

1939-40

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

PUBLICATIONS (PRINCETON MATH
NOTES)

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS

WORK

✓ ROBERTSON
ROBERTSON

A. W. TUCKER

Relations WOI

Publications

Academic Organization

Biographical

Princeton math. notes distributed by Princeton Press:
papers of interest in math unpublished material mimeographed.
Princeton University and I. A. S.

Princeton math series published by Princeton Press made
joint sponsorship of Department of Mathematics and School of
Mathematics. Editors mentioned in Bulletin 9 and 10 School of
Mathematics listed papers and seminars and lectures.

Bulletin No. 9, p. 10

1939

1/1

ARCHEOLOGY

~~ROCKEFELLER~~, JOHN D., JR.

MERITT

CAPPS

SHEAR, T. L.

Academic Activities

Biographical

Biographical

Biographical

Biographical

Meritt to Flexner, January 1, 1939.

Four mentioned have been made honorary members of the
Greek Archeological Society.

D, Meritt

1923

GENERAL (INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION BOARD) Foundations

MATHEMATICS

Academic Activities

FLAXNER, A.

Biographical

✓ ROSE, WYCLIFFE

See Fosdick's description (p. 151) of Rose's report on world mathematics in every leading institution in the world to his Board: "He ~~was~~ was reporting on where man had arrived in his mathematical thinking, and where the opportunities for progress seemed brightest. His performance was characteristic of the immense pains and thoroughgoing analysis with which he scanned every recommendation he brought before ~~the~~ his trustees. Göttingen and Paris were preferred in his judgment because of ~~all~~ all the places in the world at that time they represented the peaks in mathematical science."

The Story of the Rockefeller Foundation by Fosdick, p. 151

1923

GENERAL (INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION BOARD)

Foundations

/ ROSE, WYCLIFFE

Biographical

As Rose established working relationships with 18 European countries plus prospects in four others, fields natural sciences and agricultural, searched for brains among them. Found Fermi and Heisenberg. (Later Nobel laureates). 509 fellows in the natural sciences selected in a few years from 35 nations, most of them going to other countries to spend their fellowships under favorite teachers.

Institute for Theoretical Physics under Bohr--International Education Board financed addition to its building and gave Bohr brilliant men from other lands for year's fellowships.

University of Gottingen strong in Physics Department, building enlarged by I. E. B., laboratory equipment improved. I. E. B. erected mathematical institute and encouraged both mathematical research and teaching with close collaboration with physicists.

I. E. B. contributed to University of Paris assisting
building mathematical center called Institut Henri Poincaré.

story of the Rockefeller Foundation by Fosdick pp. 149-151

1928

✓ ROSE

Biographical

FLEXNER, ABRAHAM

FLEXNER, SIMON

Interview with Louise REXMAN Pearce, January 20, 1957.

Filed in Vertical File under Pearce Interviews.

4/12

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS

Academic Organization

ASSISTANTS

Academic Personnel

✓ ROSEN

Biographical

MAYER

FLEXNER, A.

In confirmation of what Flexner had told Einstein by telephone: "You have the choice of your assistant absolutely in your own hands and...you are perfectly free to take on someone who has already been granted a stipend or a complete outsider, if you please, and in the choice of your assistant you have thus complete freedom. You do not need the consent of your associates or of my consent. If you would simply let me know whom you wish, Mrs. Bailey will send a formal letter so that the person in question understands ^{his} relationship to you. In previous years you have selected Rosen who also held a stipend, and he was made your assistant.

"Professor Mayer's case is entirely separate and it has no bearing whatsoever on anything you may wish to do in the future."

ROSENWALD, LESSING J. (Julius)

Merchant

Born Chicago, February 10, 1891

Education: Student Cornell University 1909-11
L. H. D. University of Pennsylvania, 1947
Litt. D., Lincoln University, 1954
LL. D., Jefferson Medical College, 1954

Career: With Sears, Roebuck & Company from beginning to end
of active career
Became Manager of Philadelphia plant at its opening 1920
Vice-Chairman Board of Directors & Chairman of
Executive Committee, Sears Roebuck & Company,
July 1931-January, 1932;
Chairman of the Board, January 1932-January 1939
Retired

Memberships: American Council for Judaism, Inc. (President)
Member American Philosophical Society

Activities: Served as seaman 2d class, Great Lakes, Naval Station,
World War

Home, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

in America
From Who's Who Volume 29, 1956-57

Also:

Founded Lessing J. Rosenwald Foundation, presently extant
(See Interview with Rosenwald
April 11, 1956)

4/11

INSTITUTE HISTORY NOTES

Institute History

✓ ROSENWALD, LESSING JULIUS

Biographical

Interview with Lessing Julius Rosenwald, April 11, 1956.

Filed in Vertical File under Rosenwald Interviews.

Interview with Rosenwald, 4/11/56

1940

4/29

COMMITTEE (NOMINATING)

Corporation

TRUSTEES

✓ ROSENWALD, LESSING

Biographical

DOUGLAS, LEWIS

MOE, HENRY ALLEN

Aydelotte to Weed.

He is bringing to a conference with Weed the names of several men for the Board of Trustees as follows: Lessing Rosenwald of Sears, Roebuck, Lewis Douglas; Henry Allen Moe; Grenville Clark of Root Clark, Bucknere and Howland; Douglas Freeman, Editor of the Richmond News Leader, Trustee of Rockefeller Foundation and Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; Michael Schapp, President of Bloomingdales Department Store in New York, a friend of Mr. Samberger and Mrs. Fuld whom Mrs. Fuld is particularly eager to have on the Board. (Michael Schapp was not elected until May, 1941).

A File, IAS (T)

4/20

176
TRUSTEES

Corporation

/ROSENWALD, LESSING

Biographical

Re-election as trustee for five year ending 1950. Mr. Rosenwald said that if his commitments became too great he would submit his resignations.

Mtg. of Corp. 4/20/45 - p. 1

1940

2/16

FLEXNER, ABRAHAM

Biographical

AYDELOTTE, F.

BUSH

✓ ROSENWALD, ADELE

Flexner to Aydelotte, February 16. Suggests that Aydelotte see Miss Eichelsler or Mrs. Bailey on the exchange of cards for catalogs between Princeton Library and Fuld Hall. This has been going on, but should be continued.

