The Library Development Review 1999-00

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The home of John Ross, Cherokee Chief, at Ross's Landing near Chattanooga. See article on page 7. (Foreman, Grant, Indian Removal: The Emigration of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1932, facing p. 252.

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Barbara Dewey
Dean of the University Library

On the Cover
This photo of Tennessee Williams taken by Karsh in 1947 was too studied for Williams's taste, but, perhaps for that reason, it seems to have everything one wants in a Williams's portrait: an old typewriter, a drink, a smoldering cigarette, and a film noir setting.
THE LIBRARY DEVELOPMENT REVIEW

1999-00

Edited by James B. Lloyd
Associate Editor Susan M. Leonard

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A TRIBUTE TO JOHN H. DOBSON
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARIAN EMERITUS

The one-page article which appears on the overleaf of the table of contents of the Review is usually written by a donor to encourage others to be equally kind to the University Library. We have, however, sometimes honored one of our own, and that is the case now, as I write about my friend and mentor, John Dobson, who passed away suddenly on April 8 of 2000.

I hardly know where to start. I have been both dreading and looking forward to this tribute. Dreading because it brings John back so vividly and I am still having trouble with his loss. But I have been looking forward to it because no one deserves it more, and I am very lucky to be in a position to publicly thank one who has made such a contribution to the Library and to Special Collections at UT, or "ut," (pronounced as a word, not an acronym) as John always called it.

In a sense, John Dobson was Special Collections at UT. A local boy from Greeneville, he served in WWII from 1943 to 1946, then returned to school, earning a B.A. from the university in 1948 and an M.L.S. from Columbia in 1951. He started work for the Library (I am looking at his staff vita) on July 1, 1954, as a cataloger, and in 1959 William H. Jesse, then librarian, appointed him the Library's first special collections librarian. Mr. Jesse, as he was affectionately known, also sent him on a tour of special collections libraries and allowed him to design the form of the facility, the functions it would perform, and how it would perform them. In other words, though the Library had been collecting rare books and manuscripts for some time, John provided the structure and Special Collections is his monument.

John occupied this space once before in the 1985-86 Review when he announced his retirement. He stayed on part time, however, for another three years in order to help me with the transition, and I don't know what I would have done without him. There are over 2,000 collections here, and each one has a story. Then there was the small matter of the Review, which he had edited since 1980.

And somehow, in the course of all this, we became such good friends that it is hard for me to imagine that he is no longer over there at 1111 Kenasaw Ave. in Mr. Jesse's former home, three blocks away from me, whenever I need him. He, Ronnie Allen, who has often also graced these pages, and I had lunch every Friday and talked shop. I used to think of it as Rare Books 101, and I guess I foolishly thought it would go on forever. Friday still comes, but lunch is over.

James B. Lloyd
Special Collections Librarian

John H. Dobson on his retirement in 1986.
the Andreas Brown collection went to the University of Texas in memory of Margo Jones. Texas today holds about eighty-five percent of the total Williams archive. When Harry Ransom was working to elevate the Texas school to world-class status as a humanities research center, golden gushers of oil fueled the acquisition of an astonishing wealth for the new center.

In the fall of 1987, Andrea and I were sitting in his office, in those days a cluttered book-filled room at the far end of the store where Tennessee used to gasp, "Ba-by, there's no air in here." Above us hung a later picture of Tennessee in a Greek Fisherman's cap (an item he constantly lost and replaced) surrounded by such other lights of American literature as Eudora Welty, William Faulkner, the Millers—Henry and Arthur—and Tennessee's favorite American poet, Hart Crane. Other walls were plastered with a collector's ransom of autographed photographs, a Who's Who of American and English letters. And everywhere, books and more books. Andreas's desk stacked high with two feet of papers and still more books. Piled high in front of me this day were freshly signed copies by James Purdy and drawings by the late Edward Gorey (a special favorite of Andreas who is now working on the artist's estate and will be a trustee of a charitable trust for animals). In the front window, Gorey's "Dracula" made a hard bed for Mitch, the store's most famous cat.

We were speaking of Tennessee. In addition to his Williams Collection at Austin, Andreas publishes a catalog that is the current authority on prices of Williamsiana. Almost casually he announced, "You know, I'll always think that somewhere in this city, forgotten in some dusty warehouse, there's a trunk that belongs to him." I was struck by his remark. It triggered an instantaneous, "My God, I wonder if they checked the attic." By "they" I meant Chuck Carroll, the executor of Tennessee's estate, a trust officer from Southeast Bank in downtown Miami. The attic was at 1014 Dumaine Street in the French Quarter of New Orleans, Tennessee's earthly home in his spiritual home.

My mind flew back to a gray Sunday in the early autumn of 1977 when I'd tracked Tennessee to New Orleans by way of Key West and New York, finally cornering him in the Vieux Carré to look over his personal photographs for my pictorial biography that Putnam would publish in 1978. "Ba-by, they're up there," he gestured vaguely. I balanced on a chair and stretched up to raise and move aside a small trapdoor. Inside a tiny and alarmingly damp crawl space, I reached and finally removed a collapsing cardboard box filled with yellowing clippings, a few playbills, a pack of old mail—some of it unopened—loose photographs, and oddly, a bamboo fan (Hart Crane's?). After his death, the Dumaine property had been sold, and now Andrea's remark jolted my memory of that attic, those photographs, and that afternoon.

I was doubly unnerved because a recent horror story involving Tennessee's younger brother, Dakin, was fresh in my mind. Through the years, researching pictures from both private and public sources, I'd developed a vague sense that some things were missing. There were curious gaps in Tennessee's early and college life not documented by family photographs. Thinking it odd, I had quizzed Dakin but he assured me that all photos were in Texas.

Then, in 1977, Tennessee's mother, Miss Edwina, now an elderly lady
in her nineties, finally entered a rest home. Dakin sold her home on Wydown Boulevard in St. Louis to a Mr. Murphy. To make a long story short, in the attic Mr. Murphy discovered a cache of Tennessee-related material that included revisions of play scenes as recent as The Night of the Iguana (1962) and some nine hundred family photographs! My early elation over this discovery soon turned to despair, for Dakin had sold the house "with its contents" and Mr. Murphy was the happiest man on the boulevard. Legal proceedings followed, but the upshot was that the material (including a great many of Tennessee's letters) was auctioned by Sotheby's in New York with Dakin and Mr. Murphy splitting a very considerable amount of money. The pictures seemed out of reach.

Through the purchasing agent, I wrote to the unknown buyer of the pictures—a private collector in New York—and exactly one year later, in June 1988 (my letter having been mislaid) I was invited to examine the photographs. Here indeed were the "missing years": young Tom as a thoughtful eight-year-old, standing with his mother on the steps of 4633 Westminster Place, model for the Wingfield apartment in The Glass Menagerie; twelve-year-old Dakin standing in his vegetable garden in front of the Enright building, the model for the Wingfield tenement in Menonee.

Included was a pensive Tom with his childhood sweetheart, Hazel Kramer, twelve-year-old Tom looking lost and homesick in St. Louis; Tom swimming in the Ozarks under the watchful eye of his beloved Dakin grandmother, "Grand." Here too were the only known photos of his favorite aunt, Belle Brownlow and her husband, Will, both living reminders of Tennessee's memorable Tennessee heritage, since both Brownlaws were closely related to memorable state governors. One especially interesting photo showed fifteen-year-old Tom standing about three feet away from his father, the two of them in front of the family car, together but apart, symbolic of their relationship. Other pictures showed Tom as a freshman at the University of Missouri, another with an extremely chic Edwina on Mother's Day, 1930. There were dozens of such pictures; they filled several albums and have since been donated to the Harvard Theatre Collection.

