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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Friendship Without a Price Tag ........................................ 1

My Life With Goudy
Alice Goudy Lochhead .................................................... 2

The Enjoyment of Types
August Heckscher ......................................................... 11

University Libraries Are Indispensable Too
Carl M. White ............................................................... 17

Our Growing Collections
Edited by Roland Baughman ............................................. 22

Other Recent Gifts ......................................................... 27

The Editor Visits Special Collections .................................. 28

Activities of The Friends .................................................. 32

Coming Events .............................................................. 34
Friendship Without A Price Tag

*When I choose my friend I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them; but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.*

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JEREMY TAYLOR

WHEN the invitations to join the Friends of the Columbia Libraries first went out, a leaflet was enclosed listing privileges and obligations. The privileges were many; the obligations simply: “An annual contribution of five dollars or more.”

To ask someone to be your friend, and in the next breath to ask him for five dollars (or more): isn’t that rather a dubious proceeding?

The necessity of reprinting the leaflet brought this question to the attention of the Council. The more we thought about it, the more it seemed that friendship didn’t belong either in the bargain basement or anywhere else in the store.

Now of course, the Libraries need the help of their Friends. Of course we need money to run this organization, to publish the *COLUMNS*, and to put on exhibitions and meetings. But we feel uncomfortable about offering friendship with a five-dollar price tag.

So we have done away even with that lowly minimum, and are asking the Friends to set their own pace in supporting us. You will find on page 35 of this issue the results of all these soul-searchings. Please read them. Then respond in your own way. We think that only friendship unconstrained can make the Columbia Libraries “wiser and better.”
My Life With Goudy

ALICE GOUDY LOCHHEAD

When we learned that Mrs. Lochhead would be willing to relate some reminiscences of her famous father-in-law, the late Frederic W. Goudy, we were delighted to let her tell the story in her own way and in her own words. We are sure that our readers will be as delighted as we were in this affectionate account of her life with one of the great type designers.

The first time I met Mother and Dad Goudy was at the pier in New York City. They were coming home from Europe, where Dad had gone to buy an engraving machine. Dad, of course, was very gruff and very important. For the first couple of months, every time I started to say something, I would feel that he was looking right through me.

After a while I found that this gruffness was only on the surface, that he wanted everybody to think he was just the gruffest person, but that he wasn’t at all. Inside he was warm-hearted and very, very nice. I think he was perfect. He was very fond of animals, especially cats and dogs. We had lots of dogs—two Newfoundlanders, a Great Dane, a Boston terrier, and an English toy spaniel. We sometimes had as many as three toy spaniels at one time. Dad never liked dachshunds until, when his spaniel died, I brought one home and said, “This is for you.” He said, “I wouldn’t be caught feeding that dog a biscuit.” But it wasn’t long before “that dog” was in his lap and he was petting it.

When Mother Goudy died, I took over completely for twelve years. Dad and I never really disagreed, but we did have our arguments of course. Having worked so closely with Mother for forty years and taken her advice on so many things, he naturally turned to me. He would bring a piece of printing or layout to me and ask me how I liked it. If I said, “It doesn’t look right, Goudy,” he would come back with, “Well, what do you know about it? You
My Life With Goudy

don’t know the first thing about type; it’s the best thing I’ve ever done!” But he would go back to work on it, often accepting the changes suggested, and then bring it to me again with, “Well, how do you like it now?” And I’d say, “Why, Dad, it’s wonderful!”

Dad loved to eat. He’d say, “Now tomorrow, let’s have so and so.” We had a lot of dinner parties, and Dad would tell me beforehand to have something nice on the table. Afterward he’d say jokingly, “Well, it’s too bad the neighbors had to bring in something; Alice wasn’t up to it.” I enjoyed living with him and Mother.

Mother Goudy was a charming person and made you feel as though you had always known her. From the first day on, we were together constantly and had a lot of fun together. We liked the same things—travel and birds. I took over the management of the house and the care of the birds, while she devoted all her time to typesetting. When she was free, we would take trips to New York to shop or to see a show. Or we would go to the nearby woods and collect wild flowers. Or perhaps go shopping for antiques.

One day she heard over the radio that the “Graf Zeppelin” was going to land at Lakehurst, New Jersey, on her first trip, and said, “Let’s drive down.” Dad at first said, “No!” Our new car was only a week old, and he said he didn’t think I’d be able to drive through all that traffic. He finally talked himself into having to drive us down. We left the house at ten o’clock at night, and arrived at the field about two or three hours before the zeppelin was due to arrive, at five-thirty in the morning. There were hundreds of cars there. Dad thought it was all so stupid and felt so sorry for himself. He complained that there was no place to sit except in the car, and he thought that was dreadful. Unknown to him I had put in a couple of beach chairs and pillows and a thermos bottle of coffee. So now I took them out, much to his surprise and delight, and he sat there in the beach chair just as pleased and comfortable as could be. On the way home he said, “Aren’t you girls glad I brought you along?”

Mother Goudy enjoyed animals and birds, especially birds. We raised them. We made a sanctuary for them out of our sun porch.
The floor was covered with dirt and sand, and we planted trees. A special fountain was placed over the radiator so that the water wouldn’t be too cold, seed boxes were put in several spots, and each bird had its own nest. Dad didn’t like the work end of this project, but he enjoyed the birds. We had a parrot which came off a French ship and which spoke nothing but French. Mother Goudy said, “We are going to take up French.” So we studied hard; but by the time we learned to speak French to the parrot, he was speaking English. Mother spoke French fluently. Dad not at all. When we spoke in French, Dad would look at us as though we were crazy. “Why don’t you just say ‘shut the door’ in English?” he’d ask. He got a kick out of it nevertheless.

He was very careless about money, even in his business transactions. He went to New York at least twice a week and invariably, just as the train was coming into the station I’d ask him, “Have you any money?” He would look and if he had two or three dollars it was rare; most of the time he had nothing, so I always had to have money with me. One day he and Mother Goudy were going to New York together. She thought he had the money and he thought she had it. Neither had more than a dollar in change. I had twenty dollars and gave it to Dad. When they arrived home that evening, Mother said, “Fred, pay Alice the money you borrowed.” He said, “Don’t be foolish. What’s the use? I would only have to borrow it again tomorrow.” But I always received much more than I gave, both in money and in kindness and everything that makes for a very happy life.

