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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

VIRGINIA WAYLAND has been studying playing card history for some fifteen years, specializing in Amerindian cards, late 17th century English educational and political cards and the migration of Portuguese cards to the Orient in the 16th century. This fall she will be accompanying her husband, a professor at the California Institute of Technology, to Japan where she is to spend several months in the further study of Japanese cards derived from those introduced by the Portuguese traders.

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Princeton's Apache Playing Cards

BY VIRGINIA WAYLAND

American Indian artifacts are rightfully of special interest to Americans, for a study of them gives us a better understanding of the natives of our continent. Playing cards are often considered to be so ephemeral and trivial that they are not worth investigation. It is only lately that students of ethnology have come to recognize that such pictorial playthings can graphically and often delightfully reflect interesting aspects of the culture of their locale and period. Since cards are usually designed and fabricated by middle-class, only moderately educated people, they often reflect a fresh viewpoint: not that of a widely versed, objective historian, but that of an average citizen immersed in the day-to-day concerns of his community.

Most of the Amerindian cards preserved today were hand-painted on rawhide by Apaches. Because the Apaches were essentially a nomadic people who could carry only essential baggage from encampment to encampment, they have left us very little recorded material, and that is usually associated with the special interests of the medicine man or religion. So the culture which is reflected on their fascinating playing cards gives us an unusual insight into the life and thoughts of average Apaches living in the Southwest in the 19th century.

Most of the Apache cards which have come down to our day were collected by army personnel, serving primarily in Arizona, and by a few ethnologists sent out by the Smithsonian Institution. Two years ago Mrs. Gerard B. Lambert presented to the Princeton University Library a pack reputedly collected by an army doctor serving in and around San Carlos from 1870-1880. As so often
happened with material acquired at this time the circumstances of collection were not recorded and no details relating to the objects are preserved. However, since each existing pack is unique, in that each was painted by a different Indian, we can learn a considerable amount by a close examination of the cards themselves.

Where did the Apaches learn about playing cards? Europeans first introduced playing cards to all American Indians. The Apaches must have first seen them in the hands of Spanish soldiers exploring north from Mexico City. We do not have documentation as to exactly when this could have occurred.

We do know that playing cards were carried to the New World by the soldiers accompanying Cortes in 1520: for Gomara tells us of Montezuma’s pleasure at watching the Spanish soldiers playing card games. Early colonial records show that it was not long after the establishment of the Spanish colony in Mexico that a franchise was granted first for the sale and later for the printing of cards. Gambling of all kinds was a way of life in these colonies, and most men and some women gave a great deal of time and substance to it.

Certainly cards were carried by these soldiers of fortune as they explored north from Mexico City. Records show that the Apaches made early contact, usually peaceful, with the Spanish, and we can assume the Indians watched them play at cards in their leisure hours. Indians, in common with other men, love all games of chance. It is only to be expected that they learned to play, and eventually acquired packs of printed traditional Spanish cards. We do not know how many years Apaches may have used these gay, printed cards which they acquired by trade or by purchasing in Mexican settlements—perhaps 100 or even 200 years.

But the time came when some Apaches could no longer buy these paper cards. Early in the 19th century the migration of Americans from the east and that of the Mexican settlers pushing up from the south caused drastic changes in the life of Southwest Indians. Their best farm land was being appropriated by the incoming settlers and ranchers. Some of the Indian tribes learned to live with the intruders, but many Apaches resisted and found themselves pushed back into the higher mountain areas. When these people found they could not get enough food for their families, the Apache men formed raiding parties and attacked the settlers, driving off horses and cattle. Both the United States and Mexico sent in regular army soldiers to protect the settlers and their villages. By 1840 it was increasingly dangerous for an Indian to appear in any settlement on even so peaceful an errand as to buy a pack of printed playing cards. His quandary is attested by the fact that as early as 1845 A. W. Kingsbury had collected a pack of Apache-made cards. The dangerous state of affairs continued for some Apaches until Geronimo surrendered in 1886.

A pack of paper playing cards with hard usage and under primitive, nomadic conditions does not last very long. Where was the Indian who was living back in the mountains to get a pack of cards to indulge in his favorite recreation? Obviously he must go to work and make his own pack out of whatever materials were available in a high mountain Indian camp.

Before we look at the cards this hard-pressed Apache made, we should be familiar with the traditional Spanish-Mexican cards he had formerly bought in the settlements and with the favorite game which influenced the make-up of the pack. Traditional Spanish cards, which were copied by Mexican printers, are not quite the same as our traditional “bridge” cards. There are still four suits, but the symbols are swords, clubs (which are really cudgels, not trefoils), coins and a stemmed goblet known as a “cup.” Each suit is made up of numeral cards and three figure or court cards. Again, the court cards differ in one respect from traditional bridge cards: there is a knight or man on horseback in place of the queen. So the figure cards are king or rey, knight or caballero, and page or sota.

In the traditional Spanish pack the numeral cards in each suit number from one to nine or ten. Nineteenth-century travelers in both Mexico and the Southwest United States tell us that a game called Spanish or Mexican monte was a favorite game. We do not know when this game developed, but it seems to have influenced the make-up of the pack, since only the numeral cards from one to seven are used. The popularity of this gambling game was widespread, extending into the gold fields of California.

Mexican printers issued special monte packs of forty cards. John K. Townsend tells us that he observed Saque Indians playing

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a Spanish card game even as far north as the St. Louis area. Observers in the Southwest tell of the Indians' love of gambling with this game. John Gregory Bourke, a trained ethnologist and army officer (1871-1886), relates that one occasion when the army was forced to remain in a mountain camp in Sonora waiting for scattered Chiricahua Apaches to assemble for the march back to the army post, "The Apache scouts passed the time agreeably enough in gambling with the Chiricahuas whom they fleeced unmercifully, winning hundreds of dollars in gold, silver and paper." This love of gambling is perhaps understandable when one considers the precariousness of life these nomads lived. It was not only among themselves they played. Anton Mazzanovich, a U.S. trooper, tells that while escorting a group of Indian prisoners back to the fort, "in the evening . . . Johnston and I would spread a strip of canvas on the ground and deal monte for the Indians and troopers. The Indians were rather well supplied with Mexican silver . . ." When Mazzanovich and Johnston reached the army camp, they "had several hundred dollars to the good, including four Indian ponies."

The Spanish monte cards printed in Mexico were attractive as to color and design and followed closely the traditional Spanish pattern. Clear bright colors—red, yellow, and black with sometimes green or blue—were used. Figures 1a to 1f show some of the cards from a Mexican pack dated 1889 but typical of 19th-century packs. Note the long full robes on the king, the close-fitting court breeches and the stance of the page, the stylized coin symbol, the conventionalized stemmed goblet or cup, the lopped-off twigs of the tree limb used for the club symbol.

To copy these traditional designs by painting with a sharp stick or softened twig with homemade dyes on wet rawhide presented the ambitious Indian, desirous of a new pack of cards, with some monumental problems. Was it worth the necessary time and trouble? Evidently it was. I have located seventy Apache packs or partial packs preserved in collections today. The few packs that still exist must be only a fraction of the packs made, used, and destroyed during the fifty years between about 1840 and 1890. Some of the artists used commercial dyes, but the Princeton pack appears to have been painted with vegetable dyes.

Why would an Indian go to all this work just for recreation? He did it because a pack of cards was also an economic asset. Spanish monte is a faro-type game—where the dealer or banker sets himself up to play against all comers. To play the game, the pack is shuffled by the banker and turned face down on the table or ground. The dealer then draws two cards off the top of the stack or "monte" and two cards off the bottom and turns all four face up in front of the stack. The players are now at liberty to bet as to whether they can choose from the exposed cards the suit of the card still completely concealed on the bottom of the pile. (Since the bottom card is the strategic card and is well-hidden, marked, soiled and even damaged cards can be used for this game. Therefore, slightly uneven rawhide cards presented no hazard for the dealer.) When all bets are placed, the dealer reveals the bottom card and gathers in or pays the bets. The odds are heavily in favor of the dealer, so any Indian who had a pack of cards with which he could set himself up as the dealer had a real economic advantage.

Rawhide proved to be a very suitable and durable material for making cards. With one exception, all the seventy packs that I know of are still reasonably stiff and firm along the edges. It is true of the well-used packs that the leather picked up dirt and grease from the many hands. In a few cases the cards are so dirty that the designs are almost unrecognizable.

It would not be too difficult to design a pack of cards for such a game as Spanish monte that would be quite simple and certainly easier to copy under primitive conditions than the traditional Spanish designs. It is interesting that the Apaches, however, followed to a large extent the traditional Mexican format and designs. Card manufacturers tell me that it is universal that card players and gamblers do not want their card designs changed—it is almost as though they feared they would displease Lady Luck.

It is also interesting that the Apache card words tend to follow the Spanish.

According to the Indian painter’s draftsmanship, the designs range from elaborate to childishly simplified. Sometimes, as in the case of the stemmed goblet, it is apparent that the Indian simplified the design in ways which make the “cup” unrecognizable to us, who know well the characteristics of a stemmed glass. The painter may never have seen such a glass. We will see other instances of this unfamiliarity with the objects pictured in other cards as we examine them.