In life, as on the stage, timing is everything. I researched my book at just the right time. So many key people in Tennessee's life have died since then; I am grateful to have researched those friends when I did. Nothing recaptures the past quite like a photograph—a moment frozen in time—especially when the picture and the circumstances surrounding it are explained by one who was there. Tennessee himself was notoriously indifferent about photographs. Just once, and then against my better judgement, I left a choice photograph with him in New York, thinking he'd enjoy seeing himself with his friend, poet Gilbert Maxwell, when they were both enjoying early success. The instant I closed the door, I knew I'd made a terrible mistake, and sure enough, I never saw that picture again. Mea maxima culpa!

As a celebrity's celebrity, Tennessee was much photographed. Always shy, he tolerated being photographed—up to a point. Usually he was mellow and considerate, but he could get testy and dismissive when things ran on. Many of the best pictures I have seen, were, of course, candid shots taken when he was most at ease. One of his favorite photographs of himself was taken in London in 1946 by his friend, the late Angus McBean, the distinguished theatrical photographer. He took his portrait of Tennessee in a very relaxed sitting—the best possible circumstance. Tennessee liked him very much; they were both of the theatre, the vibes were good, and the moustache was new. Tennessee liked the poetic feeling captured by the camera.

Marion Black Vaccaro, Tennessee's dear friend and favorite traveling companion, held extensive early photographs dating from 1940, when she and Tennessee met in Key West when he stayed at the Trade Winds, a guest house owned by her mother. Marion's photographs documented their travels in Italy as well as the Caribbean. It was a collection I would one day inherit from her brother, George, Donald Windham, Tennessee's early long-time friend, owns a very special collection of early material from their salad days in New York, Provencetown, Macon, and elsewhere that includes many one of a kind gems. The legendary Paul Bigelow owned a joint collection with his friend, Jordan Masse (a cousin of Carson McCullers and the namesake son for one of the models for Big Daddy) that covered important areas in Tennessee's life. God alone knows how Gilbert Maxwell ever preserved a few excellent photos from the early days in the 1940s. He was more careless with photos than Tennessee. And the Bettman Archive is even richer now that it owns the files of United Press International.

I estimate that I have looked at more than four thousand Tennessee-related photos including both play and movie production stills from newspaper morgues in New York, Key West, Miami, New Orleans, St. Louis, and Boston; and from Special Collections in libraries of all the above mentioned cities, as well as the historic New Orleans Collection. Other collections include the Billy Rose and the Astor and Tilden in the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, plus the early Vendam photographs. The Andreas Brown Collection at Texas has the

Tennessee and Frank Merlo in Key West c.1950. Tennessee bought his first home in Key West in 1947. For fourteen years, Frank Merlo ran the household and organized Tennessee's life so he could write. Tennessee wrote wherever he was, but he worked best in Key West. (Collection of Richard Freeman Leavitt.)
largest Williams Archive, but both Harvard and Columbia have significant holdings, with Columbia benefiting substantially by a large infusion of items from Tennessee’s estate. Texas also has the Robert Downing Collection, but there is material all over with new items constantly surfacing. The University of Georgia has Williamsiana as do Yale, Washington University in St. Louis, and the University of Delaware. And there is some very special material at the University of Iowa, where Tennessee finally graduated from college in 1938.

I took only one photograph of Tennessee in my life. In Miami’s Parrot Jungle in the summer of 1957, I snapped him with Lilli Von Saher (“The Last of the Crepe de Chine Gypsies”) and screen writer Meade Roberts (“Adrenaline Addle”) who was working on the script of The Fugitive Kind. Years later, Vogue Magazine used it in connection with an amusing article by Meade about working with Tennessee, adapting the script from the play Orpheus Descending.

Back to that autumn Sunday in 1977, in Tennessee’s little parlor on the second floor of his Dumaine Street home, we settled down to explore the contents of the box from the attic beneath the unseeing gaze of Lord Byron, whose elegant black bust dominated the small table it shared with a big battered copy of Dante’s Inferno, from which Tennessee had taken the epigram “In the middle of the journey of our life, I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost” from Canto I for Camino Real. Beside the table, a massive leather armchair seeped horsehair from two ruptured seams, a matter of obvious indifference to him.

Both of Tennessee’s homes were modest, and like him, slightly disheveled. It was the odd juxtaposition of dissimilar pieces, a few elegant props surrounded by eclectic furniture, much of it only a cut or two above or below early Goodwill. Although ceiling fans and wicker became personal props (he often posed in big wicker chairs, especially later on when he adopted his Big Daddy-white-plantation-suit image), his penchant for mixing run-of-the-mill with something quite striking lent an atmosphere of raffish abandon to the whole, especially in his Key West home. Upstairs, in what was known as Grandfather’s room, was a double bed so rounded that a cat had to fight to stay upright. This was Marion Vaccaro’s room when she visited (Tennessee’s title for her was “The Banana Queen,” a reference to the source of her husband’s New Orleans family wealth).

To Tennessee’s delight, she had written poems on the white paper lampshades throughout the room, composing them late at night when sleep eluded her and the muse came in a glass. He loved her poetry (it was also admired by Jean Paul Sartre) and talked often of publishing it. When she died in 1970, Tennessee wanted to add her ashes to the little shrine he kept to his sister Rose in his downstairs bedroom, but her brother George demurred, taking the advice of a stuffy Episcopal Vicar that it would be “unseemly.”

Tennessee said, “A free spirit lives here.” He himself said that his address was Bohemia.

That Sunday afternoon as we examined the material from his attic, his high good humor further elevated by a convivial bottle of Bardolino Bolio, I handed him the photos one at a time and he responded with obvious delight. Some of them he was seeing for the first time (unopened mail)! He kept finding surprises that pleased him. I noted his comments and digressions. He was like the young Tennessee from the mid-fifties, by turn rollicking and mock-serious as he delivered the most diverting observations, all of which struck me as deadly accurate. His sense of humor was robust and, as always, his sense of the ridiculous acute.

There were dozens of production stills, and he commented on each; his memory was sharp and he recalled the smallest detail. But it was the people-pictures that most amused him: a photo of Joan Crawford backstage at Orpheus Descending. Tennessee’s home always said, “A free spirit lives here.” He himself said that his address was Bohemia.
Tennessee wrote an unpublished poem some few months before his death from a drug overdose in 1983. In part it runs: "My heart is in a tall clock tower/And keeps smiling hours that say/Take time for you to slide away." (Wright Langley/Key West.)

This 1958 photo of Tennessee and Diana Barrymore alighting from the plane returning them to Miami from a weekend romp in Havana. She was wearing a little red jacket, the famous Barrymore eyes turned on him. She had wanted to marry him, something he considered one of her better jokes. She had a wicked talent for camp names, which she freely bestowed. She turned to me one day, "Mona called," and although she had never called him by that name before, I knew instantly that she meant Tennessee. The reference was to the fabled New York socialite, Mona Harrison Williams, the Kentucky stable groom's daughter who married so often and so well that she ended up reigning high atop the Isle of Capri as the Countess Bismarck in her great villa where Tennessee had once lunched, courtesy of Gore Vidal. He remembered it when he wrote The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore (Tennessee, by the way, always believed that Diana Barrymore had been murdered). Another photo showed him with Audrey Wood, his agent from 1940 until 1971. She seldom photographed well, but in this picture taken on the porch of Marion Black Vaccaro's home, "Blackwood," on the opening night of Orpheus Descending at the Coconut Playhouse in 1957, she and Tennessee both looked wonderful. One would never suspect they would one day have such a tragic falling-out.

