Late in 1888 or early 1889—the date is not known for certain—Joseph Di Giorgio was sent to the United States to sell a cargo of lemons for the Sicilian cooperative of which his father was a member and manager. He was not the first from his area to be sent to America—there were a number of his fellow-Cefalu-tanos here—but he may have been the youngest to carry such responsibility.

"My uncle was fourteen and a half years old at the time and spoke no English," recalled his nephew Robert Di Giorgio in an interview completed late last year by the Regional Oral History Office, "but he was given the papers for the consignment . . . and was sent off to New York with the lemons on the boat carrying them."

Robert Di Giorgio is one of Joseph Di Giorgio's four nephews who were trained to head the corporation established on the basis of that consignment of lemons and who carried on after their uncle's death in 1951. Philip and Joseph S. died in 1971 and 1980, but after their deaths Robert and Joseph A. Di Giorgio assumed full leadership, and in a joint interview they have given a hitherto unrecorded account of a remarkable enterprise. It is titled, The Di Giorgios: From Fruit Merchants to Corporate Innovators.

As he quickly climbed the American ladder of success, Joseph Di Giorgio became increasingly secretive about his affairs, and after his death the organization he established continued to release no more information than was required. Thus there was little on record about the Di Giorgio Corporation, which grew to control the major fruit auction markets in the United States and owned an extensive agricultural empire in California, the Northwest, and the Southeast. Its history, from the 1920s, when Joseph Di Giorgio consolidated his holdings into a corporation, until the 1960s, when
Robert Di Giorgio led it out of agriculture into diversification, an important part of the agricultural history of California and the nation. Of particular importance are the story of the rise and fall of the produce auction system. Of particular importance are the story of agricultural history of California and the national water controversy and the agricultural labor movement instigated by Cesar Chavez.

In their interview the cousins’ insights into the economic and political aspects of the water and labor controversies are of particular interest. Although the Di Giorgio name became a red flag to many militant liberals who were vociferous about the corporation, the family organization was remarkably reluctant to reply. Now we have for the first time a coherent account from the Di Giorgio point of view.

The young Joseph Di Giorgio became a millionaire and a bank director by his early twenties, progressing with alacrity from operating a small fruit stand in a market to establishing auction houses for produce in key cities. Rudolph A. Peterson, president emeritus of the Bank of America and a Di Giorgio Corporation board member, contributed an introduction to the interview that adds perspective to Di Giorgio’s success. “It is remarkable indeed that this young man,” he wrote, “could take the padrone system out of Europe and turn it into a new and established system of distribution for fresh fruit and vegetables.”

Among Di Giorgio’s remarkable activities were buying the Earl Fruk Company when a Supreme Court decision forced the Armour meat-packing family to sell it, and building that company into what became the Di Giorgio Corporation that included all his auction interests and his agricultural acreage as well as a box factory and winery holdings. At one time Joseph Di Giorgio was also active in several shipping lines and is reputed to have cornered the American banana market. He was an intelligent businessman who not only acquired businesses but knew when to get out of losing ones, so that in 1933 he decisively sold off his banana and related interests and used the money to strengthen his holdings in California and Florida. It was the sort of move that his nephews used later to get rid of the least profitable segments of the Di Giorgio Corporation in order to strengthen the rest.

Joseph A. Di Giorgio, trained in agriculture, first helped his uncle and then became head of the family’s agricultural affairs. His account of the Di Giorgio Farms, their crops, their water supplies, their provisions for employees, their operation in ordinary times and in wartime as well as under siege by labor militants, is all significant. Of interest too are his recollections of his uncle as a personality.

Robert Di Giorgio, trained in business and the law, came to head the corporation and lead it into diversification. He presided over the complex sale of its agricultural land under what were called “recordable contracts” with federal authorities, and remade it into a company specializing in “niches.” That term is used to designate a market segment too small to warrant the attention of big specialized companies but with a potential for profit. For the Di Giorgio Corporation these niches involve products as dissimilar as pouch-packaged mayonnaise and aluminum window frames, but all, as Mr. Peterson pointed out in his introduction, are related in some way to the functions of the company under Joseph Di Giorgio.

