Mrs. George Hearst Washington. Bought Reynolds seven thousand fine portrait historic person doubly valuable please write no letters nothing. Will.

Thus reads a telegram sent on May 17th, 1892 from Paris to his mother in Washington, D.C. by William Randolph Hearst, one of a collection of one hundred thirty-one letters and telegrams, dated between 1873 and 1902, to his parents George and Phoebe Apperson Hearst, and presented to The Bancroft Library in December by William Randolph Hearst, Jr. of New York. This body of correspondence nicely complements an earlier gift of Mr. Hearst, the papers of his grandparents, presented in 1972, which include an additional one hundred sixty-eight letters written by his father.

William Randolph Hearst had a long and colorful career as newspaper publisher, politician, and art collector, much of which has been written about during the past half-century. But it is believed that no scholars have read the correspondence which has now come to the Library and
which amply illustrates the especially close relationship between Phoebe and her only child, "Dear Monner," "Dear Mama" and "My dear Mother," and the frequent "My dear Paps" appear at the head of letters written during boyhood travels in Europe, while a student at Harvard, and, finally, as an increasingly successful newspaperman in New York.

Accompanying the most recent gift to the Bancroft is a small diary kept by the young tutor who accompanied the sixteen-year-old Will on a European tour from May to July of 1879 and wrote revealingly about him. The diary also has a special significance for the Library as its author was Thomas F. Barry, a graduate of Berkeley in its Class of 1874 and recipient of the University Medal awarded that year.

The letters make clear that Will had in many ways a good social life during his Harvard years in the early 1880's, filled as they were by frequent trips to New York and with his work on the original staff of the Lampoon but the New England landscape was definitely not to his liking. Writing sometime in 1884 (many of the letters, unfortunately, are not dated), he yearns for the west of his boyhood:

I am beginning to get awfully tired of this place and I long to get out West somewhere where I can stretch myself without coming in contact with the narrow walls with which the prejudice of the bean eater has surrounded us. I long to get out in the woods and breathe the fresh mountain air, and listen to the moaning of the pines... I shall never live anywhere but in California and I like to be away for a while only to appreciate the more when I return. I think I shall take a Political Economy course in hopes that it will teach me to regulate my money affairs better.

Oh my Harvard is no place for a poor boy. There were deficiencies in class work at Cambridge and it became apparent that the young Californian's interests were centered more on the newspaper which his father had recently purchased, the San Francisco Examiner. On January 4th, 1885, in a long letter to his father he noted:

I am willing to bet that in one year the paper will be paying expenses at any rate. By that time I will be out of college and if I have succeeded in developing any talent for writing I will take a minor position in the office and endeavor to learn the business. If by the time I graduate I find that I am fit for nothing in God's world I shall go into politics.

As events proved, the talent for writing, coupled with a flair for showmanship spurred by the Examiner's competition with M. H. de-Young's Chronicle, kept the budding political career on the Spendthrift for two decades. Not until 1902, by then a resident of New York, did Will Hearst find himself elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, to serve the first of two consecutive terms. His subsequent campaigns for the New York City mayoralty and the New York State governorship were not successful.

Following Senator George Hearst's death in 1891, the by-then large family fortune was managed by Phoebe with the assistance of her mother for additional funds for his newspaper ventures and beg her to entertain his business associates at her Hacienda del Poso de Verona at Pleasanton. By this period Phoebe herself had become actively involved in the affairs of the University of California, to whose Board of Regents she was appointed, her first woman member, in 1897. Before the end of the century she had traveled in Egypt, to which she had sent archaeological expeditions for the purpose of collecting artifacts to furnish the museum she contemplated building at Berkeley. Her son followed in her footsteps, and writing from the Sarapis, docked at Luxor, early in 1900 he told her:

I am going to write a book about the conquest of Egypt by Mrs. P. A. Hearst. In Cairo the dragomen sailors and waiters besieged me with recommendations from Mrs. P. A. Hearst, on the boat I am entertained with tales of the generosity of Mrs. P. A. Hearst and here at Luxor I am overwhelmed with antiquity dealers (guaranteed) who were the particular favorites of Mrs. P. A. Hearst. The wealth and power cut through Egypt is still distinctly visible. Seriously, you must have had a great time and everybody speaks of you with so much admiration and affection that I am very proud to be your Mother's son.

Shortly after taking his seat in Congress in March 1903, Will Hearst was married in New York to Millicent Willson and in 1903 the first of their five sons was born. During the remaining fourteen years of her life, Phoebe took a leading role in bringing up her grandchildren, the elder three spending portions of each year with her at the hacienda in Pleasanton or at the castle at Wyntoon on the McCloud River. Early in 1908 Will wired to his mother: brother William arrived today. He is as big as a horse, healthy and happy and had a fine trip. Mrs. McCray is up and having a glorious time with the children.

