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Exhibition Catalogues

Number 2

"DRAWN FROM LIFE

BY S. J. WOOLF"

ORIGINAL CHARCOAL PORTRAITS
OF CONTEMPORARY NOTABLES

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE
NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE
1923 - 1946

LENT BY MRS. S. J. WOOLF

EXHIBITION GALLERY
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INTRODUCTION

"Drawn from life by S. J. Woolf" is a familiar phrase to all readers of the New York Times Sunday Magazine. Woolf's first contributions to the Times were made in 1923, and continued for nearly a quarter of a century until shortly before his death in 1948. An assignment to draw George Bernard Shaw, in 1927, resulted in a combination portrait sketch and interview which set the pattern for Woolf's subsequent work. As an "artist-journalist", armed with portfolio and charcoal, as well as with pad and pencil, he devoted his life to "hunting the great" in America and Europe. His work thus forms a unique portrait gallery of the great names of the past three decades. Statesmen and authors, painters and poets, financiers, scientists, actors and musicians are all present. Through the courtesy of the artist's wife, Edith Truman Woolf, the Library is able to exhibit a group of the original charcoal drawings.

HERE AM I by S. J. Woolf. Mr. Woolf's autobiography, published in 1941 by Random House, New York.

DRAWN FROM LIFE by S. J. Woolf. Selected interviews and portraits, published in 1932 by Whittlesey House, New York and London. The lithograph of Mark Twain, reproduced as the frontispiece of this volume, was done before the First World

War. "I was very young," Woolf writes, "and he was the first celebrity who had ever posed for me. My heart was in my throat when I rang the bell and I can distinctly recall my embarrassment as I dropped some of my drawing material on entering the long dreary parlor...."

During his early career Mr. Woolf made a series of lithographs, four of which are reproduced in a publicity folder: Four Portraits in Lithography by S. J. Woolf. In limited editions signed by the artist. Arthur H. Hahlo & Co., 569 Fifth Avenue, New York, n.d. [Poe, Mark Twain, Beethoven, Theodore Roosevelt].

ORIGINAL CHARCOAL DRAWINGS

[1] S. J. WOOLF. Self-portrait. Drawn c. 1921-1922

[2] S. J. WOOLF (1880-1948). Self-portrait. Drawn in 1936.
Presented by the artist to Elmer Adler. (Princeton
University Library, Graphic Arts Division).

[3] FIORELLO LaGUARDIA (1882-1947). One of Woolf's favorite
subjects.

[4] SALVADOR DALI (1904-). Drawn in New York, 1937.

"When I had finished the sketch he got up to look at it. At the time there was no background, nothing but the head. "A likeness is the first requirement," he remarked, 'but something else besides the physical form must be introduced to express the personality within'....

I suggested that he add an appropriate figure in the background or that he make a small portrait sketch of me, but he demurred. Accordingly, I adopted one of his pictures, taking the liberty, however, of introducing the symbolic grasshopper and removing a scrap of paper bearing Hitler's likeness and fine lima beans from the soup plate.

Mr. Dali calls his picture the 'Enigma of Hitler.' The name of mine is the 'Enigma of Dali.' "

New York Times Magazine, March 12, 1939.

Here Am I, repr. opp. p.70.

[5] JOHN GRIER HIBBEN (1861-1933). Drawn during the winter of 1931-32.

"In his office in Nassau Hall, surrounded by the memories which this pre-Revolution building inspires, in the waning light of a winter afternoon, Dr. Hibben posed for me and recounted some of the developments in education since that night 20 years ago when he was greeted for the first time as president....

Dr. Hibben speaks slowly and measuredly. Tall and slim, his movements are as precise as his conversation. He is the type that calls forth conscientious effort rather than violent enthusiasm from his students. No anecdotes cluster about him; thoroughness and justness, rather than a vibrant personality, distinguish him...."

New York Times Magazine, January 10, 1932.

Shown with the portrait:

Princeton Alumni Weekly, May 26, 1932, issue dedicated to President Hibben.

Invitation to Inauguration of President Hibben,
pamphlets & books by him, announcements of his lectures.

[6] JOHN GILBERT WINANT (1889-1947). Princeton Class of 1913. Drawn in New York in June 1941, while Winant was in the United States for consultation with the President.

"In a New York hotel room just about one mile from where he was born 52 years ago, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's talked solemnly of war on the eve of his return to London...The appearance of the man himself increased the tenseness. Tired and worn, he looks like a Lincoln who could have written 'The Raven.'

His intense gray eyes seemed to be 'deep into the darkness peering.' So close above them that they seem to grow upon the lids are bushy eyebrows matching in coaly blackness his straight, coarse hair...

For almost two hours he paced up and down, a tall rangy figure in loose dark clothes almost funereal in aspect. Not once in his recital did he sit down; continually I felt the seriousness of the man and the deep sense of responsibility with which he regards his post. He was not so much a diplomat trying to evade answers as he was a sincere man trying to say as much as he dared."

Written for the Associated Press, New York, June 17, 1941.

Shown with the portrait:

Princeton Alumni Weekly, February 12, 1943, with photographs of Winant, text of his address at Princeton, his honorary degree citation. J. G. Winant, Letter from

Grosvenor Square, an account of a stewardship (Boston,
Houghton, Mifflin, 1947.)

[6a] ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Lithograph by S. J. Woolf

An example of the imaginary portraits -- not drawn from life -- done by Woolf in the early part of his career.

This Lincoln lithograph seems as appropriate footnote to the Winant portrait, inasmuch as Woolf has written that "he [Winant] looks like Lincoln...In him appeared the human sympathy of the Civil War President...His high cheek bones, his deep eye sockets and the lines in his forehead and cheeks are those of a rail-splitter who never faced frontier hardship...."

Lent by Mr. Kenneth MoEwen '06, who points out that Woolf's portrait of Lincoln "has a peculiar fascination for practicing lawyers...."

[7] NORMAN THOMAS (1884-). Drawn in 1936.

"Mr. Thomas was seated in the living room of his country home on Long Island. His place, small and unpretentious, seems modest indeed compared with the vast estates which surround it..."

Primarily a protestor, he is essentially an educator rather than an office-seeker -- He is fully aware of the futility of his efforts in so far as election is concerned. But he is convinced that socialism and that alone will solve the problems of a troubled world, and he is endeavoring to spread its gospel among the people....

'The summer that I was graduated from high school,' he told me, 'my father, who like most of his forebears was a Presbyterian minister, became pastor of a church in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, and all our family moved there....For a year I attended Bucknell College, but I had read Jesse Lynch Williams' stories about Princeton and they made me anxious to go there. A relative who had more money than my father offered to pay part of the expenses and in 1902 a rather green lad entered Princeton as a fresh-sophomore. I spent three happy years there. They opened for me the doors of opportunity....'

New York Times Magazine, June 7, 1936.

Norman Thomas was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1905.

Shown with the portrait:

A copy of the Bric-à-Brac, vol. XXX (1906), recalls Thomas's participation in undergraduate debates. P.272, Harvard-Princeton Debate held in Cambridge, May 6, 1904: Resolved, "That laws be passed compelling the management of a business undertaking which secures control of an industry to sell its product at reasonable rates without discrimination." The affirmative was supported by Princeton, including N.M.Thomas. Harvard won the debate.

The typescript, with autograph signature and corrections, of Thomas's We Have a Future, published by the Princeton University Press in 1941.

[8] VANNEVAR BUSH (1890-). "Chief of Staff on the Science Front." Drawn in 1944.

"It seemed almost an anomaly for this peaceful-looking man to be speaking about war. In appearance he does not fit in with any of the notions connected with the smoke and din of battle. Nor, on the other hand, is he an absent-minded, dreamy-looking professor. His face is gaunt, his blue eyes are keen, and an obstinate lock of coarse straight hair shoots forward above a comparatively low forehead. His movements are quick and angular, his speech terse and salty. One could almost picture him with birch rod in hand presiding over the pupils in an old red school house. He might serve as a model for Ichabod Crane...."

