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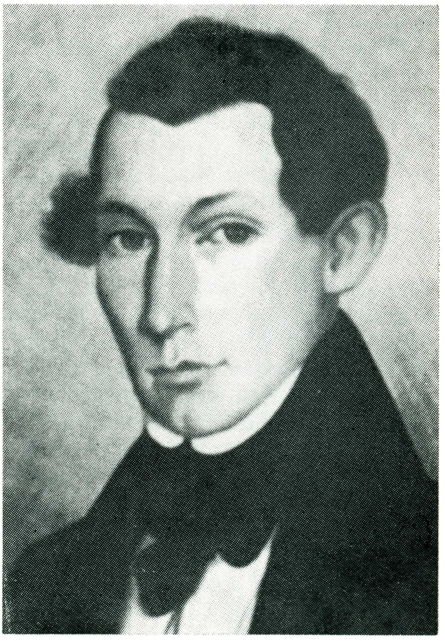
The Circle Unbroken

Soon after arriving in San Francisco in 1850, Benjamin Wingate closed a letter to his wife with the prayer "May God preserve our family group unbroken and bless us and restore us to each other." Benjamin Wingate's prayer was answered four years later. This past year his prayer was again fulfilled in the gift by his great-granddaughter, Margaret E. Thompson, of the letters from Mary Wingate to her absent husband and the letters exchanged between Benjamin and his children. These, with Mrs. Thompson's earlier gift of the Benjamin Wingate side of the correspondence, form a nearly complete exchange of letters—a rare gathering of Gold Rush correspondence.

The circle of letters begins on June 13, 1850, with Benjamin Wingate in New York looking for a position as bookkeeper or clerk. Two months later he is again in New York, this time awaiting passage to "the West." From the nearly one hundred letters he wrote to his wife during his subsequent absence, the reasons for this sudden and radical decision can be pieced together: He had found his life as a New Hampshire storekeeper to be a "vexatious business" at best. After fourteen years of marriage and five living children, he was tired of constant poverty and debt.

His was not a get-rich-quick-in-the-gold-mines scheme. The businessman in him was not optimistic about the mines, which he considered "a lottery, with more blanks than prizes." His hope was rather for a higher-paying position or business enterprise in a city. Although at first, when prospects seemed poor, he did try his hand at mining, he found it exceedingly hard work for, on the average, little reward. A fever brought him back to San Francisco, and in the spring of 1851 he found work there as a bookkeeper in a shipping and commission house at $200 a month. Later his salary rose to $300 a month, enough, by living frugally, to support his family, pay off his debts, and accumulate capital by investing in local real estate at twenty-five percent interest.

Quite different from the more usual Gold Rush correspondence telling of prospects and life in the mining towns, Wingate's letters are those of a settled, urban observer: "Amid all the changes and vicissitudes of California life, I have stood at the same desk by the same window uninterruptedly for three years." He



Portrait of Benjamin Wingate painted from the daguerreotype he sent his family from San Francisco.

writes of what he sees from that window with an eye for detail that delighted not only his family but readers today: a shipment of flower seeds, the flea problem, the first gas lights, "bloomer" fashions.

And often what he notices and writes about are scenes that touch his heart and remind him of home: reunions of husbands and wives, young mothers caring for their children, and families gathered for the evening meal. His own living conditions in a succession of boarding situations recreate as much as possible the society and comfort left behind. "We make a pleasant New England family and I am as comfortably situated as I could well be away from my own home," he writes. There are, in fact, so many other New Englanders noted in his letters that one gains the impression that despite the city's cosmopolitan population, the bulk is from Maine or New Hampshire.

The tempting thought occasionally arose that perhaps he should buy some land and settle in California. But on May 16, 1854, considering his time well spent and true to his promise to his wife that "I will never stay from you to gratify a love of gain," he wrote his last letter home and prepared to depart on the steamer *Golden Gate*.

The vision of that home in Meriden, Sullivan County, New Hampshire, was kept alive during those four long years by letters from his loving wife Mary. In her words sent by every mail came news of the children, of family and friends, of the everyday concerns of small village life. With a generous sprinkling of mundane detail, the rhythm of life is conveyed—the changing of the seasons; the beginnings and ends of terms at the village academy; marriages, followed in due time by births; sickness and, in nearly every letter, death. In all, a vivid picture emerges of rural New England society, with its values and prejudices.

Of particular note is the effect of "California fever" on the inhabitants, since "the rush for going seems to be as great as ever, notwithstanding the sad accounts that come by every steamer." On the one hand, some New Englanders said that California was drawing off the "scum of their population," while others, like Benjamin Wingate, who saw the opportunity to escape from economic hardship, left in such numbers that everywhere in New England there were farms for sale and "scarcely a family to be found but has some friend gone or going there."

Left behind were the women—wives and mothers and brides-to-be. They banded together for mutual support and consolation, sharing letters and news from California.Their own letters give a sense of a society made up for the most part of hardy women like Mary, who assumed the family responsibilities with courage, bore the keen loneliness with little complaint, and economized as if every cent spent was prolonging the absence.

The correspondence also includes letters between Benjamin Wingate and his children. Five children were left behind in 1850: Charles, 12; Albert, 10; Emily, 8; Lucy, 6; and Ella, an infant. By the time Benjamin returned home, all but Ella had written him letters. And he had written each and all many times. Even the baby who, in looking at the daguerreotype of her father, had wondered "has my pa got any feet?" had a letter to carry about in her pocket. His letters are full of fatherly concern for the moral and physical well-being of his children. There is advice about their studies; encouragement about their reading and musical activities; insistence on their brushing their teeth; and an occasional moral anecdote. There is also a concern to tell them things about San Francisco and his life there that they, as children, would find interesting.

The children in turn write, sometimes dutifully, about progress in school, activities, and plans. As is so often true of children's letters, there are passages that delight the reader, such as Albert's "I should like to send you a barrel of our good apples so that you would not have to pay twenty-five cents apiece for them. How much would it cost to get them there?" And words of keen poignancy as in Emily's "I wish you would come home next year for mother is so lonesome that she can't hardly stay." The children's letters, together with their mother's accounts of each, from the baby's first learning to say "papa" to the oldest son beginning to fit into his father's clothes, convey better than any direct words the passage of time and the longing of each to be together again.