The later letters attest both to the wide range of Phoebe's interests and to the continuing intellectual rapport between mother and son. Late in 1913 he asked her to send "a few lines yourself signed supporting Hetch Hetchy plan, and furthering the Hetch Hetchy plan. And her response shared with her a decidedly negative view of recently-retired President Theodore Roosevelt: Roosevelt is a creation of newspaper notoriety, a past master of the science of advertising and promotion. A man who is sustained on stimulants must continue to take stimulants or collapse. A man who has been built up by advertising must continue to be advertised or disappear.

Current Exhibitions

Highlighted by a spirited talk by the American novelist Wright Morris, who has for many years been a resident of the Bay Area, the Bancroft's winter exhibition, "First Books by Notable Authors," opened on Sunday afternoon, February 21st. Morris' own first novel, My uncle Dudley (1942), is shown alongside its heavily-emended first draft, as one of eighty-three works included in the display which was created and installed by Anthony Bliss.

George Berkeley, the man whose name is honored by the city of Berkeley, is represented in this exhibition by Arithmetica absque Algebra aut Euclide Demonstrata, published in London in 1707. He is one of five authors included whose first works were not written in their native languages—the others are Erasmus, Edward Gibbon, Joseph Conrad, and Tom Stoppard, whose novel, Lord Malmquist & Mr. Moon, appeared in 1966.

A number of the authors, along with Wright Morris, are further represented in The Bancroft Library by major manuscript collections, among them, of course, Mark Twain, whose The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras Country, and Other Sketches appeared in 1867. In this same category are Frank Norris, who wrote Yerba Buena to Penal Frail (1890) while a student at Berkeley; Harry Leon Wilson, whose Zigmag Tales from the East to the West (1894) appeared while he was on the staff of the American humor magazine, Puck; Gelett Burgess, who had achieved considerable literary fame before he published his first book, Vicere (1907), and Stephen Spender, whose collection of modern poetry was given to the Library by her husband, W. W. Lyman.

Among the rarest items shown is Anthony Trollope's The Modernists of Ballycorran (1847), which was issued in an edition of four hundred copies, some with a title page dated 1847, others dated 1848, and was recently presented to the Bancroft Library. A collection of modern poetry was given to the Library by her husband, W. W. Lyman.

The exhibition may be viewed through May 14th.
scores shown are portions written for the Senior Extravaganza of 1915, "Fiat Lux," by classmates Sidney Coe Howard and Frederick Schiller Faust. (Howard's first book, Swords, a blank verse tragedy published in 1921, is included in the aforementioned "notable authors" exhibition, as is Faust's The Untamed, 1919, written under his famous pseudonym, Max Brand.)

At the first official gathering on the new Berkeley campus in 1873 there was band music, and the earliest program for a campus concert is dated on Charter Day, March 23d, 1888. With the completion of the Hearst Greek Theatre in 1903, followed three years later by the earthquake and fire which destroyed San Francisco's theaters and concert halls, the Berkeley campus became a busy center for musical activities. One photograph displayed is titled "A Historical Incident" and documents "the first symphony concert given under the auspices of the University of California . . . at the Greek Theatre . . . on Thursday afternoon, February 15th, 1906, in the presence of 4079 people, the largest attendance at any symphony concert in the world."

"Music at Berkeley," created and installed by J. R. K. Kantor, continues through the month of April.

**Whympcr Views of Russian Alaska**

The Bancroft Library is fortunate to possess two collections of pictures which document the appearance of Russian Alaska just prior to its acquisition by the United States in 1867. The first, an album of pictures collected by Captain Charles Melville Scammon during the years 1865 to 1867, is a rich source of information about the Western Union Telegraph Expedition and its staff; the second group, collected by George Davidson while serving as a member of the U.S. Coast Survey Expedition in 1867 includes more drawings. Both collections contain drawings which are signed by or which can be attributed to Frederick Whymper, a young Englishman who came to the Pacific coast in 1862 and who served as artist for the Western Union Telegraph Expedition until that activity was called off in the latter part of 1867 due to the successful completion of the Atlantic cable.

The Davidson group contains eight contemporary photographic copies of Whymper drawings and nine originals, including views of Sitka [August 1865], St. Michaels [August 1866], and several scenes along the Yukon River. In his book, Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska, published in 1869, Whympcr describes some of the practical difficulties he encountered while the Yukon River party stayed at Nulato during the winter of 1866.

I succeeded in making sketches of the fort and neighborhood at times when the temperature was as low as thirty degrees below zero. It was done, it need not be said, with difficulty, and often by installments. Between every five strokes of the pencil I ran about to exercise myself, or went into our quarters for warmth. Several times I skinned my fingers, once froze my left ear, which swelled up nearly to the top of my head, and I was always afraid that my prominent nasal organ would get bitten. The use of water-colors was of course impracticable—except when I could keep a pot of warm water on a small fire by my side—a thing done by me on two or three occasions when engaged at a distance from the post.

