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Book notes. Vol. 15 of Princeton University's America's Lost Plays has for a title Four Plays, and for an author, Royall Tyler, for price \$5.00. Should there be a copy in your library?

(Possibly an unnecessary note, this one) Haggin, B.H. Music on Records  
How to select the best records. \$2.00

Book exchange! The Walters Art Gallery found itself in need of a mummy, so great were the demands of the guided schoolchildren on museum tours to see one. The Metropolitan Museum of Art needed Busnell's Oriental Ceramics (which we must presume to be a scarce and valuable book) How these needs were mutually known, what, if anything went into the scales to even the value, we do not know. The exchange was consummated, and the fact opens up many amusing vistas of barter and exchange in the museum world.

While on vacation, your editor had lunch with the Francis Rogers at Shinnecock. The conversation, not unnaturally, turned to music, ~~lyric music~~. And it appears that Mr. Rogers is deeply interested in the connection between lyric poetry and music: the inspiration of the latter by the former. And with Prof. Emory Neff and - as we recollect - Prof. Lang, he is working on the history of this, - the bibliography of it in fact. So he was told of the delightful book in your library, Music and Edgar Allan Poe. That such a book had been written was news to him, exciting news, for Poe was the first poet he had meant to work on in this connection. So, vacation over, the book was sent to him, on loan - without any great misgivings about objections from you - It was returned with a charming letter, in which he expressed deep concern about the Ambassador's long siege in the hospital, and asked that you both be warmly thanked for the pleasure the book had given him.

Great Move of 1941, the. It has happened. The river of books has flowed up-stream. Gone are they all to the upper regions - books and personnel. All but EBC, who once again reigns alone, surrounded by the books she loves, in the Underworld. "The very last leaf on the tree". Not that there is much sitting at present, nor any affectionate handling of books! Rather, at one moment, one forms part of a procession (Thacher, Davis, Joe and 2 gardeners are the others) bearing lamps (not of learning) to the House of the Fellows. What a funny frieze we would have made. Olin Dows might have painted us. Or, at another moment, one's immediate duty is to jump into a taxi, without hat, coat or gloves, to reach Hecht's before closing time and to bring back curtain material, coat hangers, or some others of the one thousand and one last things. Or, after working hours when all is quiet, or on a Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning, to shift furniture about in the Focillon apartment: - two sunny rooms and bath on the second floor of the West pavillon of the Fellows House. (Their own choice). Seeing that there are good reading places, smoking tables for the pipe, pictures on the walls, occasional chairs and tables for the guests who are sure to

appear. Would you like to know today's room chart? It may be changed many times before October 1st, but as of 4 p.m. on September 25, here it is.  
Fellows House (Quarters) (wish we had an exactly right name for it)

M. et Mme. Focillon, West apartment on second floor (and I cannot go on to a cold enumeration of the other rooms without mentioning that from the windows of their sitting room and bedroom - the West windows - one looks out on a neat little potager and orchard: apples, now, and grapes; tomatoes, eggplant and beans. (I think this must add to their eventual pleasure in this new home) Four single ladies: Flossie (Miss Day, our friend of last year), our two field workers, Bellinger and Dow; and a new comer, Miss Crane, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> they have four bedrooms, a bath, and the little pebbled courtyard, on the first floor of the West pavillon. East pavillon. One flight up will be Mr. and Mrs. Brown, double bed-room and bath. Mr. B. is a fellow, Mrs. B. his bride of a few months. They drove through Washington this week to deposit tennis racquets, radio and top coats, looked at the confusion and said: "will it really be ready on the 1st?". They drove off, reassured. Professor Koehler will be on the ground floor (where Léger was) of the East pavillon. Bed room, sitting room, bath and court. Main body of the house. Ground floor, commons, dining room, kitchen and pantry. The commons with fireplace, book cases, deep chairs and large tables. Great windows in all the rooms. Second floor: North, Mr. Bloch immediately, Mr. Kittzinger when his papers come through and he will have made the crossing, and next term, Mr. Biebel. Messrs Alexander and Anastos will live out - their own request. The latter has been to see us and has his own large brown bookcases, his own (ugly) easy chair and his own 1500 books already in his study. He seemed so pleased and grateful and appreciative of everything. Living out also - infact we were somewhat startled when we were called up by a real estate agent who wished financial references, as they were negotiating to buy a house on Que Street - will be Mr. and Mrs. Keck. Mr. K. a fellow, Mrs. K - so we hear - a somewhat older and well-to-do wife.

