers, their lips scarcely moving.

"You ought to start it," muttered Terence.

"You start it. It was your scheme."

"It's your party, and we might just as well go home as stand around here all afternoon. Why don't you just say we're going to play it and then choose somebody to go out of the room."

Joe stared at him incredulously.

"Big chance! Let's get one of the girls to start it. You ask Dolly."

"I will not."

"How about Martha Robbie?"

Martha was a tomboy who had no terrors for them, and no charm; it was like asking a sister. They took her aside.

"Martha, look, would you tell the girls that we're going to play post office?"

Martha drew herself away in a violent manner.

"Why, I certainly will not," she cried sternly. "I most certainly won't do any such thing."

To prove it, she ran back to the girls and said about telling them.

"Dolly, what do you think Terence asked me? He wanted to—"

"Shut up!" Terence begged her.

"—play post—"

"Shut up! We didn't want anything of the sort."

There was an arrival. Up the verandah steps came a wheel chair, hoisted by a chauffeur, and in it sat Carpenter Moore, elder brother of that Albert Moore from whom Terence had drawn blood this morning. Once inside Carpenter dismissed the chauffeur and rolled himself deftly into the party, looking about him arrogantly. His handicap had made him a tyrant and fostered a singular bad temper.

"Greetings and salutations, everybody," he said. "How are you, Joe, boy?"

In a minute his eye fell on Terence, and, changing the direction of his chair, he rolled up beside him.

"You hit my brother on the nose," he said in a lowered voice. "You wait till my mother sees your father."

His expression changed; he laughed and struck Terence as if playfully with his cane.
"Well, what are you doing around here? Everybody looks as if their cat just died."
"Terence wants to play Clap-in-and-clap-out."
"Not me," denied Terence, and somewhat rashly added, "Joe wanted to play it. It's his party."
"I did not," said Joe heatedly, "Terence did."
"Where's your mother?" Carpenter asked Joe. "Does she know about this?"
Joe tried to extricate himself from the menace.
"She doesn't care—I mean, she said we could play anything we wanted."
Carpenter scoffed.
"I'll bet she didn't. And I'll bet most of the parents here wouldn't let them play that disgusting stuff."
"I just thought if there was nothing else to do—" he said feebly.
"You did, did you?" cried Carpenter. "Well, just answer me this: haven't you ever been to a party before?"
"I've been to—"
"Just answer me this: if you've ever been to any parties before—which I doubt, which I very seriously doubt—you know what people do. All except the ones who don't behave like a gentleman."
"Oh, I wish you'd go jump in the lake."
There was a shocked silence, for, since Carpenter was crippled from the waist down and could not jump even in a hypothetical lake, it fell on every ear like a taunt. Carpenter raised his cane, and then lowered it, as Mrs. Schoonover came into the room.
"What are you playing?" she asked mildly. "Clap-in-and-clap-out?"

III

Carpenter's stick descended to his lap. But he was by no means the most confused—Joe and Terence had assumed that the telegram had taken effect, and now they could only suppose that Mrs. Schoonover had detected the ruse and come back. But there was no sign of wrath or perturbation on her face.
Carpenter recovered himself quickly.
"Yes, we were, Mrs. Schoonover. We were just beginning. Terence is It."
"I've forgotten how," said Mrs. Schoonover simply, "but isn't someone supposed to play the piano? I can do that, anyhow."

"That's fine," exclaimed Carpenter. "Now Terence has to take a pillow and go into the hall."
"I don't want to," said Terence quickly, suspecting a trap. "Somebody else be It."
"You're It," Carpenter insisted fiercely. "Now we'll pull all the sofas and chairs into a row."

Among the few who disliked the turn of affairs was Dolly Bartlett. She had been constructed with great cunning and startling intent for the purpose of arousing emotion and all her mechanism went at the afternoon's rebuff. She felt cheated and disappointed, but there was little she could do save wait for some male to assert himself. Whoever this might be, something in Dolly would eagerly respond and she kept hoping it would be Terence, who in the role of lone wolf possessed a romantic appeal for her. She took her place in the row with ill will while Mrs. Schoonover at the piano began to play "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own."

When Terence had been urged forcefully into the hall, Carpenter Moore explained his plan. The fact that he himself had never participated in such games did not keep him from knowing the rules, but what he proposed was unorthodox.

"We'll say some girl has a message for Terence, but that girl won't be anybody but the girl next to you, see? So whoever he kneels to or bows to we'll just say it isn't her, because we're thinking of the girl next to her, understand?" He raised his voice, "Come in, Terence!"

There was no response and, looking into the hall, they found that Terence had disappeared. He had not gone out either door and they scattered through the house searching, into the kitchen, up the stairs, and in the attic. Only Carpenter remained in the hall, poking tentatively at a row of coats in a closet. Suddenly his chair was seized from behind and propelled quickly into the closet. A key turned in the lock.

For a moment Terence stood in silent triumph. Dolly Bartlett, coming downstairs, brightened at the sight of his dusty, truncated face.
"Terence, where were you?"
"Never mind. I heard what you were going to do."
"It wasn't me, Terence. She came close to him. "It was Carpenter. I'd just as soon really play."
"No, you wouldn’t."
"I bet I would."

It was suddenly breathless there in the hall. Then on an impulse, as she opened her arms and their heads bent together, muffled cries began to issue from the closet together with a tattoo on the door. Simultaneously Martha Robbie spoke from the stairs. "You better kiss her, Terence," she said tartly. "I never saw anything so disgusting in all my life. I know what I’m going to do right now."

The party swarmed back downstairs; Carpenter was liberated. And to the strains of ‘Honey Boy’ from the piano the assault on Terence was renewed. He had laid hands on a cripple, or at least a cripple’s chair, and he was back at dodging around the room again, followed by the juggernaut, wheeled now by willing hands.

There was activity at the front door. Martha Robbie, on the telephone, had located her mother on a neighboring porch in conference with several other mothers. The burden of Martha’s message was that all the little boys were trying to embrace all the little girls by brute force, that there was no effective supervision and that the only boy who had acted like a gentleman had been brutal imprisonment in a closet. She added the realistic detail that Mrs. Schoonover was even then playing "I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now" on the piano, and she accounted for her remaining at such an orgy by implying that she herself was under duress.

Eight excited heels struck the porch, eight anxious eyes confronted Mrs. Schoonover, who had previously only encountered these ladies in church. Behind her the disturbance around Terence reached its climax. Two boys were trying to hold him and he had grabbed Carpenter’s cane; attached by this to the wheel chair, the struggle swayed back and forth wildly, then the chair rocked, rose startlingly on its side and tipped over, spilling Carpenter on the floor.

The mothers, Carpenter’s among them, stood transfixed. The girls cried out, the boys around the chair shrank back hurriedly. Then an amazing thing happened. Carpenter gave an extraordinary twist to his body, grasped at the chair and with his over-developed arms pulled himself up steadily until he was standing, his weight resting for the first time in five years upon his feet.

He did not realize this—at the moment he had no thought for himself. Even as he stood there, with the whole room breathless, he roared, "I’ll fix you, confound it," and hobbled a step and then another step in Terence’s direction. As Mrs. Moore gave a little yelp and collapsed, the room was suddenly full of wild exclamations:

"Carpenter Moore can walk! Carpenter Moore can walk!"

IV

Alleys and kitchens, kitchens and alleys—such had been Terence’s Via Dolorosa all day. It was by the back door that he left the Schoonovers’, knowing that he would be somehow blamed for Carpenter’s miraculous recovery; it was through the kitchen that he entered his own home ten minutes later, after a few hasty "Our Fathers" in the alley.

Helen, the cook, attired in her going-out dress, was in the kitchen.

"Carpenter Moore can walk," he announced, stalling for time. And he added cryptically, "I don’t know what they’re going to do about it. Supper ready?"

"No supper tonight except for you, and it’s on the table. Your mother got called away to your aunt’s, Mrs. Lapham. She left a letter for you."

This was a piece of luck surely and his heart began to beat again. It was odd that his aunt was sick on the day they had invented an illness for Joe’s aunt.

Dearest Boy—
I hate to leave you like this but Charlotte is ill and I’m catching the trolley to Lockport. She says it’s not very bad but when she sends a telegram it may mean anything. I worried when you didn’t come to lunch, but Aunt Georgie, who is going with me, says you stopped by and ate a raw egg so I know you’re all right.

He read no further as the knowledge of the awful truth came to him. The telegram had been delivered, but to the wrong door.

"And you’re too hurry and eat your supper so I can see you get to Moores’," said Helen. "I’ve got to lock up after you."

"Me go to the Moores?" he said incredulously.

The phone rang and his immediate instinct was to retreat out the door into the alley.

"It’s Dolly Bartlett," Helen said.

"What does she want?"
"How should I know?"
Suspiciously he went to the phone.
"Terence, can you come over to our house for supper?"
"What?"
"Mother wants you to come to supper."
In return for a promise to Helen that he would never again call her a Kitchen Mechanic, the slight change of schedule was arranged. It was time things went better. In one day he had committed insolence and forgery and assaulted both the crippled and the blind. His punishment obviously was to be in this life. But for the moment it did not seem important—anything might happen in one blessed hour.

F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Image of His Father
BY HENRY DAN PIPER '39

In his serious writings Scott Fitzgerald was a stern and uncompromising moralist. The two earliest and probably the most important moral influences in his life were the Roman Catholic Church and his father, Edward Fitzgerald. By the time he was twenty-two and had finished writing his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, he had left the Church; thereafter the Catholicism in his work became more and more diffuse. But his father continued to be a sort of "moral touchstone" for him all his life. "Always deep in my subconscious," as he says in his hitherto unpublished fragment "The Death of My Father," "I have referred judgments back to him, [to] what he would have thought or done."

In *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night* the fathers of Nick Carraway and Dick Diver serve their sons in this same capacity. More than that, they furnish the moral frames of reference against which the tragic implications of each novel's story are made explicit. It is his father's code of right conduct that enables Nick Carraway to attain, at the end of *The Great Gatsby*, a mature and tragic sense of life. He has grown up; and in the process of growing up he has been forced to recognize, somewhat unwillingly, the corruption in his glamorous wealthy cousins, Tom and Daisy Buchanan, and to acknowledge the fundamental decency of Gatsby—"who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn."

*Tender Is the Night* is a more formal tragedy. In the scene (pp. 262-266) where Dick Diver recognizes his own moral corruption, it is by his father's standards (the "good instincts—honor, courtesy, courage") that he judges himself and, in acknowledging his guilt, thereby becomes a genuinely tragic character. In this crucial episode Dick's fall from grace is suggested first by his fumbling attempt at a rather sordid seduction (Fitzgerald built it up even more elaborately in the earlier versions of the novel) and then is appropriately symbolized by memories of his father, and by the unexpected news of his father's death. Like Fitzgerald, "Dick loved his father—again and again he referred his judgments to what his father would probably have thought and done."
In these two novels both fathers are portrayed as the remote and rather abstract symbols of an ideal moral order. Scott Fitzgerald's relations with his own father were much more ambiguous. Still, out of this very ambiguity came one of his most notable themes. Edward Fitzgerald was a genuine tragic figure, a man of divided loyalties, resembling Nick Carraway and, particularly, Dick Diver, much more than he resembled either of their fathers. In a sense, Mr. Fitzgerald was the prototype of both these heroes, and _The Great Gatsby_ and _Tender Is the Night_ were efforts on the part of his son to explore and dramatize in fiction the reasons for his father's defeat by life. For, in spite of his son's affection for him, he was always, in Fitzgerald's eyes, a "failure."