Most interesting to us are the instances in which the Indian moves away or partially away from the Spanish court costumes and allows his own native cultural patterns to creep in. Looking at the Apache figure cards and comparing them with the printed Mexican court cards, note the tendency toward Indian fabric patterns. The Indian does keep the blocklike robes of the king, and the well-defined legs of the page. The striped belt on the sota is now thought to represent a cartridge belt—certainly very much a part of the Southwest scene. As in this case, cups were often pictured upside down.

Such simplifications are characteristic design features in most Apache packs. Certain design elements occur again and again in Apache packs, making them easily recognizable. It may well be that the native artists often copied each other’s homemade cards rather than printed cards, thus reinforcing native Apache features in design.

The Apache pack that Mrs. Lambert has presented to Princeton is remarkably clean and fresh and shows little or no wear. The rawhide is firm but pliable. (Because of their relative stiffness, however, rawhide cards do not lend themselves to being bent while shuffling. An interleaving motion has to be used.) The cards measure 6 x 9.5 cm.; about the same size and shape as our traditional cards. This is true for most Apache cards. In the Princeton

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cards the designs are painted in soft rust-red, orange and black. The
draftsmanship is simplified and child-like, but one must re-
member the painter was not a professional artist and may never
have tried his hand at painting before. Comparing the Princeton
pack with other such packs, this one is quite typical: not as sim-
plified as some, not as sophisticated as others, traditional in some
Spanish features and in other respects mirroring Indian culture.
Most packs, however, show more wear.

Looking at the cards individually, we see many features carried
over from the Spanish traditional format. The Spanish king or
rey is so swathed in robes that his basic outline is a rectangle with
a knob on top center (Fig. 1a). The Indian artist intensifies this
conformation (Figs. 2a, 2d, Figs. 3a, 3d) and introduces his own
textile patterns. In this pack the king's crown is not maintained,
possibly because a crown was not a meaningful symbol to the artist.

The caballeros or knights (Figs. 2b, 2e and Figs. 3b and 3e) have
almost completely lost their Spanish air—such as that of the rear-
ing horse. Possibly the Indian artist preferred his own traditional
representations of men on horseback in other Apache art forms
such as rock paintings. In this case the conventional Indian modes
of representation could be used exclusively and the message al-
ways communicated. Typically, no attempt is made towards per-
spective or unnecessary details such as the riders’ legs.

In the Indian pages or sotas (Figs. 2c, 2f and Figs. 3c and 3f)
the Spanish characteristics are more evident. The figure is full-
face and proudly presents his card symbol. In the Indian figures
the torso is elongated and the legs minimized out of true propor-
tion, but the legs are still well defined as in the Spanish card. This
characteristic is typical of most Apache packs.

All the suit symbols are drastically simplified but still reasonably
recognizable. We should remember that in the game of Spanish
monte it was the suit of the hidden card that was important. At
first glance the clubs and swords may look very similar. To see
them in color helps to distinguish them. The clubs are usually
fatter and outlined in orange, while the swords are slimmer and
outlined in black, sometimes they are just a black line. This artist
must have liked swords because he adds more detail than most
Indians and carefully draws them in the hand guard on the ace (Fig.
4c), deuce and on one sword on the three, although not, as we see

**Figure 4**
Cards from Princeton's Apache Deck
The gift of Mrs. Gerard B. Lambert
in the seven (Fig. 4d) in the rest of the numerals. The ace of swords has a curious extra crosspiece (Fig. 4c). This is again where the Indian followed the Spanish design. In the Spanish ace a ceremonial sword is shown crossed with the ornamental belt with which it is buckled on. Our Indian artist does not really define this belt; maybe again it was not really understood by him.

The Princeton Apache artist used the same picture of a stemmed goblet or cup throughout his cup suit, which is unusual, as most artists varied their presentation. (I can only account for this irregularity on the part of many of the artists by the probability that they had never seen a stemmed goblet and therefore had no hesitation about varying what was to them an abstract design.) The cup in the court cards is shown upside-down, which is not unusual in Apache cards. The Spanish ace of cups (Fig. 15) is a very ornate covered goblet. Here again the Apache artist attempted a more complicated design but their designs seldom resembled even in outline its prototype (Fig. 4F).

The coin symbols are very simple on all the cards—a yellow circle with an orange outline. In a few cases, but quite at random, a black cross is added as on the ace of coins (Fig. 4a). In the Spanish-Mexican pack the ace of coins was often used as an advertising card for the manufacturer. His name and often address would appear on ribbons flanking the large central coin symbol. Our Indian artist has retained the ribbons but not attempted to embellish them (Fig. 4a).

In the club suit the Apache symbols are very simple except in the case of the ace and sometimes the deuce. In the Spanish model these symbols are well-defined pieces of limbs of a tree usually with some leafed twigs still left on (Fig. 1d). Our Indian artist must not have liked his model, or he may not have had a printed card to copy so he developed his own design (Fig. 4b). (Other Apache packs have similar designs for the ace of clubs, so this artist may have copied another rawhide pack.)

Except for the ace of cups and the three of clubs all the numeral cards are quite easy to recognize: simply two, three, etc., symbols arranged on an otherwise blank card. The arrangement usually, however, follows the traditional Spanish arrangement as in the case of the seven of swords (Fig. 4d). This is usually carried to an extreme in the Spanish three of clubs (Fig. 1e). The three clubs are usually tied together with a ribbon—sometimes with a bow!

This design is seldom accurately copied by Apache artists. Sometimes there are as many as nine protruding arms with no attempt to distinguish between ribbon and clubs. In the Princeton pack there are only five arms (Fig. 4e).

There are some curious contemporary statements about the designs on Apache cards. One should excuse these perhaps by reminding oneself if you came on a group of these cards without any knowledge of Spanish card symbolism and design, they would be hard to recognize as a formalized pack of playing cards. That is why many U.S. soldiers stationed in the Southwest wrote home that the Indians played with cards made out of rawhide and covered with barbaric symbols and figures known only to themselves.

From a design point of view the Princeton pack is particularly interesting because of the headresses or "ears" that are used on all the figure cards. I have searched through the sixty Apache packs known to me that have at least five cards in them and found that thirteen have at least one figure card with ears. In fact, a total of sixty-one figure cards show ears; half of these are concentrated in four packs. The Princeton pack is the only one having all figures with ears. Never do ears appear on figures that are obviously representing Mexicans or Americans. Just what Indian cultural feature or tradition do these ears represent, or speak of to the Apache using the cards?

We know that many of the Indian artists incorporated into their designs features drawn from the life they saw about them. Representations of Mexican and American soldiers, Mexican vaqueros, Indian dancers, etc., do appear as figures on the court cards. With such a wide use as we find in the case of the ears, we feel that they must represent something every Apache recognized easily.

It has been suggested that the ears might refer to the headresses worn by the Apache gan or spirit dancers. In exploring this hypothesis one comes up against the adverse fact that gan dancers today wear much more elaborate and differently shaped headpieces. Below is a sketch of one kind.

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Not all gan headdresses are alike but they do not resemble simple ears. Also it is usually considered an accepted fact that such traditional cultural accessories change very, very slowly in basic design.

In favor of the hypothesis, we should remember that Apache rawhide cards were painted probably between 1840 and 1860—some one hundred years ago—and they would have related to cultural practices and materials at that time. Flat, lightweight boards of the sort used to make these headdresses would have been hard to find in a mountain camp. John Gregory Bourke, the ethnologist we spoke of earlier, served in the army in Arizona from 1871 to 1886 and devoted most of the rest of his life to writing up his notes for the Smithsonian. In one article he tells about gan dances and includes a “drawing by an Indian” of three headdresses, two of which show ears or horns and the third one is closer to the modern headpiece used today.

Looking again at all the representations of “ears” on card figures, we find some that look more like horns, and others ranging to an appearance more like animal ears—as we find them in the Princeton deck. Whether the gan headdress at that time actually looked like ears or horns or whether this was just a conventional way of representing it, we are not able to say. Certainly the ears must have meant something specific to Apache culture which was well known to the Indian users of the cards.

A study of Apache playing cards certainly shows us that Apaches were familiar with Mexican cultural practices such as gambling with cards. Even casual artists felt so strongly the American and Mexican cultural and historical changes that were taking place around them that they reflected them even in a one-time artistic project such as painting on rawhide a pack of playing cards.


*Gan headdress after a sketch by Elizabeth Barber from a case in the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.*
Homage to Edmund Wilson

By Brendan Gill

The following remarks were delivered at the Princeton Club honoring Edmund Wilson '16, at the opening of an exhibition of his work.

This occasion amounts to a reunion of sorts—you will have noticed that the invitations speak of Edmund Wilson '16, and the irony is that Edmund detested class reunions and indeed stirred up trouble among the lesser angels and pointing out to them the unforseen way of having outwitted him in this fashion. At least we know he liked a place familiar to him. He was always complaining about the air-conditioning here and would sometimes feel obliged to order a couple of double martinis to warm himself up, but then all mechanical things were anathema to him; he was one of these men, like Thurber and White and Benchley, whom machines persecute and betray; technologically, almost anything beyond a hairbrush is too much for them.