Among the Whympcr drawings found in the Scammon album are two originals which have not previously been described. One is a study of the Plover Bay Indian, "Knobburn" [August 1866]; the other is a watercolor, "Kalo-sh Indian—Sitka," a startling image which corresponds with Whympcr's published description of the Kaloshes as by no means a prepossessing people. . . . Their dress is commonly a blanket, at least in summer-time. They frequently black their faces all over, and sometimes paint themselves in red, black, and blue stripes and patches.

When word was received that the Atlantic cable had been successfully completed the WUTC Expedition was abandoned and the assembled work parties set sail for San Francisco on September 6th, 1867. Two years later Whympcr's book appeared, illustrated with many of the drawings he had made in Alaska. In 1870 he provided lithographic illustrations for The Puget Company of California and Nevada, an official prospectus printed by Edward Bosqui in San Francisco. Whympcr continued to live in California for at least ten years before he is lost to sight. It is to be hoped that future research will provide more information about the later career of this interesting artist who was also an Alaskan pioneer.

**Word Processor for Bancroft**

Through the generosity of Robert Livermore, president of the Zendex Corporation of Dublin, California, and a member of The Friends of The Bancroft Library, a Quota microcomputer has been installed in the Library for the use of the Mark Twain Project and the Regional Oral History Office. The computer will be utilized for storing, editing, and typing documents, and for other tasks such as indexing and creating lists and catalogues. Used as a word processor, the system enables an editor to revise as extensively as necessary without having to retype portions of the document needing no change, and then to type an error-free copy without any additional time at the keyboard. The system can also check the spelling of all the words in a document in a matter of minutes and then permit the editor to correct all misspellings with a few simple commands.

The computer will save time and repetitive labor in the preparation of final typescripts of oral history interviews and of printer's copy for volumes in the two series, the Mark Twain Papers and the Works of Mark Twain, being published by the University of California Press. The Mark Twain editors hope that eventually the manuscript of books to be typeset can be sent to the printer in computer-readable form, as computer tape or disks, for electronic composition without the necessity of being re-keyboarded.

A striking feature of the new computer is the large size of its storage capacity. With one "floppy" disk and two "hard" disk drives it can store more than seventeen million characters, or the equivalent of about thirty books the size of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. This immense storage capacity, all of it available to the operator in the blink of an eye, will permit both ROHO and the Mark Twain Project to store working documents and complete texts for many different projects all at the same time. At the moment, nine volumes in the Works and Papers of Mark Twain and about fifty volumes of oral history interviews are in various stages of progress in the two offices.
Sidney Howard's Screenplay for The Unvanquished

The movie industry will never cease to amaze. It sets a Pulitzer Prize winning playwright to work at writing a screenplay based on a book by a future Nobel Prize winning novelist and what does it get? A magnificent script for a film that has never been made.

Last November I journeyed west from Georgia to The Bancroft Library to learn from documents in the Sidney Howard Papers just how Howard developed the screenplay for Margaret Mitchell's novel Gone With the Wind. I knew this great dramatist of the 1920's from such plays as They Knew What They Wanted, The Silver Cord, Alien Corn, and Yellow Jack. I knew he had won Academy Awards for the screenplays of Arrow Smith and Gone With the Wind and that he had worked on many other fine films—Bulldog Drummond, Dodsworth, The Prisoner of Zenda, and so on. I even knew that he had written a screen version of William Faulkner's great Civil War novel, The Unvanquished. But I had no idea what a wonderful piece of work this screenplay is, though unfilmed and unpublished.

In the late spring and early summer of 1938 Howard was between stretches of work on Gone With the Wind. He accepted an assignment from Louis B. Mayer to work on The Unvanquished. This was not the time-consuming, ever-changing, never-ending job that GWTW turned out to be; but, as he said, he found it "harder to write like Faulkner than to write like Howard." In a letter to David O. Selznick on July 14th he commented:

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In the winter of 1926, between Christmas and New Years, a seven passenger Big Six Studebaker touring car, with side curtains on one side only (it proved to be the wrong side) started to leave Kansas City, Mo. with nine passengers for Los Angeles, Calif. Two of the passengers sat on the spare seats, one on a suitcase propped on its side between them. All had responded to an advertisement in Kansas City Star. Travelling by Car to California. Will share expenses with few select passengers. Warm, southern route all the way.

Luggage was crammed in the racks on the running boards, and wedged between the hood and the front fenders. Several spare tires were roped to the spare on the rear. In the dirt on the rear someone had finger painted CALIFORNIA OR BUST.

Among the seven passengers was a Mr. Demetrios, a one-legged actor, bound for the Passion Play about to open in Los Angeles. The empty left leg of his trousers was folded at the knee, and pinned at the hip. In the right sleeve of his coat he carried a foot length of salami.

From New Orleans, with silver dollars he liked to shuffle while idle, or chatting, a card sharp and ladies Man with a drooping moustache and gold capped teeth.