And here Tennessee waltzing with his cousin, Jane Lawrence Smith, elegant in a black beaded gown at an opening night party. Tennessee had officiated as witness when she married the late sculptor, Tony Smith.

Tennessee's amusement stopped abruptly at a picture of Lilla Von Safer. "That Bitch cost me the No-bel Pri-ze." Some years earlier, she had exploited him shamelessly in Stockholm, and he had received a terrible beating from the press.

Somewhere in the little parlor on Domaine Street in New Orleans, a clock chimed in the background, and then we were looking at a photograph taken at the first meeting of the principals for a read-through of The Night of the Iguana. In the photo lovely Margaret Leighton, a Williams favorite, smiles demurely while the great Bette Davis smiles broadly at director Harold Clorman from beneath a wide-brimmed hat, as Tennessee and Patrick O'Neal look on. Tennessee met Elvis Presley in 1962 when he was in Hollywood in connection with the filming of Summer and Smoke by Hal Wallis, starring Laurence Harvey and Geraldine Page. Tennessee admired Presley as an actor and would have loved for him to have played Val on the stage in Orpheus Descending. (Cinemabilia.)

One of my favorite photographs of him was taken on the beach at Santa Monica during his suspension from MGM during the summer of 1943 when he was a zestful thirty-two years old. He was living on Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica, renting from a lusty landlady amid circumstances he would resurrect ten years hence in a short story called "The Mattress by the Tomato Patch." He was also revising his original screenplay, The Gentleman Caller, into a stage play retitled The Glass Menagerie. Just ahead, the bitch goddess Success was waiting in the wings to anoint him for this first great play which would transform the American theatre.

Tennessee would know fame and fortune as few others. His work would be celebrated around the world, and he would be hailed as America's greatest playwright. But seeing him on this beach, striding along in what he called, "that fabulous rocking-horse weather of California," I know that he would never be more happy. It's one way I like to remember him.
AT THE AUCTION

BY JAMES B. LLOYD
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARIAN

It was about 8:00 p.m. on October the 28th of 1999, and I was sitting with my friends David Szevczyk and Cynthia Davis Buffington of Philadelphia Rare Books & Manuscripts at an Italian restaurant in downtown New York. In a minute two more of our party arrived, Selby Kiffer, who heads the rare book department at Sotheby's, and Don Heald, one of the foremost illustrated book dealers in the country. I shook hands with Selby, and said, "I tried to get you to sell a Curtis for me several years ago (see the Review, 1991-92). He said, "Tennessee! You must be ...." but Don cut him off, saying, "Yes, and I bought it.... Twice. Once then, and again later in London." We all laughed, and he started his story.

He was hardly through when we were joined by our other two participants, Bailey Bishop, who had made sure that we got first choice at the numerous auctions of the Francis Headman collection of Tennesseana when he worked at Goodspeed's Bookshop, then the premier dealer of Americana in the country, and Bill Reese, who has taken over that mantle, and who had that day spent some three million dollars of his own and other people's money at what many people think was one of the two most important sales of Americana to occur in the 20th century (the first was the Streeter sale in the late sixties, a benchmark against which Americana has been judged ever since). They sat down, and Bill, who had successfully bid for more than half of the 531 lots, and Selby, the auctioneer, began to recap a monumental day. As they talked, I drifted off....

We had gathered at Sotheby's that morning to take part in the second half of the auction of the Frank T. Siebert Library of the North American Indian and the American Frontier. Known in the trade as "the Indian man," Siebert, a pathologist, had become something of a legend in the collecting of Americana. For fifty years he had been documenting the American frontier as it moved westward. Thus his collection began with Canada, then moved on to encompass the Northeast, the South, Trans-Appalachi-a, the Mississippi Valley, the Plains, the Rockies, the West, and the Southwest. He eventually divorced his wife, became estranged from the rest of his family, and, as Bailey Bishop describes in his introduction to the two volume catalog, ended up living instead with "rarity after rarity in remarkable condition, numbering about fifteen hundred books, pamphlets, broadsides, maps, manuscripts, prints, photographs, and newspapers, some famously elusive or the nicest copies in existence, crammed into a non-descriptive cottage in the middle of Maine."

When Dr. Siebert died in 1998, the family decided to auction the collection through Sotheby's, and Bailey Bishop was engaged to write the catalogue descriptions. Bailey had become a friend while he was brokering parts of the Headman collection back to me (see my article in the 1986-87 Review), so he had served notice in the spring that the most important sale since Streeter was about to occur. The first half of the collection was sold in May. The budget outlook at that time was not good for the Library, so though I bid for several things with the assistance of George Webb, a dealer in Tennesseana who was present, we got very little. However, by fall our situation looked better, and Interim Dean Aubrey Mitchell agreed to support acquisitions up to $50,000 as well as to send me in person to the auction.

George did not plan to attend the fall sale, so I enlisted my friends David and Cynthia, whom I knew would be there anyway, to help. I did this because high level auctions are a fairly closed society. It's not that you cannot just show up and bid. You can, but if you wish to have access to the presale information that many of the other participants will have, such as who is interested in what, the level of their interest, and the probable depth of their pockets, you will need help, and the more, the better. In this case, Bill Reese had dominated the first auction, bidding both for himself and for numerous institutions, and it seemed likely that he would do so again. So it seemed best to work with him as well, and he agreed to add the University of Tennessee to the list of institutions for whom he was bidding.

This way I could more or less tell which of the lots I was interested in we might actually be able to get. This knowledge is essential, since otherwise you may pass on lots you really want in order to conserve your funds to bid, for instance, on some Jackson letters which come late and which you have absolutely no chance of getting since the representative of

(Mackentosh, John, Receipts for the Cure of Most Diseases Incident to the Human Family. By the Celebrated Indian Doctor of the Cherokee Nation: None of Which Have Ever Before Been Communicated to the World, New York: 1827.)
the Gilder Lehrman collection at the Pierpont Morgan Library will simply keep bidding no matter what. And that, indeed, is why I needed to be there in order to apply the brakes or the accelerator depending on how successful our bidding was. In other words, though you may identify items in which you're interested and set bid limits, everything changes quickly when the auction begins. If your early bids fail, you may decide to increase the later ones, etc.

In the first auction a total of almost six million dollars changed hands, and the second came in slightly higher, for a grand total of $12,591,870. Of this, only a small part was from the University of Tennessee. I did not come close to spending the amount Aubrey had set aside, but we were able to purchase eight lots for what in the context I considered reasonable prices, six containing manuscript material and two printed pieces.

The manuscripts, sometimes single letters, sometimes lots of several, include pieces from some of the biggest names in the history of the Old Southwest. In one letter Benjamin Hawkins, for instance, who became Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1785, writes to Samuel Elbert, governor of Georgia, in June, 1785, concerning the part Georgia is to play in the Treaty of Hopewell which he was getting ready to negotiate in November (this is the first of numerous boundary treaties with the Cherokee). And Return J. Meigs, of whom I wrote in last year's Review, writes from his agency at Hiwassee to John Strothers in Nashville in defense of the rights of the Cherokee and the Chickasaw to a saltpeter cave at the mouth of the Elk River in present day Alabama. Name recognition, however, need not always be present for research interest. One of the ancillary letters in lot 622, which really concerns Cyrus Byington, the missionary who published a Choctaw speller in 1825, is from Timothy Pickering, Secretary of War, to Samuel Hodgdon, Commissary of Military Stores in Philadelphia. In it, Pickering documents the rather tortuous route the obligatory presents to the Chickasaw and the Choctaw are to take, i.e., by water from Philadelphia to Richmond, "thence by land to Knoxville and thence in boats by the River Tennessee to the Chickasaw country."