Like his fictional counterparts, Edward Fitzgerald taught his son the important things—manners, morals, and good taste. He read aloud to him his first poetry, "The Raven" and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and told him the Civil War reminiscences that his son later made into magazine stories. More than this, he supported his son's precocious literary inclinations against the opposition of his wife's more prosperous and pragmatic family. And some years later, when Fitzgerald failed to catch a pass and lost an important prep school football game, it was his father who consoled him and restored his self-confidence by his delight over a poem his son had just written for the school magazine. It was a lesson that stayed with Fitzgerald all his life. Now he would always know that, with his talent for writing, he could win some measure of that acclaim and "success" he coveted so avidly, but which he could rarely attain in the world of vigorous action.

In spite of his sensibility and fine manners, however, Edward Fitzgerald was a failure so far as the bustling, success-worshiping everyday world was concerned. To his ambitious son growing up in the prosperous commercial city of St. Paul, Minnesota, this fact was a source of recurring humiliation. The high point of his father's career seems to have been his marriage to Miss Annabelle McQuillian. Her father had come to St. Paul as a penniless immigrant from Ireland, had established a successful grocery business, and had died suddenly at the age of forty-four leaving a fortune of between a quarter- and a half-million dollars. But Mr. Fitzgerald, in spite of his literary tastes and genteel Maryland connections, never managed to measure up to the McQuillian standards of success. Unfitted by temperament for business, he moved from one
unsatisfactory job to another until he was finally fired in 1908 and thereafter lived almost entirely on his wife's money. By this time he was also drinking excessively. Everyone in the neighborhood, and even his children's teachers at school, knew about his tippling. His son never forgot humiliating episodes like the time his father came home drunk and tried to play baseball in the backyard, or the afternoon when he lost his salesman's job and Scott had to give back to his mother the money she had just given him to go swimming.

What was he to make of this father of whom he was both ashamed and proud? Perhaps, at first, it was easier to accept the prevailing judgment of outsiders. But the older Fitzgerald grew, the more reasons he found to justify his father's position in society. It was not an easy problem, and it continued to trouble him all his life, yet it was one that he must solve if he himself was to effect any kind of a reconciliation with life.

It also provided him with important material for his writing. Just how vital his father's position was to him can be seen in the story "Shadow Laurels," Fitzgerald's first really serious piece of work and his first contribution to *The Nassau Literary Magazine* at Princeton. He was eighteen when it appeared in April, 1915. In the competence of its technique and in the implications of its theme, it is a major advance over any of his earlier schoolboy plays and sketches. Written entirely in dialogue, it tells of a young American, "his manner... that of a man accustomed only to success," who returns to France, the land of his birth, seeking his father. In a Paris winery he is shocked to learn that his father became a disreputable drunkard and finally was murdered in a café brawl. But when, in his humiliation, he speaks of his father disparagingly, he is sharply reprimanded by his father's old drinking companions:

He was a wonderful talker... He knew everything... he used to tell me poetry... of roses and the ivory towers of Babylon and about the ancient ladies of the court and about "the silent chords that flow from the ocean to the moon." That's why he made no money. He was bright and clever—when [he] worked, he worked feverishly hard, but he was always drunk, night and day.

Don't you see, he stood for us as well as for herself... how shall I say it?—he expressed us... [He] was everything to me.¹

Never again, in the novels and stories that Fitzgerald published after this early piece, was he to write so transparently of his feelings toward his father. Several similar allusions crept temporarily into an early manuscript version of The Beautiful and Damned, where he described Anthony Patch’s lonely boyhood, his sense of isolation from his mother, and his adoration of his rather disreputable father. Anthony’s earliest memories of Mr. Patch were always associated with “the pungency of whiskey,” and one day, in a disagreeable scene, his father came to dinner drunk and, before the seated family, was ordered from the table by Anthony’s grandfather. Afterward the boy went off to bed, “lonely and depressed.” But all of this material was carefully deleted by Fitzgerald from later versions of the novel.

Possibly, when he removed these passages from his manuscript, Fitzgerald planned to tell his father’s story at even greater length in his next novel. Not long after finishing The Beautiful and Damned he wrote Maxwell Perkins that his next book would be a story of the Middle West in the 1880’s (the Gilded Age, when his own father had come west to St. Paul). What he wrote, instead, was The Great Gatsby. This, of course, is also a story of Middle Westerners, though the setting has now been moved to Long Island, that most eastern extension of Middle Western wealthy suburbia. And it tells of another postwar Gilded Age, Fitzgerald’s own rather than his father’s. Besides, his father is no longer the central protagonist, although there are resemblances to him in both Carraway and Gatsby. Rather, he remains dimly in the background, the story’s remote but ever-present moral arbiter.

His son was still at work on his next novel, Tender Is the Night, when Mr. Fitzgerald died in January, 1931. When the news came, Scott and Zelda were in Europe, and it was one in a succession of shattering blows. Less than a year earlier Zelda’s mind had given way, and now she was slowly convalescing in a Swiss sanatorium. And there were other troubles. Fitzgerald was making little headway with the novel of American expatriate life that he had been trying to finish for the past half-dozen years. Most of his creative energy during this time had been dissipated on the hasty but well-paying magazine stories that helped him to meet his exorbitant living expenses. Since Zelda’s collapse he had been under even greater financial pressure, and now the novel had been put aside indefinitely. But he was irritable, chafing to get at it again. Hemingway and his other literary friends had been advising him to stop wasting his talent on hasty potboilers and to get his book done. Besides, his magazine stories were growing thinner and thinner as the wells of inspiration ran dry. Even the magazine editors were beginning to grumble. To make things worse, Fitzgerald was drinking harder than ever and had quarreled seriously with most of his intimate friends.

In this depressed state of mind he came home in January for his father’s funeral; but it was a confused trip and turned out to be a disappointment in every possible way. Now that his father was gone, he felt more lonely and insecure than ever, and after a few unhappy weeks in America he was eager to return to Europe. "I’m damn glad to be going back to Europe, where I am away from most of the people I care about and can think instead of feel," he wrote to his favorite cousin from the “Olympic” after a few days at sea. *

Some time after this, probably not very long afterward, Fitzgerald wrote his fragmentary sketch of reminiscence, “The Death of My Father.” Just what purpose it was intended to serve we do not know. Perhaps Hemingway had something to do with it. "Hope to read your account [of his father’s death] between board covers rather than in the Post," he had written in a letter of sympathy, admonishing Fitzgerald not to fritter away "such fine material" in a trashy magazine story. Like so many romantic writers, Fitzgerald wrote best of those events which had hurt him most deeply, as Hemingway had already told him before. "Remember," he now wrote, "we writers have only one father and one mother to die." **

Not until a year and a half after his father’s death did life become orderly enough for Fitzgerald to settle down to work again on his novel. Now he completely replotted his story, building it around the moral and emotional disintegration of a young American expatriate, very much like himself, married to a lovely young schizophrenic resembling Zelda. And on pages 455-456 of his manuscript he inserted a considerable part of the text of “The Death of My Father.” In the published version of Tender Is the Night, where it appears “between board covers,” Fitzgerald has omitted some of the more personal portions of these reminiscences. Still,

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** Hemingway to Fitzgerald, April 12, 1931 (Princeton University Library).
sufficient has been retained to establish his identification of his own father with Dick Diver's.

Even more impressive are the resemblances between Edward Fitzgerald and Dick Diver himself. Like his wife, Diver is a schizophrenic personality; but where her disease is mental, his is spiritual. And like Mr. Fitzgerald, his loyalties are divided between the "good instincts" in which he has been bred ("honor, courtesy, courage") and the gross, wasteful but leisurely world of parvenu wealth into which he has married. Dick's wife also came from Middle Western money made from selling food—but we must not press the parallels too far. They would have turned up in one guise or another whether Fitzgerald consciously intended them or not.

In the beginning, every son is cast in his father's image. To mature and become an individual in his own right, he must at first reject his father and his father's values, and go out into the world to forge his own. But, as he solearns, the world is a rather chaotic place, and lasting standards are hard to come by. In the long run, every father is judged at last by the values he has taught his son.

The intensity of Fitzgerald's immersion in his own sensuous experience, the accuracy of his dialogue, and the brilliant concreteness of his imagery, are a measure of his preoccupation with the external world in which he came of age. He readily accepted its more superficial values—money, popularity, success—as well as its judgment of his father as a "failure." Yet when he chose to write about that world, to deal with it imaginatively and to find values which would give his experience of it meaning, he returned constantly to the old standards, the "good instincts," which he had learned from his father. Whatever story he has to tell, from "Shadow Laurel" to his last full-length novel, Tender Is the Night, in all its ambiguities and complications, is identified in some way with this father image. Perhaps the reason that Fitzgerald was at last able to free himself from it in his unfinished novel, The Last Tycoon, was because he had got his problem out into the open and had explored its tragic implications more fully in Tender Is the Night than in any other earlier work. It is here that his use of "The Death of My Father" is central to an understanding of that book. And we see now that Edward Fitzgerald's failure and the standards by which he was willing to fail were, by all odds, his greatest legacy to his son.

The Death of My Father

by F. Scott Fitzgerald '17

"The Death of My Father" was written in pencil on six sheets of Fitzgerald's familiar blue-lined yellow tablet paper. Although clearly unfinished, it was apparently written with some care, for Fitzgerald scratched out a number of words in the first draft as he went along, and afterward inserted some new words, this time writing them above those he scratched out. He also crossed out the two passages here printed within brackets. It is impossible to tell just exactly what of the longer passage he wished to leave out, for his penciled lines do not cover all of it in any coherent fashion. Across the upper left-hand corner of the first page he wrote "Not to be corrected." At some time all the sheets were torn in two and then tucked away among a lot of miscellaneous scraps and notes, probably after Fitzgerald had used what he wanted of this fragment for Tender Is the Night.

In the editing of the present text several misspellings have been corrected, some punctuation has been supplied, and "and" has been substituted for the ampersand.—Henry Dan Piper '39

Convention would make me preface this with an apology for the lack of taste of discussing an emotion so close to me. But all my criterions of taste disappeared when on the advice of a fairy I read Mrs. Emily Price Post's Book of Etiquette some months ago. Up to that time I had always thought of myself as an American gentleman, somewhat crazy and often desperate and bad but partaking of the sensitivity of my race and class and with a record of many times having injured the strong but never the weak. But now I don't know—the mixture of the obvious and the snobbish in that book—and it's an honest book, a frank piece of worldly wisdom written for the new women of the bull market—has sent me back again to all the things I felt at twenty. I kept wondering all through it how Mrs. Post would have thought of my father.

I loved my father—always deep in my subconscious I have referred judgments back to him, [to] what he would have thought or done. He loved me—and felt a deep responsibility for me—I was born seven months after the sudden death of my two elder sisters and he felt what the effect of this would be on my mother, that he would be my only moral guide. He became that to the best of his
ability. He came from tired old stock with very little left of vitality and mental energy but he managed to raise a little for me. [We walked downtown in the summer to have our shoes shined, me in my sailor suit and father in his always beautifully cut clothes, and he told me the few things I ever learned about life until a few years later from a Catholic priest, Monsignor Fay. What he knew he had learned from his mother and grandmother, the latter a bore to me—"If your grandmother Scott heard that she would turn over in her grave." What he told me were simple things.

"Once when I went in a room as a young man I was confused, so I went up to the oldest woman there and introduced myself and afterwards the people of that town always thought I had good manners." He did that from a good heart that came from another America—he was much too sure of what he was, he was too sure of the deep pride of the two proud women who brought him up, to doubt for a moment that his own instincts were good. It was a horror to find the natural gesture expressed with cynical distortion in Mrs. Price Post's book.]

