

Search and Research: The Librarian and the Scholar

A SCHOLAR CONSIDERS the stacks to be the core of a library, for there he pursues his own research, but the reference librarians, those professional bibliographic detectives, are often his best assistants. Whether in libraries great or modest, the reference librarian is the living link between the text and the reader.¹ Sometimes the scholar only asks this librarian to find a simple allusion, sometimes to furnish more fundamental aid. In the great university libraries to which I have been accustomed, vast research collections are needed by scholars, but their size often poses almost as many problems as it solves for the undergraduates. So, while the reference librarian of such research collections cooperates with the scholar in one way, he assists the student in another. I have not only appreciated the reference desk for myself, but I have always enjoyed watching the students who almost seem to revere it. They approach the desk as though it were an altar of knowledge at which may be consulted the high priests and priestesses of the world of printed data, and there, from a process of bibliomancy that is anything but random, they receive the results of divination by means of a book.

The reference desk is addressed in different ways by its two major kinds of users in a university library, but in

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Dr. Hart is Vice-Chancellor, University of California, Berkeley, and author of The Oxford Companion to American Literature.

the many other and diverse sorts of libraries throughout the United States, the reference librarians serve still more various publics. The range of information covers not only the conventional inquiries about quotations, biographical and geographical information, historical data, literary references, legislative and legal matters, but even answers about hobbies and how-to-do-it occupations and those endless and specious enigmas provoked by our contest-working era. Daily the librarian enters the un-isolated interrogation booth of the \$64,000 questions. Indeed, he goes beyond the furnishing of answers to the services of abstracting and indexing, all of which are provided with speed and authority. The forces he commands and the powers he marshals must be as great as those that Gilbert and Sullivan attributed to the model of a modern major general. He accepts as commonplace the information, vegetable, animal, and mineral attributed to such a military figure and is never puzzled to name the kings of England and to quote the fights historical from Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical. I have never had occasion to discover whether reference librarians are "very well acquainted with matters mathematical" and "understand equations, both the simple and quadratical," but I suspect you do. Old generals, they say, fade away, but I cannot imagine a world in which the reference librarian is not always active, "teeming with a lot of news," and perhaps "with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse."

Somewhat over a hundred years ago Carlyle coined the aphorism that "the

true University of these days is a collection of books." Scholars, particularly in the humanities and social sciences, have taken the aphorism, put their own interpretation upon it, and made of it a truism in the academic world. Carlyle meant only that small public libraries of great books would allow every man to educate himself. But in these latter days of Ph.D.'s and specialists within specialized fields of knowledge, the learned academic scholar thinks of the library as the core of his university, the great collection encompassing all the documents needed to pursue advanced research in his own particular segment of learning, and therefore in his neighbor's as well. In his conception, the faculty of a university offers instruction by word of mouth to students, graduate and undergraduate, and by published research to learned peers at comparable institutions in the United States and around the world. The professor speaks in the classroom to one public, but he studies in the library to write to the larger public of mature scholars in his field. Both are essential ways of fulfilling his purposes as a teacher to young students, to learned specialists, and to society at large.

Such a scholar must have an enormous accumulation of books, journals, and all the ancillary materials of a great library. This is the stuff of his research. Here is contained the expression of man's intellectual history. The scholar needs not only what Matthew Arnold called "the best that has been known and said," but the commonplace as well, for the mediocre is often quite as valuable as the great in providing an understanding of the climate of opinion out of which grew—or against which rebelled—a Milton, a Molière, or a Goethe. For this reason, "a man will," as Dr. Johnson said, "turn over half a library to make one book." If this seems an exaggeration, just see

what I have already done in these prefatory statements.

There are great libraries that are not associated with universities. One thinks of the Folger, the Newberry, and the Huntington, and one could name many more. But no university can be great unless it has a great library.

The scholar, particularly if his field of research is one of those that are not dependent upon laboratories, judges a university by its library as much as, if not more than, by any other criterion. The universality of this manner of judgment I observed particularly during the years when I was charged by my teaching department with guiding and centralizing its efforts to find positions for students who had newly won their Ph.D.'s. Always when I asked them about the universities to which they wished me to make applications on their behalf, one of their first questions was: "How is the library?" and this query was quickly followed by the demand: "I've got to go to a place with a great library." Indeed, one candidate rather brashly said, "I couldn't be happy at a school with less than a million books." Most of them tacitly indicated they required that sort of spacious library to keep them from intellectual claustrophobia.