Of the printed pieces, my favorite, hands down, is Receipts for the Cure of Most Diseases Incident to the Human Family: By the Celebrated Indian Doctor, John Mackentosh of the Cherokee Nation: None of Which Have Ever Before Been Communicated to the World, which was published in New York in 1827. In it, one Seth Holderwell presents the folk remedies which he purports to have received from Mackentosh. Here are a few representative samples.

For Sprains: Take a spoonful of honey, the same quality of salt, and the white of an egg, beat the whole together, anoint the place sprained with this, keeping the part well rolled with a good bandage I have known this to enable persons with sprained ankles to walk in twenty-four hours entirely free from pain.

For Cramp and Stomach-Ache: First put the patient in a warm bed, then take as many spider's webs as can be put in a thimble, and mix them with as much honey, half of this is a dose, to be given once in half an hour till the patient sweats freely, when the cramping will cease or the stomach will stop aching, and the patient fall to sleep.

For Rheumatism: Take some brimstone and powder it fine, pour it in a long narrow bag and tie it about the body. A spoonful may be taken internally on going to bed. These are followed by a testimonial by Dr. J.W. Van Keuren of New York, the whole being available for the meager cost of twelve and a half cents. The thought of the spider webs caused me to sweat a little myself, and brought me back to reality. Bill Reese was saying "Yes, and it was the Champlain.... With the map!"
By Susan M. Leonard

Long-time Library friend and Professor Emeritus Kenneth Curry, who taught English at the University of Tennessee for forty-three years, died at the age of 88 on Oct. 13, 1999. He came to the university in 1935 immediately after completing his Ph.D. at Yale and remained here until his retirement in 1978.

A highly respected specialist in the British romantics of the 19th century, Dr. Curry wrote several books on the English poet Robert Southey and a study of Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh Annual Register. He also wrote a significant article, "The Knoxville of James Agee's A Death in the Family," which was published as the lead article in Tennessee Studies in Literature in 1969. Additionally, he wrote a history of the university English department—a good deal of which history he lived himself.

Dr. Curry was the English department's liaison with the Library, ordering books requested by the faculty for more than twenty years. He established the Kenneth Curry Library Endowment Fund in 1966 for the purchase of library materials in the humanities, which he contributed to generously throughout the years and ultimately with a large bequest. "He was one of those rare faculty who had some independent means, so that during the years he was able to withstand the vagaries in salary support in the state system, to travel for research and entertainment, to purchase books and art, and finally, to support in a serious way what he felt mattered most at the university—English and the Library," said Dr. Allen Carroll, head of the English department. A benefactor also to the English department, Dr. Curry established a professorship which will bear his name.

Both Dr. Carroll and Dr. Allison Ensor—another English professor who worked with Dr. Curry, and even studied under him in the late 1950s—remember him as one productive in his specialty and responsible as a scholar above and beyond what universities expect of faculty. According to Dr. Carroll, Professor Curry was also one of those rare faculty who have no family or otherwise serious interest outside his university position. "He therefore gave his full attention to the Department of English, and for years and years he did so, without much in the way of recognition," said Dr. Carroll.

Dr. Carroll remembers him having a distinctive personality, which included a form of expression, a voice, that amused faculty and friends, and for years was part of the department's personality. Adds Dr. Ensor, "Long known as the department's financial wizard, Professor Curry was always alert for items of news and gossip, though he was fond of saying with feigned complaint, 'Nobody ever tells me anything.'" He was a remarkable person," said retired English Professor Bain Stewart, who taught with Dr. Curry for nearly forty years, "especially in dealing with students. He had many fine qualities as a teacher. They loved him."

Dr. Curry was a long-time friend of Dr. John Hodges, head of the English Department for twenty-five years, and for whom the John C. Hodges Library is named. In an interview conducted for the 1993-94 issue of The Library Development Review, Dr. Curry had many fond memories of the Library and his frequent use of its materials. "The Library has always been essential to the proper conduct of any program in English studies and Dr. Hodges always kept the Library's needs foremost in his planning," Dr. Curry said. "The Library supplied the necessary materials needed to conduct research, and I have always enjoyed the time I spent in the Library, but I did come to realize that the Library in those days lacked the resources it needed."

Dr. Curry then focused on helping to build up the collections during the years he was the English department's library liaison. "We were able to buy hundreds of needed volumes for the Library," he recalled, "some of which are virtually unobtainable now." "Looking back, I have admiration for the many changes to the Library today as compared to the meager resources of a few decades ago," he reflected in the 1994 interview. "The collection has grown tremendously, and it is wonderful to be able to get most of the materials you might need when conducting research."

In regards to his ongoing philanthropy to the endowment which bears his name, Dr. Curry said, "I would encourage anyone who is thinking of contributing to a worthwhile educational cause to consider the UT Library. Such contributions will affect a great number of people—students, faculty, visiting scholars, and the individuals inside and outside of our community. "The stronger our library is, the more people it can reach," he continued. "This can only be done, however, with adequate resources. I have always found the library staff to be helpful and willing to go the extra mile to help with problems. I am pleased that I can give something back to a place that has given so much to me."
The unforgettable mania caused by Orson Welles’s radio broadcast of H. G. Wells’s *The War of the Worlds* was announced in bold headlines in 1938. The front-page article brought to mind the day that my neighbor, Gilbert Arnold, gathered in that stockroom of a Market Street (Knoxville) diner. He worked in the stockroom, known for its backdoor beer distribution, to sit on boxes and sample the stock, while nervously discussing their alien-defense plans.

In 1881, President Garfield’s near three-month struggle to recover from an assassin’s bullet was drawn out with daily updates that were sorrowfully hopeless and surprisingly optimistic from one report to the next. His death was finally announced in *The Knoxville Chronicle* on September 21, two days after he actually died. Like most deaths of important public figures in those days, the newspaper honored his passing by printing thick black lines in the gutters between the columns.

Advertisements are one of the most revealing aspects of older papers as the products and services offered closely reflect the needs, fears, and desires of the readership. Because even minor diseases were life threatening to those who lived before the middle of the twentieth century, many (mostly shady) entrepreneurs capitalized on the public’s fear by developing alternative cures, which were commonly advertised in local newspapers. Numerous were ads for healing remedies such as Hinkle’s Kidney and Bladder Capsules and Carboil, “The Great American Salve,” which promised to “stop pain caused by boils and carbundles” (*The Sunday Journal and Tribune* [Knoxville], 1920).

Other remedies were much more ambitious in their claims. In the *Knoxville Daily Whig*, 1870, Dr. Lawrence’s Extract of Koskoo was promoted as a “blood purifier” that could cure “scrofula, syphilis, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous affections, eruptions of the skin, and
any blood-carried disease." These "rem­
cedies" were often little more than sugar
and alcohol, although the addition of the
occasional opiate was not uncommon.
Other popular items offer insight into the
daily lives of the readership. From cor­
cets, cast iron stoves, plows, coal, garden
seed, and baking powder, to clocks, jew­
elry, shoes, and books; the endless selec­
tion portrays the diverse lifestyles of the
19th and early 20th centuries.

And a final favorite: a news bulletin
as published in the Daily Press & Herald,
Knoxville, January 27, 1872:

A fashionable lady in Chicago, dis­
gusted with her ugly nose......has had
a rubber one made after the Grecian
style of architecture. It is beautifully
tinted and so life like that with a
prodigal use of toilet powder it
would trouble a stranger to detect
that it is a counterfeit bugle.