The real purpose of our gathering here tonight is to look over the marvelous exhibition of books, manuscripts, and mementos upstairs, not without the help of a certain institution in the sleepy village of New Haven. If I am delaying our trip to the library by a few minutes, it is only because Ned, in his old-fashioned turn at the start of the evening, when he first spoke to me, suggested that we were obligated to have some sort of reception arranged and an exhibition in homage to Edmund, we tried to imagine who the ideal speaker would be. One man struck us as too august for such an informal party; another struck us as too great a scholar—we might not understand a single lofty word he uttered. And then... but let me tell you a story about John Barrymore. Handsomest of men, he made love to dozens of beautiful women all over the world, and at last he lay dying, in a horrible hospital bed, attended only by a blowzy, elderly barridan of a nurse. And almost with his last breath he summoned the strength to slip his hands up inside her skirts and say, “You’ll do.” And so the moment came when Ned shook his head and gave me a despairing look and said, “You’ll do.”

I always begin my sermons with the same quotation. It is a form of apology, though you might not know it if I didn’t tell you. It is a quotation from a friend of mine, Paddy Kavanagh, who, after Yeats, was certainly the premier poet of Ireland and who died a few years ago of those perennially epidemic Hibernian diseases, drink and boredom. Paddy said of the Irish peasant from which he sprang that they live in the dark cave of the unconscious and they scream when they see the light. They scream when they see the light. Now, most contemporary writers share this attribute with Irish peasants: light induces panic in them. We ask for lecctors not so much to hold our papers as to give us something to cling to in case we start to faint. I, and my colleagues even more than I, tend to be lonely, mole-like creatures, who work in our own self-induced portable if not peasant darkness, occasionally moving their lips as they write but rarely uttering a sound above a groan. At the New Yorker, there is a long corridor off which Mitchell and Hamburger and a good many of the rest of us have our nasty little cenobital cells, and the silence there is so profound and continuous that Hamburger has christened it Sleepy Hollow. Upstairs, you will see the famous card that Edmund had printed, listing all the things he would never do. Prominent among these forbidden things is making a speech. But for me the temptation to come up out of the dark on some occasion proves irresistible. I am different from Edmund and most of my writing colleagues in this respect; I am a born show-off. I oscillate between a timidity about speaking in public and a passion for uttering pseudo-academic pronunciamentos on any subject that comes up. Sometimes I regret my boldness. There is, after all, a certain safety in darkness and isolation. It is often the case that a writer is better off being read than being seen or heard. Much of his power—much of what amounts to his magic, such as it is—vanishes when he reveals himself along with his pronouncements. The Delphic oracle took care to be merely a voice issuing from a cavern; writers, and especially reviewers and critics, should take care to hand down their judgments invisibly, as if from some secret citadel of incorruptible rectitude. You see me...
and you see that I am not, alas, a very formidable person. I have a face made for fierce frowning, but I do not frown very convincingly. There is even the possibility hinted at in my manner that I will not absolutely right about every matter that swims into my ken. Readers who identify themselves as being eight or ten years old often write in to the New Yorker and beg me to pull myself together and I nearly always write back that I will do my best. Edmund liked to remain invisible; he had no taste for being publicly challenged. I once recounted to him an experience of mine that must have confirmed him in his suspicion of platforms. Years ago, in my innocence, I had been invited to give a talk at Indiana University, and it turned out to be a perfect nightmare, because the audience was academic. I didn’t know then what I know now—that college professors like a talk to last at least an hour, with everything being said at least three times. The third time they hear a thing, they feel that famous shock of recognition, of which Edmund has written, and a pleased smile begins to play over their faces. Well, in my ignorance on that occasion I simply got up and talked and having told them everything I knew about my assigned topic, which had to do with the art and craft of writing, I found I’d consumed only ten minutes. I then went mithering on, in greater and greater panic, about metalinguistics, pendentive arches, and the decline of materialism in third-century Greece. Oh, God! That took but ten minutes more. All I could think of to do was sit down, and I did. Silence. No applause. The audience simply stared at me and I stared back. Little by little, I perceived that they thought I was having a heart attack or a massive cerebral hemorrhage or some such little thing as that, and that as soon as it was over I’d get to my feet and go on. No doubt many of them had had heart attacks or massive cerebral hemorrhages in the course of those sixty-minute talks of theirs and had gone on speaking without the slightest trace of discomfort. Anyhow, I finally got to my feet, bowed, or, rather, lowered my head in a protective fashion, and slunk offstage. Of course I’ve never been back. I prefer to have them think, out there in Bloomington, that I died that night, in the shrubbery, and was eaten by worms. Bookworms. Forgive me if I tell you one more story that amused Edmund and confirmed him in his opinion that writers, if they must show off (and he was not above doing so from time to time), had better make their stage a desk, with plenty of dictionaries and encyclo-
pedias close at hand. Once I was showing off at a cocktail party, and I happened to mention some terribly abstruse fact, like that St. Ambrose was the first person in history known to have been able to read without moving his lips. Somebody asked me how in the world I knew that, and I replied at once, grandly, “I know everything.” And a very pretty Italian girl was there, and she looked up at me with great melting dark eyes and said softly, “Tell me about the Battle of Mukden.” And I said, “Mukden, Mukden, the Battle of Mukden . . . !” When Edmund was tempted to show off, notably in the case of those curious duelling matches he engaged in with Nabokov, the Wilson salvos would be hurled from what amounted to the snug concrete pillboxes of Wellfleet and Talcottville. The duelling ground was of paper and the weapons ink. Edmund had a way of—it was almost a knack for—keeping at a self-protective distance; it was in his nature and was, I would say, a defect of his nature, but like all the rest of us he raised what he could not help about himself into a principle, and then congratulated himself upon practicing it. A member of the class of ’16 has described him as a loner in college, and in the most serious sense he was a loner in life. Shyly, awkwardly, he was sometimes willing to be the first to edge sideways into friendship, but more often he would hold back, would huff and puff, would wait and see. Professor Baker has written of Edmund’s telling him that the reason he had been able to maintain any sort of relationship with Hemingway was that he had “intentionally remained somewhat aloof and uninvolved.” This practice happened to be a shrewd one in respect to Hemingway—increasingly, towards the end of his life, Hemingway was served by lackeys who were really serving themselves. But “aloof and uninvolved” Edmund remained to many who would have liked to be close to him and whose friendship would have nourished him.

In this connection, I think of a time when Edmund and Elena were resident potentates at Wellesley. Aside from their fellow-potentates Jean Stafford and Father D’Arcy, the cultural pickings in Middletown appear to have struck Edmund as pretty thin—if I remember he had a good word for the cookies that were served on state occasions there, but for very little else. It was a measure of their plight that they would often repair to Hartford—to Hartford!—to revive their spirits. They would have a drink in the bar of the newest hotel and then they would go to the movies.
“We never go to the movies you recommend,” Edmund would say to me, and this was a direct professional blow, for I was then serving as the movie reviewer for the New Yorker. “You are always wrong about movies.” And then he would laugh heartily, much pleased at having left me nothing to say. I am a born shaper, and taking pity upon the Wilsons in the wasteland of Middletown I decided to bring them together with my old friend Wilmarch Lewis, living a few miles away in Farmington. It seemed to me undeniable that Wilson, the greatest man of letters of his time, and “Lefty” Lewis, one of the greatest literary scholars of his time, should have never met—in my way, I would be making history by bringing them together, these two grey eminences born within a few months of each other in 1895. I was sure that Edmund would be enchanted with Lefty and his great houseful of eighteenth-century treasures, and I arranged with Lefty to ask the Wilsons, Jean Stafford and me, and a couple of other people to lunch. Lewis has spent most of his life happily immersed in the world of Horace Walpole and other members of the English aristocracy, and he is a man almost notorious for the elegance of his dress, the charm of his manner, and the wit of his conversation, as his biographer, Geoffrey Hellman, present here this evening, can testify. I had supposed that one could no more resist Lefty’s courtesies than walk on water. Well, I was wrong. Lefty’s ease made Edmund edgy; the harder Lefty strove to please, the warier and more prickly Edmund became. Even Bourbon, that precious bitters, proved of little avail before lunch, except to me. Through the blessed veil of alcohol that lowered over me during what must have been a delicious meal, I can remember little save that when I got home late that afternoon I went at once to bed, on the pretext that I was coming down with a bad cold. One of the reasons I have for wishing to live a few more years is to discover what the two principals made of that occasion. We know that Edmund’s diaries exist and will someday be available to us, and I assure that Lefty, too, in the good eighteenth-century fashion, has been keeping a diary. It will be instructive to learn what each of them thought of the other. Perhaps Edmund will have written, “Lefty is always wrong about people.”