From St. Louis a soft-shoe tap dancer—the uppers of patent leather—wore a tight fitting checkered suit, the pants short in the leg, the crown of his green skull-hugging cap pulled over to lap one ear. He was on his way to join his wife, Nora, an actress, playing at the moment in Long Beach. There was also my father, sporting a rolled brimmed fedora, two or three I seem to have forgotten, and a young woman with a fiance in Pasadena, hopefully of doubtful virtue. The driver of the car, looking forward to being 17 years of age the first week of the New Year, was myself.

Two others sat beside me in the front seat. Where the road dropped steeply to the Missouri River Crossing I shifted into
second gear, to ease the load on the brakes. My hand still gripped the gear—an onyx ball I had bought in St. Louis—when the entire gear assembly dropped from the floor board into the street. Nothing will describe the racket. We drifted slowly, the transmission dragging, into the entrance of a garage where the mechanic stood waiting. He did not believe it. Nobody believed it. But there we were.

In the next few hours this car was unloaded and exchanged for a 1919 Buick sedan, featuring a novel shift (in low for reverse), immaculate leather seats, a temperature gauge on the radiator cap, and three almost new Kelly Springfield Tires. I should say that three of the passengers had departed, so we made a tight, cozy little group.

West of Kansas City the road was gravelled with rocks the size of golf balls. If a tire went flat I had the tap dancer’s assistance. To remove the tire from the rim, patch the tube, pump up the tire, then return it to the rim, ran about an hour and a half if we were lucky, and the patch didn’t leak.

I remember Garden City, Kansas, waiting for daylight, because the lights didn’t work.

I remember Trinidad, Colorado, where I slept in the seat of the car to keep people from swiping the luggage. There were real Indians in Trinidad, and cowboys on horseback. Chili was served, if you wanted it, for breakfast. I hated to leave.

Coming down the mountain pass into Raton, New Mexico, scared me to death. The road was one way. We had to pull over to let a car pass. If I glanced up from the road I could see forever, the purple mesas to the south like anchored battleships. Down on the high plateau stretches of the road were often concealed by blowing sand. We would have to stop the car and walk up ahead to look for the road. If the driver got sleepy—which was usually me—he might not see a sharp turn of the road and just drive off into the scrub and the desert. I did that often. Once I woke up to see, in the flickering headlights, the glittering eyes of a bunch of Texas longhorns. No fence or anything stood between us. They didn’t know what to make of it either. What I remember most clearly is the piston slap of the motor, and the smell of the anti-freeze.

In Albuquerque the Pueblo Indians at the railroad station were just the way I had seen them on the posters at the Dearborn station in Chicago. Most of our passengers had taken the bus, but we picked up a new one, a hitchhiker. When the car broke down, west of Flagstaff—the clutch didn’t connect the motor with the gears, or the wheels—he dickered with a local mechanic to swap the car for his motorcycle and sidecar. That was how we crossed the Colorado River, at Needles, which was said to be in California. Nothing I had ever seen, or might hope to see, was as beautiful as coming down Cajon Pass into a golden California morning. Oranges hung on the trees. The peaks were snow capped. The wind in my sun-blisttered face was a caress. After no more than four or five weeks on the road we were actually in the land of milk and honey.

A few weeks later, the good life weighing heavily on me, I sat on a bench near Olvera Street, watching the good looking women pass in the cars on Sunset Boulevard. The paper my father sat reading featured a banner headline. A young man from Canada, a dreamer like myself, had just won $25,000 of William Wrigley’s chewing gum money. That was not all of the money in the world, but surely a big piece of it. He had been the first to swim from the mainland of California to the island of Catalina, training ground of the Cubs. A few days later I saw him, an almost chubby young man, splashing around in a huge glass bowl on the stage of Grauman’s Egyptian. The story was that shysters and con men had already got most of his money.

As the poet has told us—we can arrange the scene for ourselves. Very soon, for my father, the land of milk has curdled
and his gaze is eastward toward Chicago, where the grass is greening in Lincoln Park. How was one to get there. There were old and familiar stratagems. An ad was placed in the Los Angeles Times, offering to share, with a few select passengers, the warm southern passage to Chicago. Prospects were not lacking. For all of them the dream of milk and honey had curdled. My father met some of these prospects in Pershing Square, others in the lobby of the Biltmore, where I made good use of my time admiring the art works on the promenade. As the deposits accumulated we purchased a car. I recall the legend painted on the windshield—

AIRPLANE ENGINE
SWEET RUNNER

Among the eastbound passengers was a newspaper reporter, for a Long Beach daily, bound for El Paso, Texas, with a thoroughbred fox terrier named Sox. Mr. Liszt, a piano tuner, was undecided in his mind between St. Louis and Milwaukee. A sailor from the Pacific, named Red, in his bell bottomed pants and his duds in a duffle, was on his way home to Pittsburgh.

The Marmon purred like a kitten almost as far as Azusa, where the valves began to stick. In an airplane engine there proved to be a great number of valves. As we approached Redlands the sound effects, inside the car, were downright peculiar. How about a sick accordion, or dehydrated calliope?