We walked downtown in Buffalo on Sunday mornings and my white ducks were stiff with starch and he was very proud walking with his handsome little boy. We had our shoes shined and he lit his cigar and we bought the Sunday papers. When I was a little older I did not understand at all why men that I knew were vulgar and not gentlemen made him stand up or give the better chair on our verandah. But I know now. There was new young peasant stock coming up every ten years and he was of the generation of the colonies and the revolution.

Once he hit me. I called him a liar—I was about thirteen, I think, and I said if he called me a liar he was a liar. He hit me—he had spanked me before and always with good reason, but this time there was ill feeling and we were both sorry for years, I think, though we didn't say anything to each other. Later we used to have awful rows on political subjects on which we violently [dis]agreed but we never came to the point of personal animosity about them but if things came to fever heat the one most affected deserted the arena, left the room.

[I don't see how all this could possibly interest anyone but me.]

I ran away when I was seven on the fourth of July—I spent the day with a friend in a pear orchard and the police were informed that I was missing and on my return my father thrashed me ac-
The F. Scott Fitzgerald Papers

BY ARTHUR MIZEKNER '30

The F. Scott Fitzgerald Papers, presented to Princeton University by Fitzgerald's daughter, Mrs. Samuel J. Lanahan, can only be described as magnificent.¹ The more one works with the collection—and the present writer worked with it over a period of five years—the more remarkable it appears in the range of subjects it covers and the value of the evidence it provides. It is undoubtedly one of the finest collections of its sort that will come out of its period.

The collection's remarkable range is due to Fitzgerald's special position in his age. That age was not all "Jazz Age," and in spite of Fitzgerald's having, half-jokingly, invented this name for the twenties, he was himself far from representing merely this element in the period. "He was," as Glenway Wescott put it for his generation, "our darling, our genius, our fool." As such he was, for twenty years, near the heart of the significant life of his times, close to the center of its maximum awareness, living the life that awareness suggested and watching others live it; for at least ten years he was almost the master of what his generation thought to be the great, good place.

The richness of the collection is, however, due to a special quality in Fitzgerald himself. The immediate subject of nearly everything he wrote is some experience of Scott Fitzgerald. This intense interest in Scott Fitzgerald was not, at least in the ordinary sense of the word, narcissistic. About that young man's experience Fitzgerald thought with the cool objectivity of an anthropologist studying the representative life of some young Samoan who was just coming of age. He therefore treated the history of Scott Fitzgerald and the documentary evidences for that history with a scholar's passionate enthusiasm for detail.

Like all antiquarians, he had his storage problems; he was not an orderly man and could have benefited from the advice of an experienced filing clerk. If you file a protested check somewhere in the five or six hundred manuscript pages of a novel, it may take

¹ Scrapbooks, photographs, and certain miscellaneous items have been retained by Mrs. Lanahan. In addition to the nearly complete papers of her father, Mrs. Lanahan has given to Princeton some six hundred volumes from his library, as well as his own copies of his published writings.—Jo.

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you a minute or two to lay your hands on it later. The Fitzgerald Papers, as they came to Princeton, resembled that collection of documents on which W. C. Fields was such an expert in one of his early pictures. This confusion was partly at least the result of Fitzgerald’s desire to lose nothing which documented his past. He would not sacrifice material to an orderly system, and the problem of how to file a Newman diploma printed on heavy cardboard and measuring 11 x 14 inches might well have baffled more experienced file clerks than Fitzgerald. Similar problems existed for locks of Zelda’s hair, Triangle charms, manuscripts torn up (apparently) in moments of frustrated anger, and letters written, like many of Hemingway’s, on yellow scratch paper which, after a year or two, will tear every time you look at it. But if such things were hard to file, they were nonetheless important to preserve, and preserved they were. They were the materials on which Fitzgerald’s sensibility worked; they are now, happily for us, the materials on which our understandings may work for a knowledge, not only of Scott Fitzgerald, but of an age.

Fitzgerald probably wrote more during the twenty years of his literary career than any other writer of equal stature in his time; about how he wrote it we can now know a great deal. The collection includes the autograph manuscripts of his four finished novels and the unfinished Last Tycoon. It also includes the typescripts of all his novels except The Great Gatsby. There are even parts of the typescripts of The Kingdom in the Dark, Fitzgerald’s ill-fated novel about the Middle Ages, which was also to be “the story of Ernest” (it was never completed), and of The Romantic Egotist, which was written partly in college and partly in the army and ultimately revised into This Side of Paradise. Beyond the manuscript stage, the collection contains the elaborately corrected galleys of The Great Gatsby (Fitzgerald never saw the page proofs because he was on the Riviera; Ring Lardner corrected them for him) and Tender Is the Night. For these two novels the collection also contains copies of the first editions corrected by Fitzgerald and, in the case of Tender Is the Night, drastically revised. There are also notes and outlines and that odd kind of letter authors seem to write themselves about their own work for Tender Is the Night, The Kingdom in the Dark, and The Last Tycoon—these last run to scores of pages and are full of the marvelous insights with which Fitzgerald filled his notebooks.
The manuscript material for Tender Is the Night is particularly wonderful. Fitzgerald began what was eventually to be published as Tender Is the Night immediately after the completion of Gatsby in 1925; he did not publish it until 1934. Much of the time between his death and publication was spent on other projects, some of it even on nothing. But he worked a great deal on the novel, which, in some places rewritten half a dozen times. It began as something called The Melanky Case and The Boy Who Killed His Mother, changed to Our Type and The World’s Fair, then to Doctor Diver’s Holiday, and finally to the two published versions of Tender Is the Night (the serial and book versions, which differ in some important respects). For these stages there are autograph manuscript, typescript, revised typescript, more autograph manuscript—it will take a long time and a great deal of knowledge to disentangle it all and to follow the development of Fitzgerald’s idea.

What can be learned from studying such a series of manuscripts can be re-enforced by all the knowledge of Fitzgerald’s habits of thought and composition available in other forms. All his life, for instance, he used to reveal notebooks, of which Edmund Wilson gave a skillful sampling in The Crack-up. These notes are frequently closely related to his short stories, published and unpublished; Fitzgerald wrote 160 short stories, and nearly every one of them there is some sort of manuscript material available and for a great many of them there are the minute revisions he was accustomed to rush off by airmail to editors, usually after the story had been printed. In many cases there are the autograph manuscripts of the stories as well as the typescripts; sometimes there are the preliminary notes and outlines, as in the cases of the Basil Duke Lee and the Josephine series; occasionally there are tantalizing notes for stories that were never written. In addition to all this material, there are tear sheets for most of the stories; Fitzgerald kept them systematically and frequently annotated them, often heavily. When he discovered other writers had not this habit he was criticized, “My God!” he wrote of Ring Lardner, “he hadn’t even saved them— they were printed and annotated.” In this way he obtained by photographing old issues of magazines in the public library.

The collection also contains the typescript and proof sheets of Zelda’s novel, Save Me the Waltz, and a good many manuscripts of other work of hers. These manuscripts often represent collaborations between her and Fitzgerald and so contribute to our knowledge of him as well as of Zelda herself, a deeply fascinating woman without whom, as someone once remarked, there would have been no Jazz Age.

But Fitzgerald was not only a novelist and short-story writer; he was also a movie writer, and the material he saved from his career in Hollywood provides, even by itself, a neat little study in how to become a script writer. There is a fascinating typescript of the unproduced comedy he wrote for Constance Talmadge in 1927 called Lipstick and there are typescripts, often annotated and sometimes providing as many as three or four versions of a single picture, for a whole group of pictures Fitzgerald worked on during his last period in Hollywood from 1937 to 1940: Infidelity, Madame Curie, Raffles, Three Comrades, and others. There is some kind of evidence of the fascination the movies had for him from the beginning of his career, when he tried his hand on This Side of Paradise, to the end, when he did a fine script called Cosmopolitan based on “Babylon Revisited” (there are four versions of Cosmopolitan). The collection also contains a careful story analysis, made in February, 1938, for a picture called Winter Carnival, which has a special interest for anyone who has read Mr. Schulberg’s The Disenchanted.

But the most interesting material in the collection is Fitzgerald’s correspondence. Although it is evident that he did not manage to keep every single letter he ever received, he made an heroic stab at it, and, as if to compensate for what letters he lost, he carefully preserved carbons or drafts of most of his own letters from about 1935. The Library has done a good deal to add Fitzgerald letters from other sources for the period before 1935. Among the letters he received are a good many of a random kind. Some of these are amusing enough; there is, for example, the lively correspondence with and about a company which sued Fitzgerald after he had ordered an ambulance to meet him at an airport, not used it, and refused to pay for it; there are the sometimes fascinating and never entirely routine correspondences with magazine editors, agents, headmistresses, landlords (Fitzgerald was uncommonly lucky in finding landlords like Bayard Turnbull in Baltimore and Edward Everett Horton in Los Angeles), and the income tax collectors who, almost to a man, failed to understand that Fitzgerald was an exceptional case. There are Fitzgerald’s often
astonishingly painstaking replies to the kind of unknown people
who write every author for priestly advice (the spoiled priest in
Fitzgerald was frequently touched by these people).

But apart from such random correspondence, the collection con-
tains between seventy-five and a hundred sustained correspond-
ences with important people of Fitzgerald's time (the number de-
pends on how many letters you think it takes to make a sustained
correspondence). It contains more than thirty of Mencken's won-
derfully amusing little notes—"Dear Fitz—The colored George
Jean Nathan. Then there are two of them. Certainly you have
eyes. Can't you detect an octopus?" It contains twenty-nine Hemi-
ingway letters—and Fitzgerald's replies to a number of them—
dating from 1925 to 1935. There are similar correspondences with
Edmund Wilson '16, John Peale Bishop '17, and a good many
others. Few of the letters in these correspondences are mere notes;
Fitzgerald seldom treated others as casual acquaintances or let
others treat him so. Some of these correspondences may well pro-
vide more revealing knowledge of the writers than will be avail-
able anywhere else.

The number of specially informative documents in these cor-
respondences can only be suggested here. There is, for instance, a
letter Fitzgerald wrote John O'Hara which discusses the problem
of how to end a novel. Fitzgerald illustrates his point with a discus-
sion he remembers having had with Hemingway. Edmund Wilson
contemplated including this letter in The Crack-up and therefore
sent it to Hemingway for comment. Hemingway wrote a marginal
note of his recollection of the discussion on the letter and Wilson
has then added a note of his own. Or there is the long letter Max-
well Perkins wrote Fitzgerald to describe the meeting between
Hemingway and Eastman in Perkins' office just after Eastman had
written his famous article for The New Republic in which he
advised Hemingway to take the false hair off his chest. Perkins'
account is circumstantial and authoritative.

The lines of force among the men who constituted this group of
friends and correspondents are various and complex. Perkins ed-
et Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Bishop; Wilson stood in a very
special relationship to Fitzgerald, was Hemingway's friend and
Bishop's; Bishop sat for the portrait of Tom D'Invilliers in This
Side of Paradise, wrote a book with Wilson, knew Hemingway in
Paris—one could go on. They were all, moreover, complex people,
F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Check List

by Henry Dan Piper '39

This check list of Scott Fitzgerald's published work is intended to supplement the useful but selective list of Fitzgerald's books and periodical writings that Arthur Mizener has helpfully included at the end of his recent biography of Fitzgerald, The Far Side of Paradise, pp. 350-356. Indeed, it would not have been possible to make the present listings as complete as they are without Mr. Mizener's friendly and sustained assistance.