These stories were found on the
 crumbling paper of the late 1800s and
early 1900s when it was common prac­
tice to print on highly acidic wood pulp
newsprint. Because of the high acid con­
tent, the pages are deteriorating very rap­
idly, often falling apart at the slightest
touch. As a result of their fragile condi­
tion, many of these original papers are no
longer available to the public.

Fortunately, the delicate nature of
the older papers caught the attention of
manities who initiated the United States
the National Endowment for the Hu­
manation, many of these original papers are no
the purpose of forming state-based
projects in order to locate, catalogue, and
preserve newspapers before they are per­
manently lost to us. With the Library of
Congress furnishing technical assistance,
the USNP now includes all
states, as well as Puerto Rico
and the Virgin Islands. Thirty-six projects have been com­
pleted, leaving sixteen in
progress.

The TNP joined the USNP
in 1994 with a one-year plan­
ing grant from the NEH. That
funding allowed the TNP staff
to locate over 11,000 newspaper
titles across the state, an esti­
mated 6,300 of which are
unique. The information gath­
ered from the survey process was
compiled into a searchable data­
based that was made accessible
through the project's Web site. This
database has proven a valu­
able resource for researchers as
they attempt to locate particular
papers or papers from a specific

Political opinions were often made known in
cartoons such as this one found in the April 8,
1892, Knoxville Republican.

Advertisements paint a picture of a
bygone way of life. This example
was taken from the May 8, 1885,
Humphreys County News.

Due to advances in technology,
there are now other ways in which news­
paper access, and perhaps preservation, is
possible. One may, for instance, scan a
newspaper, perform optical character rec­
ognition (OCR), and make the paper's
content searchable so that it can be ac­
cessed via the Internet by interested par­
ties around the world. The Georgia
Newspaper Project has accomplished
some work in this area, and the TNP
hopes to explore this option more fully
within the next few years.
Library endowments recently enabled librarians to upgrade the university research capabilities by combining the purchasing power of several accounts towards a major retrospective acquisition, the Web of Science online database backfiles from 1970 through 1999. The backfiles complement a current subscription to the database that is supported by state funding. Despite its somewhat specialized name, Web of Science covers literature of the humanities and social sciences, as well as the sciences. It is comprised of three large databases: Science Citation Index, Social Sciences Citation Index, and Arts & Humanities Citation Index which contain references from over 8,000 peer-reviewed journals. A recent search gave results from a total of over 25 million records! Published by the Institute for Scientific Information (ISI), Web of Science offers an unusual and unique approach to research. ISI’s founder and president, Eugene Garfield, pursued an innovative idea in the late 1950s that launched a scientific publishing empire.

Garfield was fascinated by footnotes. He observed that while the references in articles take the reader back in time, footnotes could also enable a scholar to go forward in time. If an author could discover who cited a particular article once it was published, those citations could serve as links to further development of ideas and findings presented in the original publication. The concept of citation indexing was born. ISI is the only information provider in the world that captures and indexes cited references (the footnotes or bibliographies) published with every article included in the database. Information can be retrieved by author, subject term, journal title, and by cited reference. Each article entry provides full bibliographic details, an abstract, the author’s affiliation and address, and a list of all the footnotes included in the article. Further, a button at the top of the screen offers links to “related records” that share footnotes in common, a virtual bibliographic bonanza.

An article about domesticated sunflowers in prehistoric middle Tennessee written by Gary Crites, a professor at the UT’s McClung Museum, illustrates the power of Web of Science. Dr. Crites published an article in the journal American Antiquity in January 1993. A search of the Web of Science database reveals that the article included twenty three citations, and full bibliographic information is shown for all of them. Further, the database shows that since January 1993, the article was cited eight times, twice each year in 1995 and 1996, three times in 1997, and once in 1999. For each of the articles that cited Dr. Crites’s work on sunflowers, the database includes an abstract and a list of all their references. A click of the “related records” button brings up an additional 10,167 items. Web of Science spins for the researcher a web of discovery with the bibliographic citation at its center.

Particularly valuable for interdisciplinary research and an excellent source for locating book reviews, Web of Science databases are updated weekly. The university students, faculty, and staff, as well as any visitor at the University Library can connect by clicking on Web of Science in the multidisciplinary section of the library's databases menu http://www.lib.utk.edu/research/databases/. Electronic Services Coordinator Gayle Baker (gsbaker@utk.edu; 974-3519) will answer questions or provide training in the use of this important acquisition. The following library endowments contributed to the purchase of Web of Science backfiles: Tutt S. and Elizabeth Bradford, Ira N. Chiles, Elizabeth and R.B. Davenport III, Natalie Leach and James A. Haslam II, John C. Hodges UT Alumni, Dwight McDonald, Harvey and Helen Meyer, B. Schiff Family and Betty J. Weathers, and Ronald H. Wolf.
THE CIVIL WAR IN THE WEST: MORMONS, INDIANS, CONFEDERATES, AND CALIFORNIANS

By William B. Eigelsbach
Manuscripts Archivist
Special Collections

This year Special Collections received a donation of the Civil War papers of Capt. Joseph C. Morrill. In 1861, Morrill, a transplanted New Englander, was teaching school in San Francisco. With the outbreak of war in the East, Morrill joined the Unionist 3rd California Infantry Regiment. Starting out a second lieutenant, Morrill eventually became a company captain and served in the Utah Territory. Most of the papers are quartermaster reports Morrill submitted to Washington. As interesting as these reports are—in September of 1863, the unit’s twenty-five teamsters only used as much soap as the unit’s two civilian prisoners—they are just part of a much larger story and this is that story—the Civil War in the West.

When Abraham Lincoln issued his call to raise 75,000 troops to conquer the South, Unionists across the country responded. California’s Unionists were no exception, eventually raising a total of 16,000 troops to serve Lincoln. Gen. George Wright wrote Washington about Union sentiment in California, “The Union-loving people of the coast are vastly in the ascendant, their fiat has gone forth, and no secession doctrine can flourish here.”

Contrary to their wish, the Californians who enlisted were not sent east to suppress Southern independence. Instead Lincoln kept some in California, sent some into the Southwest, and sent others to the Utah Territory. There were two reasons behind Lincoln’s actions: the first was practical and the second political. The practical reason was that keeping the Californians in the West freed up professional army units stationed there to go east; professional soldiers would be more useful than new recruits in conquering the South.

The political reason was that, contrary to Gen. Wright’s assertion about California’s “Union-loving people,” the state was riven with factions disputing the proper destiny of the area. Clearly the dominant faction was the Unionist one. After all, they had all those troops. Their position was a simple one: Union and whatever force necessary to preserve it. Another faction was led by Governor John G. Downey, who despite issuing the proclamation calling for troops to be raised, opposed their use. His view was that the Union rested on voluntary agreement, not coercive force. Compromise, not war, was his policy. A third faction was pro-Southern and centered around Los Angeles, just as the state’s Unionist sentiment centered around San Francisco. Ex-Senator William M. Gwim and ex-Senator Joseph E. Lane were reputed to be its leaders. A fourth faction was made up of those Southern Californians who wanted to secede from California itself. Yet a last faction wanted California to be an independent nation.

With this in mind, Lincoln did not want to undermine loyalty to the Union by sending Californian troops to die on distant battlefields in the East. He wanted to keep them close to home to fight battles that would seem more in California’s immediate interest. Troops in the Southwest could be seen as preserving California’s lines of communication and commerce east through that territory. Troops in Utah could be seen as doing the same since the northern route to California passed through that region. So this is why, while some troops stayed in the state to keep control of it, others went to Arizona and others still to Utah.