We were two days in Redlands, where the valves were ground, a generator replaced, and leaks repaired in the radiator, then we drove through the neonlight to Yuma to make up lost time. Just outside of Yuma the road over the sand dunes was like a picket fence blown over on its side. To make sure of that we all got out and looked at it.

Let me now move eastward toward El Paso. Sometime before daylight the right front wheel spun off and disappeared in the desert. We had to wait until dawn to look for it, then it took nearly all of us an hour to find it. Fence posts were used to jack up the car, and fence wire was used to hold the wheel to the axle. We edged along about five miles an hour until we found a blacksmith to solder it to the frame. He assured us that another wheel, but not THAT wheel, might spin off before we got where we were going, wherever that was.

This world of bizarre incidents and extravagant personalities we now perceive as one of lost innocence—a black and white movie with real live piano accompaniment. Something of my father's buoyancy, so prominent on the westward passage, would leak from him like air from an inner tube. As a man without vices, relatively speaking—he neither smoked, drank, gambled, nor swore—he had nothing but a pocket of kitchen matches to fall back on, striking them in the dark, then chewing on the charcoal tips.

On the 21st of April, exactly at noon, we arrived in Lake Village, Arkansas, just as the levee broke in the great flood of 1927. Faulkner has described it in great detail. It also figures briefly in a novel with the title MY UNCLE DUDLEY. That book was written in the winter of 1941, near Echo Lake Park, in Los Angeles. Fourteen years had passed since my father and I had experienced the euphoria of southern California, and with a company of scapegoats rather hastily departed.

I had come back to California after several years absence, and a long, long car trek across the nation, taking photographs. The time and the place was right for an acute attack of nostalgia.

I found a room near Echo Lake Park, on west Wilshire, the home of my early and happiest impressions of California. Rowboats and rowers, swans and assorted exotic birds, many of them human, were reflected on the water. It was January, and part of the world was at war. What moved me to write? The need to celebrate a particular time and place. I was old
enough, at thirty, to look back with affection on having once been young—on having once been very young. Predictably, in America, this euphoric discomfort will result in a novel.

For the writer of fiction, obsessed with memories and emotions, the key to the release of his imagination is the “voice” he assumes as a writer. This voice will either reassure and support him, or obstruct him: give substance to his memories or deceive him. It needs be right. And it must be his own voice.

But how does the young writer, the apprentice writer, who by definition lacks such a voice, go about acquiring it? He sits and writes. If he is well read he must write to free himself of the voices he profoundly admires, may have gone to the trouble to mimic. If he is not well read he writes to hear—as in the silence of a seance—his own voice. In January, in California, the story I was moved to tell spoke to me in a voice that went like this—

When it was cold we walked around. When it was morning the pigeons came and looked but when nothing happened walked away. When it was warm we sat in the sun. Cars came down Sunset and when the light was red we could see the good looking women inside. When it was hot the pigeons left the square. They made a great noise and spilled shadows everywhere, on my Uncle Dudley looking up at them. He looked off where they would come back just as they did. He waited till the last one came down, then he looked at me.

“You had enough milk and honey, kid?” he said.
“I guess I’ve had enough,” I said.

This language is severely minimal, the pace of the line is too taut, inflexible, telegraphic: it is difficult to read such a narrative, and impossible to scan it. As I sample it now it seems a sort of short-hand, but the voice is seamlessly pervasive. In five weeks time I had a first draft of what would prove to be about three-fourths of the novel, the arrival of the Marmon and a remnant of the crew in Lake Village, Arkansas, the day the levee broke. They all scatter, to run for their lives, and five or six days later the boy arrives in Chicago to find the grass green as money in Lincoln Park.

That had been the end of the experience for me, and there I stopped. I spent three weeks driving east, this time the cold northern route, across Nevada, Utah, Wyoming and Nebraska while the last blizzards of the winter were still thawing. In an apartment on Brooklyn Heights I wrote a second draft and submitted it to Lambert Davis, of Harcourt, Brace. He thought it readable, and amusing, but on the short side for a novel, and it lacked a suitable ending. It just tailed off, which I thought suitable, but he said readers wouldn’t. A lot had happened on the trip east: something dramatic should happen to close it.

During the previous fall, on the trip west, while bedded down in my car in Greenville, South Carolina, I had been picked up by a posse of the law and put into what we once called the hoosegow—just what a young man needed to qualify as an American writer. I shared the room with a dozen local no-goods and prospective villains. On the floor below, clad in their striped prison suits, were the black members of a chain gang. When they left in the morning we could hear their chains rattle. When they returned in the evening we could hear them sing. I was there for two long days and three nights before freed of the charge of being a northern spy, with German connections.

This experience was still vivid in mind, and I adapted it to the needs of the novel. The jail was moved to Greenville, Mississippi, where Uncle Dudley, faced with a crucial moral decision, opts for spitting the law in the eye and is carted back to jail.