New York Times Magazine, January 23, 1944.

[9] JAMES BRYANT CONANT (1893-). President of Harvard University. Drawn c. 1946.

"As the head of a university in which class and caste have not been unknown, he stresses the importance of the old adage 'from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations.' As he sat at a small table that serves as his desk his conversation ranged from Puritans and Cavaliers to Nazis and Communists, from the world of a generation ago to the world of today. He likes to talk and to listen, and he enjoys arguments in the way an athlete does exercise. There is no pomp about him. He utters no weighed words or pontifical pronouncements, and now and then he does not hesitate to employ a touch of slang.

He leaned forward in a cushionless windsor chair, his head cocked to one side, an almost ascetic looking figure. Yet he has a sly, dry humor and a smile often spread over his thin face and then the wrinkles leading to the corners of his wide mouth became deeper..."

Repr. frontispiece, American Scientist, January 1947.

Interview published, American Scientist, April 1947,
pp. 239 ff.

[10] SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING (1881-). Scientist. Drawn in 1945.

"A little over a year ago I went to see Prof. Alexander Fleming in his laboratory in St. Mary's Hospital in London. Rummaging through a cluttered closet he took out a small, hermetically sealed glass tray and handing it to me said, 'Entombed in here are the ancestors of most of the penicillin in the world.'

The other day when I again saw the bacteriologist who discovered in certain molds one of the most powerful agents in the fight against microbes, I recalled this incident to him. He got up from his chair, went over to the bed in his hotel room, picked up his rumpled coat and pulled from the pocket a small, round glass locket resembling a monocle, in which there was a small object that looked like a flower. 'Here,' he said, 'are some of the descendants of that original mold.' "

New York Times Magazine, July 29, 1945.

[11] HUGH STOTT TAYLOR (1890-). Dean of the Graduate School, & Chairman of the Department of Chemistry, Princeton University. Drawn in 1946, for the American Scientist.

"A tall, blond, blue-eyed pipe-smoking Englishman dropped into my studio recently to pose for a sketch. Except for his being slightly heavy he might have served admirably as a model for Sherlock Holmes...Moreover, the similarity is not merely superficial, for most of Dr. Taylor's adult life has been spent in investigating agents that act secretly and appear to the casual observer unconnected with the chain of events which they bring about..."

Portrait repr. as frontispiece, American Scientist, October 1946.

Interview in American Scientist, April 1947, pp.246 ff.

[12] EUGENE O'NEILL (1888-). Drawn in 1931.

"O'Neill is fragile, tenuous, apart. Behind his quiet manner there is a tenseness of nerves, which his long, thin fingers emphasized as they beat a tattoo on his thigh or dug themselves into the palms of his hands....

His forehead and eyes dominate his face. It would be easy to make a caricature of him with straight lines until one came to the eyes, but curves alone would express them, circles of intense darkness. About them is a furtive sadness, which seemed puzzlingly familiar. It is the same sadness one sees in the daguerreotypes of Poe...."

New York Times Magazine, October 4, 1931.

Here Am I, repr. opp. p. 311.

Eugene O'Neill was a student at Princeton in 1906 and 1907, but did not complete his course with his class, '10.

Shown with the portrait:

Manuscript rough-draft of The Hairy Ape presented to the Library in 1943 by O'Neill with the manuscript rough-drafts of several of his other plays. In a letter written to the Librarian, dated January 28, 1943, O'Neill comments on his "minute style" of handwriting.

[13] SINCLAIR LEWIS (1885-). Drawn in 1945.

"Tall, lean and lank Sinclair Lewis is more at home on Main Street than anywhere else in the world. He has taken European trips with Dodsworth and come to New York with Gideon Planish, but his real love is the small town. He may ridicule the women who want to uplift it, he may make fun of the small talk which echoes on its sidewalks, lampoon its prosperous business men and uncover the foibles and infidelities of its leading citizens; nevertheless, behind all the acidity of his photographic reporting, one senses his love of his fellow-men. And this love is all the more sincere because his deep-set blue eyes see beneath the surface...."

New York Times Magazine, October 28, 1945.

[14] PEARL HUCK (1892-). Drawn at the author's farm in Pennsylvania, 1936.

"We returned to her study and she resumed posing for her portrait.

"As I look over the landscape here,' she said, 'I feel very much the same as I did when I looked down from the hill near the city of Shinkiang, where my parents lived. There is the same sense of remoteness from everything, of being away from the world. I do miss the tiled roofs of the crowded city which we could see in the dim distance. Then, too, there is no temple in this valley -- like the temple about which I used to play; when I went too near it an old priest, who looked like a carving in ivory, would come out and chase me away with a bamboo pole.' "

New York Times Magazine, November 20, 1936.

[15] UPTON SINCLAIR (1878-). Drawn in 1934.

"It is nearly forty years since I first met Upton Sinclair. We were students at City College at the time, and he was a round-faced, chubby youngster who even then had the fire of the crusader in his blue eyes. The other day I saw Sinclair -- now Democratic candidate for Governor of California -- again. I found a gaunt, tight-skinned man whose eyes had the same glint in them when he spoke of social reforms as they had more than a generation ago, when he discoursed on the activities of the Y.M.C.A....Primarily he is a propagandist. Each of his books has been directed against some social abuse. Although he often mentions Goethe and Schiller, Zola has had a far greater influence upon his writings...."

New York Times Magazine, September 16, 1934.

Here Am I, pp. 48-49, 328.

[16] BOOTH TARKINGTON (1869-1946). Drawn in 1939 at Kennebunkport, Maine.

This drawing was made when Tarkington was seventy years old. It was reproduced, with Mr. Woolf's interview, under the title "The Gentleman from Indiana at Seventy" in the New York Times, July 23, 1939.

In his conversation with the artist, Tarkington several times recalled his years at Princeton, for example:

'To my mind,' he said, 'the principal trouble with the colleges to-day is that there is too much education and not enough human nature. I know a boy who was graduate from Princeton last year and he was so educated that I was afraid to speak to him for fear that I should show my ignorance. The only person who appeared to be cultured enough to hold a conversation with him was a professor of Greek. The finest things that I found in college, and what I retained long after I forgot my Latin and Greek, were my friends, but judging from the amount of knowledge that boy had, I can't see how he found time to make any.'

Knowledge is a fine thing, but if it goes to the making of an intellectual snob it defeats its own purpose and breaks down the inherent and natural sense of democracy that exists in the young.' "

New York Times Magazine, July 23, 1939.

Shown with portrait:

The April 4, 1895 issue of Life (page 213) with a Tarkington drawing (signed "N.B.T."). "When I left Princeton," Tarkington told Woolf, "I wanted to be an artist. When Life accepted one of my drawings I thought I was on my way. But after thirty-two of them were rejected consecutively, I decided that drawing was not my vocation..."

The 1893 Bric-a-Brac contains a drawing ("Yum-Yum '95") made by Tarkington while he was an undergraduate at Princeton.

A letter written by Booth Tarkington, March 14, 1946, concerning the Bicentennial Pageant at Princeton -- with a letter from Mrs. Tarkington, written May 7, 1946, explaining that Tarkington's illness will prevent him from undertaking work for the Pageant, as he had planned. Tarkington died on May 19, 1946.

[17] JOHN DEWEY (1895-). Philosopher. Drawn in 1932.

"John Dewey, above all else, is essentially American. New England has left its horny thumb mark indelibly upon him. Neither the breezy Middle West, where he was professor at the universities of Michigan, Minnesota and Chicago, nor the East in the shape of Columbia, has spoiled his simplicity or dulled his quaint humor. His soft brown eyes which for so many years have pored over the written words of thousands of philosophical treatises, still twinkle merrily behind their large rimless spectacles...."