Dad’s work day was long and was strictly organized. If breakfast wasn’t on the table at eight-thirty, it was just too bad. Lunch had to be ready at twelve-thirty no matter what happened. He would get up around eight o’clock, have his breakfast, and then would work steadily until lunch—cutting, drawing, or reading about what he was going to do. He wouldn’t rest even for five minutes. After lunch he would rest for an hour or so, and then go back to the shop, where he would work until dinner time. He’d finish dinner about seven-thirty or seven-forty-five, and start right in again
working, often until twelve or one o’clock in the morning if he had a special job to do.

Of course he had many interesting commissions, and he was very independent in his dealings with people. One time Mr. McArthur of Higgins-McArthur Company, printers for Rich’s Store down in Atlanta, wanted Dad to do the store name over. He said he would. A young lady came up from Rich’s, and Dad showed her his drawing and asked her, “How’s that?” She thought it was fine and flew back to Atlanta with it. Two or three days later Dad received a call from Rich’s asking him if he could fly down to Atlanta. Dad asked, “What for?” They told him that someone else in the organization didn’t like the ending of “Rich’s” and wanted just a little more flourish. Dad said, “You send back my drawing, and you tell that man or woman to design the ‘Rich’s’.” Of course they tried to reason with Dad. But he insisted that they send back the drawing, saying that any change in it wouldn’t be Goudy and they could either take it or leave it. I still have this drawing. He never let them use it. You might say he just took four thousand dollars and tore it right up, only because they wanted to change the ending a bit. But he was like that, with intense pride in his work. After his death a friend of the firm wrote to me and asked if I wouldn’t send it to them; but knowing how he felt about it, I couldn’t do it. Dad had an awful temper, and he just might be Up There watching me.

After Dad had become famous, the National Biscuit Company advertising man brought in some old drawings that had been done around the turn of the century, and said, “I hear you’re pretty good at designing; do you think you could copy our cut?” Dad let him talk on and on, and finally said, “I certainly ought to be able to do it; I did the first one.” It seemed strange to me that after all those years they should come back to the same man. For the first cut I believe he received only five or ten dollars.

Dad designed for Pabst beer, but he never talked much about this commission, as he didn’t like drink and didn’t like to take even a little drink himself. He also designed for Kuppenheimer,
I think that of all his type faces I like the Saks Fifth Avenue one most. One of the letters is cast in solid gold matrix. Vassar College has this now. Mr. Gimbel called Dad and asked him if he would do a special type for them, and Dad said he would. They talked it all over. Mr. Gimbel said he would give anything to have it done in gold. Dad said, “Yes, that would be good; let’s do it in gold.” He had a dreadful time with it, as the gold would stick. It was put aside when a new advertising manager for Saks took over.

Dad did altogether about 132 type faces, and he had names for all his cuts. “Deepdene” was named for our house, “Marlboro” was for the town, and “Village” was for the village of Hingham, Massachusetts. Dad designed a cut for Spencer Kellogg, the oil man, and called it just “Kellogg.” A recent issue of Holiday has Goudy letter type. Dad had a sort of love for the different cuts, especially for “Deepdene,” because he was so fond of the place and loved the house up there. This cut is down in the Library of Congress.

I always worried about how he was going to keep “Deepdene” up. In this the Coxheads were very nice. When I had to sell the house after Dad’s death, it was bought by the Ralph C. Coxhead Corporation of Newark, New Jersey. They decided to have me set up a small museum, which we had for three years. After the death of its president, the Corporation decided to sell the house, and I bought it back. They were very generous, for although they had put a good deal into the place they sold it back to me for much less than their total investment. I am very grateful both for myself and for Mother and Dad Goudy, who loved “Deepdene” so much.

In all of his work, Dad leaned heavily on Mother Goudy, and her passing was a severe blow to him. She was a wonderful helpmate. He couldn’t have done one-half as much as he did or have gone half as far as he did without her. She had worked with him before they were married. She was a typesetter, and did her own
typesetting, which was exquisite. She never changed a page. She put her heart and soul into everything she did, even to playing the piano. In an argument Mother Goudy would stand firm and Dad would become very much provoked; but he would come around to her way of thinking eventually and would say, “Well, I guess that’s right.”

While they were working on the book *Frankenstein*, she remarked—on nearing the end—“I hope I live to finish this book; it’s beginning to get me down, it’s so horrible. The others were so light and nice; I don’t think I’ll ever finish it.” She did, although as it got toward the end I noticed she didn’t look right. After it was finished, we took a trip to New York. Getting into the train she said, “I’m glad that that thing is over with. I haven’t felt better in years.” But on the return trip she had a stroke. She was in bed for a long time. She never recovered—she was a complete invalid for years. It was a great trial to her, for she wanted so badly to work.

After her death Dad felt so lost over at the shop and asked me one day what I would suggest. I told him, “You have that kitchen. How about taking that and turning it into a workshop?” He said it was the most foolish thing he had ever heard of. But I told him, “Give me a couple of men and I’ll show you.” We put up benches and so on, and when it was finished I asked him, “How’s this?” He exclaimed, “Why, it’s perfect!” We moved in most of the equipment that he had for drawing, and he worked there for several years. The real work was still done at the old shop until 1939, when the fire destroyed everything there. Then some of Dad’s friends in New York started a fund for building him a new shop. Knowing how he felt about being alone in the shop without Mother Goudy, I suggested that he build one onto the library. The room turned out to be such a lovely one, really too nice for a shop. So he used it just for drawing and reading. Then we turned the sun porch into the real shop, and there he worked until he died.

Regarding the fires, the one on Twentieth Street occurred in
the early 1900’s. That night Mother and Dad went home and took with them the book they had just finished. They had only this one commission. Everything else was destroyed. In the shop fire at Marlboro in 1939 everything that Dad owned was destroyed. Every pattern he ever made there, all his drawings, and all the mats were lost. My room was in the middle of the house, facing the shop. When I first saw the glow, I thought it was one of the neighbors’ houses burning. I ran to the telephone, but it was dead. Realizing that the shop telephone was connected with our line, I called, “Dad, it’s the shop!” He was very calm. All he said was, “It’s a hell of a blaze, isn’t it?” He appeared so unconcerned about it. We had a luncheon engagement that afternoon. I just wasn’t any good, I was so upset; but Dad was as calm as could be. He sat down and never said one word about the fire to anyone. When, later, someone came in with an account of the fire in the Tribune and said, “I see you had a fire,” he replied, “That’s putting it mildly.” Someone else asked, “What are you going to do now?” And he replied, “I still have my pencil.”

From the very beginning he had always thrown all his cutouts in the waste basket. I would go through the basket and save them. After the fire, the Library of Congress wanted the patterns, and we had nothing but cutouts. Dad said he was glad I had saved them, but at the time he had thought it was so silly.