In putting together the data listed below I have made use of, but have not relied on, Fitzgerald's own extensive, although occasionally inaccurate and incomplete personal records. I have also used and checked, insofar as that was possible, the records of Fitzgerald's publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, and of his literary agent, Harold Ober Associates. For a number of items which I was unable to inspect personally, chiefly European reprints and translations of novels and stories, I have depended on information furnished me by responsible editors and publishers.

The present check list is still somewhat incomplete. One of the most important gaps is that for the years 1911-1915, when Fitzgerald attended Newman School and was an associate editor of The Newman News, a literary quarterly. In spite of considerable searching, I have so far been unable to turn up a single copy of this publication for this period. A second gap consists of some twenty-odd reprints and translations of his novels and stories which, according to Fitzgerald's own records, were published in British and European periodicals, but of which I have been unable to examine personally, or to have identified for me by others. A third gap consists of American newspaper serializations of This Side of Paradise and The Beautiful and Damned which are mentioned in his correspondence, but for which there are no records in the files of the reputed newspaper publishers.

Probably there are other omissions. Furthermore, I have not attempted to list the various printings of the books. It is worth noting here that some of the later printings of the Scribner editions of This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and Damned, The Great Gatsby, and possibly other titles as well, are characterized by corrections of typographical errors, of misspellings, and of errors of fact. It is hoped that additions and corrections to the following listings will be forwarded to the Editor of the Chronicle so that, at a future date, a supplementary check list will account for present deficiencies.

In preparing these listings I have followed as far as practical the form used by Mr. Mizener in his check list of the published writings of Edmund Wilson (Chronicle, V, No. 2 [Feb., 1944], 62-78). Because of their bulk, I have arranged the short stories (Section II) in chronological order. And here, where entries for two or more contributions to the same periodical occur successively in the same year, the name of the periodical has been given for only the first of these entries. Since the stories are often spread over a considerable number of back pages in the popular magazines, I have given only the initial page for each of the periodical contributions.

Instead of setting up a separate category for the many reprints of Fitzgerald's works in anthologies and in foreign and American reprint magazines, however, as earlier Chronicle check lists have done, I have listed all such information at the place where the particular item is first mentioned. In other words, all subsequent reprints of The Great Gatsby, including passages from that novel reprinted in anthologies, etc., will be found following my listing of the first publication of The Great Gatsby, in Section I, Books, under the year 1925. Similarly, the many subsequent reprints of Fitzgerald's short story "Babylon Revisited" are listed after my reference in Section II, Short Stories, to that story's first appearance in the February 21, 1931, issue of The Saturday Evening Post. This arrangement eliminates considerable duplication of titles from many different categories, and provides interesting case histories of the relative popularity of Fitzgerald's writings at home and abroad. In the sections devoted to the contributions to periodicals I have not, however, except for one exception, referred to subsequent reprints of these items in the books listed in Section I.

Besides Mr. Mizener, I wish also to acknowledge my gratitude to the following persons for their generous assistance in the preparation of the check lists of the writings of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald: Mrs. Frances Scott Fitzgerald Lanahan (Mrs. Samuel J.), Mr. Harold Ober and the staff of Harold Ober Associates, Mr. Charles Scribner and Miss Elizabeth Youngstrom of Charles Scribner's Sons, the reference staffs of the Columbia University Libraries, the New York Public Library, and the Library of Congress.
Mears, Alexander D. Wainwright and Alexander P. Clark of the Princeton University Library, and the many editors and publishers, here and abroad, who contributed data so willingly from their records and libraries.

I. BOOKS


Contains: Opening Chorus; Gentlemen Bandits We; A Slave to Modern Improvements; In Her Eyes; What the Malefic Lady Knows; Good Night and Good Bye; Round and Round; Chatter Trio; Finale, Act I; Rose of the Night; Men; In the Dark; Love or Eugenie; Reminiscence; Fist! Fist! Fist!; The Moon Carlo Moon; Finale, Act II.


Contains: Opening Chorus; I've Got My Eyes on You; On Dreams Alone; The Evil Eye; What I'll Forget; Over the Waves to Me; On Her Enkallal; Jump off the Wall; Finish, Act I; Act II, Opening Chorus; Harris from Paris; Twilight; "The Never, Never Land"; My Idea of Love; Other Eyes; The Girl of the Golden West; With Me.


Contains: Opening (A): Prologue; A: Arlene; Act I, Opening Chorus; Send Him to Tom; One-Lump Percy; Where Did Bridget Kelly Get Her Persian Tentamen? It Is Art, Safety First, Charlotte Corday; Underneath the April Rain; "Dance, Lady, Dance" Act II, Opening: (A) Safety First. (B) Hello Temptation; When That Beautiful Chord Came True; Rag-Time Melodrama; Scene II, Opening; "Take Those Hawaiian Songs Away!" The Vampires Won't Be Vampire for Me! The Hummin' Blues; Down in Front; Final.


Contains: The Offshore Pirate; The Ice Palace; Head and Shoulders; The Cut Glass Bowl; Bernice Bobs Her Hair; Benediction; Dalrymple Goes Wrong; The Four Flats.


New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922. At least one issue was published without the line "Printed in the United States of America" but with the statement "Printed at the Scribner Press, New York, U.S.A." on the verso of the title-page. Later that line was inserted, the Scribner seal replaced the statement concerning the press, and a leaf of advertising matter was printed to follow p. 449.


Contains: The Jolly-Hean; The Camel's Back; May Day; Porcelain and Pink; The Diamond as Big as the Ritz; The Curious Case of Benjamin Button; Tarquin of Cheapside; O Rosset Witch; The Loss of Happiness; Mr. Isky; Jemina.


8. *The Vegetable*; or, From President to Postman. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1923.


Der Gute Gatsby. Translated into Danish by Ove Bruusendorff, Copenhagen, Thalia and Aage, 1948.


22. "The Rough Crossing; The Bridegroom; Two Wrongs; The Scandal Detectives; The Captured Shadow; A Woman with a Past; Babylon Revisited; Crazy Sunday; Family in the Wind; An Alcoholic Case: The Last Way Out; Financing Foggian; A Patriotic Short; Two Old Timers; Three Hours between Planes; The Lost Decade.

II. SHORT STORIES IN PERIODICALS


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III. POEMS IN PERIODICALS


IV. ESSAYS IN PERIODICALS

American Causeale: Early Success, 1:674 (Oct, 1937).

American Magazine: What I Think and Feel at Twenty-Five, 59:16 (Sept., 1940).

Baltimore Americans: What Kind of Husband Do 'Jimmin's' Make? ME-7 (Mar., 1943); this feature was released through the Metropolitan Newspaper Syndicate and probably was published in other newspapers also.


Ladies' Home Journal: Imagination and a Few Mothers, 40:281 (June, 1933).

Liberty: Girls Believe in Girls, 7:642 (Feb. 8, 1900).

McGraw's: Does a Moment of Revolt Come Sometime to Every Married Man?, 51:421 (Mar., 1941); accompanied by another article on the same subject by Zelda Fitzgerald, What Became of Our Flappers and Sheila Our Young Rich Boy, 51:413 (Oct., 1940); accompanied by another article, by Zelda Fitzgerald, subtitled "What Became of the Flapper?"


New York American: Love, Marriage and the Modern Woman, 11:3 (Feb. 24, 1934); a contribution to a series of feature articles on this subject. Fitzgerald released it through the Metropolitan Newspaper Syndicate and it probably appears in other newspapers of this date (see Baltimore American, above).


V. SHORT HUMOROUS PARADOXES, SKETCHES, AND DIALOGUES IN PERIODICALS


Farfan: The Broadcast We Almost Heard Last September, 51:18 (Fall, 1935).


VI. REVIEWS IN PERIODICALS


Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald: A Check List

BY HENRY DAN PIPER ’39

Zelda Fitzgerald’s writings, of course, were easily surpassed by her husband’s, both in quantity and quality. Still, she possessed an authentic, though meagerly-trained, minor talent. It is a talent that still comes through to us in her remarkable synthetic prose and in her paintings. According to her friends, it was there in her dancing, too.

But there are also other important reasons for publishing a check list of her writings at this time. She collaborated with her husband on so many stories and sketches that any listing of his work would be incomplete without some mention of those pieces she published under her own name, or of those that they published together. It is difficult to determine precisely just how much of the writing in the following items should be credited to each of them. So far as Save Me the Waltz is concerned, practically all of it is hers. She sent the manuscript to Scribner’s before her husband had read it, and the final proof sheets show her further voluminous revisions. Most of the stories and sketches were probably hers to begin with, with Fitzgerald providing the necessary last-minute refurbishments that gave them a professional luster. In a few cases the typescripts of some of the College Humor and Esquire pieces survive. Here we can see Fitzgerald’s penciled revisions smoothing up her style and shortening her involved periodic sentences. In most of the tear sheets of those sketches which were published over both their names, he has crossed out his name, thereby crediting the pieces entirely to her; and in his ledger and in various letters we can pick up other references which indicate pretty definitely that, by and large, most of the inspiration and the actual writing that went into the items listed below were Zelda’s.

V. MISCELLANEOUS

1. Letters:
   b. Part of a letter to the Editor on the subject of literary censorship, Literary Digest, 77:1280 (June, 1928).

2. Quotations from several letters to his daughter, Frances Scott Fitzgerald [Laurenz], in her article “Princeton and F. Scott Fitzgerald,” Nassau Lit, 100:545 (Hundredth-Year Issue, 1929).

III. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL


2. The Author’s Apology; a three-paragraph statement, dated May, 1928, together with a photograph (printed on a single leaf), tipped into copies of This Side of Paradise which were distributed by Scribner’s at the convention of the American Booksellers Association, May, 1928.

3. The Death of My Father, Princeton University Library Chronicle, 12:4187 (Summer, 1929).

4. Introductions:


III. ESSAYS AND SKETCHES IN PERIODICALS


*Esquire: "Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number 1," 1:6:19 and 2:1:19 (May and June, 1929). Auction—Model 54:5 (July, 1924). Both "by Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald," but Fitzgerald wrote to his editor that most of the writing was Zelda's; see Arthur Meyer, The Far Side of Paradise, 358.*


*McCall: Does a Moment of Revolt Come Sometime to Every Married Man? 51:4:1 (Mar., 1924); accompanied by another article on the same subject by F. Scott Fitzgerald, What Became of Our Flappers? 51:11 (Oct., 1923); accompanied by another article by F. Scott Fitzgerald, subtitled "Our Young Rich Boys."*

*Metropolitan Magazine: Eulogy on the Flapper, 55:5:38 (June, 1929).*


*New Yorker: The Continental Angle, 8:1:15 (June 4, 1929).*

IV. MISCELLANEOUS


Library Notes & Queries
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO PRINCETON

Robert K. Root, 1877-1950

Dean Root came to Princeton University in 1905 as one of President Wilson's first group of preceptors and remained to serve Princeton as Professor of English (1916-1939), as Chairman of the Department of English (1928-1938), as Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature (1938-1946), and as Dean of the Faculty (1938-1946). Following his retirement in 1948, Dean Root continued to participate in University affairs and was chairman of the special committee appointed by President Dodds to arrange for the dedication of the Firestone Memorial Library in April, 1949.

Dean Root's spontaneous and unfailing interest in the Library is evidenced by the terms of his will, under which the Trustees of the University have been granted the rights to all his published writings, the income derived therefore from being used for the purchase of books in the general field of English literature. The Library has also received by bequest some three thousand volumes from Dean Root's personal library. While these volumes form primarily a scholar's working collection, a number of scarce and unusual items are included.