Flexner has a throat ailment, and asks Aydelotte to talk to Bush for him. He also wants Aydelotte to talk to Gapps and Tedesco. "I want to plant a seed that will be a few years maturing about money. It would be an advantage if we could see him for a talk before you and I met; but perhaps you and he have already met.

"Panofsky representing the Faculty, did a touching thing this week; but ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ this you must see."

A. File, Flexner, Abraham

1940

5/9

TRUSTEES

Corporation

STEWART, W. W.

Biographical

RIEFLER, W. W.

BAMBERGER, L.

✓ ROSENWALD

DOUGLAS, L.

Aydelotte to Weed.

"I have had a talk with Mr. Bamberger and find that he would be a little happier if we did not go forward too rapidly with making changes in the Board. In deference to Mr. Bamberger's wishes I have arranged with Stewart and Riefler to postpone their resignations until next year, leaving us only two vacancies to fill on Monday. I suppose the Committee feel we had better select L. Rosenwald and Lewis Douglas for those places...We must keep Moe and Fulton in mind..."
D, Weed

1950

11/13

BY-LAWS

Corporation

COMMITTEES (COMMITTEE ON RE-WRITING)

Trust Corporation

✓ ROSENWALD

LEWIS, WILMARTH

Lewis to Rosenwald.

Rosenwald is Chairman of Committee to Re-Write the By-Laws. Lewis is bothered by the present confused state and so is Oppy. "Soon there will be nine trustees who are being held over because we have not decided whether or not there is to be a retiring age or whether members of the faculty shall no longer be on the Board." Understands that the last meeting of the Board at which he was not present, Haass violently attacked Wilmarth Lewis' letter to Oppy. Lewis would make only one change--to limit the number of honorary trustees.

D. Trustee Committee on By-Laws

1951

11/20

GIFTS

Finance

✓ ROSENWALD (EVANS ^{Collection} ~~Collection~~)

Biographical

LEWIS, WILMARTH

Copy of Lewis' acceptance and commemorative speech.

Filed in Vertical File under "R" for Rosenwald.

D, Rosenwald Memorial Evans Collection

1951

11/20

LIBRARY
(Scientific Classics)

Facilities

✓ ROSENWALD, L.

Biographical

LEWIS, W.

Remarks of Wilmarth S. Lewis at the opening of the new
library of scientific classics.

Filed in Chronological file under 1951, 11/20.

D, Lewis, Wilmarth

1952
TRUSTEES

✓ ROSENWALD

4/18
Corporation

Biographical

"Mr. Strauss drew attention to the motion presented by Mr. Rosenwald at the meeting on May 4, 1951, on the subject of the retirement age of trustees. He expressed his feeling that it would be more appropriate to consider this motion when Mr. Rosenwald could be present, and for that reason he recommended discussion be deferred. He asked that it be noted in the Minutes that Mr. Rosenwald's proposal was not being tabled."

Trustees' Minutes, Volume 6, 1952, 4/18

1952

10/24

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Corporation

✓ ROSENWALD

Biographical

Mr. Rosenwald's motion resolution deferred from previous meetings was discussed. The resolution:

"The Board of Trustees of the Institute for Advanced Study believes that the limitations on the age of Trustees and limitations on the continuous length of service of Trustees are desirable in such a custodial body. Within the next five years such limitations should be incorporated in the by-laws."

There was division, and the motion was made and carried to table the resolution.

Minutes, Volume 6, October 24, 1952, Trustees' Minutes

10/31
11/3

WEED, LEWIS H.

Biographical

~~MASSACHUSETTS~~ GENERAL

Facilities

FULTON

Biographical

✓ ROSENWALD, LESSING

Weed to Fulton.

Weed deplores Masses' excitement, and predicts he will have another arterial break. He wants Lessing Rosenwald for the new chairman.

He deplores the library at the I. A. S. and the lecture room. Says I. A. S. is growing, "too far away from Princeton." But Fulton reports Oppenheimer wants the new building, and considers it "fantastic that I. A. S. has no amphitheatre."

Fulton - Lewis Weed

1952

11/3
11/8

GENERAL (AMPHITHEATRE)

Facilities

POLIGIES

Administration

STRAUSS, LEWIS

Biographical

FULTON, JOHN F.

WEED, LEWIS R.

✓ MOSENWALD, JULIUS

Fulton to Weed, November 3, 1952, and Weed to
Fulton, November 8, 1952.

Letters are filed in the Chronological file under
1952, 11/3.

Fulton, John F., Correspondence, Sterling School of Math

1953

4/3

TRUSTEES

Corporation

✓ ROSENWALD, JULIUS

Biographical

GALPIN, FERRIN C.

HOCHSCHILD, HAROLD H.

GARRISON, LLOYD K.

Galpin, Hochschild and Garrison were elected to the Board.

Rosenwald reported that the special committee on the revision of the By-Laws had nothing further to report, and the Chairman discussed the committee with thanks.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Essex Corporation, 4/3/53

1957

2/18

JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL

Educational Institutions

✓ ROSENWALD, LESSING

Biographical

EVANS, HERBERT E.

RICHTER, KURT

Interview with Dr. Kurt Richter, February 18, 1957.

Filed in Vertical File under Richter Interviews.

EMIGRES

Academic Personnel

AYDELOTTE, F.

Biographical

DUGGAN, STEPHEN

STEIN, FRED M.

✓ ROSENWALD, WILLIAM

See excerpts from file II-19, correspondence with the Emergency
Committee in the Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars

See EMIGRES - Academic Personnel

1949

2/21

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

PARTICIPATION IN ADMINISTRATION

WOODWARD, E. L.

✓ ROSTON
ROSTON

LINE

CHAIR, GORDON

Relations WOA

Academic Personnel

Biographical

Earle to the Director and Faculty S. N. S. and S. E. F.
Mentions proposed appointment of Dr. Felix Gilbert for permanent
membership in the Institute, among others. He would like to see
E. L. Woodward who has twice been at the Institute and made a
deep impression upon the Institute members and the Departments of
History and Politics at Princeton. Up to the present time,
Gilbert has not wanted to leave England, but the health of his
wife is now improved, and he may be willing to give serious
consideration to an appointment.