In Mr. Peterson’s view, the heart of the Di Giorgio story in the first half of this century is that the founder “marched along with or a little ahead of” agricultural trends of the period. In the following years, “it took some sifting to wind up with the assortment of lively and profitable enterprises that comprise the Di Giorgio Corporation today,” but decisive action minimized losses from businesses that proved unprofitable, and equally decisive effort was placed behind those that proved successful. Company profits confirm the success of the sifting and, in a longer view, the remarkable success of the childless Joseph Di Giorgio in marshalling the talents of four capable nephews.

Dr. Craig further informed the audience that although a few books of the seventeenth century dealt with diet and health, the major works were written by professional chefs employed in the kitchens of kings, queens, and nobles, and since the works were designed for entertainment at feasts they had little or no space for household management or medicine. As “courtly books written by and for professional chefs,” their recipes, often attributed to royal and noble patrons, were created for housewives at all. However, Dr. Craig pointed out that two of our more famous nursery rhymes were related to very different cookery books of this period. One was by Dr. Thomas Muffett, whose Health Improvement declared “bread and cheese be the two targets against death” but who is better remembered because he had a daughter who was afraid of spiders. She was, of course, “little Miss Muffett.” The other was a work recommending that as entertainment at a dinner “a large pie containing live birds be prominently displayed on the dinner table.” When the loose lid was lifted by a curious guest, out flew the birds, putting out the candles and causing general pandemonium, hence the “four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.” A footnote says, “If you can’t get enough birds, frogs will do instead.”

The eighteenth century,” Dr. Craig continued, “produced a revolution with the appearance of many famous books written by women addressed not to professional chefs but to housewives and their servants. These authors stress the importance of economy, and they denounce the extravagance of French chefs and cookery. Table manners also came to the fore in some works.”

During the first half of the nineteenth century cook books written by famous chefs of major clubs and eating houses were elaborate in style because they were directed to establishments with large kitchen staffs. After the Chartist Revolt in 1848 and the Irish Potato Famine, books reflecting changing social and economic realities were written intentionally for the middle and lower classes. Accordingly, Alexis Soyer, in his Shilling Cookery for the People said, “We need to cater for the industrial class, the backbone of every country.”

In his conclusion Dr. Craig came to “the twentieth century—a time of great change in the way meals were served. . . . Until the end of the nineteenth century dinners showed the pomp and splendor of the huge Victorian
meals—known to the chefs as ‘service à la Française,’ dating back to the eighteenth century. . . . At the beginning of the twentieth century, dinners and dining changed to the modern ‘savoury and light’ style, where each dish is cut up on the sideboard or in the kitchen and a helping is served to each guest.”

In closing the talk to the gathering of Friends, Dr. Craig reflected that “cookery books are a window on the times,” and quoted from Joseph Conrad’s introduction to his wife’s cookery book: “the purpose of a cookery book is unmistakable. Its object can be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind.”

As a permanent souvenir of the exhibition and an attractive checklist, a 70-page illustrated catalog was printed by Wesley B. Tanner, published by the Friends of The Bancroft Library, and available to members for $15.

**Among the Phelan Papers**

In 1950 The Bancroft Library received a very extensive collection of the personal papers of James D. Phelan (1861–1930) through the good offices of Professor B. H. Lehman, who supplemented them by the rich literary archive of Phelan’s nephew, Noel Sullivan (1890–1956). Together they afford significant insights into the cultural and political life of northern California during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Phelan’s papers include thousands of letters written and received by him from 1906 to 1930, his earlier correspondence having been lost in the great fire following the earthquake of April 18, 1906. In addition there are 26 albums of photographs presenting formal and informal pictures of local, national, and international celebrities who were entertained at his San Francisco mansion on Washington Street and at his great country estate, Villa Montalvo, in the hills near Saratoga. Of those entertainments it has been said:

Weekday parties of twenty expanded to one hundred on Saturday, when artists, teachers, as well as men of business, arrived for luncheon at tables set up on the vast terraces. The genial, witty, still plainly Irish gentleman greeted his guests with such obvious pleasure that a lively informality pervaded every occasion.