He made about half of his type faces without commission. He did them just for his own amusement, and let them be used by whoever wanted them. The “Goudy Thirty” he designed as his last face, and gave it to the Monotype Corporation of Philadelphia, to be used after his death. What his idea was in having it saved until after he died, I don’t know exactly. It was someone else’s idea, I think. I believe that when he was in California one of the newspapermen there asked him, “What are you leaving?” Dad replied that there were several faces. “Do you have one that has not been put on the market yet?” asked the man, and Dad replied, “No.” The man then asked if he didn’t think it would be a good idea to do a Goudy thirty. Dad agreed that it would,
and so did it and named it the “Goudy Thirty.” Thirty, you know, is a printer’s term meaning the end.

As it happened, this face was used before his death, and so it was not his last. He did one or two more faces before he died. Among others he drew the design, cut the working pattern and the casting mat for the University of California. This was the last face he worked on. I have in my shop two faces that he designed but never sold. One is a Hebrew face. Whether they will ever be used I don’t know; but I shall always try to carry out Dad’s wishes in regard to them, for I was both privileged and proud to have known him.

As to how he started doing printing himself, I remember that there was one type face that he had to have just right and those who were doing the cutting for him couldn’t get certain things the way he wanted them. So he said, “We’ll try it ourselves.” He ground the tools and made the special mats and stereotype necessary. He made his own pattern blanks from metal sheets which he bought. He wasn’t satisfied with the pantograph machine, so he went to Long Island and tried to get one. He wasn’t satisfied with that either, and finally went to Germany and got one. He then went to Chicago to see how they worked there. When he came home, he got all the books he could possibly find on tool and die making, and proceeded to make his own tools. He would grind a tool for as long as four hours and never let up a minute until he got it perfect.

When he was cutting out patterns, he would have five or six different knives to cut with, and every one of the patterns was cut by hand. Every turn had to be just perfect before he was satisfied. He would sit up until twelve, one, or two o’clock in the morning cutting them out. He demanded perfection of himself.

He had his own ways of working. He might have an order for months before he touched it. Or he might receive a request for a cut and they would say, “We want it by the tenth; we must have it by the tenth.” From the first to the sixth he wouldn’t do anything on it; but on the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth he would
work all night on it. When I asked him what he was going to tell them if he didn’t have it finished for them, he would answer, “I don’t have to tell them anything.”

I remember there was a Miss Bacon at the Vassar College Bookshop, who brought in a beautiful piece of pear wood for the sign outside her shop and asked Dad if he would do the lettering. A year later she called up and asked if I would please put a little pressure on Dad; she would like to have her sign. So I asked him about it. Yes, he had the board. Then I asked him to wrap it up, saying that I was going over there that afternoon and would take it to her, that she had asked for it and was probably going to get someone else to do it for her. I told him, “You’ve had it long enough.” He replied, “You leave the board here; I’ll do it. Wait until tomorrow; you can go over tomorrow.” He worked until twelve that night, and I took it over the next day.

Dad was really an artist. He never bargained for any of his work. He just couldn’t do it. He fixed the price for everything he did, and stuck to it. Or maybe he just wouldn’t take the commission. One time Mr. Coxhead called him in and said, “We are going to put a machine on the market that will really do printing; would you do a face for us?” Dad said, “No, I’ll send one of my students down.” He sent Roger Bently, who designed the faces for them and who is still there.

Dad knew he was good. When we’d get into an argument over something, I’d say to him, “You think you’re so darn good and you’re not.” To which he would reply, “I know I’m good.” And I’d say, “You’re not perfect.” And he’d answer, “Show me any other man who has done one hundred and some odd type faces.”

And I must answer meekly, but yet also proudly, “There is none.” Dad Goudy was right. He was good. In fact, in my eyes he stands alone. And I am happy and proud to have had the opportunity of sharing his life and his work for so many years.
The Enjoyment of Types

AUGUST HECKSCHER

“AND SO the founding of the Ashlar Press is announced . . . in September, 1930.” Thus more than two decades ago, set in Caslon italic under a handsome version of a sixteenth-century Italian phoenix, a notice went out that seemed to me at the time of considerable importance. Today you will look in vain for the name of Ashlar in any compendium of printing establishments. A few books gathering dust on the shelves of some hundred book-lovers and kind friends, a few happy memories, and a love of types that many disparate activities have not been able to dim—these are all that remain of a once-flourishing minor enterprise.

The editor has asked me to recall what I can of my early connection with printing; and I do so for one reason only. I am not at all under the illusion that what I did can be of antiquarian or bibliographic interest—far less of interest in the long and rich history of fine printing in this country. But it has occurred to me that printing as a hobby is a subject which might well be examined; that the examination might serve both as an enticement and as a warning to others, and that my own experiences with the Ashlar Press might be convenient as a peg.

Those experiences began at what might be called (though it certainly did not seem to me at the time) a “tender age.” My brother, two years younger than I, embarked on a course in typesetting while recuperating from a serious operation. When the
summer came, there was no peace in the household until he had types and a press of his own. He was fourteen at the time, given to exuberant partialities and endowed with a literary gift which the second World War was to cut off tragically. Already he had composed a long narrative poem on the history of Louis XVII of France, the first two lines of which I remember, and which certainly deserved to be set in a handsome, clear face, with a good flourish to start them off. "The Revolutionary War," the epic began—

"The Revolutionary War
Bathed all of France in blood and gore . . ."

The purchase of the equipment had itself been a notable event. Trailed by numerous members of his family, my brother had descended on the American Type Founders and proceeded to reject almost every suggestion made by a sympathetic salesman. "What was good enough for Gutenberg is good enough for me," he insisted. Later that summer, nevertheless, there did arrive in the Adirondacks a proof press, a few fonts of Caslon, together with leads, spaces, a chase and furniture, a mallet and plane, a special can for kerosene and other necessaries of the printer's trade. In unpacking all this and setting it up, my own involvement in the undertaking, and what was to become a rather passionate interest in types, had its beginning. That it was a modest beginning is indicated by the fact that the first "stick" of type which my brother and I laboriously set up began at the left-hand side, thus putting all the printed letters in reverse!

Two years later—I was eighteen by that time—the press had grown considerably. It had a name, taken from one of the greatest but least known of the poems of Kipling. The ashlar is a hewn building rock; Kipling uses it as a symbol of the craftsman's achievement, and one of his lines, referring to the building of a temple, seemed to us capable of standing appropriately in the colophon of a major work: "One stone the more swings into place." Rockwell Kent made us a press mark, showing the two
The Enjoyment of Types

brothers, handsomely and nakedly silhouetted against the starred sky, lifting the stone; T. M. Cleland later brought us down to earth, clothed us slightly, and permitted us the use of a primitive machine to speed the arduous construction.