Edmund himself was sometimes wrong about people, I among them. Many years ago, when he first began to write book reviews for the New Yorker and so came to be seen about the office and to meet a few of us regular sleepwalkers there, I had a small reputation as a writer of short stories about old priests, nuns, and sad young men about to be gobbled up by Mother Church. By then, I had abandoned the errors and superstitions of Rome—was, indeed, like any collapsed Catholic, ardently attacking the Immaculate Conception in the nearest neighborhood bar—but Edmund was unaware of this. He had pegged me once and for all as a devout Catholic, and in the most curiously retrograde nineteenth-century way he despised Catholic. It was a bigotry in him, and he used to mail me, sometimes anonymously, scurrilous doggerel that he had written attacking the Church. I soon saw that there was no way to convince him that his labors on my behalf were in vain—that I was already outside the walls, with him, and that he should send his lively pasquinatas to the faithful kneeling inside, among whom they might do some good. He had plenty of other prejudices, including what he called his Hispanophobia or, rather, his anti-Hispanophilus. Quite late in life, he dared in a book review in the New Yorker to make the following extraordinary remarks: “I have been bored by everything about Spain except Spanish painting. I have made a point of learning no Spanish, and I have never been able to get through Don Quixote . . . I have never visited Spain or any Hispanic country.” Well! He was also for a long period an Anglophobe, though the reiterated chorus of praise from over the water that greeted his successive works had an understandably mitigating effect upon him. Since I share his low opinion of detective stories, I will not call his attacks on them manifestations of prejudice but of wisdom. In a celebrated article in the New Yorker entitled “Who Cares Who Murdered Roger Ackroyd?” he described a poll he had taken of correspondents who had objected to an earlier article of his, pouring scorn on detective stories and their readers. He had tabulated his readers’ preferences and had discovered that Dorothy L. Sayers was by far their favorite. Very well—he would read her supposed masterpiece, The Nine Tailors. All of you who knew Edmund will hear his voice—a kind of shrill boom of contempt—in the following passage: “Well, I set out to read The Nine Tailors in the hope of tasting some novel excitement, and I declare that it seems to me one of the dullest books I have ever encountered in any field. The first part of it is all about bell-ringing as it is practiced in English churches and contains a lot of information of the kind
that you might expect to find in an encyclopedia article on campano-logy. I skipped a good deal of this, and found myself skipping, also, a large section of the conversations between conventional English village characters: "Oh, here's Hinkins with the aspidistra," etc. There was also a dreadful stock English nobleman of the casual and debonair kind, with the embarrassing name of Lord Peter Wimsey, and although he was the local character in the novel, being Miss Dorothy Sayers's version of the inevitable Sherlock Holmes detective, I had to skip a good deal of him, too. In the meantime, I was losing the story, which had not got a firm grip on my attention. . . ."

At the end of his article, Edmund writes: "To detective-story addicts, I say: Please do not write me any more letters telling me that I have not read the right books. . . . With so many fine books to be read, so much to be studied and known, there is no need to bore ourselves with this rubbish."

Edmund felt a scarcely less violent aversion to most contemporary novels. One exception was a first novel that, so I remember being told, Edmund was under the impression had been written by a girl in her twenties. He wrote a favorable review, and the author and he subsequently arranged to meet; he was downtown to discover that his promising first novelist was approaching seventy. Edmund wrote in longhand, at great speed, and it is said that he and Rebecca West have been the two fastest writers on the magazine in our time—a distinction much easier to ascertain than the distinction of which among us is the slowest. Edmund was a fantastically good reporter, and yet how unfit he seemed by temperament for such a role! This short, fat, breathless, diffident man—how did he so quickly gain the confidence of strangers? Given his superintelligent intelligence, the great books that he gouged out of other books were easy to account for, but where did he find the energy and confidence to turn himself, as he did in the thirties and forties, into an American Defoe? There they stand, shapely volumes after volume—over thirty books of fiction, plays, essays, literary criticism, literary and historical, and personal reminiscence. Edmund was a master at devising titles for books, and many of them are so familiar to us by now that the mere recital of them brings back whole reaches of our past: titles like I Thought Of Daisy, Axel's Castle, This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches, The Triple Thinkers, To the Finland Station, The Boys in the Back Room, The American Jitters, Memoirs of Hecate County—you will be seeing upstairs that he called this his favorite book—The Shores of Light, Apologies to the Iroquois, Upstate. Robust titles; robust works. This isn't the place to speak of the quality of Edmund's prose—of its virile narrative force, cooly advancing over the most difficult terrain—but I cannot resist sharing with you one small item of information concerning Edmund's own opinion of it. It shows how inaccurate even the greatest among us is capable of being when he tries to pass judgment on himself. One day in the office, Edmund and a New Yorker editor named Hobbie Weekes, who, like Edmund, had been to both Hill and Princeton, were talking about their old English teacher at Hill. He had been an Englishman, and Edmund felt that he had fallen so far under his spell in respect to forming a prose style that, as he told Weekes—and this, mind you, was at the height of his career—he was afraid he would never be able to write a really good American English.

In conclusion let me read to you what I wrote about Edmund for the New Yorker the day after his death last June: I wrote it in a hotel room in London, and I hope that you will deduce from it two things: one, that after Edmund and Dame West, I have been the third fastest writer on the magazine, and, two, that I loved him and miss him very much. The article goes:

Edmund Wilson died last week, in Talcottsville, New York, in the big stone house that his mother's family had built and that had become for him in late years a consoling preoccupation. The ghosts there proved friendlier than he had expected. Old Talcotts gathered him in and nourished him as, having weighed the intellectual risks involved, he drew back, in wary unease, from the iminimal present. He was seventy-seven, and his mind, though it had changed course, retained to the end its unrivalled powers of discrimination and judgment. He presided with stoic detachment over his bodily decline, noting in his diaries the ignominies of age as accurately—and often as zestfully—as he had noted, in the leafy Princeton of long ago, the appetites of youth. It was a sad irony that he found himself increasingly a stranger in the America he had spent a lifetime making the acquaintance of and staking a substantial claim for in the world. Few writers have labored so hard to know a country and its people, and not alone from books.
Despite a constitutional diffidence, he became a superb reporter, out in all weathers to observe and record at first hand the American jitters of the Depression years, the American experience in Europe during and after the Second World War, the American debacle at home that he saw as the consequence of our intervention in Vietnam. He was tireless in pursuit of facts, tireless in speculation. In middle age, he scrambled hot and breathless among the caves that had held the Dead Sea Scrolls, and his deductions about the possible meanings of the Scrolls caused many a conventional theologian's eyes to pop; in his seventies, he examined with relish the Bomarzo monsters, carved in stone in the thickness of Latium, and when a younger colleague wrote to him a few weeks ago proposing a literary source for the monsters, Wilson wrote back with characteristic energy and terseness, "No! No! what nonsense!"

Wilson's eminence as a literary critic and literary historian overshadowed his distinction as a journalist. For his part, he would perhaps have liked more attention to be paid to his short stories, poems, and plays. In a recent laudatory piece, the London Times Literary Supplement described him as our foremost man of letters, and by his standards a man of letters was one who could accomplish any literary task that happened to come his way. His one novel, written in the twenties, continues to read well, and there are from his hand certain fugitive Christmas verses that will go on giving amusement for decades to come. He wrote innumerable book reviews and other articles for this magazine, and he was a familiar figure in the office. He would step out of the elevator—a short, overweight man in floppy dark clothes, wearing a floppy hat and carrying a floppy briefcase—and one saw at once that of all the languages he had mastered dress was the one that concerned him least. He had a big head and handsome, classic features, with fine eyes that would darken frighteningly in the presence of a silly remark. His voice was high and curiously penetrating, and friends hearing it through the thickness of a wall would track him to whatever cubicle he had found an empty desk and chair in and would settle down with him there for a long roller-coaster of a chat. In spite of his shyness, he was a superlative talker; one guesses that Wilson in eruption was not unlike Twain in the range and vigor of his discourse, and, like Twain and other performers, he took pleasure from the pleasure he gave. He had been called Bunny by Scott Fitzgerald and other companions of his early days; to later friends he was a magisterial Edmund. The nickname is a puzzle; some think it had to do with his practice of winning children over by a trick in which a cunningly folded white handkerchief became, in his hand, a rabbit. He was a passionate amateur magician and, for that matter, a magician with words: among contemporary writers, almost no one else has been able to accumulate a manuscript with Wilson's dazzling ease and speed. He had strong opinions, which he voiced without tact, and he cultivated the gifted young in a fashion that made them flourish sooner and to more effect than they could ever otherwise have hoped to do. For a writer, the rarest privilege is not merely to describe his country and time but to help shape them. Wilson was among the fortunate handful of writers who have succeeded in doing this, with books that are like bold deeds and that will live a long time after him, keeping him with us against our will.
About a decade ago, when the old Princeton Club at Park Avenue and 39th Street closed its doors, Arthur Holden '12, the architect, told me that he was designing a library for the new clubhouse on West 43rd Street. He said that Dean Mathey, his classmate, as a member of the planning committee of the new clubhouse, had insisted on having a real library, a professional librarian in charge, and a New York alumnus to supervise the operation. For the latter job, and to organize the project, Arthur Holden suggested my name, and thus began the ten-year association which rather heavily augmented my other bibliophilic endeavors.

My first thought was to see what material I might salvage from the old clubhouse. Accordingly, I took over the already deserted squash court, put all the club’s books on the floor, and then divided them into three piles, designated “Retain,” “Give to Firestone Library,” and “Sell and Give Away.” The first two categories were shipped to Princeton, and over the summer, the retained books, constituting the nucleus of the new library, were professionally catalogued.