Roston has been Harnsworth Professor at Oxford, and will be

Professor of American History at Peterhouse, Cambridge, 1949-1950.
Harle is canvassing him.

He suggests Link and Craig at Princeton, two professors,
for permanent appointments or perhaps for five years. Since
it seems unwise to add the University Faculty, it should only
be considered if either of them is about to be bid away by some
other institution with terms that Princeton couldn't meet.

D, Historical Studies, Recommendations of Faculty

1936

11/17

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Relations WOAI

SCHOOL OF HUMANISTIC STUDIES

Academic Organization

MODERN ART

Academic Activities

MOREY

Biographical

PANOFSKY

STILLWELL

DOWNNEY

✓ ROWLEY

FORSYTHE

For memorandum on the above headings see Chronological
file 1936, 11/17, or any of the first five headings listed above.

D, Humanistic Studies, *School of Correspondence, Memoranda, Etc.*

1940

2/21

POLICIES

Administration

EARLE, E. M.

Biographical

AYDELOTTE, F.

✓ RUMNEY

Aydelotte to Earle, February 21, 1940.

His son, Bill, tells him they really need a man in Political Science at Trinity very badly for the present semester. Could we spare Rumney at once if they were able to make him an offer? It would be good for Rumney, and to get definite experience in teaching in an American college, "and in that way make it easier for us to find him a place for next year...Am I right in believing that nothing important would suffer at the Institute if Rumney left on short notice?"

A 128 (T)

1946

7/28

MATHEMATICS

Academic Activities

✓ RUNGE, WILLIAM (BROTHER-IN-LAW
OF COURANT)

Biographical

Letter in File circulated by Weyl at Courant's request.
(File is Aydelotte File, (Elsa Jenkins) 3/19/57, File No. 10.

✓ RUSSELL, BERTRAND

Biographical

Article from Harpers magazine, "My Private War with
Dr. Barnes."

Article filed herewith.

Harpers

Barnes & Barnes



My private war with Dr. Barnes

Cynthia Flannery Stine

Drawings by Richard J. LeBlanc

THE first time I met Dr. Albert C. Barnes he was clad only in a steam bath cabinet. There was no one present to make the introduction, but I had no trouble finding out why he was known to everyone who had ever heard of him as "The Terrible Tempered Dr. Barnes."

Barnes is dead now, or I wouldn't dare tell my story. He drove his car through a stop sign without stopping. A tractor trailer hit him. He had spent his life going through stop streets without stopping, not only vehicular streets but personal ones. This was the only time, so far as I know, that he didn't win.

Dr. Barnes was the inventor of Argyrol, a stormy petrel of a man, snubbed by the medical profession for patenting an essential drug, and snubbed by the society of Philadelphia's Main Line. As a vast fortune rolled in from the drug, he began to assemble a collection of paintings which he hung in a splendid Renaissance palace in Merion, a Philadelphia suburb. The reputation of the collection and of the Barnes Founda-

tion, as he called it, grew fabulous; no one could quite believe that he had more than a hundred Cézannes, dozens of Renoirs, and hundreds of other treasures of the highest quality. All sorts of people tried to get to see the collection and failed. There were rumors that behind the paintings were microphones which picked up the comments of the very few who did gain admittance, and if Dr. Barnes didn't like what he heard he would descend on the visitors and throw them out. He commanded the gate of his paradise of art like a malevolent and quixotic St. Peter.

I not only got past the gates of the Foundation, I worked there. It was the middle of the Depression when one hastily obeyed orders if they warranted an honest dollar. I had just finished business school and I put an ad in a Philadelphia paper, listing my virtues in their entirety: "SECRETARY—grad. of Peirce Bus. Sch. and Vassar Coll. Working knowl. Fr., Germ., Ital. Call Ardmore 0958."

Although replies came by the dozen bristling with the nonremunerative words "on Commission," one also came from the West Philadelphia office of the Barnes Foundation. Miss Nelle Mullen, Dr. Barnes' assistant, made an appointment for nine o'clock the following morning.

By 9:06 the conference was over. I was to start the next day. I had neither met nor seen Dr. Barnes. Miss Mullen, who I later discovered had worked for Dr. Barnes for at least thirty years, made no mention of pay, of duties, of hours, but in 1936 a job was a job.

Clad in an immaculate new woolen dress, with my hair beautifully waved and set, I arrived at the majestic house on Spruce Street in West Philadelphia that served the Foundation gallery in Merion as an office building.

I climbed to the second floor and studied the room I was to share with Miss Mullen as an office. I was barely settled when noises rose from the front hall and, with other footsteps mounting to the third floor, Miss Mullen burst into our office.

"Take a pencil," she blurted and, without removing her coat or hat, grabbed a stenographer's notebook and handed it to me. "Doctor will . . ."

A thunderous "Miss Flannery" reverberated from the third floor.

Miss Mullen never finished her sentence. I never caught my breath. A commanding, demanding voice had summoned me, and I ran for the stairs; the rest of the world ran too, I learned later, when Barnes summoned it.

Robert W. Wells

Wordwise, I am Fedwise Up

AS FAR as I'm concerned," a reasonably literate friend said to me, "I'm optimistic." And then he added, in an explanatory footnote: "Situationwise, that is."

On another recent occasion, I was standing in a crowded bus. Two young women were talking. "Stylewise," the one nearest the window began, "it's perfect." The other nodded in complete comprehension. "You can't beat it," she agreed. "Fashionwise."

I moved quickly out of range of their voices, but the words had done their damage. Had the young women, I found myself wondering, been speaking hatwise, dresswise, or possibly, just possibly, girdlewise? Husbandwise, would they be in the clear when the bills arrived? Or would the crass fellow protest that shoppingwise things were going from bad to worse, moneywise? I got off at my stop and went muttering away.

When the jargon of the advertising belt invades my dreams, nightmarewise, I feel it is time to raise a feeble bleat of protest. Futile protest, I am aware, because numberwise I'm at a disadvantage that's insurmountable. Influencewise, too, alas.