That which is true of the fledgling scholar is equally relevant to the more mature member of a university faculty. He also expects his library to have all the materials he may need for his scholarship, and as he becomes more learned in his subject, his scholarship is either more wide ranging or more demanding in its concentration.

A little over a century after Emerson's time, the American scholar has changed in character. Whether this change is for good or for bad is not my point at this moment. The fact is that he has changed, and that his way of working and the way required by the institutions for

which he works demand that he produce published research. In the humanities and social sciences, this published research is, by and large, based upon primary documents. In literary studies, for example, these documents are often the first as well as the best editions of novels, plays, poems, and other texts he is analyzing in close, critical scrutiny. Such source materials might seem to be relatively easy to come by, at least if they were published within recent times; but all librarians and scholars know that they are generally rare and the mere possession of them implies a large library. To seek out the first book or magazine printings of Emerson's writings presents a fair task, for though many are commonplace, some are difficult to find. More unusual texts are even more difficult to obtain but yet are no less commonly required by the scholar in the humanities. He needs not only the basic texts of his author, but he needs the materials that surround them. In the study of Emerson, for example, these may include the obscure pamphlets on philosophic and religious thought representative not only of his associates but of the general current of mid-nineteenth-century ideas in the United States and abroad. Beyond and behind the printed texts lie the manuscripts. Even a complete study of Emerson's works, in general well and widely published in scholarly editions, can be made only if the student consults the still unprinted journals housed in Harvard's Houghton Library. By and large, the manuscripts of Emerson and his significant contemporaries are so scarce that the majority of scholars can generally see them only through microfilm or some other photocopy or by traveling on a research grant to the special libraries which own them.

The search for the location of such materials is sometimes a difficult prob-

lem in itself. It is not hard to discover the bulk of Emerson's manuscripts, for any scholar in the field will know that they are located at Harvard, the Huntington, and a few other great repositories, but minor items such as his letters are widely scattered in other public collections. The search for the location of the papers of lesser authors is another arduous undertaking. In seeking out manuscripts of writers great or obscure, scholars and librarians cooperate to find the owners and make arrangements with them for reproduction of these originals, if such copying is allowed.

There are also many manuscripts which have not been corralled in public or research libraries. One thinks of those which, upon occasion, turn up in the most unlikely and most unexpected places. There is, for example, the famous croquet box of Malahide Castle with its fabulous collection of Boswell papers. Or to come closer to home with a somewhat less publicized example, there is the remarkable discovery of the papers of Miss Anita Moffitt. This spinster grand-niece of Mark Twain died intestate in New York State a few years ago, and when her belongings had to be disposed of, no one expected they might be of any more value than those likely to be in the possession of any other aged lady who had lived in simple circumstances surrounded by memorabilia of a loved but otherwise undistinguished family of forebears. So it was that Miss Moffitt's family correspondence was disposed of as a lot of old paper. By good fortune, an acute dealer in all kinds of second-hand oddments bought the material and recognized that it bore upon the Clemens family and Mark Twain himself. Soon he brought in knowing rare book dealers, and thus was uncovered a great cache of Mark Twain materials, which included some two thousand previously unknown family letters,

116 of them by Twain himself and the remainder perhaps equally valuable in throwing light upon him, his activities, his ideas, and his background. Quite as significant in their own way were the scrapbooks contained in the collection, for into these Twain's family had pasted the articles and squibs that he contributed to the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City during his early days of authorship. No complete file of this journal exists, and so no complete collection of Twain's contributions to it could be assembled until the scrapbooks made this possible. I am happy to say that the Anita Moffitt collection in course of time was purchased for the University of California by generous donors, and the first product of scholarship from this collection has been the publication of Twain's writings for the *Territorial Enterprise*.

Such well-publicized major discoveries as those of the Malahide or the Moffitt collections soon come to be known to all scholars and are soon used by those best equipped to employ them. But almost daily there are other finds of lesser consequence that come to libraries from benefactors or from booksellers in the form of family papers that, in addition to their own intrinsic interest, frequently include letters received from eminent figures of literature and other worlds under constant study by scholars. Many of these are almost accidental accretions not well known to the scholarly world for some time. Thus, literary figures who were voluminous correspondents are likely to be represented by a few letters in one library after another, and the scholar therefore has to do a great deal of corresponding himself to find the location of papers which may bear upon the problem he is attempting to document.