There were, as Benjamin Wingate noted in March of 1854, eighty-three divorce cases pending before the New Hampshire court—many no doubt the result of "California widows" and "truant husbands." There was never any question, however, about the enduring devotion and unflagging affection between Benjamin and Mary Wingate. Every letter for four years spoke the love between them, so much so that once Mary suggested that Benjamin write his parents a separate letter once in awhile, for "I always read *almost* every word to them, but I am too bashful to let them see them always. Your letters are very precious to me, and do not keep back one endearing word for I shall not publish them even to our own household." Contrary to what her friends would tell her, Mary never got used to being alone. "I have plenty of company around me," she would say, "but no companion." Later she would make the point another way: "Mrs. Wright thinks she shall hardly know how to behave when she has a husband but I have no fears of that kind."

The letters they exchanged held the family together in their love during the long separation. As the end of the time for correspondence drew near, Benjamin spoke of the importance of letters: "I know not what I should have done without these same 'letters from home.' They have relieved my anxiety—soothed my discontent[,] made me feel that I had something worth living and working for, and cheered me with the sweet hope of happier days to come."

As the last letters were written, there was also the sense that a most important period in their lives was coming to a close. Soon they would be able to speak directly, to exchange more than "paper kisses." But those four years of affection and longing had been given a wonderful permanence in the letters tenderly written and carefully kept. In later years, they need not rely on sweet memory alone. So it was that Mary, in 1875, once again read those letters and made an occasional annotation. "We were happy in all the years that came after till my darling husband was taken from me," she wrote then, and added: "His last words even were to assure me again that he loved me best of all in this world." The circle did indeed remain unbroken.

Bonnie Hardwick

Lucienne and Stephen Dimitroff. Photograph by Suzanne Riess.

A Bay Area Renaissance of Religious Art

Twenty-three San Francisco Bay Area artists, artisans, and architects whose work shaped a post-World War II renaissance of religious art and architecture were interviewed by the Regional Oral History Office about their visible contributions to it, and about their lives and personal orientation to religious art. The two-volume history was completed recently.

"They introduced the tenets of modernism to a church and synagogue . . . and they championed good craftsmanship and good materials. They revived an interest in ancient liturgical art forms—stained glass, ceramics, mosaic, tapestry, and direct carving in wood and stone. And they created a climate of acceptance of modern art and architecture." So wrote religious art scholar Jane Dillenberger, introducing the oral history.

The number of interviewees in this project allowed for a great range of work to be studied; commissioning and design was documented, and the social and artistic significance of the work was considered. Running through the taped conversations is an important thread of questioning of the relationship of the artists'

beliefs to the creative process, and of what it means to the individual to deal with the symbology inherent in work for church or synagogue.

Silversmith and metal artist, German-born Victor Ries tells how he came to religious work: "Through Hitler I went to Palestine, the Holy Land, where you got more or less in touch with religion." Coming to this country, he found religious art work by mass production "in very bad taste, and very badly made." When he brought the atelier principles to the Pond Farm Workshop in Guerneville during the 1950s, his work was selected by Catholic, Jewish, and Buddhist churches.

Stephen DeStaebler, ceramic sculptor, who studied religion as an undergraduate at Princeton University, declared: "I was very interested in meanings, not just the way something looked." In the Newman Center sanctuary, Berkeley, designed in conjunction with architect Mario Ciampi, who was also interviewed for the oral history, DeStaebler had the enthusiastic support of a priest who was ready to consider a totally different interaction between congregation and priest. In design this meant that "the slight ascension, going up the mound," —the elevated black concrete raised floor of the sanctuary—"was kind of symbolic of reaching a certain purification."

Thinking about liturgical art, DeStaebler advocates giving the senses their sway. "Powerful symbols," he says, "lose their magic by being translated into an inappropriate vehicle." "Human beings fall in vastly different ends of the spectrum between asceticism and sensuality, and I'd say that that church which embodies one or the other with open arms can be extremely satisfying. Churches which get somewhere caught in compromise often are the worst."

Charles Warren Callister, architect, discusses the central altar and early primitive symbols he used in the Mills College Chapel. In the sixties, a time of student protests, he decided upon a round design for the chapel so as to create a sense of unity and equality, a change from an authoritarian church. "There was . . . a togetherness. The chapel was a gathering place."

The oral history is organized chronologically, beginning with interviews documenting the Catholic Art Forum, an artist group that sponsored a revolutionary exhibition of religious arts in 1952 at the de Young Museum in San Francisco. Its purpose, Jane Dillenberger notes, was "to foster a greater interest in and appreciation of liturgical and religious art with particular emphasis on the contemporary insofar as it does not contradict tradition." Forum members interviewed included mosaicist Louisa Jenkins, muralist Antonio Sotomayor, cleric-artists, and others. Catholic, Jewish, Unitarian, Episcopalian, Christian Science, and other places of worship, all in the San Francisco Bay Area, are considered in documenting the process of commission and facets of design.

In the Greek Orthodox Church of the Ascension in Oakland a Byzantine feeling is achieved with modern and affordable materials—gold anodized aluminum, blue painted glass brick and black flue liners, enameled mosaic, and modern copies of ancient Cosmati flooring—to create a prize-winning building. How did all that happen? The interview with architect Robert Olwell tells about his bid for the design in 1956 with a display of tempting sketches, finally realized in 1960. He had a total concept for the building and brought in a skilled church member to make the ceiling, a gifted nineteen-year-old to create the icons, and the team of Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff and Stephen Dimitroff to fashion mosaic panels and decorative flooring.

Mrs. Dimitroff, interviewed with her husband in their home in Gualala, California, stated that her work should go "together with the architecture." However, when she presented some drawings for a project in Michigan to Eric Mendelsohn he called her a prima donna, "like Chagall and Matisse," and so for him she made her work subservient to his architecture. At St. Mary the Virgin, in San Francisco, she had the design of the mural in the atrium all to herself, and she chose to include in the vast fresco every word spoken by Mary that is recorded in the Bible. "My propaganda," she said.

Cooperation among architect, clergy, and artist, though not achievable instantly, facilitated a lasting monument in the Newman Center. Ciampi and another architect-interviewee, Paul Ryan, interviewed separately, have very separate reports of the discussions and changes prior to the final version of St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco. That edifice was completed at the end of the "renaissance."

The project was underwritten by The Bancroft Library's memorial Flora Lamson Hewlett Fund, donated by William R. Hewlett, and the resultant volumes were presented at a reception in The Bancroft Library attended by the interviewees and Mr. Hewlett and Dr. Baldwin Lamson, Mrs. Hewlett's brother. Co-interviewer with Suzanne Riess on the project was artist Micaela DuCasse, an interviewee herself. Other interviewees than those already mentioned were William Monihan, S.J., sculptor Elio Benvenuto, teacher Emily Michels, Msgr. Robert Brennan, historian; Ethel Souza, owner of the Junipero Serra Bookshop; William Justema, poet and painter; Sr. Maria Luisa Wolfskill, painter; Mary Erckenbrack, ceramist; Vivian and Bill Cummings, stained glass artists; and Ruth Eis, artist and curator, Judah Magnes Museum.