The quality of the collection emanates from Phelan’s personal cultivation of the art of corresponding. He came of age when the postman arrived and departed twice daily, well before the telephone usurped the central position in modern communications. Even those who traveled or lived at a distance enjoyed the lavishness of Phelan’s penmanship. The novelist Gertrude Atherton (her papers are also at Bancroft), cousin George Duval, and nephew Noel Sullivan were among the most favored. The value which Phelan, in turn, placed upon their correspondence may readily be assessed. Letters and cards which followed him to pick-up points around the world during his 1921–22 tour found their careful places in his steamer trunks. Now they too are gathered in the Bancroft's Phelan and Sullivan collections.

**Meine liebe Schwiegermutter**

In 1957 the University of California Library purchased a collection of D. H. Lawrence letters and manuscripts from the estate of his widow, Frieda Lawrence Ravegl. Fifty-five of the sixty-three holograph letters and postcards written by D. H. Lawrence between 1912 and 1929 are addressed to his mother-in-law, Baroness Anna von Richthofen. Although most of them were published in Frieda Lawrence’s memoir “Not I, But the Wind. . . .” (Santa Fe, N.M.: The Rydal Press, 1934) or will be included in the next volumes of *The Cambridge Edition of the Letters and Works of D. H. Lawrence*, the opportunity to see the original letters and to read the German text provides a unique experience for friends of D. H. Lawrence at The Bancroft Library.

Perhaps it will come as a surprise to realize that Lawrence’s German was fluent enough to express himself wittily and colorfully in a foreign tongue, especially since feelings toward Germany were far from friendly. But America did not come off much better in his opinion as he made clear in one of his letters (December 2, 1922) which Frieda translated, “The people in America all want power, but a small personal base power: bullying. They are all bullies. Listen, Germany, America is the greatest bully the world has ever seen.” However, such harsh words were undoubtedly inspired by his growing weariness of Mabel Dodge Luhan’s bosy patronage. For the next sentence refers to his hostess: “Jacket off, Mabel. But do not take this snake to our bosom. You know, these people have only money, nothing else but money, and because all the world wants money, all the money, America has become strong, proud and overpowerful.” A careful reading of the original German reveals that Frieda’s translation diplomatically left out the most unflattering preceding description of their friend: You have asked about Mabel Dodge: American, rich, only child, from Buffalo on Lake Erie, bankers, forty-two years old, and the omitted part: “short, stout—looks young,” The letter continues as printed—“has had three husbands—one Evans (dead), one Dodge (divorced), and one Maurice Sterne (a Jew, Russian, painter, young, also divorced). Now she has an Indian, Tony, a stout chap [ein fetter Kerl]. She has lived much in Europe—Paris, Nice, Florence—is a little famous in New York and little loved, very intelligent as a woman [Frauenzimmer], another culture-carrier, likes art, but not beauty, hates all the world wants money, all the money, America is very ‘generous’ [nobel], wants to be ‘good’ and is very wicked, has a terrible will-to-power (omitted from the printed text is the additional word frauen­macht), you know—she wants to be a witch and at the same time a Mary of Bethany at Jesus’ feet—a big, white crow, a cooing raven of ill-omen, a little buffalo. Only a year earlier, on November 15, 21, in a letter which was not included in Frieda’s book, she had written to (a woman) to Anna von Richthofen (my translation): A woman by the name of Mabel Dodge Sterne—known in America, but not very
Hotel in San Francisco.