The scholar in the humanities who classically works as an individual must

reach his own conclusions through his private reasoning, but this reasoning is often based upon public papers. To find the whereabouts of these papers frequently requires the joint efforts of scholars and librarians, but there are many gaps in this cooperation, despite the common purpose and mutual good will of both parties. For example, until now, and indeed even now, neither librarian nor scholar has had much more than large and general knowledge of the location of the manuscripts of American authors both major and minor. In 1951 the American Literature Group of the Modern Language Association established a Committee on Manuscript Resources. It was the charge, and it became the steadfast concern, of this committee to find what manuscripts of American literature exist and where they are. Working toward this goal the committee prepared a substantial checklist of forty-nine pages, each containing in alphabetical order the names of approximately forty American authors from the earliest colonial times down to our own day. Copies of this pamphlet have been distributed to libraries throughout the United States with a request that the librarians annotate the coded information under the name of each author, to show holdings of manuscripts of creative works, diaries, letters written to and by the author, and documents bearing on or books containing marginalia by the author. When each of the libraries has checked its own manuscript collections of the approximately 2,000 authors listed, one amalgamated reference work will be created. This will allow librarian and scholar alike to see which libraries hold what in the way of manuscripts of American authors. By cooperation with this project librarians will assist many scholars to pursue their research.

The scholar in turn helps the library

to form an appropriate collection by the very act of his using it and thereby informing the staff of the need for more materials. In my university, which I know best of all, I recall, for example, that when a young assistant professor was recently appointed to a post new to our campus as an historian of science, he found many gaps in our library holdings in this area. His unusual training as physicist, historian, and philosopher and his cultivation of a subject new to Berkeley make this man a striking illustration of what a faculty member does to make known the need for special collections of materials not previously emphasized in a given library. The same point could be illustrated by almost every new appointee, although often less dramatically. Since my knowledge of the ways in which faculty members have assisted the growth of the University of California's collections outside the area of the humanities is based more on report than on first-hand knowledge, I should now like to concentrate upon the way in which one very old-time faculty member became aware of a need for special materials and how he tried to help in the acquisition of such materials. In that undertaking he discovered once again how good and how valuable were the friends he had among the librarians of his university in the reference services and other departments and desks. This personal illustration may lend some particularity and some life to my previous generalizations.

About five years ago the Chairman of the Library Committee, the Librarian of the General Library, and the Director of the Bancroft Library, met to discuss the former's interest in extending the collection of the Bancroft Library. Our view was that since the Bancroft Library is the University's great research center for the study of Far Western history and since history includes

cultural history, we should give attention to literary history as an important element of the Bancroft collections. We then determined to assemble a collection of the manuscripts, letters, and other documentary memorabilia of the literary figures of this region, with particular emphasis on northern California. Our first problem was to decide which authors should be collected. Having compiled our list, scholars and librarians worked together to learn how many manuscripts of these authors were already in public or research libraries. This knowledge helped us to determine that in some instances we should not compete with other collections long established and already significant. Then we turned to the as yet relatively uncollected or wholly uncollected authors and began the great search for their papers. Together we found out where these might be, whether in the hands of private collectors, book dealers, authors' families, publishers, or other likely sources. In a very short time, we were able to create at the University of California's Bancroft Library a first-rate basic collection of regional literary manuscripts. Thus, for example, we soon obtained from her family and friends a major collection of the manuscripts and letters of Gertrude Atherton; from the executrix of his will the majority of the papers of Gelett Burgess. From various sources we acquired very sizable collections of the papers of Mary Austin, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, Hans Otto Storm, and other prominent writers of northern California.