Collector's Choice

Copies of two famous illustrated incunabula from the collection of Robert Williams '15 comprised the final "Collector's Choice" exhibit of the academic year 1950-1951: the Schatzbehalter, Nuremberg, 1491, and the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, Venice, 1499. The Schatzbehalter, "A Treasury of the True Riches of Salvation," attributed to Father Stephan of the Franciscan monastery in Nuremberg, is illustrated with ninety-six full-page woodcuts from ninety-one blocks. The illustrations, which are, apart from a few allegories, subjects from the Bible, were cut from designs by
Michael Wolgemut (1434-1519), in whose shop Albrecht Dürer was an apprentice. "A certain proportion of the subjects," declares Arthur M. Hind, "are suggested by earlier prints, but there is a considerable residue of original invention, showing at the lowest estimate the virtues of lively humour and vivid expression, while an occasional subject . . . contains elements of real beauty." Anton Koberger, the printer of the book, one of the monuments of German fifteenth-century book illustration, was the owner of the most considerable printing establishment in Germany of his day and developed a business of international scope. He was Dürer's godfather.

The Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, an allegorical-mystical romance, was written by Francesco Colonna (d. 1427), a Dominican monk in the monastery of S. S. Giovanni e Paolo in Venice. The fame of the book lies not in its text, which is euphuistic to such a degree as to be virtually unreadable, but in its 170 delicate woodcut illustrations designed by an artist who has yet to be identified. Notable as the only book with numerous illustrations issued by Aldus, the Hypnerotomachia is considered the masterpiece of Venetian book illustration and is one of the most celebrated illustrated books ever produced.

These two books lent by Mr. Williams, both of which were formerly in the collection of Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, were exhibited from the eighteenth of May to the eighteenth of June.

UNDERGRADUATE BOOK COLLECTING CONTEST

The twenty-sixth annual undergraduate book collecting contest was held at 56 University Place on May 1, 1951, with C. Waller Barrett and Sinclair Hamilton '06 serving as judges. Through the generous co-operation of the Princeton University Store, awards were made as follows: first prize to J. Bryan Jones '53 for a collection of editions of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám; second prize to Gerrit L. Schoonmaker '53 for "Ten Examples of Types of Book Collecting"; and third prize to Waring Jones '51 for a Gertrude Stein collection. Special mention was given to Richard A. Macksey '52 for a collection representing a decade of Princeton poetry (1941-1951) and to Wade C. Stephens '54 for his books in the field of the classics. The prize-winning collections were exhibited at 56 University Place for several weeks.

56 UNIVERSITY PLACE

The annual exhibition of work by Princeton artists, sponsored by Princeton Group Arts, was held at 56 University Place from the eighth to the twenty-fifth of February. A small dinner on the fifteenth of February in honor of Ben Dalgin, Art Director of The New York Times, preceded an illustrated talk on photomechanical processes by Mr. Dalgin. On the afternoon of the eleventh of March a tea was given in connection with an exhibition of color lithographs by contemporary American artists (February 27-April 12). A small collection of prints which had been assembled by a graduate student at a cost of only fifty dollars was shown from the fourteenth of April to the third of May.

Serigraph portrait prints of contemporary American artists by Harry Steinberg, with examples of the artists' own work, and a selection of recent additions to the print collection were hung on the eighth of May and remained on exhibition during the summer months.

EXHIBITIONS

Under the title "New and Notable," borrowed from the Chronicle, the Library placed on display as its final large exhibition of the academic year 1950-1951 a selection of books, manuscripts, prints, and other items acquired by the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections since June, 1950. The exhibition, which was on view from May 15 to July 1, was designed especially to acquaint alumni and other visitors with the outstanding acquisitions of the past year, and, incidentally, with the varied resources of the Library's special collections. The items chosen for display, many of them but token selections from larger groups, have for the most part been described in the "New and Notable" section of the Chronicle, so that the exhibition was in a sense a transposition into exhibition cases of these pages. The books shown were grouped under such headings as "Books of the Renaissance," "English Literature," and "Illustrated Works on Natural History." Other cases showed additions to the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelists, additions to the Sinclair Hamilton Collection of American Illustrated Books, and such additions to the Graphic Arts Division as Dard Hunter's Papermaking by Hand in America and André Girard's serigraphed Héraclite. Still other cases featured additions to the Stamp Collection and to the Theatre Collection.
Both books and manuscripts, as well as drawings and photographs, were shown in the cases devoted to the papers of Booth Tarkington '93 and F. Scott Fitzgerald '17. Other additions to the "Princeton Archives of American Letters" included the typescript of Conrad Richter's novel *The Town*, the winner of the 1951 Pulitzer Prize. Translations of American books into foreign languages, ranging in time and subject from a 1758 German translation of Jonathan Edwards' *A Faithful Narrative* to editions of Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* in French, Dutch, Danish, and Italian, were shown in a case entitled "American Books Abroad."

The Middle Ages were represented by a fifteenth-century "girdle book" and by the recently published facsimile edition of *The Book of Kells*. Outstanding manuscripts in the field of American history included letters from Philip Carteret, the first royal governor of New Jersey, pages from Thomas Jefferson's *Farm Book*, autobiographical notes by James Madison, and the typescript of Woodrow Wilson's "The Tariff Make-Believe." The Hyatt and Mayer correspondence made it possible to exhibit letters from such well-known scientific figures as Charles Darwin, Joseph Henry, and Thomas Edison. The Edison letters shown are illustrated with Edison's own sketches of the phonograph. Other manuscripts of less distinguished authorship, but of special interest for the history of New Jersey and of Princeton, included the Stacy Beakes mathematical copybook, the 1849 diary kept by William Brisbane, of the Class of 1849, on an overland journey to California, a Civil War drawing showing the Reverend Frederick T. Brown, of the Class of 1845, conducting divine service for the survivors of the Seventh Ohio Regiment, and a variety of letters describing student life at Princeton.

It soon became evident to the planners of the "New and Notable" exhibition that the past year had been an outstanding one in the matter of new acquisitions and also provided gratifying evidence that the Library's special collections have been growing in quality as well as in quantity. The books, manuscripts, prints, and other materials on display were, of course, only a token selection. Although many of the items are of great rarity, others are by themselves of small value. These lesser items, however, complement the more spectacular "show pieces," and all of them taken together are of inestimable value for research in many fields of human activity. Thus, the "New and Notable" exhibition reaffirmed, among other things, the definition of the Princeton Library as "a great humanistic laboratory."

In the Princetoniana Room during May and June were shown selections from the Mark Twain collection of the late Thomas L. Leeming '26 (described elsewhere in this issue of the *Chronicle*) and "Princeton in Bronze," sculpture by Joseph Brown, Assistant Professor of Art and Archaeology and instructor in boxing at Princeton. Mr. Brown's exhibit included portrait busts of well-known campus personalities and figures of athletes designed as intramural trophies, all of them executed in Princeton during the past decade.

An exhibit on B Floor was devoted to selected books and manuscripts from the Orlando F. Weber Memorial Collection of Economic History. Mention should also be made of the early Chinese books and manuscripts arranged for display over commencement in the Gest Oriental Library by Dr. Hu Shih, Curator of the Gest Library, and his assistant, Mr. Shih-kang Tung.

COURTNDENTS TO THIS ISSUE

ARTHUR MIZENER '30, Professor of English at Cornell University, is the author of the biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise*.

HENRY DAN PIPER '39 is a member of the English Department of Columbia University.
group of books and pamphlets by Henry Carey, including copies of *The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil*, a periodical in which his *The Harmony of Interests* was first published. Of particular interest is a letter to Henry Carey from John Stuart Mill, dated February 15, 1845, in which Mill mentions that he is sending a copy of his own *Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy* (1844) and comments at length upon Carey’s *Principles of Political Economy* (1837-40).

The Weber Collection includes a large number of early treatises on bookkeeping, which provide interesting material for an historical survey of accounting methods. Mr. Weber himself was particularly interested in propagating the “short form business operating statement,” generally called the “functional operating statement.” The collection is also strong in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English pamphlets dealing with trade, money, banking, and finance. Quite aside from their interest for economic history, these pamphlets notably strengthen the Library’s resources for the study of British financial policy in relation to the American colonies. Among the interesting items for this early period is a first edition of *Money and Trade Considered*, Edinburgh, 1705, by the Scottish financier John Law, who later achieved notoriety in France when his “system” was put into practice under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. A nineteenth-century work which may be mentioned is *Outlines of American Economic Policy* by Friedrich List, published at Philadelphia in 1827. This pamphlet written by the German economist during his residence in America from 1825 to 1832 foreshadows his later important work *Das Nationale System der Politischen Ökonomie* (Stuttgart, 1841). Another influential work represented in the Weber Collection by a first edition is *Die Lage der Arbeitenden Klasse in England*, Leipzig, 1845, written by Friedrich Engels during a sojourn in Manchester not long before he first met Karl Marx, whose lifelong friend and collaborator he became.

MARK TWAIN

Mrs. Thomas L. Leeming has presented to the Library, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth reunion of the Class of 1926, the Mark Twain collection of her husband, the late Thomas L. Leeming ’26. The collection, which consists of some ninety-odd items, includes first American editions of all but a few of the books written by
Mark Twain and many of his privately printed and ephemeral pieces. Several of the more noteworthy items may be briefly mentioned. Of first importance is the nearly complete manuscript of "The £1,000,000 Bank-note," a short story published in 1893, from the collection of John Gribbel. Mark Twain's first book, The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, New York, 1867, is represented by a fine copy of the first state from the collection of George Barr McCutcheon. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Hartford, 1876, the first state, with all edges gilt, in exceptionally good condition, and its companion volume, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, New York, 1885, the first state, with pages 289-284 tipped in, and bound in original three-quarters leather, are especially notable. The scarce A True Story, and the Recent Carnival of Crime, Boston, 1877, is present in the first binding. The only English editions in the collection are three volumes published by George Routledge and Sons in 1872: The Innocents Abroad, "Roughing It," and Mark Twain's Sketches, all of which have presentation inscriptions, dated October 19, 1872, from the author to Henry Lee. Among the privately printed items mention may be made of What Is Man?, New York, 1906, one of 250 copies; Mark Twain, Able Yachtsman, Interviews Himself on Why Lifeboat Failed to Lift the Cup [n.p., 1920], one of 109 copies; The Sandwich Islands, New York, 1920, one of thirty copies; S.L.C. to C.T. [n.p., 1925], one of one hundred copies; More Maxims of Mark [New York], 1927, one of fifty copies; The Suppressed Chapter of Following the Equator [n.p., 1928], one of apparently only three copies extant; and A Murder, a Mystery, and a Marriage [New York], 1945, one of sixteen copies.

THE TOWER STAMP COLLECTION

The Library's philatelic collections have been greatly enriched by the bequest of the late Reverend William H. Tower '94. Prior to his death in 1950 Mr. Tower had already transferred to the Library a part of his fine collection of postal covers, which he described for readers of the Chronicle in an article entitled "A Philatelic Medley." The collection, which consists chiefly of "postally-used envelopes or covers," falls into four general sections, devoted respectively to: the Postal History of England, the Postal History of the United States, War Covers, and a "Philatelic Miscellany."