Letter of D. H. Lawrence addressed to his mother-in-law, Baroness Anna von Richthofen, written from the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

well—she has written to me from Taos, New Mexico, U.S., that we should go. Taos is a small Indian town on a mountain, 2000 meters above the ocean and 35 km away from the railroad. There is a tribe of Indians there, they are free, they've been there since Noah's flood. They live in big, pyramid-shaped houses, and pray to the sun. They say that Taos is very nice. All is comfortable, mechanical comfort. I send you thirty dollars—I have no English cheques—till I arrive in Taos, I will send you English money, with the rise of the valuta. Does Else need any money? I don't know how much I've got, but our life in Taos will cost little—rent free and wood free. Keep well, mother-in-law, I wait for news from you.

D.H.L.

Lawrence continued to write to his mother-in-law until shortly before his death. Obviously his ambivalent feelings toward women, including Frieda, did not affect his cordial and candid relationship with her mother. Most of the letters tell about the couple and their wanderings in honeyed words a mother wants to hear. That they are well, that Frieda has bought hand-woven materials for three new dresses which are decked in wool, that he has painted two pictures—one with "four fat, nice blond females bathing in a green pond," that money will be sent. And more often than not he paints in the natural beauty of their ever-changing scenery. Although the author's imagination is sometimes stronger than his grammar, his German is chatty and touchingly un-selfconscious and frank. Even Frieda does not escape from his scathing criticism when he feels threatened by her attempts to overshadow him. Occasionally he teases the dignified old lady with a pet name as for her birthday in 1924: "Here comes your birthday again, you old Valkyrie, so you leap on the horse of your spirit from one year's peak to the next."

And clearly the baroness was fond of him beyond his relationship as a son-in-law, for she told Frieda: "It's strange that an old woman can still be as fond of a man as I am of Lorenzo." Lorenzo and Frieda paid extended visits to Eberstingen where Anna von Richthofen lived in a retirement home for genteel ladies who were not supposed to know the kinds of stories her Schwiegersohn was writing.

Friday: two days by train, a thousand miles by car. We have such nice letters and telegrams from Mabel Dodge and Mountser, Mabel says: "From San Francisco you are my guests, so I send you the rail tickets"—so American! Everybody is very nice. All is comfortable, formidable, comfortable—I really hate this mechanical comfort. We arrived yesterday, the journey good, no seasickness. I'm glad, because Mountsier didn't like the book at all. It is the novel I wrote in Eberstingen, under the trees, over there in the woods.

And then from San Francisco in 1922, in a letter translated by Frieda, Lawrence wrote:

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, U.S.A.
5 September 1922

Dear Mother-in-law:

We arrived yesterday, the journey good all the way. Now we sit in the Palace Hotel, the first hotel of San Francisco. It was first a hut with a corrugated iron roof, where the ox-wagons unhitched. Now a big building, with post and shops in it, like a small town in itself: is expensive, but for a day or two it doesn't matter. We were twenty-five days at sea and are still landsick—the floor ought to go up and down, the room ought to tremble from the engines, the water ought to swish around but doesn't, so one is landsick. The solid ground almost hurts. We have many ship's friends here, are still a jolly company.

I think we shall go to Taos Tuesday or Wednesday. There is a tribe of Indians there, they are free, they've been there since Noah's flood. They live in big, pyramid-shaped houses, and pray to the sun. They say that Taos is very nice. All is comfortable, mechanical comfort. I send you thirty dollars—I have no English cheques—till I arrive in Taos, I will send you English money, with the rise of the valuta. Does Else need any money? I don't know how much I've got, but our life in Taos will cost little—rent free and wood free. Keep well, mother-in-law, I wait for news from you.

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Annette Ogden
John explained to the old man that he hadn’t joke—in fact he can’t see anything just now.

The complaint about their being apart continues through the correspondence, but soon the children, at least, were spending long, happy periods with their grandmother. The visits, often for months at a time, brought more than one plea to please send them home for “we have to see them sometime!” and this rather petulant telegram: “Dont you think I show considerable confidence by leaving my children away from me half the year which most parents dont do, I must continue however to take some natural interest in them to ask information and make recommendations for their welfare, I hope those learned San Francisco Doctors will approve.” Although he clearly did not begrudge his mother the children’s companionship, Will could not help complaining that “I am disappointed at your not coming East and I think you are more interested in your insignificant grandchildren than you are in your own handsome and gifted child”!