New York Times Magazine, July 10, 1932.

[18] FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT (1869-). Architect. Drawn in 1932.

"Sitting in the shadow of a so-called Modernistic building which rose across the street, Frank Lloyd Wright, like a father ashamed of the way in which his son has gone, expressed regret at the form taken by buildings that had their inspiration in his ideas....

But although it is his influence which turned architecture into a path characteristic of the age, about him is none of the efficiency, the snap, the sense of speed and high-pressure salesmanship of the era which he has endeavored to express in steel and stone. He is the dreamer and the poet rather than the builder...."

New York Times Magazine, January 17, 1932.

[19] WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (1865-1943). Drawn in 1940.

"He was sitting in the entrance hall of the Yale Club, dressed in a light tweed suit. Within a minute of my arrival he darted upstairs, to find a place for me to make a sketch. The only suitable place was in a large public room, and so, with Chauncey Depew and William Evarts looking down from their picture frames I began to draw..."

He was going to talk at a church and kept looking at his watch, so as not to be late. However, before it was time for him to go he managed to tell me something about his youth, to speak concerning the novel, the dearth of contemporary English poetry and the reason for the popularity of detective stories. When he had to leave he complimented me on my drawing, signed it, and then dashed off, leaving me breathless...."

New York Times Magazine, January 7, 1940.

[20] GILBERT K. CHESTERTON (1874-1936). Man of Letters.
Drawn in London, 1927, by S[amuel] J[ohnson] Woolf.

"The first time I met Chesterton was in London. I had an appointment to draw him, and instead of going out to his country home he suggested that I make the sketch in the office of G.K.'s Week ...

Papers were strewn everywhere, the furniture was old and worn, and Chesterton, sitting there in the midst of this chaos, immediately brought to mind Johnson sitting in much the same kind of room writing furiously in order to finish 'Rasselas' and thereby enabled to pay his mother's funeral expenses. The atmosphere was intensified when, looking through the window, I caught a glimpse of the old Temple, very little changed in all these years, and realized that within a stone's throw was Goldsmith's grave...."

New York Times Magazine, September 18, 1927.

Drawn From Life, pp. 322-329. Repr. p. 323.

[21] H. G. WELLS (1866-1946). Man of Letters. Drawn in 1931
in the United States.

"I called upon him in a publishing plant in a suburb [of New York] where he was going over the final proof of his latest book....

For some time he was so engrossed in his work that I could not get him to talk. Occasionally as I drew I would catch him giving me a sideways glance through the pince-nez which he had substituted for shell spectacles. Most of my questions were answered by monosyllables and it was not until I asked him what the next chapter of the 'Outline of History' would be like that he at last forgot the work that was before him.

'It's going to be very tragic unless we take care,' he said."

New York Times Magazine, October 25, 1931.

[22] JOHN MASEFIELD (1878-). Poet Laureate of Great Britain. Drawn in New York in 1933.

"We were in my studio at dusk. A single lamp threw its warm light on his face and accentuated the tiny wrinkles which wind and weather carve in the skin of all wanderers. His hair seemed very white against his ruddy skin, and the blueness of his eyes was lost in the shadows....

He was leaning forward in his chair as he spoke, looking intensely serious.

'Poetry,' he continued, 'to play a part in life, must not be written exclusively for the few who can afford books and who have the leisure to read them. The great mass of the people of Greece got their poetry by ear, and perhaps no poetry can be widely or lastingly popular that is not written to be spoken...."

New York Times Magazine, January 23, 1933.

Here Am I, repr. opp. p. 318; Text, pp. 314-315.

[23] WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939). Irish Poet. Drawn in 1932.

"When William Butler Yeats posed for me, he let his thoughts ramble from his native land...to poetry and art and back to Eire. His voice was low and a slight brogue added a touch of romance to the magic of his words. He seemed unaware of my presence, for he was apparently mounted on his winged white horse and on and on he flew over the hills and bogs. As he spoke, I heard
'The winds laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair
And even the wise are merry of tongue!'"

New York Times Magazine, November 13, 1932.

[24] BEATRICE LILLIE (1898-). Drawn in New York in 1944.

"She wore a plain black frock and a little black fez, which she insisted I should draw. 'I always wear one,' she said, 'and I feel indecent if I haven't got it on,'....

When I asked her how she went about getting laughs, she opened her eyes and in an innocent tone replied, 'By being myself.' Then she stopped for a minute and added -- 'and relying upon my audience to coach me. You can't keep on being silly unless you get laughs. If you laugh and the world does not laugh with you, it is no fun laughing alone...'"

New York Times Magazine, November 26, 1944.

[25] SOMERSET MAUGHAM (1874-). Novelist & Playright.
Drawn c. 1940.

[26] J. B. PRIESTLEY (1894-). English Novelist. Drawn in New York in 1937.

"John Boynton Priestley has been seeing America again... It was in a hotel room that he received me -- one of those hotel rooms that are apparently transformed in the same manner by all British authors. There were an inordinate number of attaché cases, and books and pipes were strewn over sofas and tables and chairs....

As he leaned back in a large overstuffed chair and blew clouds of smoke from his ever-lighted pipe, while he talked to me, he certainly betrayed no prejudice against the people of this country....His humor carried no sting. He seemed to be as fair in his appraisal of us as he was in that of his own country...."

New York Times Magazine, November 28, 1937.

[27] HENRI MATISSE (1869-). Painter. Drawn in New York
in 1930.

" 'People say that my canvases do not look finished,' Matisse said. 'I consider that a compliment, for then I know that I have well concealed the labor and the effort, that I have stopped when the séance was over, and not turned a labor of love into one of torture.'

I showed him my drawing. He said it resembled him, which in the light of his former remarks I did not consider very complimentary. Then I asked him to autograph it. He hesitated. He feared, he said, it might be mistaken for one of his, so taking my pencil I signed my name first, whereupon he put his under mine...."

New York Times Magazine, March 16, 1930.

Drawn From Life, repr. p. 143. Text pp. 149-150.

[28] THOMAS MANN (1875-). Man of Letters. Drawn in Princeton, 1938.

"I visited Mann but a few days after he had moved into his new home [in Princeton]. Behind the red brick wall, which screens the house from the street, gigantic packing boxes with distinctly foreign letters still strewed the lawn..."

Although the place was still in disorder, when he had finished his afternoon tea, Dr. Mann took me into his study. He sat in a large, comfortable sofa. His thinning hair is streaked with gray and grows high on his massive forehead -- a forehead which ends abruptly at a crease between his blue-gray eyes. From this crease, a thin, sharp, inquisitive nose juts out unexpectedly. I do not think I have ever drawn a nose which starts with such suddenness..."

New York Times Magazine, October 23, 1938.

Here Am I, repr. p. 358. Text pp. 317-318.

[29] PAUL CLAUDEL (1868-). Poet and Diplomat, Drawn in 1930, when Mr. Claudel was French Ambassador to the United States.

"It is difficult to accept M. Claudel as either a diplomat or a poet, for he at once displays a sense of humor so keen and so incisive that it is impossible to imagine him taking even himself seriously -- a seemingly necessary requirement in the profession of either a poet or a diplomat....M. Claudel refused to pose -- he said he hated photographs... 'If I want to see what the men and women of an earlier period looked like, I do not get out a lot of photographs. I can gain more knowledge of a man's character from a drawing or painting or bust of him than I can from all the photographs of him that were ever made.'..."

New York Times Magazine, May 4, 1930.

Drawn From Life, repr. p. 81.

[30] RABINDRINATH TAGORE (1861-1941). Poet of India. Drawn in 1930 in New York.

