Ave Atque Vale

We hope that our readers will forgive us if we strike a more personal note than is usually found in these columns. The Quarto lost one of its editors by elevation early this year. But we shall stumble forward manfully on our lower plane in the best traditions of carrying on, even though our hearts are broken and our minds numbed. We are proud, though, to know that our little skyrocket, Howard H. Peckham, one-time curator of manuscripts at the Clements Library, has been appointed as director of the Indiana Historical Bureau. We shall always be able to say—when he has become fixed in the bibliothecal firmament—that we once wrote limericks together.

Many have been the letters and cards received requesting news of the errant Quarto. We thank those of you who were interested enough to worry about whether other issues are intended, although we confess sadly that our most worried correspondents have been those poor cataloguers who have to consider us as a serial. They think we should come out regularly and on time, apparently having failed to read the first two words of our colophon—"Issued Occasionally."

Of course we plan to continue The Quarto, but we shall do so only when we have enough time and enough ideas. At the moment, we are publishing a colotype facsimile [colotype by Meriden Gravure, text designed by Carl P. Rollins, printed at Yale Press] of the McNiff Map of Detroit, with a prefatory note by F. Clever Bald, our University War Historian; a new bulletin about our Herbert C. Ely Memorial Fund's collection of early American drama; and our annual report to the president of the University. We are also preparing to teach a course on rare books for the Graduate School and to direct a special problems course for the Library Science department. We still carry on business at all the old stands.

Schoolmaster Dewey

The current fashion in some quarters is to snort at the sound of the name Dr. John Dewey. (Now, now, Dewey-ites, there are just as many quarters in which there is the proper genuflecting.) We try to stay aloof from such squabbles as trail in the path of Dr. D, but we smiled gently in his direction recently when we came across the chance to buy the first volume of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club Journal (Lansing, 1886). We smiled and nodded because one of the six lectures bound in our little blue-wrapped pamphlet was entitled "Psychology in High Schools from the Standpoint of the College" and the author was a young man by the name of John Dewey. Incidentally, when we tried to trace other volumes in the series of Journals we found that the justly famous Union List of Serials slipped up here, for Miss Gregory describes Volumes 1-21, 23-26, 33, and 36 as never having been published. Now we turn up with Volume 1. Were the papers of the other early meetings (including more of Dewey) published? Perhaps you have one lurking between two fat books; if you do, please let us know about it.

Mauldiniana

No, this has nothing to do with an Oxford College, and yes, we do have that rare issue of the Stars and Stripes which cartoonist Bill Mauldin and his companions rushed through the local printing press at Grenoble when General Patch's Seventh army was chasing the Boche up the Rhone valley in 1944. Mauldin's U.P. Front is a best seller—and rightly so. If, a hundred years from now, some one looks for the University's copy of the first edition, he will probably find (1) it was worn out and discarded; or (2) no one ever thought of giving one to the University in 1945, or (3) the cataloguers threw it out as "propaganda." We won't say we want one for the Clements Library, because (1) long before the book became popular by its publication in New York, the famous pictures were printed in two pamphlets—Mud, Mules and Mountains, and This Damned Tree Leaks; (2) both of these were printed in Italy; (3) they are already scarce. Yes, those are the books one finds in the Clements Library, thanks to alumnus Stanley Swinton.
Associate Editor,  
The Quarto  
Sir:  
Herewith I submit my deferred resignation  
As editor-half of this quaint publication;  
No more stories or rhyme,  
No more copy on time—  
Here’s the last of my bibliographic oration.  
H.P.  

We Have a Heart, Man!  

Pardon us, if The Quarto is a little puffed with pride. We think we should be. Some while after our first number appeared in mailboxes from here to there, we received from Pittsburgh a postcard from an alumnus of the University asking for copies of the sheet. At that time, we were honoring most requests (we have since become a little short on paper and consequently can add no new “subscribers”) and we entered Mr Galen C. Hartman’s name as number something-or-other on our list. Our last issue—the one too late for last Christmas—wasn’t even in the mails when one of the University vice-presidents informed us that the Regents had accepted a check for one thousand dollars from Mr Galen C. Hartman for the University to be used in purchasing rarities for the Clements Library. We almost broke into tears, we were so delighted and so deeply touched that our occasional bookish squibs had achieved such a rich reward. Only a few of us knew what manna Mr Hartman’s check was and how it arrived in the “niche of time,” as a friend of ours puts it.