The children’s visit with their grandmother at “the Hacienda” in Pleasanton, California, were often occasioned by their parents’ travels—for business, health, and pleasure—during these years. These travels in turn occasioned some of the longest letters in the group, including one letter from Spain and Portugal written on 21 postcards, as well as some of Will Hearst’s cleverest writing.

Of the trip to Spain and Portugal, for example, he had much to say about crops and kings and history as well as about the rigors of travel: “We have gotten so we can eat everything boiled in oil and saturated with garlic and we can’t somehow learn to sleep on barbed wire mattress with a boiled hay bolster and a sack of potatoes for a pillow—especially when we are not the only occupants of the bed. Moreover the hotels always have cafes under them and the squaddards never go to bed. They drink and play billiards and sit up and sing and then go out on the sidewalk and talk it over and then go back in the cafe and begin all over again. At daylight we get in a few winks and then get up and bump along the day over the dusty roads.”

And from the Park Hotel, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, Hearst wrote: “I am sure people ought to get cured here of anything they ever had. All I am afraid of is that I may lose my own diseases that I am used to and acquire somebody else’s that will be new and unfamiliar and perhaps embarrassing. There are all sorts of ring stripped and tanned folks hobbling about and we all bathe in the same bath tubs and interchange greetings and ailments in the most intimate and agreeable way. I don’t know what I have drawn yet and I shall not, of course, for awhile, but I rather suspect that I have added eczema scrofula and the itch to my present collection. However, my rheumatism isn’t any worse and that’s a comfort.”

Of all the places Will Hearst traveled, he liked “the ranch”—the estate at San Simeon—the best, and he dreamed of the day when he would “save up and build a cabin down there just big enough for you and Milly and the baby and me.” The letters provide early glimpses of Hearst camping at the Ranch with his children, revealing the depth of his love for the locale and his joy in being there: “I love this ranch. It is wonderful, I love the sea and I love the mountains and the hollows in the hills and the shady places in the creeks and the fine old oaks and even the hot brushy hillsides—full of guail—and the canons full of deer. It’s a wonderful place. I would rather spend a month here than any place in the world. . . I get further away from business than I would anywhere else. I only allow the important telegrams to come here, and I have to feel that those are coming or I would worry more about not knowing what is going on than I would about knowing about it.”
paid, with "spare change" being "devoted to satisfying the poor people who have been so unfortunate as to sell us things during the past few months." By 1910 Will's heart was feeling the stress. His steady German doctor counseled rest. "He said American businessmen had no sense—that they knew how to take care of their money but not of their health. I told him that I didn't know how to do either but he declined to smile." His health, however, improved and finances became less troublesome. In 1912 prospects in London appeared positive and exciting, with Nash's Magazine beginning to do well and his use of newspaper comics catching on; potential financial trouble in Chicago, stemming from statements of a former high-level employee, was prepared for calmly. Even Pancho Villa's demands for cattle, was prepared for calmly. Even Pancho Villa's demands on the family's cattle interests in northern Mexico, described in a five-page telegram in 1914, were approached with dauntless optimism.

The only trouble remaining, as the last installment of this remarkable fifteen-year chronicle is read, is the persistence of separation. Over and over the sentiment, "We wish we could be with you," echoes through the letters. And no matter the content or message, the letters to his "Dear Mother," Phoebe Apper- son Hearst, always bear the equally sincere signature, "Your affectionate son, Will."

Bonnie Hardwick

A Computer for the Readers

For some time a few readers have been bringing their portable computers into the Heller Reading Room to transcribe documents, but many others who don't own such equipment have yearned for similar aid. A graduate student in the Department of History writing a dissertation about middle and working class families in San Francisco from 1848 to 1860, finds a computer essential to transcribe texts once onto a computer so as to transcribe texts once onto a disc instead of having to make handwritten or typewritten copies that can introduce errors in subsequent transcriptions.