There are various theories about the originator of the pervasive noun suffix that has crept across the land from its spawning grounds among the midtown Manhattan canyons. It is generally agreed that it began, as so many things do, among the communications experts—their own term—who infest Madison Avenue. But the name of the hero who turned, ran a pudgy hand through his crew cut, and softly uttered for the first time the word "mediawise" is apparently lost, posteritywise.

Though the corruption's father is unknown, there is no doubt that the orphan offspring is

flourishing. I have not yet heard a farmer remark, "Cropwise, we ain't had enough rain," but I am expecting to. I did hear a waiter, a man of dignified mien and lordly bearing, say to a fellow servitor in a gloomy conversation about the untrustworthiness of customers that "Tipwise, these matinee days are for the boids." And a friend who teaches at Columbia swears that he overheard a student remark to a girl in a blue sweater: "Bookwise, I'm beat."

The "wise" suffix generally seems to be used instead of the phrases "in the matter of," "when it comes to," or something equivalent. Presumably it grew out of the need felt to lead with your ace, a practice that, speaking both bridge-wise and advertising agencywise, has its following. By tacking on the suffix it is possible to get the gist of the sentence at the very beginning, somewhat in the manner of a newspaperman's lead paragraph.

Suppose that you want to say "Lastbagel owes his astonishing success to his skill at pretending sincerity." (I'm speaking for instancewise.) You could, by employing what I have begun to think of as the Madison Avenue single wing-back, declare, with an appropriate raise of the eyebrows: "Sinceritywise, Lastbagel's first."

IT DOES not pay to brood about the matter as I've been doing, however. I found myself lying awake staring into the darkness last night trying to imagine what might have happened if Shakespeare had been exposed to the mania.

"Questionwise, is it to be or not to be," I found myself having Hamlet soliloquize. "Mindwise, is it nobler to suffer, adversitywise, or . . ." But that way lay madness. The gaunt figure of Lincoln pushed Will's ghost aside and began declaiming: "Peoplewise, you can fool some of them some of . . ." No, I had to get a grip on myself.

Nounwise, I concluded, I am surfeited with the hybrid newcomers. Lying there in the gloom, I vowed that the next fellow who calls me up and begins, "Lunchwise, how are you fixed?" is going to get a receiver slammed in his ear. And if the horrid syllables are pronounced in my presence, I am going to let fly the most desperate roundhouse right that has been seen since Lou Nova took up poetry.

That is, I amended quickly, unless the user is the husky kind who might retaliate, musclewise. In which case I will stand firm, principlewise, grinding down my disgust as best I can, repeating to myself the old motto:

"Goldwise, silence is 24 carat."

At the top of the flight four doors faced the hall. Where was Barnes? I ignored the closest one, the bathroom. Was he in the front room, over our office? I hesitated at the threshold; it was empty.

"Here, Miss Flannery, here!" the voice roared. "Here."

I passed by the bathroom door, down the hall, to the middle room.

"Mi . . . i . . . iss Flannery!" bellowed from behind me. "I'm here. What in heaven's name are you doing?"

I stopped. Business school had never said anything about dictation in a bathroom. Clearly there was a lot about office procedure at the Barnes Foundation I had not been taught.

I hesitated at the bathroom door. "All right, all right," came across the room from a head protruding from the white metal steam cabinet planted securely in the farthest corner. "Got a notebook?"

"Yes," I mumbled, searching for a place to sit. The toilet seemed the only solution.

"Over here, over here," Barnes ordered. Your notebook'll fit on this cabinet."

The top was flat with a ledge encircling the opening from which his head emerged, a strong handsome face, a wealth of white hair, heavy black beetling eyebrows meeting across his nose's bridge. His eyes were pale blue and clearly near-sighted.

I balanced my book on the metal top that rose to a surprisingly convenient height for shorthand—at least for those first five minutes I thought it was convenient.

During those five minutes I jotted down his dictation, slowly, clearly pronounced. His mood was mellow and his letters well worded. Then halting momentarily he briefly queried me about my training and education. The cabinet was growing warm and my new wool dress was beginning to itch.

"Very, very interesting," he said. "We'll be glad to have you here. And now more letters."

He talked faster now, longer words, more complicated thoughts. My pencil raced on. The cabinet was getting hotter; steam rose at Dr. Barnes' neck; perspiration stood on his forehead. I glanced at my watch—9:12.

"My face," he interrupted. "Wipe it." I grabbed a towel, and his sentences raced on.

My own hair was getting damp; my brand-new woolen dress clung to me; my left sleeve, resting on the cabinet, was sopping.

Dr. Barnes' words became short-tempered, his thoughts erupted in wrath and resentment, his

first businesslike letters were supplanted by savage, rabid ones. His face was red, perspiration rolled steadily down his cheeks, and repeatedly he snapped "towel" at me.

My pencil stumbled, my glasses steamed, my hair hung in dampened ringlets. I could barely see what I was writing. His words were many-syllabled, his ideas contorted and deformed, his thoughts steadily more malevolent and spiteful.

"The shower," he snapped suddenly in the middle of a sentence. "Lukewarm. Instantly."

I dropped my notebook and raced for the built-in marble shower. A half-dozen handles confronted me, a powerful-looking head, a needle-ridden spine, a series of encircling ribs. Hot? Cold? Which was which?

They were all water. Steaming, boiling water hurtled out, soaking the right arm of my lovely new dress and its skirt.

"Lukewarm?" Barnes demanded.

"Not yet," I called back and, reaching across the scalding water for another valve, twirled off the HOT handles and grabbed COLD ones. For a split second the water was placidly warm, then ice water burst forth.

"What's wrong?" Barnes bellowed. "For God's sake, can't you run a shower?"

"Just a second, just a second. It's too cold." I twisted the COLD backwards, the HOT forwards. Boiling water leaped out again.

"You fool," he screamed, and I glanced at his face. It was brilliant red, bursting with an apoplectic look. The lid to the cabinet snapped up. "I'm coming, you fool," he roared. "I'm coming!" and the twin doors to the bath exploded open, his brilliant red body bursting from the machine.

The shower door slammed as I tumbled down the stairs. Was he burning or freezing to death? I didn't care. With tears starting from my eyes, I fled into the second-floor bathroom and locked the door.

"Anything I can do, Miss Flannery?" It was Miss Mullen's voice.