Suzanne Riess

Otto Stern, Nobel Laureate

"In the Name of the Reich," the so-called cleansing of the German civil service, was ordered by law on April 7, 1933. The promulgation of the law followed directly the dismissal of Jewish judges in Prussia, the government-sanctioned harassment of Jews, and the scathing Nazi condemnation of Albert Einstein and his "Jewish physics." The April law mandated the dismissal of non-Aryans from such state-controlled positions as university faculty appointments. Its effect on German universities was profound. In the first month alone, some two hundred professors lost their posts; by 1935 nearly seventeen hundred scholars had been dismissed. The intellectual migration of these displaced scholars presented universities and research institutions elsewhere, especially in Britain and the United States, with the opportunity "to profit by the stupidity and brutality of the German government," in the words of University of California Provost Monroe Deutsch.

The law was to have a particularly devastating impact on German science. Hitler, for example, elected to ignore his advisors' warnings that his policy would mean the end of German leadership in physics. In many instances, Germany's loss was America's gain. One of the emigré physicists who made their way to the United States was Otto Stern, whose correspondence and papers have recently come to The Bancroft Library through the generosity of his niece and nephew, Lieselotte Templeton and Max Dieter Kamm.

Stern was born in Upper Silesia in 1888 and studied at the universities of Freiburg, Munich, and Breslau; he received a doctorate in physical chemistry in 1912. His research career, which encompassed both theoretical and experimental physics, took him to Prague,

Niels Bohr (left) and Otto Stern (right) in the 1930s.

Zurich, Frankfurt, Berlin, Rostock, and Hamburg, and brought him into contact with many of the luminaries of European physics, including Einstein, Max Born, and James Franck.

At the University of Hamburg, Stern established a laboratory for research using molecular beams, a method he had successfully deployed in work with Walther Gerlach, his colleague in Frankfurt. The so-called Stern–Gerlach experiment, which attracted wide attention, provided a convincing demonstration of the revolutionary concept of the quantization of space, which limited the number of possible orientations for an atom placed in a magnetic field. In his research program at Hamburg, Stern expanded on this earlier work and also undertook to validate a startling assumption at the heart of modern quantum mechanics—namely, that elementary particles could behave like waves. Stern's work on space quantization and the wave nature of particles did much to secure the acceptance of these radical ideas in modern physics. A third important component of Stern's work at Hamburg, measurement of magnetic properties of protons, was the contribution specifically cited when he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1943.

After the dismissal of many of his coworkers in 1933, Stern resigned his Hamburg position in protest; his own dismissal under the terms of the civil service law was likely. He accepted an invitation to join the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology (later Carnegie-Mellon University) and established a molecular-beam laboratory there as well. He retired to Berkeley in 1946, where he maintained contact with physicists at the University of California. He died in 1969.

The Stern collection at Bancroft includes manuscripts and reprints of his writings, research notes and sheafs of calculations, certificates, and photographs. It is especially rich in correspondence with outstanding American and European physicists, and it has already attracted the interest of international teams of historians of science responsible for publishing the collected correspondence of Albert Einstein and of Wolfgang Pauli.

The Stern papers constitute an important addition to Bancroft's holdings in the history of twentieth-century physics and chemistry, among them the correspondence and papers of such Nobel laureates as Luis Alvarez, Emil Fischer, William Giauque, Ernest Lawrence, Edwin McMillan, and Emilio Segrè. The Library's collections also include the correspondence and papers of other emigré scientists (e.g., Richard Goldschmidt, George Jaffé, Jerzy Neyman, and Alfred Tarski), as well as materials in University Archives concerning Berkeley's role in providing posts for displaced European scholars.

Robin E. Rider

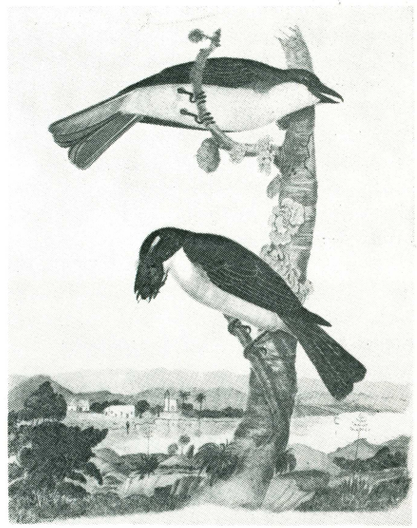


Plate 90, Thick-Billed Kingbird (Tyrannus crassirostris *Swainson) from Andrew Jackson Grayson's* Birds of the Pacific Slope.

Andrew Jackson Grayson's Birds

Since 1879 the Berkeley campus has held a great collection of ornithological watercolors, both beautiful and scientifically accurate, painted by Andrew Jackson Grayson. Grayson (1818–1869) came to California from his native Louisiana in 1846 and a few years later began his life work of depicting in their natural habitat the birds of the Pacific Slope from California to Mexico.

This great collection, long one of the treasures of The Bancroft Library, was once considered for publication by Hubert Howe Bancroft but not until now has this very substantial enterprise been made possible. Andrew Hoyem of the Arion Press, a distinguished

THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

1946–1948

The Bancroft Library

1946 - 1948

George P. Hammond

THE FRIENDS OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY
1986

Photograph by G. Paul Bishop c. 1953

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Introduction

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1986 George P. Hammond will celebrate his 90th birthday. To mark this event, the Friends of The Bancroft Library is printing the following section of the manuscript of memoirs that he has recently completed.

Dr. Hammond first came to California in 1909 from Minnesota and North Dakota. After receiving his A.B. and completing his graduate work at Berkeley, where he wrote a dissertation under the redoubtable Professor Herbert E. Bolton, he began his academic career at the universities of North Dakota, Arizona, Southern California, and New Mexico. Then in 1946 he was called to the faculty of his alma mater to become a professor of history and Director of The Bancroft Library.

In the following passage from his autobiography, Dr. Hammond tells of the beginning of his twenty-year directorship and the founding of the Friends of The Bancroft Library. Both the Library and the Friends now publish this work with pleasure and pride as a means of celebrating the career of George P. Hammond.