In order to help such readers gain better use of the collections, the Bancroft recently submitted a grant request to the IBM company for a PC/XT computer. The computer has now been received and has been installed on one of the large reading room tables. Users bring their own floppy discs as they previously brought their own note paper. Berkeley students, faculty, and staff using Bancroft materials have first call on the machine, but all readers can be assisted by this addition to the Library.

Irene M. Moran

Ulysses Blue

Maurice Darantière, the famous printer from Dijon, had a mighty problem. For his next book, James Joyce's Ulysses being published in Paris by Sylvia Beach of Shakespeare and Co., he must find a Greek blue binding paper. The author had expressed his desire to see his book published in blue wrappers of the same hue as the Greek flag. The problem was that no such paper seemed to exist. Darantière had made several trips to Paris to compare blues, but nothing seemed to suit: the blue had to match the color of the Greek flag flying at Shakespeare and Co. Finally, in Germany, the exasperated printer found the right blue but on the wrong paper. He got around the problem by lithographing the color onto white paper. So it was that on February 2, 1922, Sylvia Beach was able to present copy number 1 of Ulysses to the author for his birthday. In the trade, that particular color is now called "Ulysses blue."

The first edition of Ulysses was issued in 1,000 copies; numbers 1-100 were printed on Dutch handmade paper and signed by Joyce; copies 101-250 were printed on vergé d'Arch paper; the other 750 copies were printed on handmade paper slightly smaller in size. All three states of the first edition were bound in the same blue wrappers, a very unsubstantial binding for a hefty volume of 733 pages. Ulysses was issued like contemporary French novels, meant to be bound by the purchaser's own binder.

Through the generosity of Mr. E. W. Nash of Belvedere, The Bancroft Library has recently added to its Joyce collection number 55 of the first edition's 100 copies signed by Joyce and still in its original blue wrappers. Mr. Nash bought it in 1939 or 1940 from Frances Stelloff of the Gotham Book Mart. This is a rare and valuable piece, the landmark of twentieth century literature and the crowning jewel in our Joyce collection. Because of the fragile paper binding and the certain knowledge that the book was important, most collectors did have their copies bound. Today, very few copies of the signed Ulysses remain in original condition. The Nash copy retains its uncut edges and is partially unopened; the last reader got as far as page 541 in the "Nighttown episode," but Mr. Nash informs us that he read the entire work in the Random House edition. This is an extraordinary copy of an extraordinary book, looking just as it did when first published, 65 years ago.

Strong as Bancroft's Joyce collection is, there are still a number of items both great and small that we would like to add to it. We lack The Portable James Joyce (New York: Viking, 1917), the first edition, signed (one of 42); Finnegan's Wake (London: Faber, 1939). We also hope some day to acquire the first English edition with English sheets of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (London: Egoist Press, 1918) and Pomes Pонeyach, the first English edition, printed in France (Paris: Obelisk Press, 1912). Another gap in the collection is Stephen Hero (London: Jonathan Cape, 1944), the early version of Portrait published posthumously.

The Library has a desiderata list for its Joyce collection which can be made available to potential donors. In the meantime, we must again express our gratitude to Mr. Nash for his generosity to Bancroft.

Anthony Bliss

Braille Books Microfilming

During the 1870s papermakers began to produce more paper from wood pulp than from rags, and book publishers preferred it because it cost less. A century later libraries have become acutely aware that the paper in these books is so brittle that they are not going to survive another hundred years of use. Since restoration is costly and does not ensure that the deteriorating pages can withstand frequent handling, libraries have long resorted to microfilming of fragile materials. While this procedure does not preserve the book, it provides a relatively inexpensive copy for reading a text whose original can then be kept as the archival copy.