"No," I said, catching my breath. "But thanks a lot. I'll be out in a minute."

And many were the times later on she would sit in our adjoining office listening to my sobs—or I, in there, suspecting hers.

My day-old permanent hung in kinks, my new skirt in water stains, my right sleeve shrunk as a constrictor. That was my first morning of working for Barnes and the second and ensuing ones varied in no degree. As perspiration began to roll from his forehead and vituperative words from his tongue, apoplexy would stalk, and

every phrase he dictated would be libelous. Half an hour later, showered, rested, relaxed, he would nod at the invective I read back to him, but never once did he mitigate his abuse or hesitate to add still more defamatory words.

THE COMPETENT FORGER

AT MY business school we were taught to leave room on a letter for the employer's signature, but not how to forge it; how to file carbons, but not to padlock them in a cabinet; and how to stow stenographic notebooks, but not in a safe.

During my first week at the Foundation I was taught the art of skillful forgery by Dr. Barnes, who stood over me twenty minutes daily instructing me how to sign "A. C. Barnes." The letters he had me sign were ones he could later deny that he had dictated or sent, and, though the recipient would swear that the signature was authentic if the case reached court—and oh, how Barnes loved his fights to reach court!—the handwriting experts could, of course, testify to forgery.

Barnes was just as fussy over the way I signed the names of his make-believe secretary, Peter Kelly, and his dog, Fidele-de-Port-Manech. Peter, who existed only in Dr. Barnes' imagination, would fill his letters with stinging insults, usually at people who wanted to visit the collection, while Fidele, a small mongrel, chatted gaily and fatuously around almost any subject. Dr. Barnes demanded perfection in these letters as he did in his own.

Another concern, or maybe I should say, lack of it, at the Foundation, was insurance. The paintings at the gallery were reportedly worth thirty millions. I had no reason to doubt it. But we did not carry one cent of insurance that I ever heard of, nor did Barnes allow agents to give him a single reason to consider it.

At that time the collection contained more than 150 Cézannes. Barnes had bought a few of them for \$20 or \$30 apiece before Cézanne's name was known, but in 1925 without hesitation he invested \$105,000 in "The Card Players." At about the same time he refused to spend \$200,000 each for "The Man with the Skull" and "The Bathers," but a few years later, with dealers downtrodden by the Depression, he acquired them for \$50,000 and \$70,000.

Late in the 'thirties there were more than two hundred Renoirs in the Foundation, dozens of Picassos and Matisses, paintings by Van Gogh, Chirico, Soutine, Pascin, Glackens, Utrillo,

Rouault, Toulouse-Lautrec, Derain, Modigliani, Rousseau—almost any name you could think of, which—and the *which* is underlined—Barnes admired. There were also old masters: El Greco, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian, Rubens, van Goyen. There were scores by Manet, Monet, Degas, Seurat—over a thousand paintings in all. But they weren't insured.

"Why insure them?" Barnes demanded. "If they are damaged or destroyed by fire they could never be replaced." If by any chance one should be ruined, he had only to reach in his bank account for a substitute.

The matter of a million dollars or so for a painting didn't bother the Foundation, but one day a three-cent stamp almost cost me my job. City letters required only two cents and Dr. Barnes, thumbing through a healthy pile of mail ready to be sent out, landed on one city letter—bearing a three-cent stamp! Slamming it down before me, he thundered about wasteful carelessness, lack of training, and the stupidity that allowed me to squander money he had worked so hard to acquire for the Foundation. He stood by me while I steamed that three-cent stamp off that envelope and replaced it with a two-cent one.

I hadn't been working long at the Foundation before I learned that admission to the gallery was one of the world's most coveted wishes—and the one least likely to be fulfilled. The gallery was not open to the public.

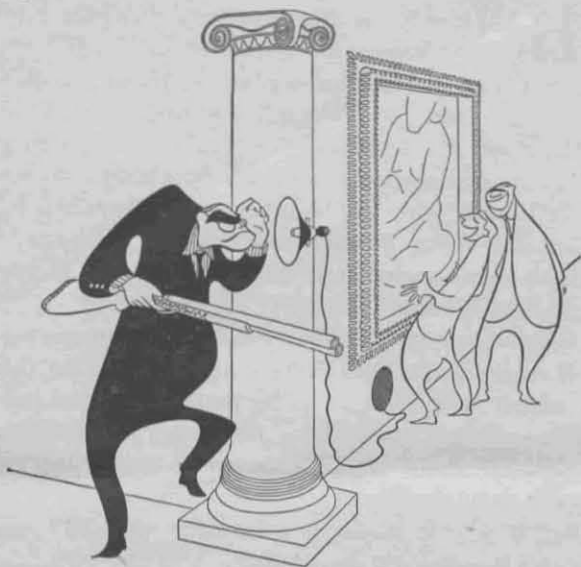
"Admission to the gallery is restricted to students enrolled in the classes" was printed on cards sent by me to thousands who wrote for permission—but only when the request was accompanied by a three-cent stamped self-addressed envelope. If Dr. Barnes was in a very rare benevolent humor I would be told to mail a card to an applicant who had sent a stamp but no envelope. If the request was enticing enough to induce one of Barnes' diatribes, he might even invest in his own stamp and envelope. The more prominent the applicant and the more assured of gaining admission, the faster the application hit the trash.

While the number of sight-seers who requested admission was high, we heard also from many who wished to join a class—a comparatively easy matter for those who fulfilled the requirements.

And they were all negative ones. If you wrote on fine stationery engraved with your estate, if your name lurked in the social register, if you belonged to outstanding clubs and schools, you were out. But if you lived in South Philadelphia, the scene of Dr. Barnes' emergence, if you wrote

on cheap paper, misspelling words, and your name was Italian or Jewish, you had a nine-to-one chance of being accepted. At least you were given an interview in our office.

Early in the courses Barnes would weed out some students. Two absences, whether caused by appendectomies or funerals, automatically expelled the student. Anyone who came late to class, or left early, was thrown out, as were those who spoke unwisely or questioned Barnes' opinions.