"On a huge sofa, swathed in a dark blue robe he sat, almost huddled in one corner. In the half light his body was lost... The quietness that overwhelmingly surrounds him makes even the thought of a sound of his footsteps inconceivable. His voice, not much more than a whisper, is musical and low....

My charcoal grated loudly on the paper as I worked. It was the mention of India that seemed to draw him out of his remoteness.

'There are two kinds of Indians,' he said, 'those that you call Indians here, the dead Indians, and my people, who are vitally alive and pulsing with fervor....! "

New York Times Magazine, October 19, 1930.

Here Am I, repr. opp. p. 319.

[31] ROBERT E. SHERWOOD (1896-). Drawn in 1940.

"Dressed in baggy tweeds, he sat folded Jackknife fashion in a chair. One of his long arms was twined around the chair back as if there were no room for it anywhere else. But, after all, 6 feet 7 is a span to dispose of. Like most tall men, Mr. Sherwood has a gait that is shambling, and he bends over when he walks, as if he were in constant dread of colliding with a doorhead..."

His manner is as deliberate as his speech. There is nothing of the glamour of the theater about him, nor does he coincide with the ordinary conception of an author."

New York Times Magazine, July 7, 1940.

[32] IRVING BERLIN (1888-). Drawn in May 1948, the year of Woolf's death.

"Sentiment plays a large part in Berlin's make-up. Small, active, lithe and nimble, this balladist of Bagdad on the subway needs no stethoscope to hear the heart-throbs of the city. Like O. Henry, he is as characteristic of New York, as the Bowery, Broadway, and Harlem are. But, although he set the feet of a nation dancing with 'Alexander's Ragtime Band,' he played the overture to the Jazz Age, and although he added a note of humor to the reveille call in 1918 by threatening to shoot the bugler, it is in his sentimental songs that he expresses his real self....Behind his desk hangs an engraving of Stephen Foster, and on another wall is a sketch of George M. Cohan...." [From interview accompanying earlier portrait, New York Times Magazine, July 28, 1940.]

[33] WALT DISNEY (1901-). Drawn in 1938.

"Disney's outstanding characteristic is his modesty. He always uses 'we' in speaking of what he is doing. He is bigger and huskier than he seems at first impression. He wears his straight, dark hair fairly long and one rebellious strand has a habit of drooping over his right eye. His heavy eyebrows almost meet over his thin, high-bridged nose, and a short, cropped mustache, markedly lighter than his hair, fails to hide his full-lipped mouth...."

New York Times Magazine, July 10, 1938.

Here Am I, repr. opp. p. 295. Text pp. 295-296.

[34] LILY PONS (1904-). Drawn in 1941.

"It was a few days before she made her first opera appearance this season that I saw Lily Pons in her New York home...It was a cluttered room, as typically French as its owner...A bit of Paris seemed to be transplanted to New York and Lily Pons accentuated the Gallic atmosphere. In such a room Besnard might have painted her retroussé nose, her large brown eyes with heavy lashes, her wide mouth and her gleaming teeth. He too could have depicted her lithe figure and her well-shaped hands with their thin fingers and long nails...."

New York Times Magazine, January 5, 1941.

[35] THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR. (1887-1944). Drawn in 1932, soon after his appointment as Governor-General of the Philippines.

"...And yet despite these changes, he remains his father's son. Posing for me on a small gilt sofa, in the parlor of an east side house on the eve of his departure from New York for the Philippines, he quoted poetry in a sonorous voice, spoke glowingly of the troubadours who still roam Porto Rico and displayed such interest in so many extraneous subjects that he brought to mind the man who had invited poets and pugilists, navigators and naturalists alike to the White House..."

New York Times Magazine, March 20, 1932.

[36] MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT, SR. (1854-1941).

"When the President was mentioned her eyes sparkled and her voice rang with enthusiasm....There was no restraint about the conversation of this remarkable old lady. She might have been my closest friend's mother as she sat recounting tales of her son's boyhood and his public life....

At times she referred to Theodore Roosevelt and said that her son resembled him in his catholicity of tastes. 'However,' she went on, 'he is a Delano in appearance. There is nothing of the Roosevelt in his looks. Now take Eleanor. She has lovely eyes and nose, but her mouth is decidedly Roosevelt.'...."

Here Am I, text, p. 200-202.

[37] WENDELL WILLKIE (1892-1944). Drawn c. 1940.

"Behind Willkie is the liberalism of forebears who dared to revolt against an oppressive system and sought the freedom in our Middle West that had been denied them under the yoke of German autocracy.

Big and heavy, with dark wavy hair, clear blue eyes, a short stubby nose, thin lips and a slouching gait, he looks as if he would have made a star fullback in his college days. He has none of that false dignity sometimes assumed by men in high places; he employs none of those tricks to which smaller men resort in order to impress...."

Here Am I, Text, p. 349-350.

[38] THOMAS E. DEWEY (1902-). Drawn in 1938 during the New York governorship campaign.

"We sat in the dining car of a train running through a pleasant countryside, filled with small towns, farms and grazing cows....We pulled up to a town. On the platform were a number of men and women. They did not see the candidate through the window, but as the train stopped a voice was heard shouting through the cars, 'Honorable Dewey!' With a smile the candidate arose from the table, made his way to the platform and shook hands with the expectant group. As the train started he agilely swung back and returned to his chicken sandwich and milk...."

New York Times Magazine, October 27, 1946.

[39] CALVIN COOLIDGE (1872-1933). President of the United States. Drawn in 1923.

"...Mr. Coolidge never seemed a silent man to me...

His humor is sharp and dry but is always in evidence. I remember that once when I was drawing him he suddenly turned to me and said:

'I am afraid I am hard to draw. You know I think I would be a much better subject if I had chin whiskers like the Smith Brothers.'....

...He is reserved, yes -- but it is the same reserve that one finds among most of the natives of New England. And with this Yankee quality goes an extraordinary softness of heart...."

Drawn From Life, repr. opp. p. 42; text, pp. 45-48.

[40] OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1841-1935). Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Drawn in Washington, February 23, 1926.

"I have had many sitters, presidents and prime ministers, philosophers and mathematicians. And yet out of the whole number the tall, slightly bent figure of Mr. Justice Holmes stands out in isolated memory. I can still see him greeting me in the second floor back room of his home in Washington... He spoke of his father and he mentioned the 'Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table.' He recalled how his father had written that when John and Mary were at the breakfast table there were six persons present -- John as he really was, John as he thought he was and John as he appeared to Mary. The same was true of Mary. 'I suppose,' he said, 'in order to get a perfect likeness of me you would have to make me as I seem to myself, as I really am, and as I appear to you. I am afraid you have an impossible job ahead of you.'...."

New York Times Magazine, March 7, 1926, illustrating article on Justice Holmes by C.C.Hathaway.

Drawn From Life, repr. opp. 14; text pp. 14, 17-18.

[41] GEORGES CLEMENCEAU (1841-1929). Drawn in Paris in Clemenceau's residence, Rue Franklin, 1927.

"He tried several places in the room in order to get the best lighting, he made sure that I was comfortable, and when everything was arranged satisfactorily he began to pose. Unlike many other busy men I have drawn, he gave me his sketch, but, seated at his desk with his hands clasped in front of him, he looked straight ahead of him into space. The light was not complimentary; it did not soften the wrinkles, nor did it blur the marks of age. But after all, it was the right kind of light in which to draw this rugged old Frenchman, most of whose life had been spent in fighting....

'The drawing is finished. Will you sign it?' I asked, showing it to him and at the same time offering him a piece of charcoal.

Putting on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, he looked at it a few minutes, and then muttered to himself, 'C'est moi.' But instead of taking my charcoal he used his pen, saying, 'I can handle the pen better than the crayon.' "

New York Times Magazine, September 4, 1927.

Drawn From Life, repr. p. 124; text pp. 129-130.