It is all very cheerful, very light, very complete. Oh! dont misunderstand that! Complete in conception but far from it in actuality. However, we expect to open on time. Taking a leaf from your book, Mr. Thacher has issued invitations for two previews. One on Monday afternoon, September 30th at 5.30, at the Wild Oak, at which time B.S. will be presented with the Keys of the Library. A symbolic ceremony, designed to make her smile, as well having a serious basis in fact. Second, on Tuesday at the same hour when the Bryces and the Davises will be taken on a tour of inspection of the finished premises and then led to the Wild Oak for refreshments.

One more word about the room-chart. In the main house, you know the allocations: starting at the former office of Kitty/ Miss Diehl, general secretary; B.S., the librarian; Miss Persis Mason, secretary to the Librarian; Mrs. Scheffer, Salvic division; Misses Bellinger and Dow, Census; Prof. Koehler with Mrs. Bland as assistant, Archives; main library (unfinished at present) flanked by the long gallery of periodicals; Miss Rathbone and assistant cataloguer, Miss Beale, Catalogue room; fellows study rooms. Everyone is happy; each thinks her room about the best ever! they are proud and eager to show off all the special advantages. Now then we have the ground floor, with a folio room - packed - and terribly solemn looking; a future receiving room(not even begun); Kitty and Miss Carpenter in Mr. Russell's old office. And in the Underworld: EBC (see above), and before long, the Princeton Index in the stack room.

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Weather. Unbroken sunshine. So good for the movers, for the plaster and paint. So hard on Mr. Bryce and the lawns. We hope it wont change till after the 1st, and hope that a day or two more without rain will not do irremediable damage to the grass. The most exciting Northern lights last week. Never in Washington have I seen their equal, and never anywhere, longer streamers, or more of the whole bowl in pulsation. (I will add a little personal note about this later)

Dumbarton Oaks Papers, No. I. For and against.

For (meaning approval so far as your editor is concerned) Design and color of the cover paper; color of the buckram; title-page imposition and types; quality and substance, also color, text paper; type, both in body of text and in notes; placing of the illustrations, and general appearance of them - should they have been a little sharper?? *yes*

Against (meaning disappointment so far as your editor is concerned) Shape of back; solidity - inadequate at head and tail - of back; position of lettering on back; lack of distinction in lettering on back; color of label on upper cover (would not cloth, like back, or a grayish paper have been better??); small amount of cloth on sides and lack of cloth corners; position of headline in relation to body of text (is it not too near?); quality of actual work in the binding (of course, our standards are high), the weakness at head and tail mentioned above, the visible strip of "super" - heavy gauze - inside covers at the joints, and the unevenness of same.

In this question of bindings, your editor was delighted the other day when Mr. Thacher asked her to come up to the Slavic room. "I have been helping to place these books", he said: "and while in the course of this handling of the volumes, I have had occasion to compare the quality of the bindings done by Zahn in our bindery and those done outside" (we had to send books out this summer) "you need say no more about the advantages of having our books bound at D.O. When do you think Zahn will be released?"