Perhaps the most interesting, exciting, and amusing search was that for the manuscripts of Frank Norris. At that time I was directing a graduate student's dissertation on Norris's writing of *McTeague* and *The Octopus*, his two major novels. Norris's fiction has usually been

considered in terms of the naturalistic philosophy of literature and evaluated apart from the intrinsic merits of the novels themselves. This study assumed that Norris was an artist of sufficient stature to warrant an examination of the genesis of his two best novels and to explain the reasons for their form. In his preliminary work on the subject, the graduate student analyzed the fiction of Kipling, Zola, and other writers known to have influenced Norris and carefully scrutinized the printed texts of Norris's own novels in order to work out as best he could the ways in which Norris's fiction was shaped. When I first saw the early part of this dissertation, I immediately said, as any director of such a thesis would, that the student should examine the author's preliminary drafts and revised manuscripts so as to inquire into the workings of his mind as he wrote and to understand at first hand his techniques of composition. I was surprised to be told by the graduate student that the manuscripts of *McTeague* and *The Octopus* did not exist and that no other substantial Norris manuscript was available in public or private collections. This seemed to me probably an inaccurate statement, for Norris had died only some fifty years ago in this state. At the time of his death, he was both a popular and a critically esteemed writer, and it was hard to believe that his manuscripts and correspondence had all vanished in this short period of time. Presumably some family, friends, and publishing associates still lived and not only remembered the author who had died so prematurely, but retained some of his letters or other papers as sentimental souvenirs.

The matter was on my mind when a few evenings later I was out for dinner, it so happens at the house of my brother-in-law, and told him of my student's

statement. He immediately corrected it by showing me on his shelves a set of the Argonaut Edition of Norris's works issued in 1928 and pointing out that its first volume contained a single page of the manuscript of *McTeague*. It was obvious, therefore, that as late as 1928 the entire manuscript of this novel had been in existence and had been wilfully broken up page by page and distributed by the publisher in each of the sets of this expensive edition. The particular page that I saw that evening was a large piece of ruled paper, something like legal cap, over which Norris had written with obvious ease in his flowing hand. The substantial left-hand margin reserved for corrections had been little used. The few verbal emendations it held had seemingly been made not in the process of first writing but as alterations when Norris reread the finished first draft. These were so few and so slight in substance that the manuscript seemed only to illustrate that Norris wrote with speed and certainty.

One page of an author's lengthy manuscript cannot tell much about his ways of composition, but a large part of a manuscript can tell a great deal. The question now was where were the other pages? My brother-in-law offered to give his page of manuscript to the Bancroft Library, but I declined, thinking that the single page was of little consequence in itself. I had hardly had time to brood about the whereabouts of the other pages when two days later my brother-in-law telephoned me to say that he had seen another set of the Argonaut Edition in the store of a San Francisco book dealer and that he had purchased it in order to have a second page to present to the library. With such a brother-in-law and such a speedy beginning it seemed only proper to begin the quest for the remaining pages.

My graduate student and I decided that his dissertation could be continued successfully only when more of the manuscript was in hand, so before the research, there had to be a search. In this he and I and helpful reference librarians used every means that we could think of to discover owners of the manuscript. From the volume titled *Private Book Collectors of the United States and Canada* we assembled a list of all bibliophiles who indicated that their collecting interests encompassed the field in which the Norris set might be included. To each of them I wrote asking about this set and from many we received the manuscript pages in original or in photostat. Similar letters went to appropriate research libraries in the United States and abroad with comparable results. Major rare book dealers were next to receive our letters and again many copies were turned up and many examples of scholarly cooperation afforded. Then book stores specializing in sets were tried and were found particularly helpful. Further assistance came from general publicity dispatched to the major library journals of the United States and of this state. Joseph Henry Jackson, the distinguished book reviewer of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, devoted several columns and even one full page of the Sunday edition to this quest. At his suggestion, Bennett Cerf and other book columnists throughout the country picked up the subject and wrote about it. Readers far and near began to write to me about the manuscript. One wrote from Stockholm and sent the page he owned. I think I did not consider this any more unusual than the page that came from a colleague whose office was but three doors down the hall from mine, who first learned of the quest through a literary column, and kindly contributed the page from the set which he had housed in his study. Despite such successes we met

many obstacles too. Before long we learned that not only had Norris's heirs given away pages before the publishers discovered they could be sold, but we found sets with only half a page because the remaining manuscript was not long enough to provide a full page for each customer.