[42] BENITO MUSSOLINI (1883-1945). Drawn in Rome, 1927.
Signed with a comment in French, by Mussolini.

"It was dusk outside. The stream of automobiles on the Corso kept up an incessant din. The lights in the room were on and made shining high lights on his swarthy skin; they struck his forehead, high and well-formed; they shone along the side of his nose; they accentuated the darkness where his face was shaved....

'I am not going to pose for you,' he said as he sat down and busied himself with some papers, but there was a suspicion of a smile in those dark eyes as he spoke, 'so sit down and get your things ready.' "

Drawn From Life, repr. p. 178; text p. 182.

[43] HERBERT HOOVER (1874-). President of the United States.

This portrait, one of the several of the same subject drawn by Woolf, was sketched while Hoover was President. Much later, in 1940, Hoover again sat to Woolf for a portrait. At that time the artist recalled his different meetings with Hoover in these words:

"The first time I met Herbert Hoover he was Secretary of Commerce. Later I made a sketch of him when he was a candidate for the Presidency, and still later he posed for me in the White House. The man who sat for me the other day (1940) in his office in the Finnish Relief Committee's quarters was a very different person from the one I had previously known. The public official was cold and forbidding. He displayed little humor and at all times seemed ill at ease. Although he was always courteous he wore an armor of remoteness that nothing, apparently, could penetrate...When I drew his portrait this time the ill-at-ease look that he wore when I saw him in the White House had vanished..."

New York Times Magazine, January 21, 1940.

Cf. Drawn From Life, pp. 303-311.

[447] HARRY TRUMAN (1884-). President of the United States.
Drawn at the White House in 1945.

One of several portraits of the President drawn by S. J. Woolf. This one appeared on the front cover of the New York Times Sunday Magazine, August 19, 1945. An earlier one, drawn the week Truman became President, was published on April 22, 1945.

[45] JOHN L. LEWIS (1880-). Drawn in Washington in 1937.

"He is a big man, Lewis, burly and intense. There is an evangelical fervor about him that brings to mind the old-time circuit rider who, with a pistol in his saddle-bag, carried the gospel to the outposts of civilization....

There is a strong sense of the dramatic about Mr. Lewis. Neither in private nor in public does he ever lose a chance to produce an effect....

His left elbow rested upon his glass-topped desk as he spoke, and in his right was his cigar, the end of which he had already bitten ragged...."

New York Times Magazine, March 21, 1937.

[46] GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856-). Drawn from life by S. J. Woolf, July 4, 1927. With autograph note from George Bernard Shaw. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Coleen, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

In 1927, Lester Mankel of the New York Times Sunday edition, sent Woolf to Europe to draw celebrities. In London, Mr. Woolf wrote to George Bernard Shaw, promising to obtain "immortality" for him in America and adding: "And when you think it will cost you only one half hour of your time, that is a very small price to pay."

Shaw's note replied, "I now have considerable experience as an artist's model, but my terms -- about \$3,750 an hour -- are prohibitive. Also, I shall not be disengaged for at least a year to come."

It was on July 4 that Mr. Woolf wrote back: "My dear Mr. Shaw: Your price for posing for a drawing is the same amount as mine... You do not have to be disengaged while I draw. I am leaving on the 6th. When shall I come? If you could pose this afternoon and sign the drawing today, think what it would mean to the American people to have two vital documents signed on July 4!"

Shaw telephoned that afternoon. Mr. Woolf found the sardonic genius sweet and kind "and, indeed, somewhat like a lovable old Santa Claus."....

Almost by accident did he write his first piece, on Shaw. Returning to London, he mentioned the matter to Fitzhugh Minnigerode of The New York Times bureau. "Why don't you write it?" Minnigerode suggested. Mr. Woolf did, taking the ten days

aboard a ship returning to this country for it. The piece received wide attention and its author's medium -- the combination of portrait and interview -- was established.

Drawn From Life, repr. p. 21; text pp. 19-29.

At Princeton: 'Drawn From Life'

Portraits by the late S. J. Woolf, picturing notables of three decades, go on display at the university.

IN Princeton's University Library, memorial to Harvey S. Firestone, will open tomorrow a show entitled "Drawn From Life: Original Portraits by S. J. Woolf." It represents three decades of Woolf's activities in catching the celebrities of this generation in the mirror contrived by his pencil and his pen. The latest portrait was drawn not long before the artist's death, in December of last year, and the collection, embracing some forty items, has been lent by his widow.

The subjects are men and women famous in many walks of life—Presidents and heads of states by other names, pillars of science and learning, luminaries of the stage, painters, musicians, writers of prose and poetry. They sat for Sam Woolf both in this country and abroad and, though this exhibition brings into view only a limited number of all the notables in the hall of fame created by his collected works, the assembly is representative and impressive. And it is not less interesting because most of the portraits, at least, were made originally for THE YORK NEW TIMES and bring together a record (though by no means a complete one) of the artist's long association with this newspaper.

BORN in New York City in 1880, of a family long connected with the arts, and a busy practitioner all his life, he not only drew celebrities in black and white—and before that a variety of sketches in that medium—but was a painter as well, with a series of generals of World War I to his credit. And he is represented in collections as different as those in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Brook Club. His drawings, made at the front in 1918 for Collier's magazine, were the basis of paintings of battle scenes which attracted favorable attention, and in World War II he served as correspondent in both England and France. He won medals at the St. Louis Exposition in 1903 and at the Paris Exposition in 1937.

Author as well as artist, his works include—besides his many newspaper articles—"A Short Story of Art," which was published in 1909; the book published in 1931 from which the title of the Princeton exhibition is taken, and "Here Am I," which came out in 1941. His career as artist-journalist, mainly in the service of THE NEW YORK TIMES, covered the years from the middle Nineteen Twenties almost to the end of his life, and in the complete catalogue is every President of the United

By H. I. BROCK

States from Theodore Roosevelt down.

The examples of his work in this loan collection are seen to excellent advantage in the pleasant setting provided by the library's exhibition gallery—part of the very modern interior masked by the handsome modified Gothic shell of the new building which had its formal opening less than a year ago. And it is worth noting, for the sake of historic perspective, that Woolf's mirror of twentieth century characters

suggests the style of his art; but John L. Lewis, complete with cigar, signs boldly.

SUCH random items serve as well as anything to give an idea of the mixed grill which is Woolf's cast of characters. But not inappropriately for a university library exhibition here is a long list of literary folk, living and dead, both American and foreign, and we may note among them—besides persons already mentioned—Booth Tarkington and Eugene O'Neill (both Princetonians, by the way), Sinclair Lewis, Upton

Sinclair, Robert E. Sherwood, Gilbert K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells, John Masefield, Somerset Maugham, Thomas Mann, J. B. Priestley, W. B. Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore. University presidents are not neglected and among them are Princeton's John Grier Hibben and Harvard's James B. Conant. Stage folks include Lily Pons and Beatrice Lillie, with Irving Berlin standing for both stage and music, and Walt Disney for the screen. Science in its latest phase is supported by Vannevar Bush and Sir Alexander Fleming, and the Roosevelt family by the late President's mother and the first President Roosevelt's gallant son and namesake done back in 1932 when he was only a colonel like his father before him.

And of course there is Fiorello La Guardia—Sam Woolf's favorite subject—in proof of which the exhibition shows not one picture of the late Little Flower but three, including a full figure in the big hat.

MISSING—regrettably—is the drawing of Bernard Shaw which launched the artist on the career which added to his portrait gallery pictures of the subjects in words as well. As samples of what he did with words we may cite the artist's characterization of Shaw himself: "This sardonic author is more like Santa Claus than he is like Satan"; while of the appreciative Mussolini he wrote that "his stare is so intense that it might almost be the look of a fanatic." Of Franklin D. Roosevelt, drawn by him more than once, he said that he remembered no "other sitter whose face seemed to vary so much, making it the barometer of his mental processes."