REVOLT AT LUNCH

ONLY once did I, myself, ever make a sustained effort to defy Dr. Barnes. It was in the matter of luncheon. Promptly each day, at the second stroke of twelve (a half-dozen clocks would strike simultaneously), we would descend invariably in the same order down the stairs.

In the kitchen, Paul, the general factotum, would stand poised, ready to squeeze Doctor's orange juice as he slid into his chair, so that not one single Vitamin C could be lost. The vitamins assigned to the rest of us were not subjects of interest.

During the five years I worked for the Foundation lunch for Barnes, and for the rest of us, was chopped up tomatoes and lettuce in large soup bowls, no dressing, just salt and pepper. His experimentation with other dishes could have been counted on one hand.

I had been at the Foundation twenty months when I reached my twenty-fifth birthday. That day, having been powerfully egged on by my father, my two sisters, and my husband-to-be, I decided to show the stuff I was made of. When Paul came up for our daily luncheon order—

which had not varied in those twenty months—I screwed up my nerve. “I’ll have peas today, Paul, please. Just peas.”

Miss Mullen's typewriter stopped abruptly, and Paul's hand, reaching for the usual lunch money, halted extended.

“Peas?” he asked numbly, his jaw dropping.

“Peas?” Miss Mullen questioned, her hand to her mouth.

“Peas,” I stated firmly. “Today is my birthday, my twenty-fifth, and I’d like to have peas.”

“Peas,” Paul repeated, and I could hear him mumbling to himself as he picked his way down the stairs.

“Peas,” Miss Mullen said, shaking her head, and went back to her typewriter, but her typing was erratic and her eraser active.

“Peas,” I muttered, clenching my teeth, and started in on my own machine. Every key I hit was wrong; my pulse soared. “I’m going to eat peas,” I said to myself, crowding back the tears that welled in my eyes. “I’ll be damned if I’ll eat one more tomato!”

The clocks struck ten in perfect unison. “Two hours to lunch,” I counted. “One hundred and twenty minutes.” My hand shook, my teeth chattered and, with eyes blurring, I couldn’t decipher my symbols.

“Miss Mullen . . .” I started.

“Yes, Miss Flannery?” Her voice was hopeful. “You’ve decided to eat lettuce and tomatoes?” I nodded. “Very wise,” she smiled. “Tell Paul.”

I rose silently, tension loosening, and went to the head of the stairs. It was our second man, Jim, who answered my hail. “Paul’s left for market,” he answered. “Anything I can do?”

“No . . . thanks, no.” My voice trailed off.

Stiffening my shoulders I returned to my desk.

Perspiration rose again on my forehead as the clocks struck twelve and we descended the stairs. Unobtrusively I slipped into my seat; my plate was piled high with brilliant green peas, gleamingly richly in butter. Paul must have shelled two pounds.

I waited for Dr. Barnes, seated at the head of the table, to plunge into his own salad, but his eyes were on my plate. “What have you there?” he demanded and, reaching out, put a fork loaded with my peas into his own mouth. Wordlessly he rolled them around, savoring what I so happily anticipated. Then his arm shot out, and he exchanged my plate for his.

“They’re absolutely delicious,” he announced. “Let’s change.”

Once more tears welled, but I nodded, smiled, and plunged my fork desperately into his lettuce

and tomatoes—no dressing. Just salt and pepper. And it was my birthday!

Next day I determinedly ordered peas again, and again Barnes exchanged our plates. The third day, ditto. I asked him in the morning of the fourth, before the steam cabinet had cooked him over a minute, if he'd like Paul to fix peas for him too.

"They're fattening," he replied unequivocally, "and starchy. I'll have salad."

"Ha!" I muttered to myself. "Now, I've got him where he belongs. Today I can eat my own peas."

He ate them. Next day I returned to tomatoes and lettuce, and for the following three years my order never wavered.

There was no subject on which Dr. Barnes was not opinionated. But on some he was more so. One of these was food. Another was furniture. In my early years at the Foundation he plunged into antiques. For most collectors, acquiring them is an enchanting, delightful, and relaxed hobby, but for him it was a serious undertaking.

Daily, at 12:21 P.M., his tomato salad and orange juice stowed away, Barnes would head into the countryside, and the next morning a check for \$5 or \$500 would be entered in the checkbook—but not necessarily to stay there.

Late the afternoon of the day an article was bought, it would without fail be delivered to the Foundation workshop. Barnes would have been told that it was a perfect original, no planks replaced, no nails used. Any other buyer would have paid his money and put the purchase happily into service.

In our workshop, manned by experts, the piece would be carefully taken down to make certain that every part was authentic. Let one screw, a strip of new molding, a replaced bit of wood be found—and back the article would hurtle to the dealer's shop. To bear out the Doctor's assertion, many articles went back still torn apart, while others were shoved indifferently together. To the bank would go our order to stop payment on the check.

If the dealer was humble and contrite, Barnes was back the next day to make a new purchase. But if the man asked one question, or offered one explanation, he was instantly blackballed.

Purchasing of early American antiques was a simple procedure but finding room to place them was a serious problem. The best furniture, of course, was placed in the gallery, the next best in Barnes' house and after that in the homes of two of his staff and in our city office. Each morning when I arrived, men were carrying in

new pieces and hauling out replaced ones—a pine corner cupboard, perhaps, pushing my typewriter desk into a corner, or a dry sink forcing files into the hall and an adding machine into the bathroom. China was installed on shelves that had held reference books, wrought-iron hinges replaced calendars, and my posture typing chair gave way to a squat milking stool.

THE RUSSELL AFFAIR

BARNES' obsession with antiques led him into a memorable duel with Lady Russell, third wife of the philosopher Bertrand Russell.

That year, 1940, Russell had been barred by the Supreme Court of New York from teaching at City College because of his unorthodox views on morals and sex. Had Barnes been deep in another fight, Russell, whose name had never been mentioned before at our office, would undoubtedly have slipped by unnoticed. But Barnes was free at the moment and, engaging Russell for the Foundation, he plunged into the conflict with delight. The newspapers grabbed the news that according to Doctor's standards, Russell's firing was a blast at academic liberty, and that his hiring by the Foundation was a signal to the world of education that our approach to culture was aesthetic and unbigoted.

Our acquisition of Russell met with no obstacles; we reached him in California, received his signed contracts, and life went merrily on. But we hadn't asked for the signature of the then Mrs. Russell.