You see, Mr Hartman’s Christmas gift came to us in time for the Littell sale of Americana over which we had been fretting for some time. Indeed, we were drooling at the corners of our bibliographical mouths and wondering how we could spread our meagre funds over so many riches. Perhaps we shall be snow-haired before we learn that waiting pays. We now own a respectable number of fine books through the goodness of our Pittsburgh friend including such pieces as Manasseh Cutler’s An Explanation of the Map which Delineates that Part of the Federal Lands, Comprehended between Pennsylvania West Line, the Rivers Ohio and Scioto, and Lake Erie…… Salem, 1787, which is of first-rate importance in Ohio Valley history. We like this copy of ours especially well because it bears on the final page the signature of Winthrop Sargent, who had helped survey the lands described in the book and who, in the year Cutler’s piece was published, was appointed by Congress secretary of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio. One of the other books bought with Mr Hartman’s gift was the first separate edition, printed in 1825 at Pittsburgh, of A Narrative of the Sufferings of Massy Harbon from Indian Barbarity, which is one of the best (and most frequently reprinted) of the Indian captivities. Our particular interest in Massy’s tale is her accounts of St. Clair’s defeat and the campaigns of Wayne in the Old Northwest Territory. The only other volume we shall mention is Gilbert Imlay’s A Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America (London, 1792). We have had most of the other editions of this work on our shelves for a long time, but somehow the first edition always escaped us or (more probably) we had a date with another book instead.

Swinburne a la Marianas  

Many of the bright and promising young rare book folk went to war, leaving their treasures behind them to gather dust and become rarer. Now, we are glad to say, some of the young men are beginning to come back. Freddy Paine, one of the best of the young crew will never be back, but returning is Alexander Davidson, the antiquarian book-dealer of New York whose adventures in the Pacific sound like the travels of Sinbad the Sailor, only much grimmer: Atu, Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. Edward Lazare, editor of American Book-Prices Current, has returned from the China-Burma-India area. Audubon R. Davis, Jr, the Philadelphia librarian, has returned from Italy and the Mediterranean. John Wylie, of the McGregor Library at the University of Virginia, went off early with the British army, then came back after Pearl Harbor and joined our army and went off again. Our Charlottesville correspondent writes that John is enroute home. Lawrence Thompson, who wrote the fascinating “Notes on Bibliolkeptomania” spent the war years chasing rascals away from Navy supply dumps in Puerto Rico. But one of our favorites is Naval Lieutenant John S. Mayfield. The lieutenant collects (and reads) Swinburne and we heard from him first when he was stationed at Jacksonville, Florida. He was then editing a fragment of one of Swinburne’s manuscripts and eventually he published Columbus, An Unfinished Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, Jacksonville, 1944. Being moved with his air squadron to the Far Pacific seems not to have bothered the lieutenant at all, for we later received a booklet in paper wrappers called An Old Saying, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Foreword by Robert Graves. The imprint is “John S. Mayfield, in the Marianas Islands, 1945.” We have since learned which of the Marianas Islands carries the honor of the place of publication and we have also learned that the first edition consists of two states—“Ogre” instead of “Ogre” appears in the first state on page 5. Lieutenant Mayfield has sent each variant to the Clements Library, with a letter on how the piece was printed. Our guess is that this is the first edition of the first Swinburne item ever printed on Saipan.
On Curatorial Training

The American Archivist for July, 1945, contains a provocative article by Miss Bertha E. Josephson under the title "How Can We Improve Our Historical Societies?" The title is somewhat misleading for the article is a vigorous attack on the lack of training from which most workers in historical societies suffer. Miss Josephson probes a tender spot when she writes:

'How many graduate or undergraduate institutions of this country offer a prospective historical society worker specific training to prepare him for the problems of his job? The late Alexander Wall gave such a course at Columbia University during the Spring semester of 1942. Howard Peckham has taught some classes in manuscript cataloguing at the University of Michigan while he was curator of manuscripts in the Clements Library. Miss Margaret Norton gave a course in archival work at the Library School of Columbia University in 1940. Dr. Ernst Posner and Miss Helen Chatfield have offered courses in federal archives at the American University and the former together with Dr. Morris Radoff announced a brief course in institutional and business archives at the same university in June, 1945.