More than a name and mark, we had by 1932 several small books to our credit. I look over these now without quite the same dismay with which one sometimes reviews the escapades of one's youth. Margaret B. Evans, who was later to lend her skill to Mr. Frank Altschul's Overbrook Press, had then come over to carry the burden of the actual printing, while my brother and I were away at school and college. But the stream of letters which moved between us all reminds me now that no detail of design or workmanship escaped our eye. We had a small job business; we had acquaintances who suddenly revealed that for years they had been waiting to have some work of theirs set in type; and we were venturing forth from time to time on our own with volumes we published under the Ashlar name.

Soon afterwards the depression closed in. The press had paid for itself—though I remember detecting in the accounts which my brother kept one mysterious item which I deciphered as "evaporation." But now books became harder to sell; I was increasingly absorbed in extra-curricular activities at Yale and my brother was going abroad to study. In 1933 the press was officially closed, though since then, usually with the help of Peter Beilenson at the Walpole Printing Office, I have continued the name with some occasional output.

On the basis of this experience, what is to be said for printing as an avocation? It has certain drawbacks which should be faced by anyone who is tempted by the printer's devil. It is fiendishly preoccupying and time-consuming. It spreads like an evil vine. We had our press in a cellar, in a converted summer house, and finally in the family garage. I have seen printing equipment set up in the living room or library, but I would not recommend treating it as a household pet. A place of its own, and many hours to spend there, are the first requisites.
The actual equipment is not as large in amount as might be assumed. Unfortunately, however, a small hand press is hard to pick up, and offers numerous difficulties in getting a good register and a good impression. After my brother had given up trying to be Gutenberg, he settled for a regular proof press; we worked out a system for getting fairly accurate register—that is, getting the type impression at the same spot on the paper each time; but make-ready (building up behind the paper so as to ensure an even impression) was never mastered with this equipment. From that we went directly to an electric-driven job press. But this had the disadvantage of not being made for the really first-class book work we were at that time attempting to do.

One problem that can at least be solved is that of types. A rich and historic variety is available to the hand-setter. The difficulty is to choose—and above all to stick to a choice narrowly circumscribed. Our mistake was to spread ourselves thin, often getting a new face for a particular job or book. It was, I suppose, a natural failing of youth; certainly I had become so sensitive to the subtle varieties, to the moods and influences of different faces, that it seemed an incongruity and almost a sacrilege to match the text with anything other than the type face that seemed ordained for it. Caslon (the English cutting), Baskerville, Oxford, and Lutetia were our stand-bys; but we went beyond these with an abandon that shocks me now. Were I to begin again, I would insist on one face only, and even this in a comparatively few sizes. Difference in paper, in spacing, in decoration would provide the divine harmony which my brother and I sought so strenuously.

I stress the difficulties of printing; the rewards are already implicit in what I have written. They can be summed up in a phrase: the search for perfection. The intensity with which I sensed the ideal layout (though I was quite incapable of even approximating it in actuality) may have been part of the awareness which is common in many fields to that time of life; yet I think that something of that quality would return even now, were I to open myself to the possibilities and the temptations of type. The percep-
The Enjoyment of Types

tions can become refined by a study of ancient examples, by a sympathetic understanding of what the printers of one's own generation are trying to accomplish, by trial and error in the handling of the printer's materials, until the intractable stuff of lead becomes almost alive and speaking. The fact that one works in a somewhat recondite art—that the reader is, and should be, far more interested in what a book says than in the type in which it is composed—gives an added satisfaction to the good printer. At the best his work has become an instrument of communication, austere, transparent, almost invisible; and he has become the servitor of an art higher and nobler than his own.

Indeed, a love of literature is, I think, inseparable from a love of types. The great type designer may pursue the perfect letter for its own sake. But the more humble journeyman, and certainly the kind of amateur printer of which I have been speaking, thinks of himself as a middleman in the realm of ideas and style, a transmitter and interpreter of what the best men have written. For this reason, he cannot be wholly satisfied by even the most challenging of small tasks, such as come the way of the job press. He must keep some part of his energy for writings which he conceives to be intrinsically great. The good printer traditionally prints the Bible, or perhaps Chaucer, before he is through. My brother and I never got that far; but we did one of the less awesome works of Milton, and Stevenson and Swift.

This inner discipline, this subjection to an end higher than surface elegance, suggests an answer to one question which has often troubled me in connection with the private press. Should it be an innovator in printing styles and techniques? Should it give itself to the kind of experiment which a commercial enterprise does not risk? I do not think it should. Modernity in architecture and in various forms of decoration is a delight of the flesh. There is no such thing as modernity in printing. The great printing styles can be re-interpreted after having been mastered; but everything that stretches a letter or compresses it, distorts a margin or misplaces a running head, is a crime against authordom.
The sign-painter can be as modern as a skyscraper; the good printer must be as classic as Shakespeare. To perpetuate the classical tradition in types is, it seems to me, the special task of the private press.

Having learned these things, I long kept the hope of reviving the Ashlar Press. The heavier equipment and much of the type I gave to Jonathan Edwards College in Yale, with the thought that students working their way through college might catch the vision of what good printing can be. The hand press and some special European types were procured by Mr. Philip Hofer for the Department of Printing and Graphic Arts at Harvard. Yet I still kept a core, and transported it far and wide; and once, in Auburn, New York, thought that the time of regeneration had come. But that chance, too, passed away, and all that was finally left I sold to a clergyman in nearby Aurora. New York City and journalism do not mix well with the hand-setting of type; and even such reflections and memories as I have set down here can only be stirred by an importunate deadline.
University Libraries Are Indispensable Too

CARL M. WHITE

UNIVERSITY libraries are becoming a public issue. They are becoming a public issue because of financial necessity. University libraries have had to do two things at once since World War II. They have had to expand their services and to cope with inflation. For some libraries, costs have doubled in spite of brilliant feats of economy. The tax-supported library has simply passed along this larger bill to the taxpayer, and any form of public service which reaches into the taxpayer's pocket for millions of dollars a year causes him to sit up and take notice. University libraries are becoming a public issue in the second place because the activities of the friends of the libraries are aggressively making them so. If the George Washington Bridge were to contract a few yards on either side of the State line, the gap would suggest the plight of these independent libraries. Their friends are calling attention to the fact that the contraction has not stopped yet and that the gap is already too wide to be safely bridged by economies alone. They are becoming a public issue in the third place because all of this is turning up with the morning newspaper on the doorsteps of men and women who have in no way been closely associated with university libraries in the past.