James D. Hart

The Bancroft Library

WHEN I REPORTED FOR DUTY at the Bancroft Library on July 1, 1946, I found that it still occupied its old quarters on the fourth floor of the Doe Library building. For many years Professor Herbert E. Bolton, my predecessor, had maintained his office there, and I had no wish to disturb him. His quarters contained a small collection of the Library's rare books and manuscripts in which he was especially interested. Other offices extended along the eastern exposure of the building, all on the fourth floor. When Dr. Bolton came to his office, usually soon after 9 o'clock, I called on him, happy to work so close to my former chief.

The only office space then available for me was Professor Herbert I. Priestley's old office, which had stood idle since his death in 1944. It was not really "idle," however, for it had become a convenient storage place for every kind of knickknack imaginable—miscellaneous museum objects, generally gifts, from a horse saddle to world globes and maps of all sizes. And, yes, there were even a few books, duplicates of Bancroft's holdings. Out of necessity, these items had been given temporary storage here. Cleaning up as much as possible, I occupied the balcony office. There was a long oak table, characteristic of those in general use in the Library, some book shelves, a telephone, a chair, and just enough space for me to call it "home," and so it remained until the Library Annex was completed in 1950.

The Staff. The Bancroft staff was small, consisting of Eleanor Bancroft, Assistant to the Director; Elizabeth Euphrat, or "Tex" as everyone called her, head of the Reference Room; and Geraldine Beard, in charge of newspapers and periodicals, all very competent persons. The Reference Department also included Helen Harding Bretnor, whose father, Sidney T. Harding, was a distinguished professor of irrigation in the College of Civil Engineering, and that indispensable man, Frank Brezee.

Self-taught, Mr. Brezee had come to the Library during depression days and was a most useful staff member. If a patron's search for materials could not be satisfied immediately, he would put a note in his pocket, conduct his own investigation in off-duty hours, and eventually find a satisfactory solution. Without formal library training or credentials, he was determined to succeed. His death in 1953 was not only a personal loss for me but a misfortune for the University.

Secretarial Service. My first year as Director of the Bancroft Library marked also the first time that its Director had a "private" secretary. It was the kind of assistance I had enjoyed throughout my tenure as Dean of the Graduate School at the University of New Mexico, 1935–1946.

Previously, Professor Bolton had had a secretary, but this service was provided for him as head of the History Department. Her title was "Secretary to the History Department," and she was not on the Bancroft Library payroll. Since the staff was quite small and Professor Bolton dominated the scene, all recognized that the secretary, Maxine Chappell, was indeed *his* assistant.

For me, secretarial service was essential if I was to continue the program of research and publication I had begun many years earlier. When I asked President Sproul for such an assistant, he replied, obviously in a jovial mood, that the Director of the Bancroft Library had never had a secretary, the implication being "Why now?"— but he did grant my request. I then decided that my secretary needed to be Spanish speaking, since much of my research and writing related to the Spanish influence in New Mexico, the American Southwest, and California. For some time the Personnel Office sought in vain to find such a person. Eventually, President Sproul's office gave approval for me to recruit a candidate from outside the state of California, that is, from New Mexico. Even so, it was difficult, for what young lady would be willing to leave home and move to a place where she was wholly unknown? Eventually, we did find a candidate, Miss Eva Romero, from Albuquerque. This appointment greatly eased the Director's load and was deeply appreciated by him.

Eleanor Bancroft. While Dr. Bolton held the title of Director and was the head of the Bancroft Library, much of the burden of administration had fallen on the shoulders of Mrs. Eleanor Bancroft. Although she was not related to the family of Hubert Howe Bancroft, there is no denying that her name did her no harm and was doubtless an asset. She was, besides, a very able young woman to be in charge of the staff; for Dr. Bolton, preoccupied with his own teaching and research, took no part in the day-to-day administration of the Library.

In this situation I moved slowly to familiarize myself with local conditions. Accustomed for many years to arrive at my office at an early hour, I continued to do so at the Bancroft Library, only to find that I was the first on the scene! Only gradually did I become aware of the fact that Mrs. Bancroft was, in fact, very ill.

Eleanor Bancroft was a brilliant young woman, with a wide acquaintance with people from all over the country. She had an intimate knowledge of California and Western bibliography. She possessed, moreover, a fine sense of humor and was incomparable in meeting with and assisting donors and writers. Her health soon declined so greatly, however, that she was able to come to the Library only on special occasions. In August, 1956, while I was working in London on the Library's foreign microfilming program, I received a telegram from Donald Coney, University Librarian, informing me of Mrs. Bancroft's death. The Library staff was an experienced group, competent and responsible. After Eleanor's death, they proved able to cope with any problems that arose.

Lindley "Pinky" Bynum, who was attached to the President's office as Library Information Officer for all of the University's library facilities, also had a voice in the Bancroft Library's affairs. Bynum, however, had relatively little to do with the local staff members. He made his quarters on the UCLA campus, with periodic trips to Berkeley to keep informed and to learn, for example, what special funds the Bancroft Library might need. Genial, easy-going, and possessing a keen intellect, he also pursued scholarly interests, as evidenced in his occasional articles or introductions to documentary publications.

From Professor Lawrence Kinnaird of the History Department, a good friend and Bolton's immediate successor as Professor of Western American History, I also learned much. We frequently enjoyed an open-air snack at the lunch counter just outside Sather Gate. The area now occupied by the Student Union had not then been developed as University property, and the restaurants, bookstores, and other facilities situated there were privately owned.

Manuscripts. One of my early acts as Director was to propose the establishment of a Manuscripts Department as a distinct unit in the Bancroft Library. Until then, manuscripts had been filed, at least theoretically, in a Manuscripts Room. In fact, only a fraction of papers was kept there. Of the remainder, some were stored in a corner or attic room adjoining Dr. Bolton's office, or wherever staff members thought they could find them again! In an attempt to infuse new life into the Bancroft Library, I sought, as a first step, to obtain funding for the position of a Manuscripts Librarian.

It took some time to remedy this situation, for it required major changes, all of which would cost money. President Sproul and his staff saw our need and agreed to provide the funding as best they could. Not until 1948 did we find a staff member whose specialty was manuscripts. She was Julia Macleod, a graduate of the Class of 1920 at the University of California, who had previously been employed in the manuscripts section of the Huntington Library. Later, Dale L. Morgan, a splendid historian in Western Americana, joined our staff, initially, I believe, on a part-time basis. Miss Estelle Rebec, formerly of the National Archives, came in 1956, adding greatly to the strength and efficiency of the Library. Miss Marie Byrne was recommended to us by Elisabeth Gudde, and we managed to have her transferred from the staff of the General Library to the Bancroft in 1960. Well trained, and with an extensive knowledge of foreign languages, she was a fine addition to the staff.