We don't know much about the other courses mentioned by Miss Josephson, but we do know that Howard Peckham's course stressed the importance of connubialship which is essential not only to historical society workers but to librarians associated with rare book libraries such as ours.

The director of a distinguished rare book library was asked not long ago what kind of graduates he wanted for his curators. Said he: "I would not object to having a Ph.D. in history, but that would be no measure of the qualities which I would be seeking. What I want is:

A: An unashamed emotional enthusiasm for things of the past.
B: A capacity for systematic classification, which is not slavishly adherent to what was 'taught' in some graduate school.
C: An ability to communicate enthusiasm to people from eight to eighty with equal facility.
D: The collector's enthusiasm—which I so frequently find lacking in victims of formal graduate training.

E: Personality — whatever that means.
F: Experience in the Antiquarian Book business if possible.

What do others want? What do boards of trustees fail to find in "trained" librarians? Why are some top library directorships held by non-professional men? What curriculum will best fit a man for rare book library and historical society positions? We have ideas (and plans) on the subject, but first, what do you think?'

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Dictum on America

John H. Powell, of the Free Library of Philadelphia, has prepared for his trustees a lengthy memorandum on the functions of an "Assistant Librarian in charge of Research." This is the position with the cumbersome title to which Mr. Powell has recently been appointed, much to the delight of all right-minded folk. As we understand it, Philadelphia is among those cities which are beginning to realize that the librarian in charge of a vast public library system does not have time for the scholarly and bibliographical work he would like to undertake. The chief librarian of such a city as Philadelphia is, by sheer force of circumstances, an administrator, business man and, at times, a neo-politician. These functions by themselves are more than enough for any one man. Hence the appointment of Mr. Powell—somewhat similar to the one Charles McCombs holds as "Chief bibliographer" at the New York Public Library—is an excellent step. But all of the above is mere introduction, for what we really want to emphasize is a passage from Mr. Powell's report.

Wrote he:

'When I went to college, American literature and American history were two separate and distinct studies, jealously protected from one another by professor and student alike, so that a distinction was set up which any collector of Americana would have pronounced ridiculous. Today, at all levels of scholarship, programs of "American Civilization," "American studies," and similar unified programs in European studies, in Social Sciences and in Humanities generally, are under way. The economic, political scientist, anthropologist, historian, and literary critic all are sharing experiences and conclusions they once cherished as carefully as though they were industrial patents. [Italics are ours.]

Well, there it is; someone else has said what we have often sneakily suspected—the collector of Americana has sometimes been philosophically ahead of the professor. Now, if the rest of you will say it, the world will begin to believe it.

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GMA—RBCG

A year or so ago, Mr George Matthew Adams, of Saline, Michigan (and New York City), gave the Library his splendid collection of the works of W.H. Hudson, the naturalist-writer. This year, Mr Adams delighted our bibliographical souls by presenting us with his small group of first editions of Edna St. Vincent Millay and his wonderful Robert B. Cunningham Graham collection. 'Tis of the latter we are "a-going for to sing." Cunningham Graham (he seems always to be referred to by the unhypenated double name) was quite a lad and his own life-story, from his Scotch boyhood on, reads rather like a hero's adventures in some highly colored nineteenth century romance. He spent much of his time in South America (he died in Buenos Aires) and it is his intimate knowledge of the history and people of the continent and particularly of Argentina and Paraguay which makes the Adams-Cunningham Graham collection especially welcome. You may not know it, yet, but the University is making excellent friends in South America for this country through its special methods of teaching English to South Americans. We think that the presence on campus of such a collection will be further evidence of this university's interest in South America. First editions, presentation copies and manuscripts by and about Cunningham Graham are included in the collection; indeed, relatively few items from the body of his works are missing and we hope to acquire these in time.
Robinson Crusoe Redivivus