The issue is very simple. It is whether the university library is worth the price of closing the gap between its income and its obligations. Under our system, this is an issue which will have to be settled by lay citizens, not by librarians. It is peculiarly fitting to have the future of the independent library settled in this way, for it is one of those happy embodiments of free enterprise which
owe their vitality, their very survival even, to the pride and spontaneous support of the community-spirited, and to them alone.

The final issue is in good hands. I shall leave it there. But a librarian has an uncommon opportunity to observe the uses which the modern university makes of its libraries, and by setting down some of these observations, I shall have the pleasure of supporting the arms of those more active friends of letters and learning who are spreading the gospel that university libraries are worth what it costs to make them survive and flourish.

Certain stirrings in the Western mind produced in the eighteenth century the idea that a university exists primarily for the advancement of learning. The century following, the German nations proved the fruitfulness of this ideal so convincingly that today the stronger nations, without exception, depend on their universities as on no other agency for handling basic research and the training of research workers. The public understands its dependence on the university in this regard better than it understands how much the university depends in turn on its libraries to swing the job. The faulty understanding is easy to explain. It arises from the fact that the popular mind associates research with the laboratory more than with the library, and this in turn is due mainly to the habit of using the laboratory sciences as picture models for all kinds of research. The habit is misleading. It is especially unfair to research in the humanities, research in law and other social sciences; yet oddly in these very fields, scholars have been caught fighting a kind of rearguard action for adequate library facilities on the unnatural ground that the library is their "laboratory." The tacit implication is that a stronger case can somehow be made by leaning on a crutch and using round-about reasoning. The public is to be forgiven if from such "authoritative" presentations it vaguely images research—the real article—as the kind of thing you have to build a laboratory to get done.

In view of our predilections, it may come as a shock to say that for universities in their entirety, the library is more important for research than is the laboratory. This statement may not hold good
for certain universities where research is weak in the humanities and social sciences, but here is the point: in all fields of learning, including the laboratory sciences, suitable library facilities are indispensable for research, while in some fields no laboratory facilities are required. If a toehold for contesting the claim of indispensability can be found, it is to be found in the role of the library in scientific research, so we had better take a closer look to see whether the case is overstated at that point.

Back in the nineteenth century, the German chemist, Emil Fischer, inaugurated a campaign of research on sugars. A few of them were known. They had all been grouped as carbohydrates because each was composed of carbon united with hydrogen and oxygen, the latter in the proportions found in water. They did not contain water as such, however, and about the only clue to the structure of these compounds recorded in the literature was a group of observations of an Italian chemist, Kiliani. Some years later an investigator at Leipzig, Curtius, working in another field and unrelated, made hydrozoic acid and recorded, again in the literature, a more or less incidental observation which Fischer seized upon as a second clue. He developed a hypothetical explanation, tested the hypothesis in the laboratory, sugars were successfully separated from one another and from adventitious material, and a new chapter in the absorbing story of chemistry was opened.

When thus spelled out in full, the advancement of scientific thought is seen to be a complex process which involves keeping abreast of the literature, developing hypothetical explanations, testing these hypotheses and diffusing knowledge of the findings. The library and the laboratory both figure in this process, not one of them by itself. The laboratory is where the validity of scientific thought is tested, where clues are picked up, but that is all. It is for example not the function of the laboratory to take the place of thought, to pinch-hit, as it were, for the scientist’s mind. It is the function of the library, on the other hand, to assemble scientific achievements of all times and from all lands in a form which will
enable a single mind to bring them to bear on the particular problem through which the scientist is trying to think his way. In the illustration above, it was the recorded findings of two scientists working on different subjects in different countries at different times and speaking different tongues which showed a third one how to phrase the right question. Once phrased, either of the other two laboratories would have spoken the answer quite as gladly as his own.

Scientists themselves sometimes underestimate the importance of libraries and research through the literature, although I am fortunate in the number I have known of whom something very different would have to be said. The experience of one of our leading patent lawyers impressed him so forcibly with this awkward phenomenon that he wrote up his observations for one of the standard journals widely read by professional scientists. He pointed out that research programs extending over months and even years were often climaxed by patent applications only to find, to the embarrassment of scientist as well as his patent lawyer, that what the scientist had supposed was an original discovery turned out on examination to be duplication of work already done by someone else. The discovery of such duplication when it occurs (and it does not always occur) is made by an examiner who uses publications readily available to the public through its libraries; and it takes him only a few hours, at most a few days, to turn up what he needs to know. Underlining the fact that the wasted research he had witnessed came from emphasizing “the laboratory phase” of research at the expense of “the library phase,” this friendly critic of clay feet said: “The romance of discovering secrets of nature in the laboratory was preferred to the drudgery of reading and digesting dusty pamphlets and other scientific publications.” He estimates from reliable sources that about 30 per cent of patent applications, or 15,000 a year, are abandoned, and the predominant reason for abandonment is failure to canvass the relevant literature before the work was done. His observations were made from the side of industry, not the
university, and he concludes that “without question, the annual bill to industry for abandoned applications amounts to several million dollars.”

The American people believe in scientific research. Study the minutes of the Trustees of our independent universities. They make it clear that private industry, private citizens and the United States Government are ready to go out of their way to support this worthy cause. Study the budgets of our great state universities and the same steady support is evident there. Turn to university libraries, however, and the situation is more confused. The American people as a whole take a kind of distant pride in these libraries, as well they might; but when you stop and count noses, it is something less than a majority of our 150 million people who really take university libraries to their heart and give them their firm support. So far as the independent university library is concerned, this support comes almost entirely out of the pockets of individual donors. The trend recently has been toward distributing a larger share of the nation’s wealth through government or through industry; but if government and industry acknowledge some degree of responsibility for keeping university laboratories going, they are, in the matter of keeping university libraries going, somewhat readier to let George do it. This is understandable enough, for George has in the past done the job so well alone. He has created a library tradition which is a great credit to the nation. He may be relied on not to relax his wonder-working energies: but he could do with a little better understanding on the part of the general public. We need laboratories all right, but we need libraries, too!
THE DEPARTMENT of English is very acutely aware of the value of literary manuscripts and correspondence in the appraisal of literature, and of the need for original materials at Columbia. It has a special committee which, along with the Department of Special Collections, has been looking out for these materials. It has been looking especially to the Columbia faculty and friends for contemporary literary documents that will be of present or future importance as the foundation of research into the literature and culture of this age. Such documents may be drafts or completed manuscripts of creative literature, corrected proofs with author's changes, critical opinions, letters from or to authors or from the files of publishers and agents. The project has already produced important results. Mr. Padraic Colum, for example, has given the first draft of his play, The Balloon, contained in three notebooks; Professor Vernon Loggins has deposited the typed manuscript of The Hawthornes; and Mr. Vivian H. S. Mercier has presented ten letters to him from various literary personages. Nearly everyone so far approached has enthusiastically fallen in with the idea.