Neither President of the Roosevelt name, by the way, is in evidence in the Princeton show. Necessarily, some of the other famous names "covered" by Woolf are also omitted. But the Princeton collection is a good Woolf show, nevertheless.



The late S. J. Woolf, a self-portrait.

succeeds there a lively selection of the works—in a very different mood—of Thomas Rowlandson and George Cruikshank, covering what Agnes Repplier called the "Happy Half Century" which tied together the last years of the eighteenth and the first of the nineteenth.

Almost every one of the portraits is countersigned—so to say—by the subject. Indeed, the only ones in the group which are not so authenticated are those of Herbert Hoover and Thomas E. Dewey. (If this be treason, make the most of it, for Calvin Coolidge and Wendell Willkie, like Harry S. Truman, are duly signed up.)

OFTEN there is added a note of appreciation. From Henri Matisse it is the one word "merci." But Benito Mussolini adds to the date in the Christian and Fascist calendars—"Rome 3 Maggio, 1927-VII"—this in French: "Je trouve ce portrait parfait, et je fais mes plus vives félicitations à l'artiste." George Clemenceau's signature is almost illegible, Paul Claudel's is entirely so, and Salvador Dalí's

Letters

SOFT-HEARTED

TO THE EDITOR:

In "Behind the Split in the Supreme Court," Thomas Reed Powell's observation that the "conservatives" are hard-headed and the "liberals" lamentably "soft-hearted" is an old saw whose edge the years have dulled. Can it not be said that the hearts of "conservative" justices voting against labor unions are softened by the plight of the helpless entrepreneurs fighting those nasty labor leaders?

When "liberals" Murphy and Rutledge procured Federal compensation for an accident victim, they struck a blow at the pittance system covering most accident-ridden workmen in penny-pinching states. In so doing, these justices hard-heartedly helped obliterate obsolescent state boundaries while the soft-hearted "conservatives" worked to maintain the prerogatives of the poor little states. ***

NORMAN ROTHFELD.

New York.

LIBERAL JUDGES

TO THE EDITOR:

If I correctly take Thomas Reed Powell in his "Behind the Split in the Supreme Court," he would have us believe that the "liberals" are examples of chicken-hearted judges whose opinions are based on emotional predilections, while their "conservative" colleagues take their decisions from unchanged and unchanging principles of law. Many, I think, will join me in disagreeing with Professor Powell.

Our best Supreme Court justices never have been mere legal technicians or learned pedagogues. That job calls for a keen lawyer with some human sympathy and a profound understanding of our way of such virtues were the dis-

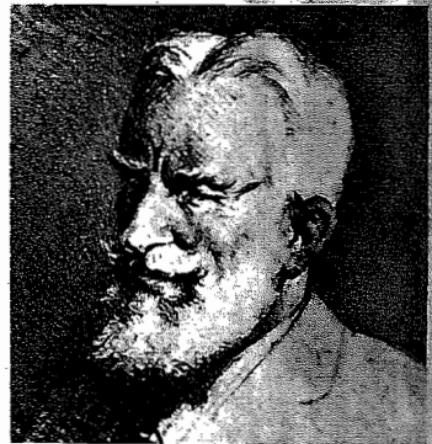
has enough resiliency to absorb the impact and perhaps be enhanced by it. Certainly, it seems hardly warranted to characterize their attitude as "extra-legal feeling."

ABRAHAM FRANK.
Washington.

REAPPEARANCE

TO THE EDITOR:

In his article "At Princeton: Drawn From Life," describing the Princeton exhibit of portraits by the late S. J. Woolf, H. I. Brock points out that the portrait of Bernard Shaw which launched the artist on



G. B. S., by S. J. Woolf.

his interviewing career is "missing — regrettably" from the group of drawings lent to the University Library by Mr. Woolf's widow.

I am glad to state that as a result of the article the drawing of Bernard Shaw is now happily present. A constant reader of THE TIMES Magazine lost no time in informing the library that she was the present owner of the Shaw drawing and would be happy to lend it to the exhibit. Thus, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Colen of Holicong, Pa., "the sardonic Santa Claus" now honors the Firestone Library with his presence.

HOWARD C. RICE, JR.
Department of Rare Books
& Special Collections
Princeton, N. J.

[The reappearance of the drawing was also a happy revelation for Mrs. Woolf. It had been sold shortly after Mr. Woolf made it in 1927, and was presently lost track of.—Editor.]

40 Woolf Drawings Of Famous People Exhibited in Library

The Daily
Princetonian

Tuesday, October 11,
1949.

A group of 40 of the original charcoal drawings of the late S. J. Woolf, internationally known illustrator, was placed on exhibit yesterday in the exhibition gallery of the Firestone Memorial Library.

The exhibit, which will remain on display through November 12, is devoted to drawings of contemporary notables featured in the magazine section of the New York Times between 1923 and 1948. Woolf's profession was often referred to as "hunting the great."

Drawings Given By Widow

Made available through the courtesy of the artist's widow, the Woolf portraits in the Library exhibit are mostly of literary and political celebrities, including H. G. Wells, C. K. Chesterton, John Masefield, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Mann, the late Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and European statesmen.

Many of the portraits have a Princeton association. The study of John Grier Hibben, Princeton University's 14th president, was done in Nassau Hall during the winter of 1931-32, the year before Hibben's death. Portraits of four distinguished Princeton alumni are also on display: Norman Thomas, 1905, playwright Eugene O'Neill, 1910, the late Booth Tarkington, 1893, and the late John Winant, 1913.

"Hairy Ape" Manuscript

Books and manuscripts from the Firestone Library's permanent collections will be on exhibit with the appropriate Woolf portraits. Among these items are a manuscript rough-draft of O'Neill's play *The Hairy Ape*, presented to Princeton by the author; the typescript of Norman Thomas' *We Have a Future*, with the author's corrections; autograph letters of Booth Tarkington and a copy of the Princeton *Bric-a-Brac* of 1893 containing a drawing done by Tarkington while he was an undergraduate.

In addition to authors and political figures, popular personalities connected with screen and theater, Lily Pons, Beatrice Lillie and Walt Disney, also appear in the Woolf exhibit. All of the portraits are autographed by the subject and occasionally include additional personalized comments.

"It must be acknowledged that in substantial measure American college students are avoiding the humanities because they do not find the subject matter as it is presented to them to be relevant to the problems they face in a strange and insecure world.

"Consider the case of communism, for example," he continued. "The revolution it hopes to bring about extends far beyond the realm of politics or economics over into the realm of the whole man. Communism negates all that the humanities have affirmed for more than two thousand years, for it denies the right of individual judgment in respect to all human values expressed in literature, art, ethics or religion. It is the humanities that carry the real answer to communism."

Representatives

ON college campuses throughout the country this fall, Princeton is being represented by faculty and alumni at inauguration ceremonies of



Booth Tarkington '93

DRAWN IN 1939

'To my mind,' he said recalling his years at Princeton, 'the principal trouble with the colleges to-day is that there is too much education and not enough human nature. I know a boy who was graduated from Princeton last year and he was so educated that I was afraid to speak to him for fear that I should show my ignorance. The only person who appeared to be cultured enough to hold a conversation with him was a professor of Greek. The finest things that I found in college, and what I retained long after I forgot my Latin and Greek, were my friends, but judging from the amount of knowledge that boy had, I can't see how he found time to make any. Knowledge is a fine thing, but if it goes to the making of an intellectual snob it defeats its own purpose and breaks down the inherent and natural sense of democracy that exists in the young.'

college presidents. Representatives are also participating in academic celebrations of major anniversaries.