Anyone who wanted to work with Barnes knew he had to submerge his own personality and obey every order. Mrs. Russell didn't realize this, or wouldn't.

So happy was Barnes about picking furniture for a new farmhouse he had recently bought that he took equal delight in choosing pieces for a century-old one in Chester County that he had chosen for Russell who, with his family, was due to arrive in about six months. He wrote them all about it. Mrs. Russell replied by air mail, special delivery. She told us in clean-cut phrases that she would choose her own house and fill it with her own taste in furniture.

Our answer was polite, jovial, and friendly, but quite, quite firm. Her return letter landed in our office like a bombshell. The house, she had heard, was on a low spot, near a creek—and she was not going to live there. For the benefit of their young son their home was going to be on a hilly windswept spot with sun baking it on every side. The house was going to be her

own choosing; the furniture equally so; and she would settle where she wanted. From Mr. Russell we received no letters that I remember now.

On the fall day of the Russells' arrival at the Foundation, Mrs. Russell remained at the wheel while her husband went in for an interview. I never found out whether Doctor refused to let her in or she refused to enter.

The next chapters in the conflict were head-lined regularly in the papers. Chapter I could be entitled "Storming the Gates." Mrs. Russell had never applied to join her husband's Foundation course and was, therefore, never accepted as a student by the Foundation. But each week she marched determinedly through the front door and seated herself firmly in her husband's lecture room. Never before had husbands or wives dared imagine that such privileges belonged to them. Barnes' wrath was smoldering but temporarily he kept it damped.

The next chapter would be "Prestige," for although Lord Russell did not use his title of Earl, Mrs. Russell chose to call herself "Lady Russell." She failed, rather emphatically, to ingratiate herself with the gallery staff.

"Knitting Needles" wrote finis to Mrs. Russell's admission to the gallery. Not only did she enter her husband's class without recognized permission, but she actually chose to knit during it, completely disrupting, said Barnes, the harmony of the group.

An emergency meeting of the Board of Trustees at the Foundation barred Mrs. Russell in the future from the building. As the Board of Trustees was made up of paid employees of the Foundation, who concurred without question in the Doctor's slightest wish, he seldom bothered to convene them but dictated his own choice of minutes to a secretary.

Russell himself continued happily at the Foundation for a couple of years but, as was expected, came to cross purposes with Barnes—as did everyone of character who had relations with him—and was forced to sue him for salary still due on his contract.

SITUATION DETERIORATES

I CANNOT say that I continued happily at the Foundation, nor even that I had a chance to sue Barnes for salary due me. We, too, had reached a point after five years where we were no longer sympathetic. He liked it there. I didn't. One of us had to go.

The easiest thing to blame our troubles on was war clouds. Certainly they annoyed Doctor.



Hadn't he gone to Brittany each summer for his vacation? How could Hitler deprive him of it? However, getting rid of me, apparently, was easier than getting rid of Hitler. It was still 1940. America was not at war. Barnes and I were.

The basic cause was simple—Barnes was bored, annoyed, and needed something to do. Suddenly and quixotically, he bought a gigantic cut-and-dried mansion in Merion, and, before we caught our breaths, our city offices were transplanted to the suburbs, less than a mile from the Foundation gallery. Too close. Much too close. When we were in the city office Barnes had pulled out for good each day at 12:21, but the handy location of this new building had him dropping back at any time. In town he had been the isolated emperor of his third floor but here his headquarters were in his sitting-room less than a quarter mile from my typewriter.

By far our worst problem was the new location of his steam bath and shower, which he had built into the bathroom directly across the hall from our office!

My first morning in Merion is just as vivid as the first one I worked for Barnes in town—with every detail centered on the steam cabinet and shower, but now his temper was five years older, five times as unmanageable, and I was at least twenty-five years older. At the steam bath, I was doing well enough, and when the usual word "shower" exploded, I dropped my notebook, leaped across the room, and shot my hands into the shower. Automatically I twisted the six valves, with water as always running down my forearms but no matter how I turned them, the temperature continued to rise. Back I reversed them. Forward again.

"Ready?" came Barnes' voice over the rushing waters.

"Not yet." Far to clockwise I swung the valves.

"What's wrong" he blasted.

"Just a sec," I yelled back. "Too hot."

"And so'm I." And over the roar of waters the door slammed open and Barnes, brilliant red as always, bounded across the room. Soaking and blinded I fled through the door.

In town I hadn't been able to hear all of Barnes' screaming as he cursed me out, nor see him as he emerged from the shower. Here, I had no choice. I wasn't deaf and I wasn't blind as he garbed himself for his sofa. As the days went by, I lost weight, and Barnes got closer to apoplexy.

Each afternoon that Doctor was away I devoted hours to those valves, but the water was invariably too hot or too cold. Each morning I was more nervous, more upset, less able to interpret my shorthand. And at home my disposition was vile.

"Shower sounds crazy," my husband muttered one night as my tears again burst forth. "Bet those hot and cold handles are switched. Some plumber was nuts."

It sounds so simple now. Hot water traveled to the handles marked COLD, and in two cases cold to those stamped HOT. The pipes were torn out and replaced. I needed only ten minutes to practice on them. But I had lost ten pounds.

Yet I couldn't relax—nor could Barnes. My work improved considerably; his disposition struck an even keel. But in Europe Hitler was being less thoughtful of Barnes and Brittany, and in Merion the draft board was calling men to the Armed Forces.

A young Foundation teacher drew one of the early numbers and his draft board summoned him. He notified Barnes, and hysterically Barnes rushed to me. A letter must instantly be sent, explaining that teaching art at the Foundation was of greater importance to the world and of greater value to the United States than the young man would be to the Armed Forces.

"No," Barnes burst as I grabbed for my shorthand notebook. "There isn't time. Take this right on the typewriter," and standing at my shoulder he dictated the letter to me. As I neared the end of each line he would grab for the platen wheel and twirl the paper two spaces down. Never before had he done this. My nerves were on edge and his dictation was demanding.

"And now quote those sentences from Dewey's book," he commanded, "the ones I always send." I knew them well—praise from the philosopher

Dewey on the Barnes Foundation. I typed them in. Barnes ripped the letter from my machine, along with the carbon and, rushing down the stairs, sent the young teacher dashing to his draft board.