The territory in the Southwest that comprised today’s Arizona and New Mexico principally derived its population from the South. In March of 1861,
people from the eastern portion of the territory held a convention at Mesilla and passed resolutions joining the Confederacy, inviting the people in the territory's western half to do the same. A convention was then held in Tucson that did just that. Provisional officers were elected and a government organized. Eventually Lt. Colonel John R. Baylor, a Texan, was appointed by Richmond to be the permanent governor. Even before he arrived with Confederate troops—the force consisted of some eight hundred Texans and two hundred Mexicans—the local militia, flying the Confeder ate flag, had engaged in battles with bands of local Indians.

It was to conquer this territory from the Confederacy that the California troops were sent into the Southwest. Dramatically out numbered, the Confederate forces eventually withdrew into Texas without significantly engaging the Union army.

With the exception of small Confederate bands, the Union army's main opponents in the territory were the now various Indian tribes. The Californians were sufficient in number to cow the Confederate population, but insufficient in number to adequately protect them from the Indians. This problem remained unresolved at war's end and the Californians' replacement with the regular army.

The troops from California that went into Utah also faced Indian problems, but more importantly faced problems with the local Mormon population. At the start of the war, the territory contained 42,214 whites, thirty free blacks, twenty-nine slaves, and some 20,000 Indians. The bulk of the whites were Mormons and hostile to the federal government.

The Mormon attitude was the product of the church's history. Almost from the first when Joseph Smith announced that the Angel Moroni had given him a revelation supplementing Scripture and authorizing polygamy, Smith and disciples were in often-violent conflict with their neighbors. This conflict led to Smith's death in 1844, while on trial in Illinois for sedition, and to what came to be called the Mormon War in Missouri. Fleeing the enmity that they had experienced, the Mormons under Smith's successor Brigham Young went west into the Utah Territory. Here they had hoped to have a home away from the hostility that beset them in the East and in which they would be the rulers, only to find that federal authority had followed them west. Within Utah there were in effect two governments. There was the de jure government of the territorial governor and other federal officials and the de facto government of Brigham Young and the Mormon Church. During the time Young was the appointed territorial governor, the two were essentially one. After his governorship, the relationship reverted back to suspicion livened by animosity and violence.

The Buchanan administration decided to send federal troops to the area to keep an eye on the Mormons. When the news reached them, Mormon distrust increased. At this moment a wagon train of emigrants passing west for California entered Utah. The wagon train's mounted contingent called "The Missouri Boys" succeeded in riling both Mormon and Indian alike. The local militia sent a message to Salt Lake City to find out what to do. Brigham Young ordered that they be allowed to pass in peace. Unfortunately the militia and Indians did not wait for his reply. Instead they massacred everyone in the wagon train except the 17 youngest children; 120 men, women, and children were killed.

When the federal troops arrived, Mormons expecting retaliation fled their homes and farms. After a time they gradually returned to discover to their surprise that the troops had refrained from burning them out. The commander of the troops, then Colonel Albert Sydney Johnson, who was later to be a Confederate general, did not engage in war with civilians. His moderation helped defuse the situation, which decreased to one of wariness on both sides.

This was the way events stood when things began to full apart back east with the election of Lincoln. The Mormon attitude must have seemed schizophrenic if not downright deceitful. On one hand the Mormons held fervent 4th of July celebrations replete with claims of loyalty and petitioned to be admitted to the Union as a state. On the other hand Mormon speakers and newspapers seemed almost to revel in the break up of the Union. "There is no more a United States," said Brigham Young, "Can they amalgamate and form a government? No. Will they have the ability to form a government and continue? No, they will not...What will King Abraham do? I do not know, neither do I care." On another occasion he stated, referring to the Washington government,

They have left the paths of truth and virtue, they have joined themselves to falsehood, they have made lies a refuge...and justified the iniquitous doers. They have justified thieving and lying and every specie of debauchery; they have fostered those who have purloined money out of the public treasury...Shame, shame on the rulers of the nation! I feel myself disgraced to hail such men as my countrymen.

Any wonder that Lincoln and Washington did not believe Young's other statements that the Mormons should stay away from secession and rejected the Mormon request that he be appointed territorial governor again? The arrival in late 1862 of the California troops under Col. Patrick Edward Connor did nothing to improve the situation. The Mormons ostracized the troops and the troops in their turn were hostile to the Mormons. Col. Connor...
spoke for them and the federal officials of the Territory when he wrote in his initial report to Washington, "It will be impossible for me to describe what I saw and heard in Salt Lake, so as to make you realize the enormity of Mormonism; suffice it, that I found them a community of traitors, murderers, fanatics, and whores." Connor viewed his mission as that of an occupying army and overlooked no opportunity to intimidate the locals. As a show of force he marched his troops through the center of Salt Lake City and established his headquarters, Camp Douglas, just outside the city.

This mutual hatred between the Mormons and Washington almost broke into outright war in 1863. In a sermon on March 3rd, Brigham Young denounced territorial Governor Stephen S. Harding, a Lincoln appointee, as "a black-hearted abolitionist...a nigger worshipper" and demanded that the president remove him and two of the territory's federal judges. "Judges Drake and Waite are perfect fools and tools for the Government. If they could get power, as they want to do, to have an arrest warrant for Brigham Young for the commission of polygamy. Col. Connor offered troops to back up the warrant, but luckily Chief Judge J. F. Kinney rejected the offer. The 1,500 Mormon troops in Salt Lake City were already on alert and would have met force with force. Instead the marshall had to take a simple civil posse to serve the warrant. Young turned himself in and was released on bond. The local Mormon paper The Deseret News commented that preparations had been made at Camp Douglas "for the purpose of making a descent with an armed force...It was vainly and foolishly supposed that he would resist the service of a writ...Persons desiring collision were anxious to make the pretext of an armed military force in executing the process as the excuse for gratifying their wicked purposes. But in this they have been disappointed."

Eventually in the war of nerves between the Mormons and Washington, Washington blinked. Lincoln, perhaps feeling that he had enough to contend with in crushing the South, sent through Thomas Stenhouse, a friend of Brigham Young, a peace offer. "You go back and tell Brigham Young that if he will let me alone I will let him alone." As a show of good faith, Lincoln removed the unpopular Harding as governor and replaced him with James Duane Doty, who was liked among the Mormons.

If the Mormons eventually proved an inadequate source of conflict for the Californians, there were always the Indians. The major battle fought against them was the Battle of Bear River. In January of 1863, Indians killed some white miners near Lewiston, Utah. Col. Connor concluded that Chief Bear Hunter, an Indian even the Mormons feared, and his tribe were the culprits. Connor and his California troops tracked them down. The Indians were in an entrenched position on the north side of the Bear River and shouted to the troops, "(C)ome on you California sons of bitches." And come on they did. Instead of holding them down with rifle fire and encircling, Connor called for a direct, frontal assault. The Indians probably could not believe their good fortune as cavalry units charged down the steep, icy riverbank into the freezing water. It was during these few moments that most of the army's seventy casualties—twenty killed and fifty wounded—occurred. Fortunately for the charging troopers, Captain Samuel Hoyt and a company of infantry had crossed the ravine west of the fighting and soon maneuvered into a position to give covering fire. The battle lasted four hours; 224 Indians were killed, including Bear Hunter. Local Mormons came out to the battlefield to tend the wounded and search for survivors. One of them described the carnage for the Deseret News, "Never will I forget the scene, dead bodies everywhere. I counted eight deep in one place, in several places they were three to five deep..." For this victory Connor was promoted to brigadier general; his reputation as an Indian fighter assured. There were other skirmishes with the Indians, but soon Connor could report that he had established peace with the Shoshones. Other tribes followed suit. By the middle of 1863 Indian troubles in the Utah Ter-

Members of the 3rd California Volunteer Infantry. (Generous, Tom, "Jordan Over the River: California Volunteers in Utah in the Civil War," California History, Vol. 63 no. 2, 1984, p. 204.)
The command proceeded in a southerly direction towards Utah Lake. Owing to the high stage of the water in Provo River, rendering the ford impossible, the command was obliged to make a detour around the West side of the Lake, passing the extreme southern point near the town of Goshen, and travelling up the eastern shore as far as Springfield, which was our point of departure from the valley and settlements. From Springfield proceeding due east we entered what is known as Hobble Creek Canon, and marched a distance of six miles over a passable wood or lumen road to the "Forks." At this point our work commenced, and the command up to the present date constructed a good, substantial wagon road for fourteen miles to our present camp over a very rough and rocky canon, requiring numerous bridges and several miles of heavy "dugways."