Foreign Microfilm Program. Soon after I had taken up my responsibilities at the Bancroft Library, President Sproul called me on the phone one day and said, as nearly as I remember his words, "Hammond, I do not think the Bancroft Library is getting enough money. Will you write up a project for me, and I will see what I can do to finance it." I was tongue-tied at this unexpected call—indeed, I was flabbergasted! During the next half hour I did a lot of thinking, wondering how much money the President was thinking about and what kind of constructive program I could propose. Finally I called back to ask for more information, only to learn from his secretary, Miss Agnes Robb, that President Sproul had left his office for the day. I asked her if she could provide any guidelines as to his thinking, to which, after a pause, she replied, "Dr. Hammond, I think you should use your best judgment. Remember, we must have your report by six o'clock tonight!" She needed a figure that could be used as "something to shoot for" in formulating the official budget.

With this "hot potato" tossed at me, I did some frantic thinking and finally came up with an idea. It was to inaugurate a program of microfilming historical sources in foreign archives, especially in the Archive of the Indies at Seville, Spain, and at the same time to strengthen the annual request for books and manuscripts. That afternoon I wrote up a preliminary report and delivered it to Miss Robb.

Eventually, after committee meetings, conferences with University Librarian Donald Coney, and discussions with the President's office, including Dr. George A. Pettitt, his faculty representative, the ambitious program of foreign microfilming at the Archive of the Indies was approved.

To carry on a program of such work in a foreign country required skillful leadership. At first, we relied on members of our own University faculty, especially professors James F. King and Engel Sluiter, both of whom happened to be in Spain that year on research projects at the Archive of the Indies. It was essential for them, however, to have sufficient time to pursue their own studies, so eventually we found a professional coordinator, Dr. Adele Kibre, from the University of Chicago, who accepted an invitation to represent the Bancroft Library in Seville on a full-time basis. Not only was she competent and efficient, an expert in linguistics and a very able researcher, but she had chosen to make Spain her home. That was truly a godsend, since it gave the University a permanent representative in that country.

By 1956, we were able to launch a similar program in England—important in view of the great English activities in founding and building the American colonies. And we had a man for the task, Robert E. Burke, who had trained under Professor John D. Hicks. Thus we developed a program of filming a large quantity of historical source material. Not only the Bancroft Library but also the scholarly world in general would profit by this endeavor.

Early in the program we became acquainted with Eugene B. Power from the University of Michigan, a private entrepreneur who had launched a business of microfilming materials for historical research. After a time, he became our agent. Mr. Power had the best available photographic equipment, and he sold copies of his negatives to universities and libraries. It was a good business for him and also for his clients, the university scholars. It relieved the Bancroft Library from having to devote too much attention to business matters, to our great satisfaction.

Emergency—Inundation of the Bancroft Library! The spring and summer of 1948 will be remembered by members of the Bancroft Library as the "Year of the Great Flood." In brief, this is the story.

The spring/summer of 1948 was characterized by extremely heavy rains. Since the Library Annex was under construction, all kinds of small "mountains" of soil piled up on the Campanile or eastern side of the Library building. As the water collected, it eventually found its own course or spillway on the "down" or west side of the site. One night the waters broke through the barriers and flowed freely under the main building. At that time the Bancroft Library used the basement area of the Main Library building for storage of manuscript material and lesser-used books for which there was no room whatever in the Library itself. What a catastrophe! There was only one practical way to save the soaked

materials, and that was to spread them out until they could dry by normal exposure to the air. Although this might leave water stains, it was judged better than exposing them to a stream of hot air. We cleaned up as best we could, and looked forward to the promise of Bancroft's future home in the new Library Annex.

New Quarters for the Bancroft Library. Ground-breaking ceremonies had been held in 1948, and construction began soon thereafter. When the Annex to the Library building was completed in 1950, the Bancroft Library "graduated" from its old fourth-floor home in the Main Library and moved into new, vastly improved quarters—luxurious, they then seemed!—in the Library Annex. The main floor opened in January of 1950, when the first of the Bancroft's offices and the reading room were placed in service. It was a happy occasion indeed.

Both Dr. Bolton and I, as well as the entire Bancroft staff, had the pleasure of occupying new offices, he on the fourth floor, in the southeast corner, and I on the main floor, in the section devoted to the Bancroft Library and its staff.

Always beyond our grasp—though we did dream!—was the idea of a special building for the Bancroft Library. We hoped that someday the Bancroft would have a home of its own, designed to accommodate not only the readers, but also the different working departments—Acquisitions, Cataloging, Manuscripts, Microfilm Resources, etc. Such a plan is now, in the mid-1980s, still a dream of the future.

Furniture. After President Sproul's retirement from active service—he had held that office from 1930 to 1958—his secretary expressed an interesting wish. Miss Robb felt that his fine old desk, made especially for a tall man—he was six feet, three inches in height—might still be useful. She therefore proposed that his beautiful dark mahogany and leather office desk and chair might adorn, and be very useful in the Bancroft Library. And so it happened that the desk, which was six feet long and thirty-eight inches deep, was one day brought to the Bancroft Library, along with its executive style chair. Today these cherished items are in daily use in the office of the Director Emeritus. As I write these lines, in 1984, I am still using that fine old desk and chair!

The Friends of the Bancroft Library

REBUILDING THE BANCROFT LIBRARY required a vigorous infusion of new ideas, programs, and approaches—and we went to work. As I look back on that period, one of the most important steps we undertook at the time was to organize a support organization which would assist in securing additional funds to expand the Library's collection of fine books, manuscripts, and memorabilia in the fields of Western Americana and California history. It could also undertake programs that might not be possible through regular channels. At the same time the group could well be a powerful voice in relations with the University administration, the State Legislature, and other bodies concerned with the welfare of the Library.

On August 1, 1946, a month after I had taken up my duties as Director of the Bancroft Library, a group of bibliophiles, community leaders, and faculty members met at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco for lunch and to discuss the future of the Bancroft Library. By then, these men had recognized that the Library would need the help of a strong group of private citizens, and they were ready to organize such a project. That day we established a nonprofit organization to be called "The Friends of the Bancroft Library," whose purpose was to raise funds for the growth and expansion of the Library. A resolution was drawn up and signed by Charles L. Camp, Francis P. Farquhar, George P. Hammond, George L. Harding, Warren R. Howell, George R. Stewart, Henry R. Wagner, and Carl Irving Wheat.