Details of the next morning are perfectly clear. The clocks struck nine and I heard Miss Mullen mounting the stairs.

"You alone?" I asked. "Doctor not with you?" It was almost the first time in five years that Barnes and Miss Mullen had not arrived at the same time.

Miss Mullen cleared her throat. "He won't be here till later, maybe ten o'clock."

"Ten? My gosh. He's not sick, I hope?"

She still had on her coat, her hat, her gloves. "No, he's not sick"—she was avoiding my eyes—"but he is upset." Then her words burst forth. "He says . . . he says he's got to have another secretary . . . one who can type correctly . . . who never makes mistakes."

My mouth fell. "Mistakes? Type correctly? You mean my typing's poor?" She nodded. "You mean . . . I typed something wrong?"

"A quotation mark yesterday. In that letter to the draft board. You left one out."

"But I never got a chance to reread that letter. Doctor yanked it out of my machine and raced down the stairs. I couldn't go over it."

She shook her head. "It doesn't matter. You put in a quotation mark when you started to quote Dewey, but none at the end. Just a period." She unbuttoned her coat. "Doctor must have a secretary on whom he can count. He is sorry. So am I. Your work was good till we moved out here . . . but lately . . . well . . . he would like you to leave before he gets here. Please gather your things."

I sat there, staring across the room. "I just don't understand," I muttered.

"No, it's unfortunate, but better get ready now," Miss Mullen repeated. "Collect whatever you own. Doctor wants you gone before he gets here."

But I wasn't. That morning, for the first time in five years, he had no steam bath, no shower. I was still gathering my things when I heard him mount the stairs slowly and go into his front room. He didn't ask me to join him. I didn't want to do so. But, somehow, I found myself there. He raised his head.

"I just wanted to say good-by," I said. Then, stared at him. Tears, yes, tears, were streaming down his cheeks. I dug in my bag for a handkerchief. Tears were dripping from my eyes, too.

1936-1944

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS

Academic Organisation

PHILOSOPHY

Academic Activities

RUSSELL, BERTRAND

Biographical

FLEXNER, A.

Russell to Flexner, December 28, 1936. Wants to live in America and to return to logic. A number of friends have told him that he might join Einstein and Weyl at the Institute. He has to earn a living. He has a number of people depending on him. He should like to apply to the Institute if there is a vacancy.

Flexner to Russell, January 27, 1937. Obviously greatly flattered. There is no place.

"Institute for Advanced Study began with a somewhat ambitious mathematical group known as the School of Mathematics. Thereupon, the Trustees decided to make a start in certain other directions...the humanistic studies on the one hand and economics

on the other on the theory that the Institute would be a more nearly rounded affair if its entire income was not concentrated in the field of mathematics. I doubt, therefore, whether in the next few years the mathematical group would be enlarged..."

Russell's response, February 8; accepts philosophically, but states that he is usually classified as a philosopher rather than as a mathematician. Sets store by Flexner's statement that if the situation changes he would be happy to be considered.

August 10, 1940, Einstein to Aydelotte. Has been informed Russell would like to come to the Institute (has had a letter from Charles Morris of the University of Chicago dated August 10 urging Russell's continued competence and his great need for money). Einstein said, "I knew that our Institute is hindered by its precarious financial situation; but it may be possible to get some special funds to enable this great mind to do his valuable work in Princeton for a few years. If there is any possibility it must be avoided that later generations should

have to tell that this master could not find opportunities to finish his work."

Aydelotte, August 18, responds only that as a member of the Executive Board of Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars he shall raise the question of assistance for Russell. At the same time he asks Veblen what can be done.

Veblen to Aydelotte, August 24, 1940. Russell would fit in the Mathematics Department. Alexander, Einstein and Weyl have great admiration for him. I have known and liked him since 1908. Don't remember von Neumann or Morse saying anything about him.

He is great as a mathematical logician and as a master of the English language. The chief point against him is that he is already past retiring age in years. "If someone came forward with what would amount to a pension for the rest of his days, I can see no reason for not giving him asylum, as it were, in the Institute." But he doesn't see that a foundation would grant the funds for the purpose. Cites Flexner's earlier rejection, not only because of funds but because he did not think we should

go in for philosophy.

Veblen says Gödel is the one man who now has surpassed Russell in mathematical logic. (Not philosophy).

January 8, 1943, Phoebe H. Gilkyson of Montclair, Pennsylvania, to Aydelotte on Dr. Barnes' casting Russell forth from the Barnes Foundation because he dared to lecture outside. The Russells are hard up, stranded in a country house at Chester Spring, no servants, no money, very frail tires on their car, and somewhat frail in health. No one is friendly; they are too British.

Stephen Duggan, also communicated in distress with Aydelotte about the Russells.

On March 10, 1944, Aydelotte invites Wolman, Moe, Nease, as the ESW members of the School of Economics, and one or two members of the League of Nations to seminars to be conducted at the Institute by Russell. There were two. Aydelotte thanked Russell effusively (April 15) and sent him an honorarium of \$100.
D, Russell, Bertrand

ECONOMICS

Academic Activities

✓RUSSELL, BERTRAND

Biographical

Bertrand Russell's book, Power, p. 135:

"Economics as a separate science is unrealistic and misleading if taken as a guide in practice." (xx

(p. 119) "The problems of our time as regards the relation of the individual to the state, ~~the~~ are now problems which Locke and Montesquieu will now enable us to solve."

There are a number of other related passages which disclose the nature of our interest which is rather wider than the discussion in your chapter, Economic Power.

Handwritten note in file and I do not recognize the handwriting.

D, Russell, Bertrand

1945

10/24

DIRECTOR

Administration

AYDELOTTE, F.

Biographical

HARDIN, JOHN R.

WEED, LEWIS H.

FULTON, JOHN F.

✓ RUSSELL, JOHN

DOLLARD, CHARLES.

For memorandum about Weed suggesting as new Director John Russell and Charles Dollard, see memorandum of the same date. (Other memo contains all references except the last two biographical names).

John F. Fulton, A Institute for Advanced Study, 1942-47