My editor found this a disturbing shift in the novel’s pic-
aresque mood, but surely a dramatic way to bring it to a conclusion. The novel was accepted, the contract prophetically signed on the Monday following Pearl Harbor. The book was published in April, and in the beautiful and mysterious way of first novels found itself in the hands of a few select readers, one of them in far away Berkeley, Calif. Jim Hart, bless his tenacity, has been a reader of my books Lo, these forty years, and even better, a collector of them. More than thirty of them, with a great quantity of MS., now reside here in The Bancroft Library. That boy who first arrived in the winter of 1927, and has remained an indivisible part of the writer, is grateful for that early sunkist, dew-lapped California welcome, which led, in the fullness of time, to this happy February occasion, 54 years to the month after his unheralded arrival.
me these vast sums of money? What I have to give to one of their screen plays is something which, very evidently, they don't want. "The Light That Failed" is being re-written by a hack. . . . "The Unvanquished" is being re-written by a punk quelquonque.

The Unvanquished drifted into the oblivion of unfilmed screenplays. Howard was killed in an accident on his farm in western Massachusetts in August of 1939. By then the filming of Gone With the Wind was virtually finished and the re-writing and tinkering of over a dozen "quelquonques" and others had failed to ruin Howard's fine script.

R. H.

The University's First Law Alumna

One hundred years ago, on May 29th, the first woman graduated from the first law department of the University of California. Hastings College of the Law had been founded in 1878, and Miss Mary McHenry delivered her address at the School's second commencement ceremony on the "Origin and History of the Last Testament." She was embarking on a career in probate law. Two other women before her had attended Hastings, only to be denied official standing by Judge Hastings and the board of directors. Clara Foltz and Laura DeForce Gordon, who had already been admitted to practice by the Supreme Court, brought suit against the school on the grounds that the University was legally open to women (described in Bancroftiana for June 1980). They won their case, but according to Charles W. Slack, a fellow graduate with Mary McHenry in the Class of 1882: "True to the traditions of their sex, however, when they could be admitted they seemed to have lost their desire to attend, and they soon severed their connection with the school."

Unlike Foltz and Gordon, who stayed in practice for many years, it was Mary McHenry who followed the tradition of her sex when she abandoned her profession in 1883 to marry the well-known California landscape painter, William Keith, and to accompany him on a two-year study tour in Europe. Her career as a wife proved to be a happy mixture of traditional and untraditional patterns. To us today she offers a vivid portrait of the proverbial artist's wife who plays a strong supportive role in her husband's career, but who to the end of her life in 1947 remained true to her feminist belief.

Born in 1855, the daughter of John McHenry, a prominent San Francisco judge, Mary received her Bachelor of Arts degree at Berkeley in 1879. President John LeConte certified "that during her connection with this Institution she sustained a high character both as lady and as student." Her thesis showed a lady's appreciation for "The French considered as the language of Polite Europe." A journal maintained during her junior year testifies to her studious nature; it is written in Spanish. As a student in the College of Letters (classical course) she also learned Latin and Greek. By the time she and her husband lived in Munich her German was good enough for her to be his interpreter. Her classmates of 1879 included several who would become successful Californians, among them Sigmund Stern, George C. Pardee, and Anna Head. When Pardee asked
William Keith for his support in the forthcoming election, Mary Keith first made sure that the future governor was favorable to Women’s Suffrage. Ironically, the future principal of a Berkeley girls’ school was not so inclined; Anna Head was on the executive committee of the Northern California Association Opposed to Women’s Suffrage.

For many years Mary McHenry Keith was apparently the only woman graduate of the University of California to promote women’s suffrage at her alma mater. Formed in the early eighties, the California branch of the Collegiate Alumnae Association did not endorse women’s suffrage until 1911 when the College Equal Suffrage League entered the campaign. As a former president, Mrs. Keith frequently addressed the alumnae on behalf of her favorite cause, explaining that they owed their college education to the earlier suffragists and that the right to vote was but the natural extension of the right to co-education. For the most part women in higher education only listened with polite indulgence to her arguments. In the unsuccessful campaign to have the California Legislature approve women’s suffrage in 1895–96, Phoebe Apperson Hearst, not yet the University’s first woman Regent, contributed one thousand dollars out of respect for the leading suffragette, Ellen C. Sargent, although she claimed to be opposed. But after the California victory in October 1911, Regent Hearst said to Mary Keith: “Just to think, I have come over to your side after all!”

Mary herself paid all the expenses of the Berkeley Suffrage Club and wrote a weekly column espousing her views in 1895 and 1896 for the Oakland Enquirer. In addition to financing campaigns for women’s suffrage in several western states and in California, she served as president of the California Equal Suffrage Association and on several boards of the National Women’s Party. Her extensive correspondence with leading suffragists includes letters from Susan B. Anthony and Carrie Chapman Catt, and her own writings on the subject give a detailed account of the difficulties in obtaining the right to vote in California.