Mr. Tower was less concerned with completeness of a given period or country than with the types and varieties necessary to illustrate his theme. The covers are mounted in some fifty albums, with detailed explanatory comments, which add greatly to the reference value of the collection. In the article mentioned above Mr. Tower expressed the hope that his collection "would interest anyone, collector or not." It will, indeed, interest stamp collectors, but it will also prove of value to historians of the many phases of activity that are reflected in these hundreds of "covers," each of which represents some form of communication between human beings.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF HENRY YOUNG, JR. '93

Mrs. Richard V. Lindabury has given to Princeton approximately 170 volumes, chiefly in the fields of art, literature, and history, from the library of her father, the late Henry Young, Jr. '93. Mr. Young's collecting interests were varied, including early editions of the Greek and Latin classics, as well as finely bound and printed works executed on the Continent from the sixteenth century to the present. One of the interesting books acquired from Mr. Young's library is a copy of Robert Estienne's Les Censures des Theologiens de Paris, par lesquelles ils avoient faussemment condamne les Bibles imprimes par Robert Estiène imprimeur des Roys: avec la response d'iceluy Robert Estienne [Paris], 1553. This is a French translation of Estienne's reply to those who accused him of heresy, first published in Latin under the title of Ad Censuras Theologorum Parisiensium. Also from the sixteenth century is a copy of the Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius, printed by Aldus at Venice in 1521. This volume was once in the library of Michael Wodhull, the English classical scholar and collector, and later in the possession of William Loring Andrews, before being acquired by Mr. Young. The binding in full morocco with Wodhull's arms was probably executed by Roger Payne or his assistant, Mrs. Weir. Fine printing of the seventeenth century is represented in Mrs. Lindabury's gift by a copy of Claude Perrault's Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Naturelle des Animaux, printed by the Imprimerie Royale at Paris in 1671. The text edited by Perrault, based on the work of the Royal Academy of Sciences, reflects the current interest in accurate anatomical description which had been stimulated by the invention of the microscope. The engraved plates of animals were executed by Sébastien Le Clerc. The
frontispiece depicts a visit of Louis XIV, Colbert, and other members of the royal suite to the natural history collections at the Jardin du Roy in Paris, while a vignette on the first page of the preface shows an anatomical demonstration at the same institution. Another royal printing establishment is represented by the work *Retratos de los Españoles Illustres, con un Epitome de Sus Vidas*, published by the Imprenta Real at Madrid in 1791. This volume of engraved portraits of renowned Spaniards, accompanied by brief biographies, is also of interest as a complement to the Library’s collection of Americana since it contains portraits of such figures as De Soto, Cortés, Balboa, Pizarro, and Las Casas. Also noteworthy as an example of fine printing is a sixteen-volume set of Italian poetics—Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Petrarca, and others—published by the Società Letteraria at Pisa between 1804 and 1815. These elegant folio volumes used type designed by Andrea Amoretti of Parma, who had engraved some of Bodoni’s types and whose designs show the influence of Bodoni and Didot. The Amoretti volumes from Mr. Young’s library are uniformly bound in full vellum by Bedford.

**MARK CATESBY**

Mark Catesby (1679-1749), an English naturalist and traveler, returned to England after a residence of seven years in Virginia (1712-1719) with a collection of botanical specimens which so impressed Lord Haute Slane and William Sherard, the botanist, that they persuaded him to make another trip for the express purpose of collecting, describing, and delineating the flora and fauna of the southern section of the country. Catesby’s second visit to America (1722-1726), during which he explored the lower part of Carolina, living for a time among the Indians at Fort Moore on the Savannah River, and made excursions to Georgia, Florida, and the Bahamas, resulted in the publication in two large folio volumes of his *The Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands: Containing the Figures of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, Insects, and Plants*, London, 1731-43, a copy of which has long been in the possession of the Library. The book is illustrated by a map of the districts explored and by over two hundred plates etched by Catesby himself after his own paintings. Of the series of plates, Catesby states in his preface: “I undertook and was initiated in the way of Etching them myself, which, tho’ I may not have done in a Graver-like manner, choosing rather to omit their method of cross-hatching, and to follow the humour of the Feathers, which is more laborious, and I hope has proved more to the purpose.” From Edward D. Balken ’97 the Library has received as a valuable addition to its collection of Americana a particularly fine copy, the nine parts complete in four volumes, of *Sammlung verschiedener auslandischer und seltener Vögel*, Nuremberg, 1749-76, a work compiled by Johann M. Seligmann from Catesby’s *Natural History and George Edwards’ A Natural History of Uncommon Birds* (London [1748]-51). The translation into German was made by Georg L. Huth and Seligmann. The latter also etched the majority of the elaborately hand-colored plates, which are after the original designs of Catesby and Edwards. This translation is far rarer than the English edition and complete copies are seldom found.

**F. SCOTT FITZGERALD**

There have been a number of additions to the F. Scott Fitzgerald collection. Malcolm Cowley has presented correspondence, editorial notes, and galleys proofs relating to his edition of *The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, recently published by Scribner’s. Three photographs of Fitzgerald taken by Carl Van Vechten in 1937 came as the gift of Mr. Van Vechten. John Jameson has given two letters written by Fitzgerald to him in 1934. From Dee Engelbach, of the National Broadcasting Company, producer-director of “The Big Sleep,” the Library has received a copy of the script of the radio version of Fitzgerald’s story “The Adjuster” heard on that program. And Robert Montgomery has presented a copy of the script of *The Last Tycoon* as adapted by Thomas W. Phipps for the television program “Your Lucky Strike Theatre.”

**A MODERN FRENCH TRANSLATION OF HERACLITUS**

André Girard, a former resident of Princeton, has presented to the Graphic Arts Division copy No. 19 of his illustrated edition of a modern French translation of the maxims of the Greek philosopher Heraclitus of Ephesus, *Héraclite d’Éphèse*, “nouvelle traduction de Jean Mariani, illustrations d’André Girard,” published in an edition of fifty copies in the “Collection Contraire” by the Editions Lipton, New York, 1949, was executed by the serigraph, or silk-screen, process. The colophon further bears witness to the
fact that the book was made in Princeton: “Cette nouvelle traduction par Jean Mariani des pensées d’Héraclite a été copiée et illustrée directement sur soie et tirée à la main à cinquante exemplaires par André Girard au printemps de 1949 à Princeton, New Jersey.” Each of the “thoughts” occupies a full page or a double page, so that the book presents a brilliant succession of 122 compositions, varying in color and in design to fit the text. The leaves, unsewn and unbound, are encased in a portfolio, in the manner of modern French illustrated works.

This copy of Héraclite was presented to the Library as a compliment to the Curator of Graphic Arts, Elmer Adler, who first introduced Girard to the technique of serigraphy. In his foreword Girard mentions that it was also in Princeton that he made the acquaintance of the physicist Jean Mariani, who made this new translation of the thoughts of Heraclitus. Thus, in addition to being an example of fine craftsmanship, this book also provides a commentary on the present position of Princeton as an international crossroads.

SKETCHES OF VIRGINIA AND TENNESSEE

A copy of Mathew Carey’s General Atlas, Philadelphia, 1814, presented to the Library by George Henderson ’09, has proved to be far more than just another set of old maps. The volume, once used as a scrapbook, has some fifteen original drawings tipped in. These drawings, signed by D. E. Henderson, an ancestor of the donor, were made in the autumn and winter of 1856-1857 during a journey from Virginia into Tennessee. They include views of Richmond basin, the penitentiary at Richmond, the stage yard at Blountsville, “Kenedy Foster’s Mill under the Bald Mountain,” the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Knoxville, and Nukjeck Cave. The sketches are for the most part skillfully executed in pen and wash; a few are touched up with gouache. Penciled notations on some of the drawings seem to indicate that they were intended to be engraved, and this supposition is further confirmed by the presence in the atlas of several unsigned engravings and vignettes apparently after Henderson. As these drawings show considerable competence and also possess documentary value, the Library would welcome any further information about D. E. Henderson and his activities.

BIBLIA
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON LIBRARY
Volume XXII, Number 4
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THE NEILSON ABEEL MEMORIAL

Classmates of the late Neilson Abeel ’24 have arranged for the publication of a memorial volume of poems by Mr. Abeel, whose manuscripts have been deposited in the Library. The costs of publication have been covered by contributions, most of which were made by Mr. Abeel’s classmates. Since the contributions received amount to more than what was needed for the publication, it was decided to present the excess to the Library for the purchase of books or manuscripts of the following five poets, whose works were of special interest to Mr. Abeel: Matthew Arnold, Rupert Brooke, James Elroy Flecker, A. E. Housman, and Wilfred Owen. The presentation of the fund was offered to the Friends at the meeting of the Council on May 29 and was accepted on behalf of the Library.

CONTRIBUTIONS

A contribution was received from Mrs. Harriet H. Mayor for general use.

GIFTS

Since the report on gifts in the last issue of the Chronicle several items have been received from Friends. Sinclair Hamilton ’06
made further additions to the collection of early American illustrated books. Gifts were received also from: Elmer Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. Benson, Jr. '96, Lyman H. Butterfield, Mrs. John F. Joline, Charles G. Ogood, T. M. Parrot '88, Francis W. Robinson '29, Henry L. Savage '15, Samuel Shellabarger '09, Edward Steese '24, Willard Thorp, George A. Vondermuhl '04, Alexander D. Wainwright '39, and Alan L. Wolfe '12.

WILLIAM HOGARTH TOWER

In the death of the Reverend William Hogarth Tower '94 our philatelic collections have suffered a crippling loss. Mr. Tower had been encouraged in prebellum days by Professor Lawrence Thompson to begin a Princeton stamp collection, and Professor Thompson did not need to renew or repeat his encouragement. From then on Mr. Tower "took over on his own." Albums and stamps began to pour in, and Mr. Tower's bi- or tri-monthly trips from Montclair to Princeton did not decrease their number.

When the new Library was no longer a hope, but something to be planned for, Mr. Tower made plans for a Stamp Room. Nor was he inclined to allow architects or administrators to forget his desire for one. They moved only too slowly for him. We well knew the tall and purposeful individual (a package of stamps held under the arm) who seldom failed to impress upon us the duty we owed to philately.

Through the generosity of several donors, a Stamp Room was provided as a memorial to Harold Cornelius Smith '04—and our stamps had a home. Under Mr. Tower's energy and "drive" many visitors to the new Library were soon asking, "Where are the stamps kept?" for exhibit succeeded exhibit, each one displaying new wonders—and the magic was wrought by William Tower, who created zest and interest where before there had been vacuum.

William Tower was no mere accumulator. He systematically pursued his aim to form and to give to Princeton an amazingly valuable collection of material. What we now possess covers the entire field of postal history and the history of transportation in all countries. Every part of the globe was ransacked to enrich and complete that collection. The result of his labors appears in over fifty volumes of carefully annotated material. Special mention may be made of his American Colonial covers, Abraham Lincoln collection, and collection of Arctic philately. These collections received prizes and honors at many exhibitions. With this splendid gift added to those of E. L. Pierce and Mrs. Edgar Palmer our collections have grown in range and variety. In addition to bequeathing his stamps and his philatelic library to Princeton, Mr. Tower left to the University Chapel a sum of one thousand dollars.

If the stamp collection is where it is today, we owe it to William
Hogarth Tower. In and out of season he pursued his end. After his Lord and the members of his immediate family, Princeton came next. He was secretary of his class, and a devoted and much beloved one. He assumed such onerous duties because he loved his University and classmates much—and loved to be employed in any service that served them.

Ever the clergyman, he employed his hobby to its highest degree. He started many a child on the collector’s quest by a gift of stamps; with his albums he visited war veterans in hospitals; and finally he bequeathed his treasure to others, whom he charged to use it for the instruction and pleasure of generations to come. We are bidden to use all the talents committed to us—our skills, our interests, our hobbies—for the good of others. And that is exactly what William Tower did.

ABRAHAM S. ARNOLD

Since the last meeting of the Council the Friends have suffered grievous loss: first in the passing of the Reverend Mr. Tower and, all too soon afterward, in that of him who had labored with Messrs. Pierce and Tower to carry on the activities of the Friends’ Committee on Philately—Abraham S. Arnold.