One of the major powers behind this plan was a good friend, Henry R. Wagner, a wise old gentleman of San Marino. His feeling was that, without a substantial organization or "booster club," it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for the Library to accomplish very much. His

recommendations, based on long experience in the business world, were designed to make my duties as Director more effective and to increase the status of the famous Bancroft Library.

Also among the sponsors of the new organization was George L. Harding, a man of ideas, then Secretary-Treasurer of the Pacific Telephone Company. He had long been interested in historical matters, was a leading member of the California Historical Society, and was a staunch supporter of many historical causes. George R. Stewart, another, was a distinguished English professor at Berkeley and a writer of note. Charles L. Camp, paleontologist and member of the University of California faculty, loved Western history. Francis P. Farquhar was the senior partner in an accounting firm in San Francisco, a man of wide cultural interests. John Howell was the founder of the noted San Francisco bookstore known as John Howell—Books, located at 434 Post Street, just a few steps from the St. Francis Hotel on Union Square. He was succeeded by his son Warren who, before his father's death in 1956, took over the business and infused new vitality into the trade. Also enlisted were Carl I. Wheat—lawyer, map collector, and author; Joseph Henry Jackson, the public-spirited literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; and Henry R. Wagner's long-time friend, Thomas W. Streeter, of Morristown, New Jersey.

Finances. To be of major usefulness, the Friends would need the power to solicit funds as a corporate body. President Sproul proposed this idea to the Regents, and their approval came in due time.

Membership. During the next several months, plans for a membership drive were completed and a brochure prepared. All who joined the Friends before June 30, 1948, would become charter members. At that time the list numbered approximately 150.

The First Annual Meeting was held on June 15, 1948. The Council of the Friends—that is, the governing body—was chosen at that meeting and met on July 1 to adopt bylaws and elect officers. Present at the meeting were: Philip Bancroft, Herbert E. Bolton, Donald Coney, George L. Harding, George P. Hammond, Dorothy Huggins, Joseph Henry Jackson, and Mrs. Irene D. Paden, all from the Bay Area. Attending from Monterey was Mrs. Alice Larkin Toulmin, granddaughter of Thomas Oliver Larkin.

Growth of the Friends. The Friends organization did indeed encourage many prominent men and women in the Bay Area to take special interest in the Bancroft Library. Through effective public contact, the Library's resources grew and its collections became enormously useful.

typographer who has for some years printed the Library's annual keepsakes, has undertaken to issue a mammoth portfolio reproducing Grayson's 156 portraits of birds in their full colors and at their original size of 25″ x 19″. The portfolio will be accompanied by a companion volume containing an illustrated biography of Grayson by Lois C. Stone, long a researcher in The Bancroft Library, and other relevant materials.

This special set will be issued in December 1986 in an edition of 400 copies. To celebrate this important publication, the Oakland Museum has scheduled an exhibition of the original works to open in late April 1987. This will be succeeded by other exhibitions elsewhere in the country, including one at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. To the initial exhibition, the Friends of The Bancroft Library will receive special invitations for a preview opening.

Changes on the Council

According to the bylaws of the Friends of The Bancroft Library, two valued Council members have completed their terms of office on July 1. They are Stephen Gale Herrick and Norman H. Strouse. Each of them has been a quiet but major force in the development of the Library's collections and activities. Among other contributions, Mr. Herrick has been a leader in finding funding for our great ongoing editorial Mark Twain Project. Norman Strouse's assistance has been of various kinds but particularly focused on the donation of his imposing collection on the history and art of the book.

As a token of gratitude for all that these two men have done, the Library has added to its collections two volumes, one in honor of each man that is specially relevant to his interests: for Mr. Herrick, *The Mysterious Marbler* by James Sumner (Bird & Bull Press); for Mr. Strouse, *Louis Herman Kinder and Fine Bookbinding in America: A Chapter in the History of the Roycroft Shop* by Richard J. Wolfe and Paul McKenna (Bird & Bull Press). As an expression of gratitude, in each volume there has been placed a bookplate naming the honored man and setting forth the dates of his membership on the Council.

The two new members of the Council are Launce Gamble, a San Francisco businessman who has for some years been a supporter of the Friends, and Charles Muscatine, a professor of English on the Berkeley campus and a well known scholar of Chaucer.

Wooded Up in Log Town

The most recent class in The Bancroft Library's course, The Hand-Produced Book and Its Historical Context, taught by Wesley B. Tanner, has issued another handsome limited edition pamphlet. The text of the manuscript letter from the gold fields presented many interesting editorial challenges. So that the result of the seven students' work might be more widely enjoyed, the letter of 1851, with its introduction, follows.

INTRODUCTION

The federal census-taker at the Mother Lode camp of Logtown on the 8th and 9th of October 1850 listed three young miners who might have been "William B.," the author of this letter. Of these, William Binur, aged 25, of Virginia is the most likely candidate, for the letter shows a southerner's familiarity with the climate at 32 degrees latitude in the South and with the fevers prevalent there.

Passages in the letter imply that William B. arrived in California by way of Panama with a company of gold-seekers in the spring of 1850 and was prospecting at Logtown by the fall before the first federal census of California was taken. Logtown, which has since crumbled away altogether, had at the time of the census a population of 450, close to the figure given by William B. It was two miles south of El Dorado, which was then called Mud Springs. William recounts how a shantytown of log cabins mushroomed in Logtown during the fall of 1850, where before the prospectors had slept under canvas or open skies.

The vigilante hanging in Sac. City which William mentions approvingly is described in gruesome detail in the *Steamer Sacramento Transcript* of 28 February 1851. There had been a fatal shooting outside a local gambling den and, after a summary trial, the young English culprit was strung up before a crowd of four or five thousand witnesses.

Students working at The Bancroft Library Press.

The ravages of exposure and fatigue brought many miners to an early grave, but probably the worst enemy was excessive drinking, which William B. describes with colloquialisms dating from the early 1800s, but now extinct. To be "wooded up" meant to be intoxicated; and the scornful term "Spooneys" is tied in with the old slang phrase "spoony drunk," meaning sentimentally soused and melancholy.

Dr. Richard Schwab
University of California at Davis

WOODED UP IN LOG TOWN

A Letter from the Gold Fields

Log Town Calfa Mar 8 51

Dear Sarah

I recd yours of Dec 29 and was very glad to hear from you. I began to think (as you say) I would have to wait another year for a letter. I do not understand why it takes two months for a letter to go through when we have two steamers each month. I recd one from Lowell & Lenter last week and one from Henry yesterday with yours. He complains of my not writing oftner. I had not time when in the City to write before the mail was closed but wrote him soon after my return to the mines so if he does not get it he must blow up Unkle Sams Boys.

