with this issue the Courier begins its second volume. For convenience in binding andshelving, the editors believe that the year's issues should be divided into 2 volumes.

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Anecdotes. QQ The bousekeeping eye of our Russian worker fell upon a row of prostrate "toilets" lying outside the back entrance. "Could I buy one of these for the country? My son will come to fetch it". Her eagerness was great, but not great enough to carry her over a certain 19th century delicacy. So the request was transmitted to Mr. Thacher through the tougher-minded Keeper of the Rare Books. It was granted (financial transaction unknown to editor) and some days later the son arrived to carry the new posession off (hung over the arm perhaps?) in the family car. The Russian mother presented him with the utmost formality to the Keeper saying: "It is through the kindness of Mrs. C....that we have this for our home". The young Dimitri ceremoniously kissed the hand of the keeper and expressed grateful thanks. The Keeper, as you well know, not being quick-witted in speech (better with a pen in hand, we hope) replied, with equal ceremony: "I hope it will be useful".

Eugene Rodman Shippen, Jr. from Melrose, Mass, grandson of Henry Blount, arrived with his wife and daughter, aged 3, to see the room in which he was born. The room was not easily recognizable at the moment, so he was led through the orangery and drawn out into reminiscences of the house by his guide. He was born in the house because his brothers and sisters (already born, of course) had the whooping cough, so his mother, Elizabeth Blount Shippen came home to her father's house for the accouchement. 1909. He recollected hearing of a theatre and auditorium on the 3rd floor: of the Blount girls' interest in the drama and dancing (not professionally, of course!) of their making costumes and painting scenery. Eugene's father was the Rev. Dr. Shippen with parishes on Detroit and Boston; his grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Shippen was at All Souls' in Washington. (It may be that Elizabeth Blount introduced an element of gaiety into the family when she married the Rev. Shippen.) Eugene himself was quite solemn.

The Underworld Courier has a deliberate philosophy in regard to the presentation of news, based on Housman's "Feather-pated folly". And it is not troubled by worrying about any misunderstanding on the part of our treasured subscribers. They, we feel sure, know that much which is unsaid lies under our light tene.

Books and pamphlets received Received but not acknowledged: Housing Year Book, 1941: Who Walk Alone, by Ferry Burgess, signed (leper colony); The Emergency Committee in aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars, a pamphlet (full of interesting information. Interesting, is certainly the wrong word: sad, important, or even useful, would be more nerely true) Shall we send any of these.

Dumbarton Oaks Papers. Two sheets of the new paper were sent for our files. Shall we send one to you. They are - so we think - lovely, distinguished and dignified. Your editor who has had some of the format details under consideration for some time has an ambitious dream - that our first, or second, or at any rate, some one Dumbarton Oaks Paper should be selected as one of the Fifty Best Books of the Year. The dream is not without practical overtones (seeing that a copy goes to certain people and so forth)

Photographs, personal. Carlos' efforts were so successful and we are ordering our own, or one another's photographs by the ½ dozen! You almost say: "Why, hello, how are you" as you look at them. He will have them ready before the 15th, and some will be sent out at once for your selection. (We hope this advance notice is not too enthusiastic.

Photograph, House. Fischer has sent a print of the Samuel Bennett corner of the Drawing Room which he retook, as the first effort was not good. The new print is so beautiful that - with your permission- I am going to order one for myself. (excure Shall we send it out, or shall it be put with the others for the future Album?

Suggestions (doubtless fanciful) (but they have been made, just the same!) That in the metamorphosis of 2nd floor into library, the little north bay be made into a gem of a special library with lovely balconies, a spiral stairway, and delicate shelves to the dome. (Wouldn't that be a rare book room to delight in?) That in the pine room, certain shelving be made in the form of break-front book-cases (plenty of models in the Dict. of Eng. Furniture) Perhaps on each side of the mantle, or if that is not practicable, at the opposite end, or, balancing the mindaws South windows.

The Courier is small, but the City Editor is just about to dash for a train to go to L.I. for the 4th. We have a fascinating idea in mind for the next issue!