In the new clubhouse, Mr. Holden designed a splendid room with cherry-wood shelves. The dimensions of this room displaced the space of about three bedrooms, and he provided in the library room and adjacent hall, handsome, and well-lighted display cases for the exhibitions which I contemplated. Next came the important financial matter of organizing the library under the auspices of the New York Board of Regents which resulted in our obtaining an “absolute charter.” For this, Sinclair Hamilton ’06, always helpful in library endeavors, provided the legal expertise.

The new library was to be directed by a Board of Trustees (many of whom overlap as members of the Council of the Friends of the Princeton University Library, so that here, again, there is very close cooperative rapport with the parent library). Using the small nucleus of the old club’s books, adding basic reference books and beginning the categories of sports, the arts, classic and contemporary novels and biographies, adding books by gift or purchase, and subscribing to several dozen periodicals, our modest library began, supported by funds from the Princeton Club, Dean Mathey, alumni and Club members. The first exhibition in our new cases was, in 1963, appropriately, “Some Princeton Authors,” and the combined lecture-exhibit evening on January 14, 1965, featured A. Hyatt Mayor ’22, then the Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who spoke on “Early Advertising,” and a display of posters from the eighteenth century to the present. Over the years almost all books and memorabilia came from the Princeton University Library, and thus began the continuing relationship and dependence on the parent library by its new offspring.

It would be tedious to list all of the exhibits shown in ten years, or the full roster of distinguished faculty and alumni who appeared. But I shall furnish a few statistics:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total exhibits</th>
<th>78</th>
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<td>Total lectures</td>
<td>48</td>
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<td>of which:</td>
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<td>21 were by Princeton faculty or staff members</td>
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<td>15 were by prominent alumni</td>
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<td>12 were by non-Princetonians</td>
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The lectures almost always emphasized literary subjects. To name a few:

- Some Princeton Authors
- Christmas Books
- You Know These Lines
- Law Books You Should Know
- The Sea in Literature
- F. Scott Fitzgerald
- Modern Children’s Books
- Early American Book Illustrations
- Homage to Edmund Wilson

American Drama
The American Novel
Modern American Poetry
Sherlock Holmes
Anthologies
Henry James
The Detective Story
The Typography of P. J. Conkright
Ernest Hemingway

Some of the faculty who lectured on their special subjects and expertise were Professors Hubert Alyea (Chemistry), Carlos H.
to my worthy and talented successor, Bob Wohlforth ‘26, a quite sturdy but somewhat impoverished adolescent for his paternal guidance and up-bringing.”

—EDWARD NAUMBURG, JR. ’24, Chairman Emeritus
Princeton Library in New York

EARLY AMERICAN BOOKBINDINGS FROM THE COLLECTION OF
MICHAEL PAPANTONIO

On April 30, 1973, the Princeton University Library welcomed to its Graphic Arts Collection the traveling exhibition Early American Bookbindings. This rich, eye-opening array of seventeenth through mid-nineteenth century American bibliography was from the private collection of one of the Library’s best known and most helpful friends, Michael Papantonio.

Princeton was the final stop on the itinerary of the exhibition, the first such exhibition to travel and, more important, the first major survey of American bindings since those gathered by Beverly Chew were shown at the Grolier Club in 1907. That the exhibition did undergo the rigors of travel was a reflection not only of Michael Papantonio’s long record of generous encouragement to collectors and scholars but also of how widespread interest in the field of early American bookmaking, whether printing, illustration, or binding, has become during the intervening sixty-five years. Together with the other exhibitors, Cornell University, the University of Virginia, the Pierpont Morgan Library, and the American Antiquarian Society, Princeton gladly shared in the publication of a beautifully printed, fully illustrated catalogue—itsself a milestone in our growing knowledge of American bookmaking history.

Some one hundred and twenty-five persons attended the opening reception. Indeed, the reception concluded the schedule of still another milestone, a two-day “first” seminar in American bindings organized by Willman Spawn and the Free Library of Philadelphia. Thanks to their efforts, the reception in Graphic Arts became the occasion for both Princetonians and for binders, restorers, historians and collectors of bindings from as far away as Texas and Toronto to pay their respects to the exhibition and to its collector.

Two talks preceded the reception. Willman Spawn, who with
Graphic Arts Collection would be initiated to the mysteries of bookbinding, hand binding equipment (gift of Harry C. Thompson) consisting of sewing frame, vises, and a bench box of tools and punches included as well as a book in six stages of hand binding. The latter display, Bookbinding: A Practical Demonstration, assembled by Langowski and Sutcliffe in 1987, was kindly lent to Graphic Arts for the exhibition by the Grolier Club. Finally, because they are the clearest pictures we could find of eighteenth-century bookbinding, the plates on reliure from the estimable Encyclopédie were photographed and mounted on display boards. The exhibition remained on view through June 30.

—O. J. Rothrock, Curator of Graphic Arts

MICHAEL DE LISIO’S LITERARY BRONZES

From March 26 to May 14, 1973, the Library was pleased to exhibit "Shakespeare and Company and Other Literary Figures—Sculptures in Bronze" from the New York studio of their creator, Michael de Lisio. The center of the show was a group of figures from Paris of the 1920’s. As one entered Mr. de Lisio’s small scale version of Sylvia Beach’s bookshop, he met the proprietress with her hands tucked into the pockets of her coat and with a countenance of pride over the distinguished literati behind her and of welcome to that extraordinary intellectual circle which frequented Shakespeare and Company. Seated to her right is James Joyce looking very comfortable all by himself. Looking over Miss Beach’s shoulder is Adrienne Monnier, whose French bookshop, Les Amis des Livres, served as a model for Shakespeare and Company. Part way down the floor André Gide sits with his head resting on his hand. Across the way from him, Paul Valéry rests on a bench with his hands supporting a head dizzy from his extraordinary output.

The bust of Shakespeare is strategically placed on top of a bookcase, which presumably contains the works of the authors in the shop, located halfway into Miss Beach’s business establishment. He seems to be presiding over the thoughts and conversation filling the room. At the rear of the store, Hemingway, Eliot, Pound, and Fitzgerald discuss each other’s work in progress.

Each of the ten figures, varying in height from 21/2” (Shakespeare) to 11 1/2” (Eliot and Hemingway), the two tables, bookcase, and bench have been cast in bronze from Mr. de Lisio’s models and mounted on a piece of oakwood flooring measuring
ADDENDUM TO "A PLAN FOR VANITY FAIR"

John Sutherland, author of "A Plan for Vanity Fair" in the Autumn 1972 issue of this publication, has requested that the following communication be published:

In the Autumn 1972 issue of the Princeton University Library Chronicle you printed an article by me on Thackeray's Vanity Fair. Professor Kathleen Tillotson has directed me to a possible novel (reproduced facing page 32). These Professor Tillotson suggests should read:

The bugles sounded the turnout, and you heard the assembly beating in various quarters of the town. The Major lost no time in repairing to the alarm ground where he found men and officers hurrying from their billets.

As Professor Tillotson points out there is a strong resemblance between this and the passage in the fourth paragraph of chapter 30 describing Major O'Dowd's (not Dobbin's) preparations for battle.

Although this throws a sizeable part of my argument out I am convinced, on reconsideration, that Professor Tillotson is right and I am grateful for her tactful and expert correction.

—JOHN SUTHERLAND

The John Day Company. Additions to the publisher's papers for the years 1959-1963. The gift of Richard J. Walsh, Jr., President.


Guyot, Arnold (1807-1884). A volume of notes on his lectures on Geology, taken by Samuel Reed Comfort of the Class of 1861. The gift of Mrs. Lawrence I. Miller.


Hemingway, Ernest (1899-1961). Correspondence of Ernest and Hadley Hemingway with Isabel Simmons Godolphin during the years 1922-1929 was the gift of Francis R. B. Godolphin '24. Correspondence of William B. Smith with Ernest Hemingway, 1919-1927 was the gift of Mrs. William B. Smith.

Kelley, Maurice W. Additions to his papers, the gift of Professor Kelley.

Lee, Ivy Ledbetter '38. Additions to the papers of Ivy Ledbetter Lee were given by her son, Ivy Lee, Jr. '31.


Parrish Collection. More than one hundred and ten manuscript items, mostly letters, were acquired for the Morris L. Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelist by purchase, mainly on funds provided by Robert H. Taylor '30, Mrs. Donald F. Hyde, and the Friends of the Library. Among the additions to the Thackeray section of the collection were a drawing by Thackeray of a clock, in pencil and ink, dated Brussels, August 18, 1856; a small portrait in pencil of Thackeray, said to be a self-portrait but possibly by Richard Doyle; and a watercolor portrait of the author, full length, by Richard Dighton, which was reproduced as the frontispiece of the Van Duzer catalogue. To the Thomas Hughes section were added five letters by the author and sixteen drawings by or relating to various members of his family, including three watercolor portraits of the author and his brothers George and John and two watercolor drawings by his sister-in-law Sarah Hughes of views near Rugby, Tennessee. Acquired with these drawings was a photograph album of the Hughes family containing two portraits of Thomas Hughes and forty of other members of the family. Other additions to the Parrish Collection included thirteen letters written to William Black by as many correspondents; four letters of Wilkie Collins; one letter of Charles L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and six letters written to him by Christina G. Rossetti, George MacDonald, Frances Cobbe, the Marquis of Salisbury, John Ruskin, and W. Holman Hunt; six letters of Charles Kingsley; eight letters of Bulwer-Lytton; six letters of Charles Reade; and six letters of Charlotte M. Yonge.