Mr. Arnold died at the age of sixty-two of a sudden heart attack at his home, 947 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey, on April 17, 1951. Before his labors in the Stamp Room, begun in 1950, his had been a busy life.

Born in Bucharest, Rumania, he came to this country as a boy. He attended the Classical High School in Providence, Brown University, and the Columbia Law School, and later studied at the Universities of Berlin and Grenoble. A lawyer by profession, for many years he handled legal affairs for Paramount Pictures in New York. At the time of his death he was Vice-President of the Commonwealth Bank of Metuchen.

But if law and finance were the main sources of his daily bread, Abraham Arnold did not live by bread alone. His interests ranged far and widely; he was Secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Society, and only very recently had been elected Vice-President of the New Jersey branch of the United World Federalists. He was known here and abroad for his collections of Americana, prints of the Far East, and stamps.

Mr. Arnold’s association with the Friends, though pitifully brief, was a distinguished one. Our philatelic collections were surveyed by his practiced eye, and, through a series of exhibitions in the Stamp Room and the Exhibition Gallery, for the first time the University and the public got some idea of the treasures we possessed. That these exhibitions aroused the interest of undergraduates and the general public, we who work in the Library can bear witness. Questions by visitors about our stamp collections grew more numerous. Of the full extent and variety of those collections something still remains to be learned; but we do know, thanks to Mr. Arnold, that they are outstandingly significant.

Only one who bore the blue ribbon of his profession—he was one of those selected to evaluate the stamps of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt—could have brought us, in so brief a period of service, to a clearer knowledge of what we now own.

We memorialize, however, a man who was more than merely a collector. We miss and shall miss a person of winning charm who won the affection and liking of us all. Serving voluntarily, he made an unrealized asset better known to us, its guardians, and to the world at large. Forgetting himself, he made his memory one with our philatelic collections—to think of them is to think of him.

Minutes of the Council of the Friends of the Princeton Library
Adopted May 28, 1951

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The Friends of the Princeton Library

Founded in 1864, the Friends of the Princeton Library is an association of bibliophiles and scholars interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has received gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts and other material which could not otherwise be acquired by the Library.

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THE CHURCH
THE COLLEGE
and PROPAGANDA

A Study of Modern Education
and its Battle with Secularism

By the REV. HENRY BREVOORT CANNON
Chaplain to the Episcopal Students at Princeton University

Field and Publicity Department
Diocese of New Jersey
Trenton, N. J.
in cooperation with
The Committee for College Work
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"We commend this pamphlet to the thoughtful attention of all, more especially those who either have young people in colleges or universities, or are contemplating sending them to these institutions of higher education. This problem is not confined to those who are on the staff of our universities and colleges, but it begins with the home and the home parish."

- WALLACE JOHN GARDNER, D.D.
Bishop of New Jersey

THE CHURCH, THE COLLEGE, AND PROPAGANDA

In the September issue of the Atlantic Monthly appeared an article entitled "Man Against Darkness." In this article, the author, Professor Walter T. Stace of the department of philosophy at Princeton, declared himself to be an atheist. This fact was not in itself particularly significant. What was significant was the surprise such a declaration created in certain quarters. Apparently the Christian public at least was unaware of the prevalence of this and similar attitudes on our college campuses.

This may lead us to ask a question. Much has been written of late concerning religion on our college campuses. How realistically has the Church analyzed this problem? Have we Christians really grasped the present nature of the opposition to our faith. My own answer to this is, "No, we have not."

This brings us to a further question. Granted the inadequacy of our analysis, why have we failed? What is the key which can open the door to our understanding so that we can see the problem in its true perspective and deal with it realistically?

We may start by reminding ourselves of the situation fifty to seventy-five years ago. During that period the church was engaged in a bitter quarrel with science. It is now seen and universally admitted, at least by Episcopalians, that there is not and cannot be any real quarrel between religion and science as such. I cannot emphasize this fact too much. For unless this is clearly understood, what I have to say hereafter will lend itself to serious misinterpretation. But, grant that religion and science are not by their essential natures destined to remain rivals irrevocably, it nevertheless remains true that they are very far from having composed their differences.

Roughly speaking, we can visualize the situation on our college campuses somewhat as follows:

At one end of the spectrum we find a relatively small minority of college professors who are genuinely committed to the Christian faith. At the opposite end of the spectrum we see another small minority who openly express their opposition to Christianity. Between these two hostile attitudes lies the vast majority of the faculty representing in rather neutral colors every shade of opinion. We can characterize this group on the whole as indifferent to our problem. It neither knows nor cares about Christianity. Its collective judgment is suspended. Its own estimate of itself would be, "as far as religion is concerned, we are neutral." We might, if we carried our analysis no further, find ourselves agreeing with this judgment. The question quite properly arises, however, are these so-called neutrals really neutral? Are they not, though apparently indifferent, actually weakening the faith of the undergraduate?
To answer this crucial question let us approach the problem of religion on our campuses from a new angle. It must be admitted by everyone not blinded by sentiment that all education, religious or secular, is by its very nature and definition a form of propaganda. This word has, of course, ugly connotations for all of us. But propaganda is by no means necessarily evil. Furthermore, it is quite impossible to understand our present problem without taking the nature of propaganda into consideration. And yet this is the very aspect which most analyses by Christians to date have failed to include.

Since propaganda is to be the key which opens the door to our understanding, we must bear in mind that there are, roughly speaking, two types of propaganda. The first of these is familiar to all of us. It consists in an open-and-above-board attempt to convince people, to change their point of view, and to cause them to act in a certain manner. An obvious example of this is the preacher in the pulpit expounding the Gospel. Another equally obvious example is the cigarette salesman trying to sell a particular brand of cigarettes. This kind of propaganda is properly called "overt" propaganda. The thinking of the Church concerning the religious problem in our colleges has been and still is almost entirely based on our understanding of the "overt" type.

Actually it is utterly impossible to come to grips with our problem unless we try to understand the second kind of propaganda. We may call this "covert," or hidden, as opposed to the better known and recognized "overt" type. "Covert" propaganda has three main characteristics which we must have clearly in mind. Let me list and briefly describe each of these.

First the true source of the propaganda remains unknown—or, to state it more exactly, either the supposed source or else the real source remains vague and ill-defined. Take for example an article in a newspaper reporting a political speech. As far as the public knows, this article represents an unblasted statement of what occurred and what was said. Actually, it is, of course, possible that this is not true at all. The newspaper may be and often is under the influence of certain pressure groups and special interests. All the news is consequently "slanted" to conform to the wishes of those in charge of so-called editorial policy.

This brings us to the second characteristic of "covert" propaganda. The propagandist himself wears a disguise. We are all of us more or less familiar with camouflage. In nature the markings of birds and animals help to conceal them from the eye of the hunter. They may be and often are mistaken for inanimate objects by the play of light and shadow on the ground. The grouse fades into the background of twigs and leaves. The woodchuck looks like a stump. So, too, our "covert" propagandist wears a disguise or a protective cover which makes him appear to be what he is not. Only a few years ago we beheld Nazi propagandists wrapping themselves in the hallowed mantle of 100% Americanism.

Now we come to the third approach to this kind of propaganda—not only the most significant but also the most subtle. The message itself is wholly or partially concealed. It is concealed by the simple device of the double meaning. The person who hears the propagandist says or writes is immediately conscious of the "overt" content of the message, but he is either partially or wholly unaware of its hidden significance. Let no one, however, fall into the error of supposing that because we are aware of such hidden meanings they do not affect us. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

This technique of propaganda is not difficult to understand. The propagandist wishes to implant his ideas and the reach of criticism. He aims to introduce his ideas so subtly that they are accepted without being recognized. The persons to be influenced are not aware of what is being done to them. The reality of "covert" propaganda operates out of sight, as it were, or at the very level of consciousness and, therefore, beyond the range of the critical faculties.

Soft drink advertisers often feature a bathing beauty in their "ads." The "overt" message of course, consists in the exhortation to drink this or that. But the advertiser has other objectives beyond this simple message. He intends to build up in the mind an association between the drink in question and the mutual enjoyment of the sexes. I shall refrain from discussing the crude and more animalistic aspects of this suggestion, but both are real and effective. Advertisers know what they are doing.

There is nothing like a concrete example to make all this perfectly clear. So, let us imagine an American university which is controlled and directed by Communist agents. In bringing up this example let me emphatically not suggesting that such an institution exists. Nor do I wish to encourage in any way those who like to hint that most "liberal" professors are tainted with ideas emanating from Moscow. The example of a Communist institution is entirely hypothetical and is given purely for purposes of illustration. To return to the main point of the argument, the directors of our imaginary Communist university are certain to be well versed in the principles of "covert" propaganda. Let us try to see how they will apply these concretely.

First, the true source of the propaganda remains unknown. This means that no one must suspect that our university is directed by the propaganda bureau in Moscow. Secondly, the propagandists must wear a disguise. They must conceal their membership in the Communist party and their training in Communist schools. Therefore, they try to create the illusion that they are the ordinary common and garden variety of doctors of philosophy. They proclaim their devotion to objective truth, science and research. Thirdly, their real message, the ideas and ideology, must in some sense be concealed. Their catalogue will not list courses such as "The Downfall of Capitalism" or "Religion as the Opiate of American Labor." Instead the titles of the courses will be "Economics 10" or "Sociology 53." But "Economics 10" will, as a matter of scientific
truth based on objective fact, show that the "law of supply and demand" is fiction and a myth, pure and simple.

We know, of course, that such a university will have as one of its major objectives the uprooting and destruction of all faith in God. But it will never do to proclaim this fact. How then will the professors go about it? Let us imagine a scenario some of their classes.

First, we visit a course in history. The professor seems to exemplify everything that one expects to find in an American college. He has the usual degrees which are the accepted hallmarks of his competence and objectivity. How does he approach the panorama of history? He gives us the record of man's progress. Starting with the cave man he shows us how man and society through discovery and invention have improved their material or conditions of life. As something to be taken for granted, he contrasts the knowledge and enlightenment of recent and modern times with the ignorance and superstition of past ages. Never does he criticize Christianity as such. He merely shows us how it arose among primitive pre-scientific people—a people naturally predisposed by their ignorance to belief in miracles, the supernatural.

The overt message is clear enough. Our professor has passed on to us the doctrine of progress—now somewhat threadbare, but not absolutely discredited. But what of the implications, the "covert" message? The new is superior to the old; the old is inferior to the new. Christianity belongs to the old. Therefore, if not absolutely false, it is at the very least inferior to so-called "science". No enlightened person will take it too seriously.

There are, of course, other angles which our professor can and does exploit. We learn about the attitude of ruling classes, aristocrats and capitalists, toward religion in general and Christianity in particular. We are informed, for example, that the Church, of the Great Northern Railroad, although a Protestant, gave money to the Roman Catholic Church and that a noted financier transported selected Episcopal bishops around the country in his private railroad car. No mention is made of the repulsion of a commoner from the Communion by his rector because of one of his more palatial financial coups or anything said about the Church ranging herself on the side of labor and the oppressed. The implication—the covert meaning—is never expressed overtly, but it is clear enough. Religion is the tool of class politics—Christianity is "the opiate of the people."

Next we visit a course in anthropology. We learn about the customs, taboos and rituals of primitive peoples. In due course the Christian missionaries appear upon the stage. What do we hear about them? Three points will be emphasized. The first illustrates the pride and prejudice of the clergy. We are told about the clothing of African natives in "mother hubbards" and other ridiculous garments in all the guise of prudence. The second point consists in insinuations about an ignoble alliance between the missionary church and ruthless, exploiting capitalists. The third is the most

subtle of all. The question is raised as to whether Christianity has any right to regard itself as better or truer than indigenous religions. The question is posed in such a way that there can be only one answer—a direct and emphatic "NO!"