In 1983, the Research Libraries Group, Inc. (RLG), a nationwide network of thirty-six institutions, received a three-year grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to undertake a cooperative program of microfilming books about the West printed in the United States between 1876 and 1946. Representing the University of California, Berkeley was one of the seven RLG members chosen to participate in the project, staff from The Bancroft Library and the Conservation Department of the General Library selected 4,200 titles for filming (all but 100 from copies in Bancroft), cataloged them on the Research Libraries Information Network (RLIN), a national on-line cataloging system, recorded the availability of a master negative from which a relatively inexpensive positive copy could be quickly produced, and made the copy on archival sound microfilm. The original negatives were sent to the National Underground Storage Facility, leased by RLG in Boyers, Pennsylvania, where the carefully controlled environment also contributes to the long life of the film. A positive copy went to The Bancroft Library or the Main Library, according to the location of the
original. A second negative, maintained by the
Conservation Department, may be used for
making additional copies.

Vivian C. Fisher and Soly Fernandez

H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Checklist

Hubert Howe Bancroft was a bookseller and
publisher in San Francisco before he became a
bibliophile collector of western and Latin
Americana and the founder of The Bancroft
Library.

During the period of its existence, from 1857
to 1870, Bancroft's company issued over 200
titles. This output has never been described.
Such a project had long been considered by
Henry R. Wagner, an authority on diverse
aspects of western bibliography, cartography,
and history. However, when he died in 1956,
he left his work unfinished. His collaborator,
Eleanor Ashby Bancroft, then Assistant to the
Director of The Bancroft Library, also died
that year, and it is only now that Wagner's
long-time associate Ruth Frey Axe has com­
pleted the job.

In documenting the publications of H. H.
Bancroft and Company, Mrs. Axe has ex­
panded Wagner's list of "100 to 150 books" to
212 entries. The 52-page checklist is being
published jointly by the Friends of The Ban­
croft Library and the Friends of the UCLA
Library. A copy will be sent gratis to members
of the Friends of The Bancroft Library on re­
quest by letter or by telephone (642-3781). For
non-members, the checklist will be available
for $10.00, tax and postage included.

Since the Friends have only 250 copies for
distribution on a first-requested first-served
basis, we suggest that those wishing to acquire
a copy inform us as soon as possible.


Favorable investment of funds has made pos­
sible the granting of four Bancroft Library
Fellowships for the first time instead of the
three awarded in recent years. Two of these
study awards are funded by the Graduate
Division of the Berkeley campus and the two
others from the income of an endowment
created by our Council member Kenneth E.

Hill and his wife Dorothy V. Hill. Each Fel­
lowship pays a stipend of $5,000 for the aca­
demic year.

A committee of professors, David Collier of
Political Science, Frances Ferguson of English,
and James R. Metcalf of History, assisted by
Bancroft's Director, selected from the fourteen
graduate students who applied from Berkeley
and other UC campuses to undertake a year of
research in The Bancroft Library on subjects
whose source materials are to be found there.

The four new Bancroft Library Fellows are:
Paul Francis Stairs, proceeding toward a
Ph.D. in the Department of Geography on the
Berkeley campus. His subject is the friction
between nineteenth-century California ranch­
ers and farmers and Federal and State govern­
mental regulations.

John Robert Lear, who plans to write a dis­
sertation for Berkeley's History Department
on an urban history of Mexico City 1900-1930,
with a focus on the working classes.

Sherry Jeanne Katz, who is writing a pro­
spectus for a dissertation in the History De­
partment of UCLA. She will explore the
nature, development, and accomplishments of
the socialist women's movement in California
1870-1920.

Carlos Perez, also of the Department of
History of UCLA, is beginning work on his
dissertation to compare two nineteenth-cen­
tury 'folk caudillos,' Rafael Carrera of Guate­
mala and Manuel Isidoro Belzu of Bolivia.

Ms. Katz and Mr. Perez have been named as
recipients of the Hill Fellowships.

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Photograph by Mary-Ellen Junes on page 10