Our search was so successful that soon we had a pretty sizable portion of the manuscript and it seemed only proper now to extend our collection to all kinds of Frank Norris manuscripts and correspondence. Franklin Walker, professor of American literature at Mills College and author of the sole biography of Norris, donated the original notes for his book, from which I learned of the persons whom he had interviewed some twenty years earlier. Now, with the continued assistance of librarians, I extended this list to include all people that Norris had known, such as his college classmates, fraternity brothers, and others with whom he might have associated during his brief life. The next question was to find where these people lived, if indeed they were still living. The reference librarians diligently searched out all sorts of records from city directories to obituaries to discover the addresses of those still alive and the names and location of descendants. In this way we began to accumulate letters, photographs, and other memorabilia which came from such sources as the widow of Norris's roommate in his freshman year, acquaintances of his high school days, and others who somehow touched the career that took Norris through the United States to France and later to South Africa, among his many travels.

Of course this search for people who knew Norris included his family. In course of time I communicated with Kathleen Norris, the widow of Frank's brother. Her late husband, Charles, a

well-known novelist himself, had been so much Frank's junior that by the time he married, his brother had already met his premature death. As a result, Charles's widow had had hardly any association with the author for whose papers we searched. Nevertheless, she did own some materials inherited from her husband. She presented the Bancroft Library with a scrapbook in which Norris's mother had preserved book reviews and other notices of her oldest son's career. More important yet, she discovered among her belongings other pieces of Norris's writing. These included not only another page of the *McTeague* manuscript but a fine, previously unpublished article dealing with Stephen Crane and Norris's checklist of all of the manuscripts he passed upon when he served as a professional reader for the firm of Doubleday.

Beyond these generous gifts and others, Mrs. Norris provided some valuable information. She told us of the letters, drawings, and other Frank Norris papers owned by her son, the author's namesake, and he generously presented these on an indefinite loan to the Bancroft Library. Mrs. Charles G. Norris also informed us that Frank Norris's widow was still alive, and that she had twice been remarried in the fifty years since the author's death. Kathleen Norris gave me the name and address of this lady who kindly received me in her room at a nursing home, though she was aged and sick. Then at her suggestion and with her permission, the graduate student, a librarian, and I not only met her son by her second marriage but were given the opportunity to go through her books in the library room of his house. There we found a large part of the collection that Frank Norris had formed, including his annotated set of Zola.

It occurred to me that since these books had been preserved there might well be others which had not disap-

peared. One reason for this belief derived from a photograph of Norris taken in front of his bookshelves not long before his death. The photo was so clear that from it one could identify the titles, not only of the works we had found but of other volumes whose pages might possibly bear significant comments or marginalia comparable to those in the texts which had been presented to the University of California in the name of Norris's widow. Accordingly, I asked if there were any other places where these books could be located. One other place was suggested. This was the Oregon home of Mrs. Norris's second husband, where she had left some of her possessions in storage. There we found no more books, but an attic yielded something of far greater value. This was a package of manuscripts, yes, including one page of the *McTeague* manuscript, presumably extracted before the rest was broken up for the Argonaut Edition.

This page from the Oregon attic was welcome, but even more desirable was a packet of papers for which we had never sought. These were the themes Norris had written three times a week for the composition class he took at Harvard after he left the University of California. These themes represented early drafts of passages in both *Vandover and the Brute* and *McTeague*, and one of them was a brief outline of the plot of the latter novel. In this way we learned that Norris had the entire structure of *McTeague* in mind even before he began to compose the book, which proved there was no validity to the theory that Norris had written the novel up to the point of McTeague's murder of his wife and then, unable to find a satisfactory conclusion, had put the work aside and later completed it with what had often been considered a hasty, melodramatic ending out of keeping with the tone of the earlier part of the novel. In Oregon, too, was discovered

Norris's original map of the setting of *The Octopus*, whose redrafting by a professional artist has always been printed as introductory material to that novel. In this form it has furnished readers a chart of the locale, as a manuscript it shown how Norris planned and re-worked particulars of the setting for himself. The Oregon cache also yielded Norris's notes for his last novel, *The Pit*, and from it finally came an interesting scrapbook of newspaper clippings that Norris gathered as raw material about the Mussel Slough affair and other events whose fictive counterparts figure in *The Octopus*.