Richardson, Ernest Cushing (1890-1939). Additions to the papers of Ernest Cushing Richardson. The gift of Gregg Dougherty '17.

Rossetti, Christina Georgina (1830-1894). Eight letters to Miss Mary Haydon and other correspondents. The gift of Robert H. Taylor '30.


Sessions, Roger. Additions to his papers. The gift of Professor Sessions.

Stein, Aaron Marc '27. Additions to his papers. The gift of Mr. Stein.

Stevenson, Adlai Ewing '22. A copy of a speech delivered at the dedication of the Libertyville, Illinois, High School, 7 November 176
1954, and a tape recording of eight speeches, 1962-1965. The gift of the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson III. A letter to Benjamin P. Thomas, 21 November 1954, was the gift of Mrs. Thomas; and a letter to Mrs. Olive Wilson Winckler, 3 August 1960, was given by Mrs. Winckler.

**Tarkington, Booth '93. Additions to the papers of Booth Tarkington.** The gift of John T. Jameson, Jr. '50.

**Thorpe, Willard. Additions to his papers.** The gift of Professor Thorp.


**Wilson, Woodrow '79.** Three typed letters of Woodrow Wilson to Daniel Moreau Barringer, 1903-1913, with a letter to the Hon. Rolla Wells were given by Brandon Barringer '21. Ten letters to Fund. Three letters of Woodrow Wilson were given by Mrs. John R. Hardin.

**Other additions of manuscripts and related materials:**

**Abbey, Edwin Austin (1852-1911).** A caricature of Austin Dobson in ink and pencil. Acquired on the Friends of the Library Fund.

**Adams, Hank.** A collection of his papers on American Indian Affairs. The gift of Vine Deloria, Jr.

**Adams, Henry Brooks (1838-1918).** A letter to F. B. Sanborn of Boston, 5 March 1876. The gift of Mrs. William D. Barnes.

**Agniew, Cornelius Rea '91.** "Logbook of the Princeton Scientific Expedition of 1896." The gift of Clifford Agnew.

**Bailey, Philip James (1816-1902).** Four letters and an autobiographical sketch. The gift of Robert H. Taylor '90.

**Baldeagle, Joseph Paul '23.** Selected papers. The gift of Mrs. J. Paul Baldeagle.


**Berryman, John (1914-1972).** A letter to Erich Kahler, 4 May 1951. The gift of Mrs. Kahler.


**Bible.** An Old Testament Lectionary written in Greek on paper and vellum in the eleventh or twelfth century. Presented by Miss Jane E. Stewart in memory of Professor Ernest DeWald.

**Bible.** A manuscript in Geez of the Psalms and prayers to the Virgin Mary, ca. eighteenth century. The gift of George H. Brown, Jr. '55.

**Biddle, Nicholas (1786-1844).** A collection of sixteen letters and other documents of Nicholas Biddle of the Class of 1801, William Clark, and others, from the years 1813-1821, concerning the Lewis and Clark Journal. The gift of Nicholas Biddle '16.

**Blackmore, Richard Doddridge (1825-1900).** Five letters were purchased on the Friends of the Library Fund and the Robert K. Root Fund.

**Breuer, Carl '29.** Diary and Scrapbook chronicling the field trip through Canada, by rail, sponsored by the Princeton University Summer School of Geology and Natural Resources, 1927. The gift of Carl Breuer.

**Callery, Francis A. '20.** A collection of correspondence, photographs and other papers and objects. The gift of Mrs. Francis A. Callery.

**Cartwright, Levering '26.** Correspondence with Willard Thorp, 1959-1973 ca. 100 pieces. The gift of Mr. Cartwright.

**Condell, Joseph Alexander.** Commissions and appointments while in the service of the East India Company and the Crown, 1807-1883; with several additional documents of Edward Condell. The gift of William C. Moore '26.

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DUFFIELD, JOHN T., Class of 1841. More than two hundred and fifty letters addressed to him from various correspondents, with additional papers of other members of the Duffield family of Princeton, New Jersey, including Edward D. Duffield '92. The gift of Mrs. Philip W. Yeatman.

FERRARA. Record of a canonical trial in the diocese of Ferrara, in Latin, October 1554. The gift of Mrs. William C. Moore.


GOMEZ, PEDRO AND MIGUEL. Four barkcloth manuscripts made by Cibeco Indians in Colombia, South America. Acquired on the Friends of the Library Fund.


JAMESON, MARY BOOTH TARKINGTON. Two diaries for 1886 and 1889. The gift of John T. Jameson, Jr. '50.


SCOTLAND, ALEXANDER, Class of 1874. Diary and papers relating to the Indians of Taos, New Mexico, Princeton University and related subjects. The gift of Mrs. Conrad Young.

SHADY, GEORGE FREDERICK (1837-1908). Papers relating to George Frederick Shady's attendance upon Ulysses S. Grant, as his physician, during Grant's last illness; with additional papers of the Shady family. The gift of Raymond Hasbrouck Shady, M.D., '24.

SKARIATINA, PRINCESS IRINA. Corrected typescripts, drafts, and papers relating to her books on Russia, published 1933-1942. The gift of Mrs. Shirley W. Morgan.

STELTZER, ULLI. Journal of a trip to photograph the Indians of the American Southwest, 1969. The gift of Ulli Steltzer. One hundred and sixty-three photographs of American Indians were purchased on the McAlpin Fund.

SWAN MARKS. A register of eight hundred and eighty-three swan marks used in England during the reign of James I. The gift of Robert H. Taylor '30.

WILSON, ELLEN AXSON. An oil painting by Ellen Axson Wilson showing McCosh walk and the carriage entrance to "Prospect." The gift of Mrs. James McCosh Magie.


WOOD, SIR MATTHEW (1768-1843). A letter to George Cruikshank mentioning the "Poor Gentlemen" was purchased on the Donald K. Lourie Fund.

YEATS, JACK BUTLER (1871-1957). Six letters to Dr. and Mrs. Huddleston were acquired on the Thomas Riggs, Jr. Fund.

YOUNG, CHARLES AUGUSTUS (1834-1908). A letter to C. Jacobus, 10 November 1892, was the gift of Mrs. Judith Higgins.


Remarks Made at the Presentation of the Margaret Jane Pershing Collection of Emily Dickinson to the Princeton University Library. [Richmond, Va.] The Attic Press, 1972. Limited edition of twenty copies. Includes comments made by Mrs. Pershing, Mr. Dix and Mr. Ludwig at the presentation ceremony, June 7, 1969. The gift of Margaret Jane Pershing.


CONTINENTAL BOOKS


Corvinus, Laurentius. ... Compendiosa et Facilis Diuersorum Carminum Structura. [Cologne: M. de Werdena, 1508.] At the end is a fine woodcut of a teacher instructing four students, each of whom is holding a book. Lathrop Colgate Harper, Litt. D., Memorial Fund.


Pausanias. ... Commentarii Graeciam Describentes. [Venice: Aldus, 1516.] Presented by Miss Caroline Newton in honor of President Robert F. Goheen '40.


Spanish History and Exploration. Seven titles, including: Fernandez, Diego, Primera, y segunda parte, de La historia del Peru (Seville: H. Díaz, 1571); Plautius, Caspar, Nova Typis Transacta Navigatio, Novi Orbis Indiae Occidentalis (n.p., 1621); and Veitia

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Linaje, Jose de. *Norte de la contratacion de las Indias occidentales* (Seville: J. Francisco de Blas, 1672). From the collection of the late Albert J. Parreno ’41.


EARLY ENGLISH BOOKS


A Step to Oxford; or, A Mad Essay on the Reverend Mr. Tho. Creech’s Hanging Himself (as ’tis said) for Love. London, 1700. Wing S5410. Class of 1875 Library Fund.


ENGLISH LITERATURE—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY


MOORE, GEORGE. *Moore Versus Harris*. Chicago: [G. Bruno] 1925. In a manuscript note on the verso of the title page, the printer says that all but 60 of the 1,000 copies printed were destroyed by fire on June 10, 1926. Class of 1875 Library Fund.


**ILLUSTRATED BOOKS**


CAMERARIUS, JOACHIM. *Symbolorō & Emblematum ex Herbario Desmotorom Centuria una Collecta*. Francfurt: J. Ammon, 1654. The four parts in this volume contain one hundred emblems for each of the four subject categories, herbs, animals, birds, and fish. This copy was withdrawn from the Garrison Library on Gibraltar. Avalon Fund for the Humanities.


EGAN, PIERCE. *The Life of an Actor*. The Poetical Descriptions by T. Greenwood. Embellished with Twenty-seven Characteristic Scenes, Etched by Theodore Lane; Enriched also with Several Original Designs on Wood, Executed by Mr. Thompson. London: C. S. Arnold, 1845. The plates have been colored by hand. Jeremiah Thomas Finch Memorial Fund.


NOLLI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA. *Nuova pianta di Roma*. [Rome] 1748-51. This collection of plans of Rome includes one engraving by Piranesi. William F. Oliver '35 Memorial Fund.