The late Dr Lucius L. Hubbard collected, and gave to the University, above 600 editions of Daniel Defoe’s Robinson Crusoe. As far as we know, Dr Hubbard was never offered the Bible which Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson C., had on the island of Juan Fernandez from 1704 to 1708. That there was such a book is evidenced by Captain Woodes Rogers’ own account of how he rescued Selkirk, his A Cruising Voyage Round the World, London, 1712. While pursuing the ghost of the Bible, we were astonished to find that the University lacks the first edition of the Woodes Rogers book in the great Hubbard collection. So we tried for (and got) the C.G. Littell copy for the Clements Library. Laid in this copy is an autograph document signed by Rogers, written at New Providence, in the Bahamas, dated 1732. The Captain was drawing on Messrs Montague and Raymond, of London, for £79 sterling. Exploring is an expensive business, we guess.

What is the Middle West?

And what shall we call it? The annual soul-searching for last year’s report to the president of the University is just now at an end and as a sort of hangover we are still puzzling about the question of what to call that part of the United States west of the Appalachians and east of the Mississippi—the section Theodore Roosevelt meant when he wrote The Winning of the West. We have decided to toss the whole matter into the laps of our amiable subscribers, although we have some qualms about giving the Harvardians and Princetonians such a splendid chance to call us “outlanders” or “backwooders” or something equally distinctive.

We don’t like Channing’s “Trans-Appalachia” at all; it sounds far too much like a state of mind. But when we retrogressed to Caesarian language, we came up with “Cis-Mississippi” which is far worse than Channing’s effort and sounds like a thoroughly unpleasant disease. “Ohio and Laurentian valleys” is too long and cumbersome to be considered for a minute. Sir William Craigie, the lexicographer, blandly and blindly adopts “Middle States” for the region we are discussing, without appreciation of the fact that Americans have forever preempted that term for New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. But then, Sir William was only an adopted Chicagoan. We still have no convenient handle for the Theodore Rooseveltian “West”.

One curious definition of “Middle West” we ran across came from the reference desk in the General Library, and we think it is worth passing on. When asked how far west the Middle West goes, Miss Marjory Crocker, President Hutchins’ sister-in-law, replied, “As far as the trees.”

“Horrid and Bloody”

“Leaflets”, “pamphlets”, “speech”, “New England”, “pirates” lead us naturally enough to orations and Boston. In our Quartoambles we made the error of looking under the subject heading “Orations” in our card catalogue. We are appalled at the extraordinary number of orations Americans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries nodded their heads over. Just for fun, we looked up a single series “delivered by” someone or other “at the request of the citizens of Boston” upon the anniversary of “the horrid and bloody massacre on the 5th of March, 1770”. Long ago the Massachusetts Historical Society decided that the victims of the so-called Boston Massacre were bully-boys rather than martyrs (an opinion, by the way, which we have been able to confirm more recently from our General Gage papers). At the time, the harangues were good, red, rabble-rousing meat and distinguished Bostonians annually orated or endured thumpings in memory of the “horrid and bloody” affair for many years. From the first, in 1771, through the period of the Revolution (1782) we have the following examples:

1771, by James Lovell
1772, by Joseph Warren
1773, by Benjamin Church (one of the first American fifth-columnists)
1774, by John Hancock
1775, by Joseph Warren (killed that year at Bunker’s Hill)
1776, by Peter Thacher
1777, by Benjamin Hichborn
1778, by Jonathan W. Austin
1781, by Thomas Dawes, Jr.
1782, by George R. Minot
The two which we lack (1779 and 1780) were delivered by William Tudor and Jonathan Mason respectively.

The Ann Arbor Currier

Did you know that the first map of Ann Arbor was printed by N. Currier of “Currier & Ives” fame? It was drawn by J.F.Stratton and printed in New York in 1836. The slightly reduced facsimile inside this issue of The Quarto was made from the copy owned by the Clements Library; it was once the property of University-president Harry Burns Hutchins and came to us as a gift from Miss Fandira Crocker, President Hutchins’ sister-in-law. We also have N. Currier’s receipt to John Allen for 100 copies of the original map. Where are the other ninety-nine? Mr Harry T. Peters’ famous books about Currier & Ives do not contain mention of the map, nor does P. Lee Phillips’ list of American maps record it.

(N. B. John Allen, supra, was the founder of Ann Arbor [Ann’s Arbor], and the husband of Ann.)

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