Included among the Princeton representatives at those already held or scheduled to be held this month are the following: James A. Bope '25 at the inauguration of Frank B. McIntosh as president of Ohio Northern University in Ada, Ohio, on October 9; Thomas J. Gillespie Jr. '09 at the inauguration of Will W. Orr as president of Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pa., on October 14; George White '95 at the inauguration of William B. Irvine as president of Marietta College in Marietta, Ohio, on October 15; Richard F. Sater '26 at the inauguration of Charles Stoughton as president of Wittenberg College in Springfield, Ohio, on October 21; Librarian Julian P. Boyd at the inauguration of Arthur H. Edens as president of Duke University on October 22; William C. Hunter '05 at the inauguration of Samuel S. George as president of Jamestown College in Jamestown, N.D., on October 25; and Professor Albert Elsasser at the inauguration of Alonzo G. Moron as president of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., on October 29.

In addition Dean Emeritus Arthur M. Greene Jr. served as Princeton's official delegate at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute's commemoration of its 125th anniversary on October 13, 14 and 15, and Professor Roy Dickinson Welch at Smith College's 75th anniversary convocation on October 20. Charles C. Mierow '05 will represent Princeton at the 75th anniversary of the founding of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. on November 4, 5, and 6.

Freshman Honors

A REMARKABLE record has been established by three graduates of James Madison High School in Brooklyn who are members of Princeton's Class of 1952.

Of the ten top-ranking members of the class, based on the scholastic averages compiled during freshman year, three prepared for Princeton at James Madison High School. One of them, Gary Stanley Becker, finished on top and has been declared the winner of the Graduate Council Freshman Honor Prize. Ceremonies marking the presentation of the Prize, a gift of \$100 in books for the library of the school where the winner did his preparatory work, will be held later in the fall. Becker compiled an average of .88 for the first term and .94 for the second to give him a year's average for ten courses of .91.

Eight of the ten top-ranking freshmen were graduates of high schools.

Ranking behind Becker, in order, were: Robert W. Hellwart, Cooley High School, Detroit, Mich.; John W. Pratt, Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.; Edwin H. Loeffler, Bayside High School, Bayside, N.Y.; Arthur B. Komar, Midwood High School, Brooklyn; Joseph W. Handelman, New Rochelle High School, New Rochelle, N.Y.; John J. Clutz Jr., Radnor High School, Wayne, Pa.; David R. Kass of James Madison; Charles H. Bernstein of James Madison; and Frederick L. Jones Jr., Episcopal Academy, Overbrook, Pa.

"Drawn from Life"

ON Monday, October 10, the opening day of the current Firestone Library exhibition of the charcoal drawings of S. J. Woolf, the Library's chief of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Howard C. Rice, received a telephone call from Holicong, Pa.

On the preceding day the *New York Times Magazine* had carried a story about the opening of the exhibition of the charcoal drawings of the late writer-artist whose signature, "drawn from life by S. J. Woolf," had been



John Grier Hibben '82

DRAWN DURING THE WINTER OF 1931-32

In his office in Nassau Hall, surrounded by the memories which this pre-Revolution building inspires, in the waning light of a winter afternoon, Dr. Hibben posed for me and recounted some of the developments in education since that night twenty years ago when he was greeted for the first time as president. . . . Dr. Hibben speaks slowly and measuredly. Tall and slim, his movements are as precise as his conversation. He is the type that calls forth conscientious effort rather than violent enthusiasm from his students. No anecdotes cluster about him; thoroughness and justness, rather than a vibrant personality, distinguish him. . . .

familiar to *Times* readers for many years. The article, which had described the many political and literary celebrities drawn by Mr. Woolf in his long career, had carried the sentence: "Missing—regrettably—is the drawing of Bernard Shaw which launched the artist on the career which added to his portrait gallery pictures of the subjects in words as well."

Mr. Rice's telephone call that morning came from Mrs. Bruce Colen, who owns the Shaw drawing. Would the Library be interested in borrowing it to include in the exhibition? she asked. Mr. Rice accepted with pleasure, and GBS soon took his place with other notables in a collection that has been attracting record crowds to the handsome Exhibition Gallery of the Firestone Library.

The exhibit, which will run through November 12, was arranged through the courtesy of Mrs. Woolf and features about forty of his best-known drawings, accompanied, in many cases, by characteristic paragraphs drawn from the interview Mr. Woolf obtained as he made his sketch. Five of the forty subjects making up the collection are Princetonians, four of which are reproduced on these pages with the accompanying quotations. A fifth appears on page 17. The drawings are



Eugene O'Neill '10

DRAWN IN 1931

O'Neill is fragile, tenuous, apart. Behind his quiet manner there is a tenseness of nerves, which his long, thin fingers emphasized as they beat a tattoo on his thigh or dug themselves into the palms of his hands. . . . His forehead and eyes dominate his face. It would be easy to make a caricature of him with straight lines until one came to the eyes, but curves alone would express them, circles of intense darkness. About them is a furtive sadness, which seemed puzzlingly familiar. It is the same sadness one sees in the daguerreotypes of Poe. . . .



S. J. Woolf, Self-Portrait

reproduced with the permission of Mrs. Woolf and the *New York Times*.

Mr. Woolf's first contributions to the *Times* were made in 1923, and they continued for nearly a quarter of a century until shortly before his death last December. An assignment to draw Shaw, in 1927, resulted in the combination portrait sketch and interview which set the pattern for his subsequent work. As an "artist-journalist," armed with portfolio and charcoal as well as pad and pencil, he devoted his life to "hunting the great" in America and Europe. His work thus forms a unique portrait gallery of the great names in the news during the past three decades.

Literary figures are particularly prominent in the Princeton exhibition. In addition to Booth Tarkington '93 and Eugene O'Neill '10, there are drawings of Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Robert E. Sherwood, Gilbert K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells, John Masefield, J. B. Priestley, W. B. Yeats, Rabindranath Tagore, John Dewey, Pearl Buck, and Thomas Mann.

President James B. Conant of Harvard joins with John Grier Hibben in representing the field of college presidents. Science is covered by Vannevar Bush and Sir Alexander Fleming, the stage by Lily Pons and Beatrice Lillie, music by Irving Berlin and the screen by Walt Disney. Neither of the Presidents Roosevelt are included in this particular collection, unfortunately, but Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover and Harry Truman are, as well as Wendell Willkie and Thomas E. Dewey; and the Roosevelt family is represented by the mother of the late President and the son of the first President Roosevelt.

A few books and manuscripts from the Library's own permanent collections are on display with the appropriate Woolf portraits. Among them

are the manuscript rough-draft of O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," the typescript of Norman Thomas's "We Have a Future," published by Princeton University Press in 1941, and autograph letters of Booth Tarkington and samples of his work as an undergraduate.

Included in the collection is Mr. Woolf's favorite portrait: that of the late Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes drawn in his Washington apartment in 1926. Of all the famous figures who had sat for him, he noted in his autobiography, "the tall, slightly bent figure of Mr. Justice Holmes" stood out most clearly in his memory.

On exhibit also are two self-portraits of Mr. Woolf, one drawn in the early 1920's, and a second done in 1936 and presented to Elmer Adler, head of the Graphic Arts Department of the Princeton University Library.



Norman Thomas '05

DRAWN IN 1936

Mr. Thomas was seated in the living room of his country home on Long Island. His place, small and unpretentious, seems modest indeed compared with the vast estates which surround it. . . . Primarily a protestor, he is essentially an educator rather than an office-seeker—He is fully aware of the futility of his efforts in so far as election is concerned. But he is convinced that socialism and that alone will solve the problems of a troubled world, and he is endeavoring to spread its gospel among the people. . . . 'The summer that I was graduated from high school,' he told me, 'my father, who like most of his forebears was a Presbyterian minister, became pastor of a church in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, and all our family moved there. . . . For a year I attended Bucknell College, but I had read Jesse Lynch Williams's stories about Princeton and they made me anxious to go there. A relative who had more money than my father offered to pay part of the expenses and in 1902 a rather green lad entered Princeton as a fresh-sophomore. I spent three happy years there. They opened for me the doors of opportunity. . . .'