This work had required thirty-seven days and Capt. Morrill estimated that the road would need at least another ninety days worth of labor before reaching Denver; the West did not give easy victories to those who challenged her.

With the surrender of the last Confederate general, Cherokee Chief Stand Watie, on 23 June 1865, the war in the East ended. Not long thereafter the enlistments of the Californians began to expire. Gen. Connor unsuccessfully tried to get the troops discharged in Utah; his hope had been that, if returned to civilian life in Utah, many would stay and serve as a counterbalance to the Mormons in the territory. Only a few ended up settling in Utah with Gen. Connor. Most returned home to California. After years of isolation, danger, boredom, and hard labor, probably not many could recall with clarity the enthusiasm with which they answered Mr. Lincoln's call to war.
years ago. Say the stock is currently paying you a 2% dividend, or $2,000 per year. If you gave that stock to the university to fund a 6% charitable remainder trust, the trust would pay you approximately $6,000 per year, tripling your income. You would avoid approximately $18,000 in capital gains tax you would have to pay if you sold the stock. If you are at least seventy years old, you may be entitled to an immediate charitable deduction of approximately $54,000. (The amount of the deduction depends upon the age of the donor, the trust's rate of return, the size of the gift, and other factors.)

**Is Retirement Too Taxing?**

Will you receive distributions from a retirement plan that you may not need? Accumulated assets in retirement plans are often subject to both income and estate taxes that could eat up as much as 75% of the taxable assets, leaving very little for your family. Qualified retirement plans, those for which no income tax is due on your contributions to the plan or on earnings and appreciation while in the plan, are particularly suited for gifts to the university.

Distributions that you receive during your lifetime from retirement plans such as defined benefit pension plans, 401(k) plans, Keogh accounts, or IRAs are subject to regular income tax. If you don’t need the extra income, you don’t need the extra taxes either.

Generally, any undistributed balance of a qualified retirement plan is included in your gross estate for tax purposes. These funds are also subject to income taxes if left to individual heirs. Only a surviving spouse can roll over the inherited balance into his or her own retirement account and defer taxes further. Children or other beneficiaries must pay the income taxes. If you were to name the university as the beneficiary of your unneeded retirement plan, the death benefit to the university would qualify for an estate tax charitable deduction and will be free of any income tax obligation.

Not all retirement plans work the same way, and this is a relatively new estate planning area. As such, with these and other estate planning strategies, you should always consult your own legal and financial advisors.

Many of the generous library supporters profiled in this and previous issues of the Review are people just like you who have taken advantage of the benefits of including the university in their estate plans. Not only do they realize immediate and future benefits and accomplish some of their own financial goals, but they are also able to make significant future contributions with relatively modest current outlay. Most importantly, they have the satisfaction of knowing that the University of Tennessee will be a better place for generations to come. They’re changing lives through education.

If you would like to explore ways to include the Library in your own estate plans, call the Office of Planned Giving at (865) 974-2115.

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**CHARITABLE REMAINDER UNITRUST**

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1. You transfer cash, securities, or other property to a trust.
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3. During its term, the trust pays a percentage of its value each year to you or to anyone you name.
4. When the trust ends, its remaining principal passes to the university.
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INSIGNIFICANT EVENTS: RETURN J. MEIGS ON THE WEB

BY JAMES B. LLOYD
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARIAN

It's one of life's little ironies that events that don't seem important at the time turn out to be very significant in hindsight. Such a moment occurred in May of 1997 when I was attending the annual National Newspaper Meeting, which brings together the participants in the NEH-funded United States Newspaper Program (see the article on p. 10) at the Library of Congress. I was innocently walking down the back steps of the library when my friend Bob Henneberger, who was running the Georgia Newspaper Project, turned to me and said, "I bet you have some Indian material in Tennessee, don't you?" I admitted that we did, and Bob asked if we might be willing to join in a grant proposal to digitize and mount some manuscripts. I agreed, not thinking too much about it, since one discusses possible projects all the time, and they almost never come to anything.

I had refused to get involved with the frenzy to digitize and mount which had been going on in the special collections world since about 1992 because I was relatively certain that without standards all the early digitized files would eventually be lost. By 1997, however, such standards seemed to be evolving, and I trusted Bob. Also, I suspected he knew what he was doing, since he had been running a digital production facility for several years, and this would not be his first project.

So I said yes, and that simple exchange has taken me in directions that I didn't at the time know existed. To make a long story short, we ended up applying for, and receiving, a National Leadership Grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services for $180,000 for what we are now calling the Native American Project. To be eligible, we had to recruit a museum partner, since one of the points of this program is to unite different kinds of cultural material and deliver it via the Web. So I enlisted the McClung Museum on campus, which had some very interesting images from the archaeological digs which were done because of TVA. And while I was at it, I also got permission to use some of the Cherokee Collection from the Tennessee State Library and Archives, since it is a sister to the Penelope Johnson Allen Collection from which we are mounting (see my article in last year's Review).

The idea behind the Native American Project is really quite simple. Those of us who should know chose the best material we could find from our collections to document the give and take which occurred between the Native Americans, the Europeans, and a surprisingly large black population in the Southeast between 1763 and 1842. Our target audience is K-12 and junior college teachers who might wish to use original documents to teach a section on the historical events which took place during those years. Grant staff at the libraries of both Georgia and Tennessee are presently working on providing access to this database, which will ultimately reside on GALILEO, Georgia's statewide online system, and be freely available to all. We hope that teachers will search the database, download the text and images that they find, make their lesson plan accordingly (we know that many others will probably use it in their own ways, and we encourage that as well).

So, we are choosing items from the Penelope Johnson Collection, mainly valuations from the 1833 and 1834 exoduses, and some of the records of Return J. Meigs's Indian Agency. Thanks to the generosity of Ed Gleaves, State Librarian, we borrowed and scanned items from the John Ross folders of the Cherokee Collection as well as more Return J. Meigs material. After we scan the documents, we make an archival copy on a CD and take the use copy through a process of transcription, SGML markup, watermarking, compression, and Dublin.
A number of the documents from Georgia concern Creek Chief William McIntosh, who was assassinated in 1823 by the Upper Creek for signing away land without their permission. (McKenney, Thomas L. and Hall, James, History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs, Philadelphia: J.T. Bowen, Vol. I, facing p. 307.)

Core cataloging. When we are finished, we send the documents to Georgia, where they are performing the same process on their material. The resulting image and text files then go through several other pieces of software in preparation for being mounted on GALILEO, where individuals will ultimately be able to search the transcriptions full text, view the images, and download what they like.