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Addenda to the Great Move. J.S.T. has suggested that Miss Sweeney be delegated to greet all the incoming strangers and to show them about. To the gardens, the pool, the catalogue house. To explain everything to them and orient them in general

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New name for the Courier? New character? Obviously, it will no longer be the Underworld Courier, since all but me are fled. We will try to think of a new name which will be agreeable to our subscribers - should they want to renew their subscription. May we be notified about that last point? Obviously, it should have a new character. We must try to think about that, too. No longer, perhaps, of so light a character, so formless. Possibly, a series of reports, - not too long - from each room upstairs. A weekly batch of separate notes giving a picture of the activities as seen by each. Would that please you? Would you like us to continue? In some form or other? We will be guided by your wishes and, meantime, continue much as before till we hear.

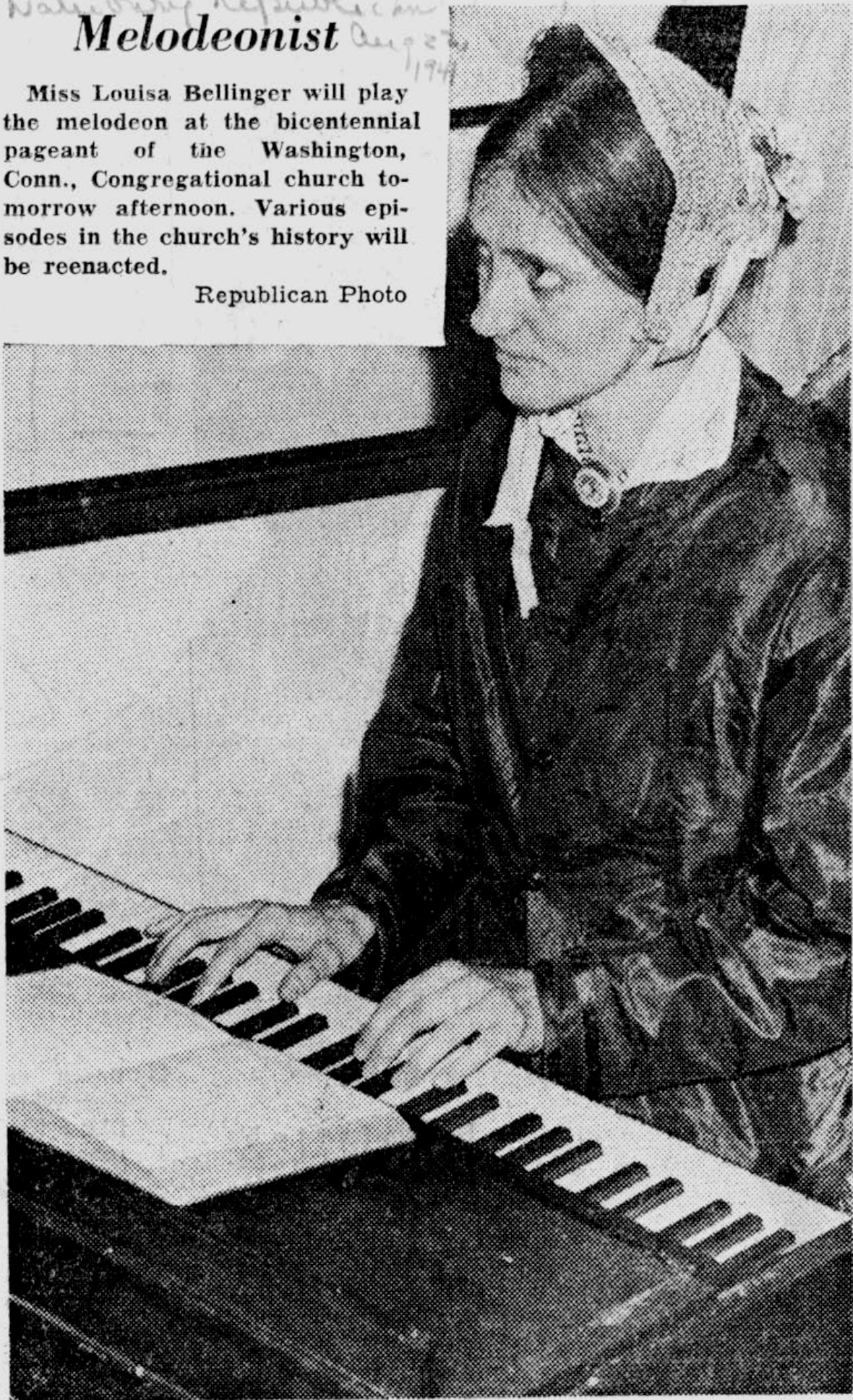


Waterbury Republican  
Aug 27  
1944

## Melodeonist

Miss Louisa Bellinger will play the melodeon at the bicentennial pageant of the Washington, Conn., Congregational church tomorrow afternoon. Various episodes in the church's history will be reenacted.

Republican Photo



Hilltop,  
Washington, Conn.  
September 29, 1941.

Dear Mrs. Clark:

Here are a couple of items for the Courier. The pageant was great fun, though I discovered at the dress rehearsal that I should have to be in sight all afternoon and so would have to be a lightning change artist as to costume. We solved the difficulty by arrangeing layers which I could peel off. At first I started with a calash and a cashmere shawl over this for the colonial period, then this for the civil war, and finally a picture hat and the dress under this jacket for the present day.

My brother did the worthy Mr. Reuben Judd, the first minister, and we have been teasing him ever since for he lined out the hymns through his nose in stentorian tones, and a number of people who didn't know him well spoke to him afterwards and said they didn't know he could sing like that.

Oh - another item. Young George Vaillant - he must be all of 40 but his father is Uncle George to the town - was up here for a few days last month. He is going to the University Museum in Philadelphia and said he would do anything he could for the census for the Bliss' sweet sake, to whom he sent his greetings.