Mr. Edward Sagarin, who has for many years been connected with the cosmetics industry, recently presented to the Columbia University Libraries his personal collection of rare books relating to the history of perfumery and cosmetics. The ninety-one volumes in Mr. Sagarin's gift include early books of secrets, perfume and cosmetics formularies, modern studies of natural and synthetic materials used in the manufacture of cosmetics, and works on distillation, odor, and beauty hints.

Mr. Sagarin's gift augments and complements Columbia's fine
collection in this area, much of which had come in a donation made many years ago by Louis Spencer Levy, then publisher of *American Perfumer*. As a result of these benefactions much of the world’s literature on cosmetics and related subjects is available here for the use of serious research workers.

A search of some years’ duration has culminated in bringing to Avery Library the first edition of the first *original* American architectural book to be printed in this country. This is Asher Benjamin’s *The Country Builder’s Assistant*, printed by Thomas Dickman in Greenfield, Massachusetts, in 1797. It is one of a collector’s triad of so-called American architectural “firsts,” all of which are now in Avery Library. The earliest of the three is John Norman’s edition (Philadelphia, 1775) of Abraham Swan’s *British Architect*. While this was the first architectural book to be *printed* in America, it really was merely a reprint of an earlier English work and differed in no remarkable way from its prototype. The second item of the triad is Norman’s *The Town and Country Builder’s Assistant* (Boston, 1786), which is the first architectural work to be *compiled and printed* in America. Its contents, however, were drawn from various earlier English sources.

Our latest acquisition, the Benjamin volume, has special merit in being the first *original* architectural book to be published in this country. Both the text and the plates are Benjamin’s own, although some dependence may be noted upon Chambers and Nicholson for certain details.

Since these three books were “Builders’ Books,” they tended to be used up rather rapidly and few copies now remain. To the best of our knowledge there are only three other recorded copies of the 1797 Asher Benjamin, only nine other copies of the 1786 John Norman, and likewise only nine surviving copies of the 1775 Abraham Swan.

—*James Grote Van Derpool*

The Law Library was recently the recipient of an important collection of some four hundred volumes relating to Latin-Amer-
ican legislation and legal topics. These were the gift of the distinguished international law firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt and Mosle of New York, by whose generosity the Law Library has benefited many times in the past. In the present gift is a set of the *Diario Oficial* of Mexico for the years 1918 through 1936. This is the official newspaper of the Mexican government, wherein all laws, decrees, regulations, legal notices, etc., are published. Similar coverage is provided for the Chilean government (*Diario Oficial, 1932 through 1942*) and for Venezuela (*Gaceta Oficial, 1918–1928*). The donors expect to be able to add other volumes to these sets from time to time, covering later years.

Over the space of several months Mrs. Rose Tobias Lazrus has diligently pursued her own personal project of building up the “Lazrus Collection of Swiftiana” in the Department of Special Collections, as a memorial to her parents, Emory and Fanny Tobias. Mrs. Lazrus has undertaken this welcome project because she had learned through her work here as a graduate student that the Columbia collections do not include strong coverage in the original editions of the works of Swift and his more important contemporaries.

To date Mrs. Lazrus has presented some twenty books, mainly early editions of the works of Jonathan Swift. Included is a splendid copy of the rare first edition of “Gulliver’s Travels,” which has the added significance of being in its original gold-tooled calf binding.

Mrs. Frank Chalfant and Mrs. Rockwell Britton recently presented to the East Asiatic Library the unique collection of early Chinese writings that had been formed by their respective husbands. The Chalfant-Britton collection—easily one of the most distinguished acquisitions in the history of the East Asiatic Library—was gathered and analyzed over many years by two of the most competent scholars in the field. Their deciphering and interpretation of Chinese inscriptions made thousands of years
Our Growing Collections

ago on oracle bones and bronzes have thrown light on dark places in early Chinese history. Now the original materials upon which their research was based have become part of the resources of Columbia University.

—Howard Linton

The East Asiatic Library is also receiving currently, from Mr. Hisato Ichimada, governor of the Bank of Japan, through Professor Carl S. Shoup, a valuable work on the Yün-kang caves of North China. This work, Yün-Kang, the Buddhist Cave-Temples of the Fifth Century A. D. in North China, by Seiichi Mizuno and Toshio Nagahiro, is a detailed report of an archeological survey carried out by the Jimbun Kagaku Kenkyu-jo of Kyoto University, 1928–1945. Publication plans call for fifteen volumes containing a total of 1,500 collotype plates, numerous maps, plans, and other drawings, and 2,500 pages of text. The volumes will be issued at the rate of three each year over a period of five years, each volume consisting of two parts, one containing plates and the other the text in Japanese and English. The edition is limited to 200 copies.

The work represents the most detailed study yet made of the Yün-kang caves at Ta-t’ung in Shansi Province. Yün-kang is the oldest and largest Buddhist site in North China, and is of utmost importance to the study of Far-Eastern art and archeology.

—Philip Yampolsky

Some years ago Miss Hilda Ward applied for permission to use the Columbia University Libraries. She was not an enrolled student or alumna, but she was interested in a field of study that is well represented by library resources here. Her request was duly granted and she pursued her investigations at leisure.

Upon Miss Ward’s death on July 23, 1950, at the age of 71, it was learned that she had named the University in her will as the recipient of all her books. Within recent months, the will having been probated, the books began to arrive at Columbia.

The bequest included some 3,000 volumes. They represent the more or less random accumulations by several generations of
Miss Ward’s relatives, and reflect the varied interests of cultivated persons at various periods. No list accompanied the collection, so it was necessary to inspect it rather closely to determine how it might best fit into the Columbia Libraries.

Among the books was found a first edition of Dickens’ *A Christmas Carol*, 1843, delightfully inscribed by the author to a small boy named Frank Powell. The whimsical inscription, in which Dickens reconstructs what he *would* have done for Frank had he been in when the boy called, has caught the imagination of a number of editors, and was reprinted this Christmas by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Columbia Alumni News*, and newspapers throughout the country.