PIRANESI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA. *Varie vedute di Roma antica e moderna disegnate e intagliate da celebri autori*. Rome, 1748. Of the ninety-four small views, forty-eight are signed by Piranesi. Friends of the Library Fund.

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PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS


SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

ADAMS, GEORGE. *Micrographia Illustrata; or, Knowledge of the Microscope Explain'd*. 2d ed. London: The Author and S. Birt, 1747. Contains 65 engraved folding plates of objects observed under the microscope. National Science Foundation Institutional Grant.


EUCLID. Elementorum Libri XV. Breviter Demonstrati, Opera Il. Barrow. Cantabrigiae: Academiae Typographium, 1655. Wing E599%A. National Science Foundation Institutional Grant.


Friends of the Princeton University Library

ANNUAL MEETING AND HYDE AWARD

The annual meeting and dinner, attended by more than two hundred Friends, guests, and members of the Library staff, were held in the Firestone Library and in the former Chancellor Green Library on Friday evening, May 11, 1973. An exhibition, “The Artist as Illustrator of His Age: The World of George Cruikshank,” was opened in the Exhibition Gallery that evening. Before the dinner, entrance music was provided by the Princeton University Brass Quintet. Following the dinner, Robert H. Taylor, Chairman of the Council, presided at the annual business meeting.

Mr. Taylor announced that the winners of the 48th annual Elmer Adler Undergraduate Book Collecting Contest were: Robert M. Peck ’74, First prize for a collection of contemporary poetry; books and autographs; Thomas A. Lewis, Jr. ’75, Second prize for his collection on “The Last Great Gold Rush”; and H. Lawrence Remmel ’75, Third prize for a collection on English history, 1699-1780. The judges for the contest, which was held on May 1 in the Graphic Arts Rooms of the Firestone Library, were Michael Papantonio and Professor Thomas P. Roche, Jr.

The Chairman reported that since the previous annual meeting William H. Sword ’46 and Peter A. Benoliel ’53 had been appointed to membership on the Council to fill respectively the vacancies caused by the deaths of Dean Mathey ’24 and Albert J. Parreño ’41. He also stated that at the November meeting of the Council he had received its permission to appoint Frederick L. Arnold, Assistant University Librarian for Reference, Secretary of the Friends. Mr. Arnold succeeds Earle E. Coleman, University Archivist, who is on leave of absence for two years. Alfred L. Bush, Associate Curator of Manuscripts and Curator of the Princeton Collections of Western Americana, succeeds Mr. Coleman as
Chairman of the Editorial Board of The Princeton University Library Chronicle.

Hamilton Cottier, Chairman of the Committee on Nominations, submitted the list of proposed Council members for the Class of 1973-1976, and those named were unanimously elected by the members present.

The Chairman then requested William G. Bowen to make the sixth presentation of the Donald F. Hyde Award of Princeton University for Distinction in Book Collecting and Service to the Community of Scholars. President Bowen spoke as follows:

"I am happy to be with you tonight to present the Donald F. Hyde Award on behalf of the Trustees of Princeton University. This year's recipient has so many qualifications for this honor that it is necessary to refer only briefly to some of the achievements which have distinguished her career.

"Her collecting, both in collaboration with her late husband and since his death, has resulted in a library preeminent in the world for its holdings of the works of Samuel Johnson and his circle. In addition, among a diversity of other treasures, it contains a remarkable collection of Oscar Wilde, an assemblage of classical Japanese books and manuscripts, and a significant gathering of George Bernard Shaw material.

"The recipient of our award is a recognized scholar, having earned from Columbia University the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, as well as honorary degrees from other institutions, and she is therefore familiar with the exacting requirements of the scholarly world. Her generosity to her colleagues is all but proverbial, and her encouragement of students and young scholars makes this award from a University peculiarly fitting.

"There is not a rare book library in this country or Britain that is not delighted to welcome her, and many have directly benefited from her kindness and assistance. On this occasion I note with particular pleasure that at Princeton she serves on the Advisory Council of the Department of English and is a member of the Council of the Friends of the Library. She has at one time or another been president of several learned societies and has been on the boards of many others. Somehow, she has also found time to publish. Her latest volume, The Impossible Friendship, which details the quarrel between Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, is an important contribution to Johnsonian research.

"It is an honor—indeed, a special treat—for those of us at Princeton to recognize Mary Hyde's many attainments with the presentation of the award named for her husband. I shall now read the citation:

"This award is bestowed on Mary Hyde, collector and scholar. She has continued with courage and enterprise to maintain the great Four Oaks Library assembled jointly with her late husband; she has carefully and wisely developed the varied collections which form the library to greater preeminence in each of its fields; she is a meticulous scholar whose writings reflect in particular a sympathetic understanding of the age of Samuel Johnson; she offers with unstinted hospitality the use of her collections and her house to working scholars whose gratitude and indebtedness are recorded in many publications; she continues to foster the development of beginning scholars and collectors who will always remember her thoughtful kindness and the enthusiasm it engendered; she is a friend and benefactor of libraries and learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic, frequently serving as council member or officer; and, while accomplishing these manifold tasks with scrupulous attention to detail, she has made for herself a unique position in the community of rare books, at once greatly respected and universally beloved."

Mrs. Hyde made the following response:
Thank you, President Bowen, Mr. Taylor, and the Award Committee.

"This is a happy moment in the life of the librarian of Four Oaks Farm—but I am obliged to confess that I would not be standing before you now, if it were not for the help (many years of help), given by the Princeton Library and a number of other great research institutions.

"It is an intimidating moment—when individuals begin to plan a library. What subject, or subjects to collect? How to acquire the material? How to shelve it, catalogue it? And overall, practically, where to put it? Soon, for there is no stopping, how to add to the collection? And soon, too, for many collectors, and certainly for Don and me, the most intriguing questions: how to do research, and how to edit unpublished manuscripts?

"William Jackson, of the Houghton Library, started us off; he showed us how to use a bibliography, and he emphasized the importance of 'condition' in the purchase of rare books.
"He did not recommend Dr. Johnson as a subject. It was Don who decided. Indeed, it was Don who always decided, and it was he who constantly added new fields of collection. I am slow and timid in this, and am still jogging along, trying to complete the projects which he initiated.

"Shortly after Don became dedicated to Dr. Johnson, we heard of a marvelous opportunity: the R. B. Adam Library of Samuel Johnson and his Circle was for sale. This two-generation Adam collection had been on loan at the University of Rochester since the death of R. B. Adam in the late 1930’s. After dramatic negotiation, we were able to buy the Adam Library, and, wonderful to relate, the Curator of Rare Books at Rochester, instead of resenting us for depleting his resources, became a good friend. He gave us all his notes and his collations of Johnson books. He taught us how to make catalogue cards. He advised us in planning our library room, at this point a necessity. When, in a few months, the room was built (architects were quicker in those days), our friend paid us a visit and helped to unpack the crates and shelve the books. More than that, he made it a custom to pay visits of a week or more every summer to keep us on the right track. This guiding spirit was, of course, Bob Metzdorf, who certainly should be here tonight. He wanted to come, but as most of you know, he has been very ill, and though he is much better now, and home, he is not able to attend as large a début party as this would be.

"Bob’s help to us in the beginning days of the Four Oaks Library was invaluable; and soon there was assistance from other quarters. The Morgan Library gave instructions: how to tend our books, how to keep and oil them. Friends in the libraries at Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, as well as at the Morgan and other places, brought items in book and auction catalogues to our attention. All libraries were generous with their services. Princeton, because of its closeness, was the library we most imposed upon—and still do—for help of all kinds, including especially, photostats, xeroxes, and microfilms. But neither Bill Dix, nor anyone else at the Library, has ever complained—in fact, I regret to say—they encourage me to impose.

"Beyond our library needs, I have depended heavily upon great libraries for scholarly research: the first two were themselves private collections when I worked there. They are now the

Pforzheimer and the Rosenbach Foundations. A few years later, one spring in London, I went every morning to the British Museum to trace early auction records of Johnson manuscripts. Much later, this past summer, the Bodleian in Oxford, and the Rylands Library in Manchester, were kind hosts. Near home, and some years past, I remember with gratitude that the New York Public Library helped me with work on an 18th-century project (and also once offered facilities for fumigating some of our Japanese books and book boxes). Our Japanese collection was a 1960 sally of Don’s enthusiasm, and another thank-you must be noted in connection with our trip to Japan in that year; a magnificent letter of introduction, which bore the seal of Columbia University. This document was so impressive that no library in Japan, even the most cautious temple library, could refuse to receive us. Of more recent date, I remember four important working visits at the Beinecke Library last year. Yale was unstintingly generous in giving me permission to quote from unpublished material in the Boswell Papers, also granting permission for illustrations. I could not have written my recent book on Boswell and Mrs. Thrale without Yale’s co-operation. And, with Princeton’s generosity—a carrel in the Library for the month of this February past—I have been able to launch my next project.

"Such are the delightful privileges of a collector, but there is another side to the coin—his duties—and I mean duties beyond the maintenance of his own library. I mean his duty to other scholars. Their routine requests are: for information contained in Four Oaks manuscripts (this often involves research), for photo-reproduction, and for permission to publish. Every year there are more and more requests from scholars. It is a chore, but a pleasant one, for friendships are made, and no manuscript is ever examined by a scholar without his adding to my knowledge of the piece.