At the time of her wedding, Judge Timothy H. Rearden wrote a poem entitled “A Moan from the San Francisco Bar, on Losing an Esteemed Lady Member” ending with the lines: “and be the latest memo upon your docket, a baby’s cradle—how to stock and rock it.” But Mary never had children of her own. Caring for members of the family, and nursing them through lengthy illnesses, while championing causes and writing speeches—these took the place of children in her life. “Through all these years,” writes Elizabeth Pond, her niece and family chronicler, “she kept house, and a quiet home for her artist husband—for nearly thirty years seldom missing an evening of reading aloud for two or three hours, in order that he might save his eyes for his daily work.”

After Keith’s death in 1911, she devoted herself to his artistic reputation and to collecting his paintings. But she kept busy socially and politically. In 1921 she invited the Class of 1897 to a reunion at her ten-room home on Ridge Road in Berkeley where she entertained her guests with an elegant dinner and then played harp and piano solos. She continued to participate in many organizations, especially the Humane Society, and to write and speak on behalf of women’s rights. On her eighty-eighth birthday in 1941 she told a reporter: “In 1920 there were states which would never have enfranchised women by state action. The same is true today of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Mary McHenry Keith’s legal training may have been in part responsible for the fact that she preserved so many of her own and her family’s papers which are housed in the Bancroft Library, among them her lecture notes from law school and her commencement address. She kept a file of her husband’s medical records during his last illness, and she preserved the plans for her house at 2701 Ridge Road, along with the building and landscaping contracts. She also maintained a complete inventory of every piece of furnishing for each room. All of these, together with her clippings and notes document not only the life of a distinguished alumna and citizen, but also the history of the University and of Berkeley.

The Keith Family Papers were presented to the Library by Mrs. Keith, with numerous additions by Elizabeth Keith Pond and her estate from 1950 to 1956. Mrs. Pond’s daughter, Mary Virginia Pond Culbertson, augmented the collection further in 1961 to include material relating to the careers and interests of the various members of the McHenry, Keith, Pond, and related families.

Roger Levenson’s Christmas Gift

Roger Levenson has once again donated a printing press to The Bancroft Library. Just before Christmas of 1956 he presented to the then-new Rare Book Room a full-sized Albion hand press made of cast iron in the mid-nineteenth century; just before Christmas of 1981 he brought to the Library a half-size replica of a seventeenth-century English wooden hand press which had been made for him by Richard Hicks of Albuquerque in 1976. Usually called a common press, this style of press was the unchallenged standard for printers for some three hundred and fifty years (c. 1450–1800), when it was finally supplanted by iron hand presses.

Our new press is made of especially selected hardwoods and has hand-moulded brass castings. It is capable of printing a surface area of approximately ten by one-half inch by sixteen and one-half inches by pulling the bar twice, each pull printing one-half of a sheet of paper. (One of the major advantages of the Albions and other hand presses was that due to the structural strength of their iron parts, the platen could be made large enough to print a full sheet of paper in one pull.)

In addition to the press, Mr. Levenson commissioned the making of several sets of ink balls. Before ink rollers were introduced about 1820, type had to be inked using hemispherical leather balls mounted on handles. The inker picked up a dab of ink on one of the balls and rubbed and smacked the two balls together to spread the ink, then he “beat” the type with the inky balls to prepare it for printing. In tests...
we have made so far, it has proven very difficult indeed to achieve a crisp, clear impression when the ink is applied in this way; there must be a seventeenth-century knack which is now lost.

With this new addition to the Bancroft's Press Room, students may trace the technical process of printing from Gutenberg's era through the transition from wooden to iron press and on to the fine printers of our own century who still esteem the Albion as the finest hand press.

Gracias!

To thank any Friend who secures two new memberships in The Friends of The Bancroft Library, the Council will give a copy of a handsome four-colored map of the Sacramento Valley, drawn in 1844 by John Bidwell. The map (a small portion of which is shown here), measuring seventeen inches by twenty-two and one-half inches on heavy paper suitable for framing, was accurately reproduced by Lawton Kennedy from the original in The Bancroft Library for publication in our nineteen-thirtieth Keepsake, A Sailor's Sketch of the Sacramento Valley in 1842 by John Yates, published in 1971. Only a few copies of the map are available to be used for this premium.

The Adventurous William Walker

Several important documents recently added to the Bancroft's collections shed new light on the career in the Mexico and Central America of William Walker, the American filibusterer born in Nashville, who by the time he arrived in San Francisco in 1850 at the age of twenty-six had already practiced medicine and law and been a newspaper publisher. Walker stopped briefly in San Francisco as well as in Marysville, devoting himself to law and journalism. Then in 1853 he conducted the first of his filibustering expeditions, leading a successful invasion of La Paz, Baja California, which he claimed as an independent state, with himself as its president. Following hostilities with the Mexican government and faced by the refusal of the United States authorities to allow his supplies to follow him, Walker retreated to the border and surrendered to American forces there.