I should have written more but I came so near being Blind last year it was a task that I was hardly able to perform. I could not read five minutes at a time. I do not know any cause for it unless it is the continual sunshine and dry atmosphere during the Summer. There was not a cloud to be seen from Aprl untill Dec and the ground was so dry that it is as comfortable sleeping out doors as in a howse.

We had two showers in Sept. The next rain was in Nov 20 & 21st when we thought the rainy season had fairly set in but we have had only ten rainy days since and some of those parts of days so that the dreaded rainy [season] has turned out to be the most pleasant part of the year. It is healthy and better working weather and has made a great change in me. I feel better am larger stronger and *better-looking* than I ever was, and can see as well as ever.

The weather is as mild here and has been all winter in Lat 38° as it is on the Atlantic at 32° —Grass grows all winter and in the Spring the whole country is coverd with flowers of every size shape & color but there is nothing in the shape of wild fruit or berries. The Indians gather acorns and the seed of the flowers for bread. It is as warm here as Summer and twenty miles east the mountains are coverd with snow—(as they say here) this will be a great country when they get it fenced in. For there never was and never can be another like it.

There is every sort of climate and every sort of people to match. A stranger would think it had been dug a thousand years instead of the short time they have been at it. Go where we will some one has been there before us. Last fall Log Town was built in two or three weeks and full of people now, there is not fifty in the place out of 500 that had houses here.

There is a continual travel north and south hunting Good Diggins and few there are that find them. Although there is plenty of Gold in the Country it takes the most doged perseverance to get it but when we do get on a lead it is the best paying work a man ever done. You say you think it must be exciting. It is to a new beginner but an old hand dont think much about it. I have seen a new comer fairly scream with delight when he got what they call a Big Strike and an old miner merely say well that's prety good if it will hold on. So there [are] thousands here that make nothing. They get homesick, drink and that is the end of them and I have an idea that was the trouble with friend True for he kept well wooded up on the passage out. It is no use for such Spooneys as he and some others of our Compy I could menton to be here, it takes men that never say die. Let what will come but dig! dig!! dig!!! must be their motto and they are bound to get something more than a living.

I have not made much this winter because I did not like to leave the neighbourhood of my house to hunt diggins but have made more than my Expenses which have not been light, when we have to pay from 20 cts to 100 per lb for provisions. But goods are getting cheaper and I think will be reasonable this summer. Potatoes & flour down to 14 cts lb Pork 30 cts butter 70 cts coffee 25 cts fresh beef 25 cts.

You say you had sad accts of colera at Sacramento and I did not mention it. I did not think it was colera. I remained in the City a week and thought nothing of it although there were a great many deaths every day and some mornings they would find a ½ dozen dead about the City. I saw nothing diffirent from the fevers they have in the Southern States every Fall with the Dysentary brot on by fatigue & Exposeure. The most of them not accustomed to Sickniss could not take care of themselves or get anyone to do it for them would lay down and die without an Effort to better their condition. I saw some of our Compny sick there. They were perfectly childish so much afraid of dying their cry was O! if I could only get well I would leave the Country but it is like Sailors prayrs. When the storm is over they forget it.

I sent you a sheet of Calfa letter which will give you a better view of mans progress through the Country than I can write. It is true to life only the miners look rather too nice for we are the funiest and roughest looking customers that ever come along. The mudiest patched up begger you ever saw cant hold a candle to us sometimes. No matter what color our pants are we patch with flour bags. Coats & vests we dont wear. I have not had a vest or neckerchief on since I have been in the Country or worn a coat in the day. I had to do my washing last summer but hired it done this winter at 25cts a piece.

We have preaching occationally but I dont know as it amounts to much in this Country for they do Business the same on the Sabath as they do any other day. It is Laughable to see how they go it. There will be preaching in one house Gambling in the next a Blacksmith and tinman puting in the lick across the Street, in back a Bowling Saloon in Full blast and perhaps a dossen fiddles about town doing their best while the preacher is giving them brimstone in any quantity. And about the time he gets the attention of his audience a Teamster will drive along with 4 or 5 yoak of cattle and screams as loud as he [can] yell Wo haw Wo Haw G-d D--n you Wo haw.

There was a gambler hung at Hang town this winter by the people and one at Sac. City a few days ago for shooting and stabing. The Officers have got a way of letting Criminals off and the people wont stand it so they take them from the Shireff choose a Jury try them and have them strung up in an hour or two which is the only wae to do it in these parts.

Give my love to all the Family and believe me to be

Ever Yours Truly
William

Direct the Same as before and write all the news W.B.

Spokesman for a Vanished Era

Perhaps no more accurate picture of artistic and aesthetic life in turn-of-the-century Berkeley can be found than in the extensive correspondence and papers of Charles Augustus Keeler held by The Bancroft Library. Consisting of letters, manuscripts of writings, diaries, notes, and clippings, they document an era as well as the life work of a man whose friends included John Muir, Ina Coolbrith, William Keith, Bernard Maybeck, Joaquin Miller, Julia Morgan, and Edwin Markham.

Keeler was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on October 7, 1871. He attended both public and private schools and spent most of his spare hours pursuing his interest in biological science. In 1875 his widowed mother married James K. Bartlett, a prominent physician with a large library relating to art and literature. Keeler became an avid reader, developing an interest in the world of letters which would eventually become his chosen vocation. In 1887 he moved with his family to Berkeley, California. A few months before graduation from Berkeley High School, he accepted a position with the U.S. Department of Agriculture to study and collect plants, reptiles, birds, and mammals in Nevada. He returned home in time to enter the University of California with the Class of 1893, but repeated illness in the family prevented him from earning a degree. Most of this period was spent writing his first book, *Evolution of Colors of North American Land Birds*, which appeared in 1893. Published by the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco while he was on its staff, it was very well received.

Charles A. Keeler in his early twenties. Photograph by William W. Dames, Oakland.

Keeler was encouraged to pursue a scientific career, but he had already decided to devote his life to poetry and drama. His marriage in October of 1893 to Louise Mapes Bunnell reinforced this decision for she shared his passion for art, literature, and philosophy. The couple spent their first winter in rural Mendocino County where Keeler wrote poems while his wife pursued her talents as an artist. The next year his first book of poetry, *A Light Through the Storm*, was published in San Francisco by William Doxey (publisher of *The Lark*). It was illustrated with photogravures of paintings by William Keith and exquisite pen sketches by Louise Keeler.