✓ Could somebody send me about 600 more 5X8 textile cards - there are loads in the file somewhere - because Mr. Cooney writes me that the pictures I ordered in Brooklyn a year ago last April will be ready in about two weeks but that they have changed the numbers on some of the textiles? Therefore I think I had better stay up here until they are ready and check them in on permanent blanks myself with pictures, rags, and blanks all in the same place.

Greetings to everyone!

*Handwritten signature*

I am in torture. My head hurts from thinking with it, and my feet hurt for the very silliest reason - and though I don't like it at all, here I am firmly hitched to all three of them.

To begin with, we live at the top of a hill at the end of the Green. That makes the East side of the house sociable, while from the West side no other houses can be seen. This morning it was reasonably cool, wherefore I sat on the west porch with four filing boxes of pictures and records from Boston, really consolidating information in a big way. (I still feel like an accordian - first I type innumerable cards and then I try to make them all fit into a few main trends.) Well, today I dug out all the cards which had to do with trees, and studied them to see what there might be uniform about them. I found three things. First, all the symmetrical trees flanked by animals or people are woven on 2-ply linen warp, there are none on 1-ply linen or on wool. Second, the trees with birds or putti in ovals made by the branches are all on 1-ply linen warp, as are also the trees alternate with animals in connected rings. Third, the trees on wool warps are definitely unsymmetrical, and if there are birds in the branches, they are just sandwiched in between the branches in such a way that if they were omitted they would not be missed.

This would seem to me to bear out my contention that looms as a general rule were set up with "home grown" warps. For I doubt if in a town where they were in the habit of setting up the looms with 1-ply linen warps and weaving their tapestries over 2 warp threads at a time, they would go to the trouble of twisting 2 warp threads together to make the warp 2-ply and then import a strange pattern to go on the strange warp.

These observations clicked for the 1200 Boston Museum textiles, would

they also for the 700 from the Field Museum? After lunch I brought out the boxes of pictures and the technique file for the Field, and when I had them set in order my excitement was such that I slid right out of my shoes.

First, the symmetrical trees flanked by men or animals. They were all on 2-ply linen as I had hoped. Second, the unsymmetrical ones were on wool, and third, the rest were on linen. Hurrah!

At this point it was time for supper, and I realized that my head hurt from concentrating - also it dawned slowly upon me that the tops of my feet were thoroughly sunburned.

I am in torture.