A number of people have tried to help us identify Frank Powell, and the mystery was at last solved by a recent letter from Virginia Powell Fenn (Mrs. Dean Fenn) of Montclair, New Jersey. Mrs. Fenn had recognized Frank Powell’s name at once, for he was her uncle. Frank and Mrs. Fenn’s father, Thomas Powell, Jr., were sons of Thomas Powell of London, who had emigrated to America in 1849. Frank Powell had been born in 1838, and was therefore only five or six years old when Dickens inscribed *A Christmas Carol* for him. He was still a very young man when he died in the American Civil War.
Other Recent Gifts


SOCIETY OF ICONOPHILES OF NEW YORK. One hundred and nineteen engravings issued in seventeen annual series in limited editions by the Society of Iconophiles of New York from the end of the nineteenth century into the first quarter of the twentieth century. A splendid series in prime condition. From Harris Dunscomb Colt, Sr.

CARDUCCI, Giosuè. An autograph letter of this important nineteenth-century Italian poet to J. E. Spingarn, August 30, 1899. From Mrs. J. E. Spingarn.

DYCKMAN, ISAAC M. Essays and speeches in a specially made and specially bound typescript of nine articles and eight poems, most of which are unique in this form. From Miss Alberta M. Welch.

THOMPSON, JOHN REUBEN. An enlarged and handsomely framed photograph of the editor of the Southern Literary Messenger and former owner of the Poe items bequeathed to the Columbia Libraries by the late Mrs. Alexander McMillan Welch. From Miss Alberta M. Welch.

EARLY SCIENCE. A collection of photographs and photostats of early manuscripts in the field of natural and occult science. From Prof. Lynn Thorndike.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING. A carefully detailed measured drawing by Lucian E. Smith of the great organ screen designed and executed by the noted Italian architect Peruzzi for the Cathedral of Siena in Italy in 1520. From Lucian E. Smith.

INSCRIBED EDITIONS. Autographed copies of Van Wyck Brooks' The Ordeal of Mark Twain and The World of Washington Irving; also Nevill Coghill's The Masque of Hope, with the author's inscription to Professor Loomis. From Prof. Roger Loomis.


WILSON, WOODROW. Two letters, dated Princeton, June 30, 1905 and July 10, 1905. From Prof. E. H. Wright.

PELPHS, EDWARD BUNNELL. Original typescript (unpublished) of Phelps' Universal Club Guide, together with autograph letters, etc. From Mrs. Blanche L. Phelps.

EARLY MEDALLION. Medallion, Queen Caroline, 1736 ("Jernegan's Lottery Medal"). Struck for Henry Jernegan to induce sales of shares in a lottery. The die was cut by John Sigismund Tanner, Engraver to the London Mint. From W. H. W. Sabine.
The Editor Visits Special Collections

The ELEVATORS in Butler Library go only to the sixth floor: to reach the aerie of Roland Baughman, Head of Special Collections, your Editor had to keep climbing—up two flights of grimly fire-proofed iron stairs, then along a narrow corridor to Room 801. Pushing open the door we stepped into a room whose stately proportions, after the tortuous approach, were a surprise; and the book-lined walls, the gallery, the busts and the oak furniture in the style of the 17th Century gave an impression of a sanctuary which had drawn a little apart from the lower reaches of business-like Butler.

Addison, in one of the Spectator papers, describes the books he found while waiting in the antechamber of a lady of fashion, thus giving the reader a sly pen-portrait of the lady herself. So, while we waited for Mr. Baughman, we glanced over the contents of Room 801—not, of course, with any designs on the personality of the Librarian, but to see if we could pick up a few clues to the Collections in his charge.

Two larger than life-size busts of Benjamin Franklin and of the printer T. L. De Vinne first caught our eye. Typography was much in evidence, for there was a small hand press, and an exhibition in glass cases of antique instruments of the printer’s craft. Next, among a clutter of books in old leather bindings, we came on a great parchment with an ancient wax seal. We puzzled out the words: “Edvardus dei gra. Rex Angl.,” and decided that this must be one of the English “Edwards one, two and three”; probably Edward I from the early appearance of the seal, with tiny Norman arches in the king’s throne. Next to it, by way of contrast, was a first edition (1910) of Hopalong Cassidy, by Clarence E. Mulford! The sense of contrast rapidly increased as our eye fell on a carton labelled “Cooked spaghetti in tomato sauce with cheese.”

28
The Editor Visits Special Collections

We meditated on this apparent intrusion of the market-place into Mr. Baughman's sanctuary until the Librarian himself appeared. After a few moments of preliminary conversation, Mr. Baughman had his coat off, and in his energetic way plunged into a description of Special Collections—its strengths and weaknesses.

Special Collections, he explained, was a unit in Butler Library containing 200,000 volumes and thousands of documents. This material was segregated and specially protected because of rarity, fragility or restrictions by the donor. To illustrate his remarks, he took us on a tour of his department, visiting first the cramped, corridor-like Reading Room hung with engravings of characters from Dickens and Piranesi's Views of Rome.

We entered the carefully guarded stacks. The Librarian picked out books here and there to indicate the nature of the different collections. We made notes, not so much of what was there, but of the gaps and of what needs to be done. American literature, for instance, is very weak in the Colonial period and the earlier decades of the 19th Century. Finely bound books are needed to illustrate adequately the history of book-binding. Also, the Park Benjamin Collection, which covers New York for the years 1830-1860 only, should be complemented by collections of the Knickerbocker Period and of New York writers of the late 19th Century. Finally, Restoration and 18th Century drama needs to be strengthened in order to build a library of the dramatic arts comparable to Avery in architecture. Such was the dream of Brander Matthews, whose gift of 7,000 volumes forms the nucleus of this drama collection.

Mr. Baughman said that the Seligman Collection, with its 35,000 volumes on the history of economics, needs a sympathetic collector to add to it, bring it up to date, and provide the funds to catalogue it. His Department can keep abreast of the cataloguing of current acquisitions, and the present-day donor can be assured that his gifts will be properly recorded and put to work; but 80,000 volumes in the Typographic, Plimpton (early textbooks), Spinoza, Kilroe Tammaniana, Gonzales Lodge (Classics) and
Smith (mathematics) Libraries are uncatalogued and hence largely inaccessible to scholars. The Librarian’s eye kindled at the thought of some benefactor, through the simple magic of cataloguing, putting those 80,000 unemployed but still stalwart fellows back to work. What new vigor it would bring to their various subject areas!