During these years Keeler met a number of people who helped shape the course of his life. Through his friend William Keith he met John Muir; the three of them "would often lunch together at one of the little Italian restaurants of San Francisco." Keith also introduced him to Joseph Worcester, the Swedenborgian minister whose unpainted shingle cottages in Piedmont and on Russian Hill in San Francisco influenced Keeler and others, especially a young, unknown architect whom Keeler had met by accident while both were commuters between Berkeley and San Francisco. Some years later he wrote:

> *I cannot remember who introduced us, if indeed anyone did, but presently we began to meet and converse on the ferry. . . . For a long time after those ferry boat conversations began, I did not know the name of my chance friend. I do not recall when I first learned that he was not Italian, and that his name was Maybeck.*

Their friendship flourished. Keeler's evolving philosophy of the simple life in harmony with art and nature, patterned after the Arts and Crafts movement, was in tune with Bernard Maybeck's rejection of the architectural excesses of the Victorian age. The Keeler home, Maybeck's first privately commissioned residence (1895), embodied the best of their thinking—sun-stained shingle exterior and redwood interior with exposed rafters and timbers. It was a curiosity at the time, but was the forerunner of a new Bay Area style of architecture. Keeler's deep concern that others less sensitive to the natural beauty of the Berkeley hills would "come and build stupid white-painted boxes all around" led to the formation of the Hillside Club, an organization of men and women living north of the University of California who wanted to influence the architecture of the neighborhood. His book, *The Simple Home*, published in 1904 and reprinted in 1979, became its bible. It is a well-deserved tribute to Keeler and the Club that the Berkeley hills, though often the site of white, boxy houses, are still dotted with simple, picturesque, redwood shake cottages located along winding roads that follow the natural contours of the land.

Important as he was in shaping Berkeley's architecture, Keeler always considered this secondary to his main interest—the world of art and literature. Between 1894 and 1906 he published fourteen books, primarily of poetry, many delicately illustrated by his wife. This proved to be his most prolific period. In 1907, his wife, Louise, died at the age of thirty-five, a staggering blow from which he never seemed to recover. He went to live with his mother-in-law who helped care for his three children while he worked off-and-on at building a studio in the Claremont hills, pursued his writing, gave numerous dramatic readings, and, in 1911, embarked on a world tour, visiting Japan, China, India, Egypt, and Italy before settling down for a year in London. His readings were well received, but Keeler did not achieve the recognition he sought. His letters describe his frugal existence and frustrating efforts, and ask his children to be patient just a little longer. Returning home, he eked out a living by giving dramatic readings and recitations of his poems. From 1920 to 1927 he was secretary of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce where he sought to develop community support for the arts and was a tireless crusader for more parks and open spaces. In 1925 he organized the First Berkeley Cosmic Society, a religion founded on the "triumvirate of truth, love and beauty." His manuscript, "An Epitome of Cosmic Religion," is one of many unpublished writings which came to The Bancroft Library following his death in 1937, the gift of his daughters Merodine and Eloise.

In 1904 Charles Keeler wrote, "A movement toward a simpler, a truer, a more vital art expression is now taking place in California." One of its first steps should be "to emphasize the gospel of the simple life, to scatter broadcast the faith in simple beauty, to make prevalent the conviction that we must *live* art before we can create it." Keeler both lived art and created it in all of his endeavors. He never abandoned his vision of Berkeley as an Athens of the West.

Mary-Ellen Jones

"I am sending you this print of a bunchy me because that is the bell we rang last night, the bell we pass every day on our way to our rooms, and Popo [Popocatepetl] is over to the right. If it doesn't come out I will paint *it in." Snapshot from a recently purchased manuscript volume of illustrated letters sent by artist Helen Hyde (1868–1919) to her family during a six-month stay in Mexico, 1912–13.*

The Bancroft Fellows of 1986-1987

A faculty committee consisting of professors David Collier of Political Science, Frances Ferguson of English, and James R. Metcalf of History, assisted by Bancroft's Director, has selected the awardees of the three Bancroft Library Fellowships offered for the coming academic year to graduate students from any University of California campus engaged in research on a subject whose source materials are to be found in The Bancroft Library. Two

of these study awards are funded by the Graduate Division of the Berkeley campus and the third by income from an endowment created by our Council member Kenneth E. Hill and his wife Dorothy. Each Fellowship pays a stipend of $5,000 for the academic year.

The three new Bancroft Library Fellows are:

Thomas C. Bogenschild, who received his A.B. from Occidental College, his M.A. from the University of Chicago and is now writing his doctoral thesis on the activities of and reactions to Protestant missionaries in Central America, 1830–1930;

Michael Frederick Magliari, who has a B.A. and M.A.T. from U.C., Davis, where he is now studying for a Ph.D. As a Bancroft Fellow on the Hill Fellowship, he will be writing on the Populist movement in California, 1888–1898;

Lucy Elizabeth Salyer, who received her B.A. from U.C., San Diego and is now on the Berkeley campus working for a Ph.D. in Jurisprudence and Social Policy in Boalt Hall's School of Law. Her dissertation topic is "The Federal Trial Court in the Economic and Political History of California, 1891–1937."

Each of these Fellows will also share in the bounty of the Wilma Seavey Ogden Purse, generously established as a memorial by her husband, Paul Ogden. This annual gift of money may be used by the Fellows for any purpose they wish.

Merrymount Press Blocks

The Bancroft Press Room is not only busy with classes these days. In addition Roger Levenson, known for his Tamalpais Press, and Elizabeth Reynolds, former librarian of Mills College, are proofing and identifying some 700 blocks recently donated to the Library. The donor, Daniel Berkeley Bianchi, is the son of a founder of the great Merrymount Press of Massachusetts, whose type ornaments are also at Bancroft.

Roger Levenson is once again at the bar of the Albion press (donated by him to Bancroft) carefully printing the wood engravings and electrotypes that once served D. B. Updike at his Merrymount Press. Many of the blocks are of uneven height, so a printer of Roger's experience and a press with the Albion's adaptability are needed to achieve good results without damaging the irreplaceable blocks. Shown above is a sample of the work in progress.

Anthony S. Bliss

Matching Gifts

Many local and national companies match the membership fees to the Friends contributed by persons associated with their firms. By this generous act the Friends are often able to double their contributions to the Library for the acquisition of books, manuscripts, maps, photographs, and other needed materials. We thank those Friends who have provided additional assistance in this way. We also urge all others to list on the membership envelope the names of the firms with which they are associated so that our staff can determine whether these companies are among the ones that provide such added aid.

Editor, *Bancroftiana*: Bonnie Hardwick