Although a sympathetic jury in San Francisco subsequently acquitted him of violating neutrality laws, this experience seemed to have whetted his ambition, for he next led an expedition to Nicaragua in 1855 and succeeded in gaining control of the country of which he proclaimed himself president. A manuscript which documents Walker's modus operandi in Nicaragua has been given to the Library by Dr. Albert Shumate of San Francisco. Dated October 23d, 1855 at Granada, Nicaragua, this protest of Joseph N. Scott, agent for the Ac­cessory Transit Company, states that Walker had "placed a strong force of men on the Steamer San Carlos ... demanding a box of Gold supposing to contain Twenty Thousand dollars," and seized the box. Below this complaint is a note in Walker's hand stating that "The above protest is true ... and as head of the government in Nicaragua I stand responsible for the act."

Also acquired recently is the Register of the Army of the Republic of Nicaragua, published in Granada on August 1st, 1856. Annotated in the hand of P. R. Thompson, Walker's Adjutant General, the Register notes furloughs, resignations, transfers, promotions, and deaths. With the Register is an autograph document headed "General Orders 212" and dated No­vember 8th, 1856. The orders were written by Thompson as "by command of William Walker, Gen'l. Commdg, in Chief," and outline various promotions and reassignments. The printed document and the holograph additions, when compared to the General Orders, reflect the speed with which Walker's army grew and shifted its commanders, personnel, and rank­ings. The Register appears to be the only ex­tant copy of this Nicaraguan imprint. Despite all his military organization and reorganiza­tion, Walker's plans of 1855–56 to use Nica­ragua as the base of a central American mili­tary empire with an interoceanic canal did not succeed, and in 1857 he surrendered to the United States Navy.

A third document details another invasion by Walker, this one of Honduras in 1860. His seizure of its port of Trujillo is recounted by Norberto Martinez in a pamphlet titled Ocupación del Puerto de Trujillo por los filibusteros el día 6 Agosto [1860] Commander Martinez goes on to describe Walker's subsequent capture and to discuss his execution by a Honduran firing squad on September 12th, 1860.

In recalling the events of his life which began in San Francisco in 1900, Wollenberg devoted considerable detail to his father, Charles, who held a wide variety of municipal and state positions in the administration of social services between 1906, when he organized emergency relief for the victims of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and 1948, his last year as director of the Department of Social Welfare under Earl Warren. In 1907 Charles became superintendent of Laguna Honda Hospital and the whole family moved its household to the hospital property. The future judge warmly recalled this new home in a passage that gives a somewhat panoramic view of that part of San Francisco.

My remembrance as a boy growing up is we really lived in the country. We were surrounded completely by forest. And it had been an institution, it'd been the alms­house, and it was known as the Almshouse at that time. Old wooden buildings were standing around that had been constructed from somewhere in the early 1880s, I believe, by the city, in this area west of Twin Peaks down, except the tops of the peaks. And in that area, which the Wells Fargo Express Company owned, they used to pasture horses from the old express wagons that worked around the city; later these became American Express wagons. . . . It was a delightful atmosphere for a kid.

Wollenberg graduated from the University of California in 1922 and from its law school, Boalt Hall, in 1924. Four years later he was appointed an assistant U.S. Attorney. In 1939 he was elected to the state assembly as a Republi­can and served in Sacramento until the end of the legislative session in 1947 when Governor Warren appointed him to the superior court in San Francisco.

During his years as assemblyman, Wollenberg concerned himself with state relief, appropri­ations for university and state institu­tions, penal reform, and highway develop­ment. In his freshman year, along with state senator Jack Shelley, he authored the Shelley-Wollenberg Loan Shark Act which assigned to the state's Division of Corporations the job of regul­ating and limiting the maximum amount of interest which could be charged and funds which could be loaned by small loan brokers. In this memoir, he explains the process of consultation as well as negotiations which en­
able the act to pass against opposition by some members of the business community.

In the course of his eleven years of service as superior court judge in San Francisco Wollenberg was involved in each of the different departments within the court, and headed the Pretrial Department which was established in 1958, Wollenberg decided to apply for one of them in the usual way by
opening occurred on the bench of the Northern District Court in 1958, Wollenberg decided to apply for one of them in the usual way by getting in touch with California's United States senators. He recalls that he telephoned Senator William F. Knowland:

He told me that I was awfully late in getting started, a lot of other people had applied and so forth. I remember a remark he made, something about, "Why, there's a line clear from here to Baltimore...."

I said, "That's great. The more the merrier. You'll get a good man, I'm at the head of that line, though. I'm standing right now in front of your desk."

The next day he phoned me and told me he'd sent my name into the president. That's all I had to do. Throughout his memoir, Wollenberg speaks of the enthusiasm he had for the trial court, and when asked about his philosophy of judging he summed up these years in a typically modest appraisal:

I think that my general philosophy has been to try to interpret the law and do it in a reasonable way so that individual people have not been hurt, and yet, at the same time, to protect the protections that are necessary for the maintenance of society as we know it.

S.S.

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A limited supply of the following publications is available to Friends for purchase. Simply remove this cover making a notation by each publication desired and return it with your check payable to The Friends of The Bancroft Library for the appropriate amount.

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