As we were guided through these treasures by their guardian, a feeling that we were being undeservedly favored stole over us. Locked up they had to be, but what a pity more book-lovers and Columbia students could not share our tour! We asked Mr. Baughman about exhibitions. Couldn’t there be bigger and better exhibitions?

“Follow me,” he said, and we started down by stair and elevator. He led us to the main desk where the books are signed out. It stands in a monumental hall, outside the main Reading Room. Students were milling around. “This is the place for exhibitions,” said the Librarian. “At present we have only a few miscellaneous cases, most of them either not lighted or improperly lighted. If someone were to give us some new cases, and make it possible for us to employ a qualified exhibitions specialist, we could add a new dimension to Special Collections.”

“And a very educational one!” he added, as we passed through the idle group of students, patiently waiting for their books.

Our tour ended at its starting point—in the Librarian’s lofty headquarters. The character of Special Collections was better known to the Editor by now, and we identified the busts and the printer’s tools as part of Columbia’s unrivalled collection of the book arts and typography. The charter of Edward I and the first edition of Hopalong Cassidy illustrated for us the catholicity of Special Collections. We even sensed a mystic connection between these heroes respectively of the 13th and the 20th Centuries; doubtless if Edward had lived in our century his nickname “Long-shanks” would have been something not unlike “Hopalong.”

Our glance rested finally on the carton marked “cooked spaghetti.” The Librarian flipped open the cover and disclosed a
mass of documents. “A graduate student is working on these and we are keeping them here for him,” he explained. “They symbolize something rather new: archival material in a university library. Increasingly this becomes a basic resource for historical and literary research. Our collections of archives are showing a vast and healthy growth, but we need an archivist and clerks to process and preserve this avalanche of paper. Please put that high up on your list of desiderata.”

Mr. Baughman sat down at the table where lay the books in old leather bindings. These were some of the English books printed before 1641 which he has been assembling for stacking as a unified collection. He opened one at the title page—and groaned. When he held the page up, we could see that the words “Columbia Library” had been punched out so that the light shone through the perforations which made up the letters. “That’s the way they used to identify books in the old days. Bad—very bad. I agree we have to safeguard our books by stamping them, but to destroy the substance of the paper . . . ! No, I’d sooner lose them.” We left him sombrely shaking his head, and as we made our way down the iron stairs it occurred to us that Columbia’s rare books were being cared for by one who really loves and understands them.  

\[1\] We asked Mr. Baughman to check the accuracy of this article and his reply was characteristic: “My part in the workings of the department is made possible only by the efforts of others: those who are busy getting books for readers, those who supervise their use, and the various experts in special fields.”
Activities of The Friends

RECENTLY the Vice President and Provost and the Trustees of the University have asked the Organizing Committee of the Friends to establish a more permanent organization. There are reproduced below Dr. Kirk's letter to the Chairman of the Organizing Committee and Dr. Pratt's response.

February 1, 1952

Dear Dr. Pratt:

Recent activities of the Friends seem to indicate that this new organization is now mature enough to assume permanent form and I understand that the Committee itself would welcome some initiative on the University's part in helping you to take the next step beyond an organizing committee.

I congratulate you and your committee on the rapid progress you have made. With a view to furthering the work you have begun, I should like to ask you and the members of your committee, personally and on behalf of the Trustees of the University, to accept appointment as of this date as members of a Council of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries. The Council will serve as a governing board for the Friends and will guide them in their stated purpose of service in furthering the interest of collectors and donors in the libraries of Columbia University. This Council will, if you agree, be a self-perpetuating body of no less than nine and no more than fifteen members and would direct the activity of the Friends in editing their publication, determining the type of events which the Friends will sponsor, determining the qualifications for membership and the obligations and privileges in accordance with University regulations governing the use of the Libraries.

While the Friends is thus envisaged as a self-governing body, we should, of course, agree that any matters which might affect University policy or which might be affected by University policy would be cleared with University officials through the Director of Libraries.

The contribution which you and your committee have made to the University is already evident in the increased activity, enthusiasm and flow of gifts to Columbia's libraries. However, the University must
Activities of The Friends

rely more heavily on this organization for support in the years ahead if our libraries are to be maintained and expanded in such a way as to render maximum service to the community.

Again, let me express to you our feeling of tremendous obligation for what you have accomplished for the University and I do hope that you will continue our pleasant association in the manner which I have outlined in this letter.

Sincerely,

Grayson Kirk
Vice President and Provost

February 7, 1952

Dear Dr. Kirk:

Thank you very much for your letter of February 1, 1952, addressed to me as Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries.

On behalf and with the approval of the Organizing Committee I accept with pleasure the plan for reconstituting this body as recommended by you and the Trustees of the University.

I appreciate very much the kind things you say about the work of our Committee. We have a faithful and enthusiastic group. However, our efforts would have borne little fruit had we not had the constant help of the Director of Libraries, Dean White, and his efficient staff. I should like to record here how very easy it is for laymen like ourselves to make a contribution to University development when University officers cooperate so whole-heartedly.

The Council has elected me Chairman of the Friends, Mr. Merle M. Hoover, Secretary, and Mr. Charles W. Mixer, Treasurer. Mr. Valerien Lada-Mocarski will take over as Chairman of the Friends on March 1, 1952. Under his leadership, I am sure that the organization and their new Council will see their effectiveness greatly increase.

Sincerely yours,

Dallas Pratt, Chairman
Friends of the Columbia Libraries
Coming Events

The next general meeting of the Friends will be held Thursday, March 27th at 8:30 in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on the Columbia campus. It will mark the occasion of the first public exhibition of Columbia’s holdings in the fields of typography, printing and the Graphic Arts, which are said to be the most extensive collections of their kind in the world, numbering more than 30,000 volumes. Selected items in the exhibition will exemplify the history of fine typography.

The guest speaker for the evening will be Walter Dorwin Teague, President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts and internationally known industrial designer, who will talk on “Printing in the Modern World.” Carl M. White, Director of the Columbia Libraries, will also speak. His subject is, "A Graphic Arts Center in the Making." August Heckscher, editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune and member of the Council of the Friends, will preside.
THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES

PRIVILEGES

Invitations to exhibitions, lectures and other special events.

Use of books in the reading rooms of the libraries.

Opportunity to consult Librarians, including those in charge of the specialized collections, about material of interest to a member. (Each Division Head has our members’ names on file.)

Free subscription to Columbia Library columns.

* * *

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

* Please make checks payable to Columbia University.

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