"Beyond these usual services to scholars, there have been some unusual joint projects with libraries. The visits, for instance, of R. W. Chapman in 1950 and L. F. Powell in 1959. We helped Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, University of Virginia, and the University of Chicago—to entertain these celebrated Johnsonians, and helped to arrange a lecture route, which, for both scholars, amounted to a grand tour of the United States.
"Exhibitions are another cooperative effort; much Four Oaks material was shown in the exhibition at the Morgan Library in 1959 (the 250th anniversary of Johnson's birth); Four Oaks items comprised all of the Johnson exhibition at Harvard in January 1966 (the last trip Don made was to the opening); the showing of many of our Oscar Wilde manuscripts took place at Princeton in February 1966. The beginning of the Wilde collection had been a joint decision, made in 1965. Looking into the immediate future, the Reynolds exhibition at Yale next week will have material from Four Oaks; and this coming November, selections from our Japanese collection will be shown with those of Philip Hofer in the Fogg Museum exhibition.

"Still considering the cooperative record, pure pleasure must not be forgotten. I remember the creation of the society of the 'Johnsonians.' This was a Hyde-Princeton inspiration. It all started in August of 1946 when the Librarian, Julian Boyd, and Lyman Butterfield came for dinner and suggested that we give Dr. Johnson a birthday party the next month. Since we knew very few Johnsonians at that time, our Princeton friends invited the guests, and supplied the keepsake, which the Princeton Press printed. The dinner was such a success that another loyal Princetonian, the late Alfred G. Kay '12, and his wife repeated the pattern the following year, and Yale undertook the project the next. At the New Haven dinner, a Columbia professor proposed that an official group be formed to perpetuate the annual celebration. Thus, in the circle of library interplay, the 'Johnsonians' came into being—almost thirty years ago.

"This is a long time past, but I feel the wonderful, same dependence I did then; for whether it be a matter of business or a matter of pleasure, hardly a day goes by that I am not in touch with Princeton, or some other great library.

"My friendship with the Princeton Library is honor enough. This award makes me realize how great my obligation is."

Mr. Taylor then introduced E.D.H. Johnson '34, who spoke on the genius and appeal of George Cruikshank. Those attending the dinner received a copy of a preprint of Professor Johnson's article, "The George Cruikshank Collection at Princeton," which is to appear in the forthcoming double issue of the Chronicle devoted to Cruikshank (Vol. XXXV, Numbers 1 and 2).

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THE COUNCIL

At its meeting Friday afternoon, May 11, 1973, the Council approved the transfer of $6,000 from the Operating Account to the Acquisitions Committee Fund, with $5,000 of this amount being for general purchases and $1,000 for additions to the Morris E. Farrish Collection of Victorian Novelties.

Richard M. Huber, Chairman of the Foundation Committee, reported that there had been a slight increase in the number of members since his final report for the year 1972-1973 and that the membership stood at 1,420.

The Council noted with regret the death of Lawrence Roger Thompson on April 15, 1973, and authorized the transfer of $250 from the Operating Account to a book fund in his memory. Professor Thompson, the first editor of the Chronicle, was a member of the Council of the Friends, from 1952 to 1964, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Publications from 1956 to 1960.

At the Annual Meeting the following were elected members of the Council for the 1973-1976 term: Gerald Eades Bentley, John R.B. Brett-Smith, Peter H.B. Freelinghuyzen '38, Sinclair Hamilton '66, Richard M. Huber '45, Mrs. Gerard B. Lambert, Renselaer W. Lee '20, Joseph W. Lippincott, Jr. '37, John F. Mason, William H. Sword '46, and Willard Thorp.
Lawrence R. Thompson
1906-1973

The objectives of The Princeton University Library Chronicle were set forth in the initial page of the first issue of this publication thirty-four years ago by Lawrence Thompson. It is with a grateful sense of having been part of the productive life of this great scholar and bookman that we here record the Faculty's memorial minute of the Chronicle's first editor.

With the death of Lawrence Thompson, Holmes Professor of Belles Lettres, Emeritus, on April 15, 1973, the nation lost one of its ablest biographers, Princeton University one of its most vigorous and well-loved teachers, and the Department of English a senior colleague universally held in the highest and warmest esteem.

For nearly two years, with the constant assistance of his equally courageous wife, he had been fighting back against the inroads of severe disease. In April 1971, he celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday; in May of the same year, the second volume of his life of Robert Frost was awarded a Pulitzer Prize; and in the following August he was felled by the stroke that marked the beginning of his long illness. All who knew him will remember the quiet valiance of his struggle to regain his health, the good cheer and resilience with which he met continuing and ever darker adversity, and the unrelenting determination which enabled him to plan and make steady progress with the third volume of his Frost biography until such time as he could work no more.

Thompson was born in Franklin, New Hampshire, April 5, 1906, the son of a Methodist minister, and knew from boyhood the atmosphere and terrain of rural and small-town New England, a region he loved as long as he lived. In 1928 he was graduated from Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, where, as an undergraduate, he had first met Frost the poet during one of his annual tours in the collegiate circuit. Ten years later he brought out the first of his major biographies, which had its origins in his doctoral dissertation at Columbia University. Its subject was the early career of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and he used to say with some historical amusement that he had prepared himself to be a boy Robert Frost by first removing the beard from Longfellow. Although he had previously taught in preparatory schools in Maine and Maryland, and also served as teaching fellow at Wesleyan and Columbia, it was as curator of rare books and manuscripts in the old Pyne Library that he began an association with Princeton University that lasted, except for the hiatus of the war, for nearly thirty-five years. His desire to teach and to write was too strong to allow him to remain exclusively in the curators' chair, and between 1939 and 1942 he served as special lecturer in English. He also established and brilliantly edited the Princeton University Library Chronicle, and found time to complete a critical study, Fire and Ice: The Art and Thought of Robert Frost, which appeared in 1942.

By this time he had already begun the monumental task of assembling biographical materials on Frost under a gentleman's agreement to postpone publication until after the poet's death. He turned aside from this absorbing work to enter the United States Naval Reserve, where he was commissioned Ensign, rising afterwards to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. His first duties were largely administrative, but his literary skills were soon recognized by his assignment as historian to the Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier. The first result of this work was a stirring documentary account of the sub-hunting yawl Zaida and its battle with the hurricane of 1944. This was published in that year as The Navy Hunts the CGR 3070 after condensation in Harper's Magazine. In January 1945 Thompson was ordered to the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, as senior historical officer. He personally supervised the preparation of a dozen subordinate histories, wrote an 800-page summary history of all commands, and in the short space of fifteen months caused all the historical accounts to be completed in final form, a total of fourteen volumes. For these labors he was awarded a Legion of Merit medal.

Having married Janet Arnold in 1945, he was in the following year honorably discharged from the Navy, promoted to permanent tenue in the Princeton English Department, and enabled to take
up a Guggenheim Fellowship awarded in 1942 but postponed because of war service. He returned to the world of scholarship with a long, intricately argued, and controversial discussion of Herman Melville's religious ideas, *Melville's Quarrel with God*, published in 1952; an edition of the poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson, 1954; and a further critical study of Frost in 1959. During the same period he had lectured widely on American literature throughout the United States, at the Salzburg Seminars in Austria, and at many European universities from Yugoslavia to Scandinavia, besides bringing out scores of articles and book reviews. It was his frequent custom to try out his critical ideas in his teaching before they reached book form, particularly in an upper-class course called "Four American Authors" in which he lectured brilliantly on the fiction of Melville, Hawthorne, James, and Faulkner—so eloquently in fact that students in the 1950s arranged public debates to counter his arguments. These lectures eventuated in his valuable study of the novels of William Faulkner, which appeared in 1963.

The death of Frost in this same year set Thompson free, at age fifty-seven, to begin the work for which he had been gathering materials for a quarter of a century. He set up the ground-plan for his three-volume biography with a generous selection of Frost's letters, published in 1964, and in successive years edited with others four lesser books that threw new light on various phases of Frost's career. The volume of letters was followed in 1966 by *Robert Frost: The Early Years*, which won the Melville Cane Award of the Poetry Society of America, and in 1970 by *Robert Frost: The Years of Triumph*, chosen by the Pulitzer Prize Committee in 1971. At the time of his death, with help from others, including his wife, he was at work on the third and final volume.

The always lengthening record of his honors and achievements should not obscure such other activities as the raising of four children, service on the Editorial Board of Princeton University Press and on the Board of Education in Princeton Township, and the organization of a Cub Scout baseball team for which he functioned as pro-tem pitcher. The citations which accompanied his distinguished service award from Wesleyan University and his honorary doctorate in letters from Beaver College, Pennsylvania, indicate the admiration in which his work was held by the academic community, an admiration fully shared by his colleagues at Princeton and by his reading public throughout the western world.

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The Friends of the Princeton University Library, founded in 1900, is an association of individuals interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has secured gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material which could not otherwise have been acquired by the Library.

Membership is open to those subscribing annually fifteen dollars or more. Students may join for five dollars. Checks payable to Princeton University Library should be addressed to the Treasurer.

Members receive The Princeton University Library Chronicle and occasional publications issued by the Friends, and are invited to participate in meetings and to attend special lectures and exhibitions.

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