But enough of anthropology—we pass on to a course in sociology. The lecturer is talking about the relations between different races, specifically the relations between whites and Negroes in our own country. We are perhaps a bit surprised or even a little shocked to learn that race tensions are to be analysed in terms of Freudian psychology. The oppression of the colored people by whites is traced to the latter's sexual inferiority complex. The picture the professor gives us arouses our moral indignation. This is the "overt" message. The "covert" meaning is however quite different—"the disease ox opposition has improved our sense of moral indignation. For all moral ideals are shown to be a mere epiphenomena. They arise from the subconscious. They are expressions of basic sexuality. Therefore they are devoid of all objective truth or reality.

Our last lecture course is a course in "Social Psychology". Here the professors lump all social institutions together—the social, economic, political, and religious systems. He shows how all such systems arise from and are conditioned by environmental factors of which the architects of these various institutions are unaware. The "Fathers" who drew up the constitution declared their adherence to the principles of freedom. Actually they were erecting the legal fortress of property rights.

Similarly, the Christian faith is placed along with economic and political theories in the category of folklore and other nonsense. The lecture never says that God does not exist. That scarcely would be tolerated in an American institution. But the point of view toward life, the basic presuppositions which underlie belief in a personal God, in Christ, has been destroyed. They have been replaced by other unconscious presuppositions which make atheism seem the most modern, the most scientific, and the most honest answer to life's so-called riddle.

But there is one thing we must leave our hypothetical and non-existent Communist university. Notice again that I do not say that the courses which we attended and the lecturers to whom we listened are non-existent. Not at all. One can find examples of all of these courses in every college campus in our country. It is not saying that any of our college professors are recruited, trained and paid by Moscow. Why should they be? Why should the Communist bureau of propaganda incur the risk of interfering when so many, unknowingly and unwittingly, are doing their jobs for them. The Moscovite subversive propagandists, like all men everywhere, rejoice in receiving nothing for nothing.

Naturally I do not mean to imply that all the courses or even a majority in any given college conform to this pattern. I naturally have no means of obtaining a complete picture of all the courses, that in every college, there are men, often men very prominent in the teaching hierarchy, whose underlying assumptions are basically Christian. And yet I am convinced, generally
speaking, that our Christian propaganda is at present quite unequal to the task of meeting the attack of our opponents. These opponents are not, I think, so common in the fields of the exact sciences or even the humanities as they are in the inexact sciences—sociology, anthropology, and psychology—in courses where what is claimed in and as vague sense to be scientific is always open to question. But it goes without saying that one finds them in every department. Moreover, the humanists are often the most subtle propagandists of all. They are, therefore, in a sense more destructive than the "scientists."

Probably the attitude of the majority of professors on most campuses toward the Christian religion may be summarized in one word—indifference. Christ and God are viewed as basically irrelevant to modern problems. They can be safely ignored. Of course this does not mean that such men teach is actually neutral and colorless from the point of view of propaganda. For to the propagandist nothing is completely neutral or absolutely colorless. Everything bears a plus or a minus sign. And yet, how many habitually act and speak as if pure objectivity of analysis and presentation were a reality?

Christians need to be clear, above all else, about one thing. The average modern American college is no longer, in any exact sense of the word, Christian. But we have to think carefully just what we mean by such a statement. Do we mean that our educators have deserted the Christian ethic? Certainly not. On the contrary, everyone or almost everyone pays at the very least lip service to it. In this restricted sense the vast majority of college teachers can be properly called Christian even now. But, after all, even religious and moral values cannot stay afloat in a vacuum. The Commandments, "Thou shalt not" and "Thou shalt" can be firmly grounded only in the prophetic words, "Thus saith the Lord." Ethics which are regarded as a mere convenience or an epiphenomenon tend to slip and keep on slipping.

It is hopelessly unrealistic to suppose that a nation which "knows not the Lord" will be able indefinitely to maintain anything which resembles Christian standards of conduct. As I have tried to show, many professors without even intending it are conditioning the minds of their students so that Christianity no longer makes any sense to them. Some students are, of course, aware in a vague general sense what is happening to their faith. But since the core of their minds takes place in accordance with the principles of "covert" propaganda, they do not perceive how it is happening. They are, relatively speaking, defenseless. They are defenseless because they have no principles in the light of which they can criticize the presuppositions of their teachers and these presuppositions are kept well in the background.

Perhaps this statement requires further clarification. So, let us return once again to our three basic principles of covert propaganda. First, as we have said, the source of the propaganda must be concealed. How is this done? It is camouflaged as science. It masquerades as pure objectivity. Remember that the most powerful anti-religious propaganda emanates not from the exact sciences but the inexact sciences of anthropology, sociology and psychology. The student is given to know that what the professor says in the inevitable conclusions imposed by proven facts. The facts are guaranteed by the scientific objectivity of the researcher. You cannot refute facts. To attempt to do so is ridiculous. But objectivity is always a very relative thing. All aspects of human learning are ultimately on certain subjective factors—assumptions. The college professor is not an automatic machine for indexing facts, but a fallible human being—and, as we Christians would put it, a "sinner!"

Our second principle requires that the propagandist himself wear a disguise. We have seen that many college teachers, though they do not recognize themselves as such, are actually anti-religious propagandists. This in itself provides an almost impenetrable disguise. We are to suppose that an immature and uninformed student is in a position to penetrate beyond the overt meaning to the hidden presuppositions which are often partially concealed from the professor himself. I have talked with a number of men who studied under Professor Stace. It is worth noting that something of this nature is no idea that Stace was an atheist until he openly avowed himself to be such in the Atlantic Monthly.

This brings us to our third principle—the principle of the double meaning or of the message hidden within the message. Perhaps we can understand this more concretely if we narrow our perspective to two specific techniques of "covert" propaganda—"juxtaposition" and "excitement." "Juxtaposition" consists in placing two apparently unrelated facts side by side without any connecting comment. Thus as we have seen, so-called science is identified with progress, enlightenment, and liberal thinking while religion is bracketed with discredited truths, superstition and reaction. "Excitement," in turn, is basically the principle of belittling other factors and making the most objective, the most conscientious teacher, falls into both of habits. Furthermore, the more unconscious he is of doing so, the more effective as weapons of propaganda both of these techniques become. After all, nothing carries greater conviction than complete sincerity and complete naturalness.

So far, all I have tried to do is state and analyze the problem. The real question is what ought the Church, what can the Church do about this situation. Emphatically this problem is not just simply the concern of college workers and college chaplains. The home, the school, the local parish, all need to understand what Christian colleges at college are up against. If anyone takes the trouble to analyze what is going on in the local school, he will find the same general picture. For, after all, the university hands down "the law and the prophets" for the school. And what of our Church preparatory schools? Does what has been said here apply to them? Yes, it does, most emphatically. In is high time for them to analyze and re-evaluate what they are doing—their curricula and course of study, the home, the hidden unconscious presuppositions which determine the approach to reality of their teaching.

Inevitably the front line trenches are located on the college campuses. What can the college chaplain do? It is totally unrealistic

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to suppose that he alone as an individual working among a relatively small and select group of students can do much more than make a dent in the total picture. This being admitted, we see that the only possible answer is the church must mobilize its lathy among the college professors themselves. It is essential that they become more aware of the problem as it exists, in short, that they be mobilized as defenders of the Faith.

In the context of this analysis, what ought their most immediate objective be? We can answer this best by referring once more to our principles of subversive warfare and “covert” propaganda. What does any country do when its institutions and the loyalty of its people are menaced by subversive propaganda? It strives to unmask its opponents, to force them to come out into the open and declare themselves.

We know where Professor Stace stands. He declares himself to be an atheist. Let us admire and applaud his courage and candor. There are so many professors who have not thought out fully the implications of what they are teaching. One can certainly sympathize with these men up to a point. After all, as students they were subjected to and conditioned by the same kind of propaganda which we have been discussing. They have simply accepted the unconscious presuppositions of their age, presuppositions which have been shared by most educated people throughout the western world for a century. All of us are to some extent influenced by these. After all, the educational process is by its very nature bound to mirror the cultural trends of the times.

But our sympathy for their predicament (and our own) must not deceive us from declaring the truth as we understand it. Those who hold back, who hide their propaganda behind a cloistered and objective, must be unmasked and forced to declare themselves. Let everyone understand clearly that these men are not compelled by their devotion to truth, objectivity and science to be atheistic or agnostic in their point of view. Let them admit openly that all men everywhere and at all times, their researches and hypotheses rest on certain presuppositions and axioms which remain unproved and unproved by science. It must be shown that they are not exceptions, that they too must live and must live by faith even if it be a kind of anti-faith. Human nature being what it is, sinful, it would be unrealistic to expect them to admit this willingly. Those who claim to be Christians are no better than our opponents in this respect.

This brings us face to face with the question: “How shall we go about unmasking their propaganda? What ought to be the nature of our strategy on the college campus?” Open denunciations and personal feuding are not likely to further our cause. We must be “wise as serpents and harmless as doves.” This leaves us with two concrete methods of attacking our problem. The first of these is “covert.” The Christian laymen on the faculty must witness more openly and explicitly to their faith. Let them see to it that the students know where they stand. Let them stand forth as Christian apologists wherever the opportunity presents itself. Let them above all fulfill their obligations as churchmen.

This brings us to the “covert” phase of our strategy. Since the direct frontal attack on our opponents’ positions is at present impractical, we must seek to outflank them. How is this to be done? It can only be done by the students themselves—by training them to unmask the “covert” propaganda of the enemy. The clergy and faculty laymen must cooperate in this training. Students with proper backing and mutual encouragement will do the rest for themselves. A very amusing little drama will result. Let us try to see this in imagination.

Professor “X” with a look of profundity and abstraction makes a statement of the kind we have already noted. The raiding party one by one raises hands.

First Questioner: “Sir, do you consider the empirical evidence for your statement to be absolutely conclusive?”

Second Questioner: “There is something I want to clear up in my own mind. Does not what you have just said have to do with philosophy rather than science?”

Third Questioner: “I am interested in the implications of what you have said. You seem to be implying that religion and our sense of right and wrong are merely the result of blind unconscious forces. Is this conclusion forced on us by the facts or is it your own personal view of the matter?”

Fourth Questioner: “It seems that men in the sciences are objective in their judgments and that men who are adherents of religion are necessarily subjective. Is this an assumption? Can we really prove that this is so? And if so, how?”

Fifth Questioner: “I am still confused about one thing. What are the presuppositions in the light of which we have analyzed the empirical evidence?”

And so forth.

By this time our professor, unless his reasoning is far more air tight than is that of most agnostics and atheists, will be suffering from shortness of breath and a congestion of the blood vessels. He is advocating, in short, the “cold war” and this is entirely appropriate for, as everyone knows, the “cold war” is, above all else, a “covert” war—a war of undercover methods and propaganda. In other words, we must fight fire with fire.

At this point someone may be wondering what the outcome of all this will be. Is not the “cold war” liable to lead to open hostilities, to an open break? Certainly it is, but this is just what our strategy is designed to bring about. For as soon as open hostilities break out, the advantage of the enemy will be disclosed. Presuppositions will begin to appear in their true light.

This war is not of our own choosing. It has been forced upon us. Do we not know that the religion of Christ crucified is spiritually attractive, that there are tremendous spiritual explosive forces concealed within it? If we do not, we have certainly failed to grasp what we are talking about. And we have failed also to understand the prophetic words of our Lord himself, “I came not to bring peace but a sword.”
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