Although this Oregon treasure trove might have sated some appetites, the scholar and the librarian involved in this quest still thought about the books in Norris's library that they had seen so clearly in the photograph of the author by his study desk. If the works of Zola and those of Stephen Crane had turned up, why shouldn't those by Hamlin Garland and James Gibbons Huneker, which were just as clearly visible in the picture? And what about some of those other titles we had puzzled over in the photo? Their authorship we had finally figured out by comparing obscure parts of the picture with the library's copies of volumes of the same edition. (This work with a magnifying glass is probably not a routine part of a reference librarian's work, but then is anything routine in a business where every inquirer brings a new question?) We had learned what books Norris owned and by which he might have been influenced, but we did not know whether, as was sometimes his practice, he had commented upon them in the margins themselves. Further inquiry of Mrs. Norris's son caused him to recall that directly after the Second World War he had given some books to a lieutenant he had come to know aboard his ship,

a man who had moved from his native Missouri to a house in San Mateo, California that had more shelves than he had books. With proper introduction I went to that house one Sunday morning and came away with the inscribed copies of the missing books by Garland and Huneker and some others, including a presentation copy of a work by Gelett Burgess, whose dimly photographed binding we had not previously identified. The owner thought the activities of literary scholars quite strange and doubtless wondered a bit about the behavior of professors and librarians at the state university which he now supported not only by taxes but by donations. But he seemed mollified by courteous acknowledgments, tax deductions, replacement of his books with others of approximately the same size and color from our library's gifts and exchange department.

By now Mrs. Norris's son was as much intrigued by the hunt as those of us who were conducting it. Further jogging of his memory led him to recall that some years earlier he had given four books to the elevator operator and doorman of the apartment building in which his mother had once lived. A visit to the building in San Francisco discovered that the doorman was still there and that he still had the books. A visit to his basement room discovered that the four books had indeed belonged to Norris and bore his signature and some notes. The works, including Swinburne's poems, interested the doorman, but he had never heard of Frank Norris and didn't in the least care about the former owner. The titles were recorded, the professor returned to Berkeley to get modern editions of the works from a bookstore or, he hoped, from the gifts and exchange department of the General Library. Two weeks passed before he could return to San Francisco with the books to be swapped. Car parked, he ap-

proached the building only to discover another doorman on duty. Inquiry revealed that he had recently been hired, that he knew nothing of the man he replaced. The apartment manager was next interviewed. He said that after almost fifteen years of service the doorman had taken more and more to drink. Presumably the intoxicating rhythms of Swinburne were not enough to satisfy him. Some particularly outrageous behavior had led to his discharge and off he had gone with his belongings—Frank Norris books and all. Two telephone conversations with the labor union to which the doorman belonged did not yield a new address, and so somewhere today there is a doorman or an elevator operator or a man perhaps in the liquor business or some other congenial employment who has four books that should be in the Bancroft Library, and I have an extra copy of Swinburne's poems and some other works I do not need.

Here is a problem I have not been able to solve. Never before as I have brooded over it have I had my present opportunity. I now bring it to many reference librarians and, encouraged by what one or two or three have done to help me in the past, I feel hopeful that others will yet find a way to discover

these lost books. So that the problem may be properly concentrated upon, I will not present any further and distracting information about more successful parts of the search for Norris materials: about how we discovered Norris's own copy of the first edition of *McTeague* in which he marked the textual changes to be made for the second printing; or about how his publishers, Doubleday and Company, generously microfilmed all their contracts and records bearing upon him and presented the originals to the Bancroft Library while preserving only the photocopies for themselves. No, though the quest continued long after the sequence of the missing doorman, and continued, as it still does, very successfully, I will only add that the story of the search for Frank Norris's manuscripts is perhaps a more protracted and perhaps a more exotic example than usual of the cooperation of scholar and librarian, nevertheless, so far as I can tell, no search is too long and no bibliographical request too strange for a reference librarian. The graduate student completed his dissertation successfully, and the Bancroft Library acquired the greatest Frank Norris collection in public or private hands because librarians and scholars worked together.

Weeding

Weeding of the collections of the National Library of Medicine to remove out-of-scope materials continues at a rapid rate; almost 300 volumes have been discarded each month for the past six months. This activity, necessary in any event, is particularly pressing during a period when stack space is at a premium.

"Non-book" materials are also weeded. Recently some 500 prints, photographs, and engravings held in the Art Section, depicting such various subjects as Rumanian refugees in World War II, scenic views of the Philippines, Indian Training School activities, and animal skin tumors, were transferred to more appropriate custodians such as the Army Signal Corps, the District of Columbia Public Library, the Department of Interior Library, and the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology.—*National Library of Medicine News*, XIII, No. 2, February, 1958, p. 4.