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VICTOR A. TRAUB
 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.
 Tel.: WHitehall 4-1300



John Gilbert Winant '13

The portrait above was drawn from life by S. J. Woolf, and is reproduced with permission of the *New York Times*. See page 7 for details of the Woolf exhibition at the Firestone Library.

Thirty sons of the class are now undergraduates at the University and active members of the Sons of 1913 at Princeton Association, including the following who are enrolled for the first time: Robert S. Bickham '51, Charles K. Shand '53, Richard G. Smith '53 (son of A. D.), and Robert J. Sullivan '53 (son of Pink).

Cliff Merrifield has the distinction of being the first member of the class to pay his current dues. He writes that his oldest boy, Peter, is thrilled to be working at *George Scribner's* plastics plant in Boonton, N.J., and that Eric '52 who, many of you may remember, helped out at reunion headquarters in June, is now in the second year of his pre-medical course at Princeton.

14

A. C. M. AZOV
 Hudson House
 Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Echoes of Reunion still continue to sound pleasantly along the shores of our auditory canals; among the most welcome being those epistolary mementos received from some of the brethren who were unable to come back at all, but promise to do better in the future.

These include for instance Roy Watson, once deep in the heart of Texas but now, as general treasurer of the Christian Science Mother Church, a permanent Bostonian. It is Roy's abiding sorrow that an annual church meeting always keeps him from Princeton in June, but it has been pointed out to him that this is hardly an excuse for not coming down to the mid-winter Class Dinner in New York, and he assures us that he will be present thereat next January.

And from Santa Monica George Kassler reports that 1914 happily held a species of branch reunion out there when Dave Clapp suddenly appeared in the local midst last spring. Al Van Court immediately arranged a Lucullan feast to mark this historic occasion and Al, George, Lucius Cook and of

LETTERS

Drawn from Life'

Dear Sir:

PITY the poor exhibit-planner! His lot is as hard as that of the anthologist: no sooner has he made his selection, than someone comes along to protest: "Why didn't you include . . . ?" The reasons would sometimes surprise the questioner—such sordid considerations as the dimensions of a case.



Hugh Stott Taylor

DRAWN IN 1946

"A tall, blond, blue-eyed pipe-smoking Englishman dropped into my studio recently to pose for a sketch. Except for his being slightly heavy, he might have served admirably as a model for Sherlock Holmes. This resemblance would have been increased had he brought his violin with him and begun to play. For Dr. Taylor often does so at his home in the old Isaac Wyman house on the campus. Moreover, the similarity is not merely superficial, for most of Dr. Taylor's adult life has been spent in investigating agents that act secretly and appear to the casual observer unconnected with the chain of events which they bring about. . . ."

the fact that you can't open a book in two places at once. Or maybe simply because the item in question wasn't available, or perhaps again, simply because you never thought of it!

No sooner had we selected forty S. J. Woolf drawings for our current exhibit (described in the ALUMNI WEEKLY of October 21) from the one hundred or so made available to us by Mrs. Woolf (which in turn represented only one hundred out of several hundred portraits drawn from life by the artist); than people began asking, "Why haven't you got the portrait of . . . ?" One such query struck rather close to home and led us to do a little detective work. As a result we have now tracked down and added to the exhibit in the Farstone Library the

portrait of Princeton's own Dean Taylor. It is published here as an *amende honorable* from a non-Princeton graduate who occasionally gets a bit tangled up in the intricacies of Princeton's history past and present.

HOWARD C. RICE JR.

Dep't of Rare Books and Special Collections

Rebuke

Dear Sir:

I T is suggested, the next time you have a vagrant half page on your hands, that you devote it to an honest plug for a soap, a soup, a hair tonic or to one of those beverages composed of alcohol, water and a whiskey flavor which the exigencies of our tax and excise laws force upon us.

P.A.W. in Parody, as taken from the *Tiger* (P.A.W., Oct. 21), is not even funny.

Princeton, N.J.

JOHN S. VAN NEST '97

Those Extra Points

Dear Sir:

I HAVE been a football lover and enthusiast for nearly seventy years. At Princeton I was one of three quarterbacks on the freshman, sophomore and junior class elevens. When I began teaching at the historic Bellefonte Academy, in the fall of 1885, teachers were allowed to play. As a result, I

played quarterback for the Academy elevens for thirteen years, and, at times, served a town team in the same capacity. At the urgent request of the players, I acted as captain. It is interesting to note that the Academy teams won the National "Prep" School Championships over the champion teams in Texas at Christmas Time in 1925 and 1926; and in November 1926 the Academy team defeated Dean Academy, of Franklin, Mass., the champions of the New England Schools, that year. Those victories were due to the wonderful coaching of Carl G. Snavely, the now successful coach of the "Tar Heels" of the University of North Carolina.

With that history before the readers, I desire to enter my protest against the present method of gaining the extra point after the touchdown has been made. The recent victories of Pennsylvania and Cornell over Princeton have led me to express my protest against what I consider an unfair method of gaining the extra point. I have contended for years that in the final analysis it was individual prowess versus concerted action and teamwork.

I have known many cases where, as soon as a touchdown was scored, a kicker-specialist was called in from the bench to kick the goal and then return to his seat on the bench. I have known cases where players would spend hours on the athletic fields, kicking goals, whether place kicks or drop kicks. I can recall games where a touchdown was made and the kicking of the goal was an

HERE & THERE

ON THE AIR: The program is geared for housewives, but "This Is New York" is a WCBS (880) radio show that Princeton alumni in the metropolitan area should find particularly interesting each morning from November 7 through November 12. Ten minutes of each of the three-quarter hour program broadcast from 9:00 to 9:45 a.m. will be devoted to the life of a Princeton football player, Lenox G. Palin '50. Prepared by Frederick Freed '41, staff reporter for "This Is New York," and William Leonard, the broadcasts will give a day-by-day record of a senior who combines outstanding play at guard with preparation for a ministerial career. Using wire recordings to supplement the story, the program will open on Monday with a general picture of football practice; Tuesday will introduce Len himself; Wednesday, his course of study, including participation in a preceptorial, and his work with the Bureau of Student Aid & Employment; Thursday, a comparison of his routine with that of another member of the squad; Friday, a pre-game rally and other preparations for a major contest; and Saturday, a football player's morning before the game and the reactions of his parents in the stands.

THE YALE GAME: As the day approaches for the 72nd renewal of the oldest continuous rivalry in intercollegiate football, it seems appropriate to reprint a letter which appeared in the ALUMNI WEEKLY's Class Notes last winter. The writer was William Kelly Prentice '92, Ewing Professor of Greek, Emeritus, and the subject was Princeton's uphill 20-14 victory over Yale at New Haven last November. Under the heading, "Who said Kelly Prentice was not interested in football?" appeared the following paragraph:

"Yesterday afternoon a little before three I was sitting in my office on Nassau Street looking out over a bit of the campus where we used to kick a football sometimes before even Alexander Hall was built. And on the street a man said: 'It's 7 to 7 now.' So I went out to get more news. The campus was empty as if the end of the world had come. But here and there in Reunion and West a radio was working, and I learned that it was 14 to 7 against us. When I got back to the street I heard it was 14 all. So I went back to my office. I did not feel like writing anything more, and put the stuff in a drawer, and listened to the noises outside. And soon—it was a little after four then—some auto horns went off, and there was some shouting, and men began to run, and then the bell began to ring. I lit another pipe, and put my heels on the desk, and looked out between Holler and Alexander Hall, and heard the bell ringing. And the sound was very sweet."