We have asked for another year of funding, since once such a database is up, one may add to it at will, but we will not know if we can continue until this year's Review is into production. At the present writing we have a test database up, and the programmers in Georgia are working on the presentation. By the end of October we should have the files ready to go, as promised in our proposal, and I'm curious to see how the project is received. I'm also curious to see what happens next, since I have a feeling that the repercussions from that idle chat in D.C. have just begun.

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**LIBRARY FRIENDS: ADVOCACY AND PROGRAMMING**

**By Joe C. Rader**

**Head, Library Outreach and Preservation**

One goal of the University of Tennessee Library Friends is to communicate to the larger community the importance of a vital and forward-looking library at the state's flagship institution of higher education. The Friends deliver this message through lectures and programs of public interest and through the work of a dedicated executive committee.

This year the executive committee was more actively engaged than ever. Several committee members joined staff from the Library and the Development Office at community meetings to advocate more funding or to solicit gifts of unique regional materials to enhance the Library's Great Smoky Mountains Regional Collection. Others participated in the interview process for selecting a new Dean of Libraries and in the activities of UT's Center for Children's and Young Adult Literature.

Executive committee members "networked" for success. Members kept informed on issues affecting the university through President Gilley's e-mail newsletter, the "Friday Letter" (available to any interested member of the public) and were inspired to start their own letter-writing campaign to state legislators in support of Dr. Gilley's call to make UT one of the top twenty five publicly-funded research universities.

This year the executive committee welcomed a new representative from the faculty, Dr. Andy Kozar, professor of exercise science and one-time Chicago Bears fullback. Other members of the executive committee were Ellis Bacon, Jeanne Barkley, Dan Batey, Wallace Baumann, Pauline Bayne, Anne Bridges, Howard Capito (Chair), Bobbie Congleton, Fred Coulter, Cornelia Hodges, Susan Hyde, Michael Jaynes, Joe Rader, Nancy Siler, Otis Stephens, Jr., Fred Stone, and Sandra Williams (Vice-Chair).

The Friends' two public lectures continued a regional theme. On November 15, Michael Knight, a teacher in the university's creative writing program (and "a raging talent" according to one fellow novelist) read the Friends one of his short stories based on his Southern experiences. He chose "Birdland," the result of an inspiration so powerful that Knight stayed up four nights in a row the week before his wedding to write the first draft.

The second lecturer has billed herself as a "poet of the people" and has been proclaimed Tennessee Poet Laureate by the Tennessee General Assembly. On March 20, Poet Laureate Maggi Vaughan entertained the Friends by interspersing poems with anecdotes of childhood and references to her lifelong source of inspiration, country music. Vaughan proved herself an astute interpreter of regional culture and an accomplished comedienne with perfect timing.

The Library Friends Outstanding Service Award went to Professor Emeritus John Osborne in 1999. A member of the German department, Dr. Osborne worked for twenty-five years to strengthen the Libraries' holdings in German language and literature. As his nomination letter noted, his efforts "...established a solid base for future generations of scholars." Presentation of the Service Award is sponsored annually by the Friends to honor a faculty member's exceptional work on behalf of the Library.

Thanks are in order to everyone who helped during a busy year of stimulating programs and well-wrought advocacy for the Library. The Library always need more "Friends."
While others were looking to the future in the wake of the new millennium, humanities teaching faculty and librarians met in April 2000 to select items essential to campus research that represent human achievement over the past 2000+ years. Through the generosity of Knoxvillian Lindsay Young, each year the libraries are able to purchase "special acquisitions that will make a qualitative different in the collections of the Libraries" in the humanities. The humanities faculty—representing art, classics, English, history, medieval studies, modern foreign languages, music, and theater—requested a broad range of material, including microfilm, videos, and sets of paper volumes, that would have been too expensive to purchase through regular library funds. Since its inception in 1989, the Lindsay Young fund has aided the current research of dozens of humanities faculty and graduate students and provided a treasure trove for future researchers.

The Lindsay Young endowment in 2000 funded the purchase of an array of material. For history, the Library's Civil War holdings were augmented by the acquisition of microfilmed Confederate newspapers and the Braxton Bragg (Confederate general) papers. To support the Center for War and Society's efforts to study World War II soldiers, the Library purchased a complete run of Stars and Stripes, the armed forces newspaper. At the request of African and African American faculty, periodicals from black and third-world countries were selected. Moving further back in time, the acquisition of the complete works of both Martin Bucer and Huldreich Zwingli will enhance our holdings on the Protestant Reformation in Europe. The classics and history faculty requested a highly detailed and illustrated volume on the archaeological excavations of a Roman villa and infant cemetery, selected volumes of a large research set on Rome, and back issues of journals covering the ancient near east.

To support the varying interests of the English faculty, the Lindsay Young endowment was used to purchase the microfilmed papers of Emma Goldman, early feminist, collected commentaries on Pierre Bourdieu, prominent sociologist, and several catalogues of medieval manuscript collections in Britain. Modern foreign language faculty selected an equally diverse group of sources. For German, the Library purchased back runs of German literary periodicals. Capitalizing on new sources available from Russia, the Russian faculty requested the card catalogues of the former Prague Archives and the National Library of Russia, volumes of Nashe Nasledie, a prestigious cultural journal, and a microfiche set on the history of Freemasonry in Russia. For French, a group of African and Arab films on the African diaspora was selected.

For the performing and fine arts, the Library was able to purchase an illustrated catalogue of ancient painting and calligraphy and the complete works of the Swedish dramatist, August Strindberg. The Music Library added the new edition of the prestigious Grove dictionary, the New Grove II, and the International Directories of Contemporary Music. This group of research material, funded by the Lindsay Young Endowment, will certainly "make a qualitative difference" in the Library's support for campus humanities disciplines.
PRIVATE DOLLARS, PUBLIC TREASURES

As Americans have given to various charitable efforts over the years, they have created many national treasures available to all. Many of these resources would never have been possible with government support alone. Virtually all of the truly great libraries have been made great through gifts from individuals. We are most grateful to the following who have generously supported the UT Libraries during the 1999-00 fiscal year.

INVESTING IN THE FUTURE

More than any other single element, the library is the heart of a university. The quality of the Library's collection is a barometer of the quality of intellectual inquiry campuswide—and the quality of education we give our students, the leaders of our future. You can help guarantee that our future leaders receive the best possible education by making an investment in the University of Tennessee Library.

To make a gift, please make your check payable to the University of Tennessee Library and use the reply envelope included in the Review. For more information, please write or call:

Susam Leonard
612 Hodges Library
Knoxville, TN 37996-1000
(865) 974-0037

LIBRARY ENDOWMENTS

The first endowment at the UT Library, the John L. Rhea Foundation Endowment, was created in 1904. Since then the number of library endowments has grown tremendously.

Endowment funds are particularly valuable because, once established, they provide income for the library system in perpetuity. Such funds also offer a fitting opportunity to honor or memorialize a friend or relative. Anyone may establish a named endowment fund with a minimum gift of $25,000 to the University Library.

For more information about establishing an endowment fund, call the Development Office at (865) 974-0037.

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Between July 1, 1999, and June 30, 2000, gifts were made to the University Library in honor of the following individuals:

Paula Kaufman
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THE LEGACY SOCIETY

The UT Legacy Society was established to honor our alumni and friends who make a commitment to the University of Tennessee through a deferred gift arrangement. These generous individuals help to sustain the university's admirable tradition of teaching, research, and public service by actively participating in the great work of higher education and in enhancing the future of the university and the people it serves.

We gratefully acknowledge the following individuals who have made deferred commitments specifically to support the University Library prior to June 30, 2000. If you have made a deferred gift to the Libraries and are not listed here, please contact the Development Office at (865) 974-0037.

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