CHAPTER ELEVEN

CORRESPONDENTS AND CORRESPONDENCE

Letter writing was important in the life of Jefferson. He wrote because he wanted to, because he could express his thoughts at his own pace and in his own inimitable way, free of the social hindrances—gesticulation, reaction, surprise, and agreement—which frequently harass conversation. And he wrote many letters, perhaps averaging more than two a day for the greater part of his life span. Necessarily some letters were of a business character, others were of a social nature and written to friends and members of the family, but many reveal his thought and academic needs.

A marked break in the style of letter Jefferson wrote occurred in the 1890’s. Prior to that time his letters were models of composition, rich in vocabulary, poetic in their graciousness, exquisite of penmanship, and invariably not less that 5,000 words in length. These were not sent solely to his Theodora, but also to his parents, classmates, and friends of the family. Ninety of these letters, which were written by Jefferson while he was residing in the Argentine in the years 1883-1889, have been preserved. Perhaps his style was attributable to his youth, South American living, or his interest in the balance and rhythm of language. He was a lover of language and believed that regular composition of a gracious letter was part of the life of an educated man. In these letters he would frequently translate poetry from Spanish, French, or Greek, or write of an idiomatic expression that he had recently discovered, then dwell on its meaning, quite as if he were sharing with his correspondent something rather wonderful.

After two years of Harvard, where he came strongly under the influence of W. M. Davis, Jefferson’s style of writing changed, whether that style be observed in the diaries he frequently kept or the articles or
letters he frequently wrote. His writing became abrupt, unclothed of composition, everything had to be told, nothing implied. If Jefferson were unfolding a notion, or an article he had recently read, he would tell the story in the fewest possible words, as though playing a game with himself and his typewriter with its slipping "e." If he were seeking information or challenging a point of view, his approach was so direct, blunt, and frequently personal, that it is not surprising to learn that his circle of regular correspondents was limited to a group of thinkers for whom meaning was a commodity to be exchanged free of any hindrance literary etiquette might properly impose. Jefferson's most stalwart correspondents included: Daniel Jefferson (1883-1889); Theodora Bohnstedt (1889-1891); Isaiah Bowman (1901-1949); George Chisholm (1911-1929); Gladys Wrigley (1915-1949); Caroline Atherton (1934-1946). Unfortunately correspondences enjoyed with W. M. Davis and E. Huntington are very incomplete. Selections from the correspondence Jefferson maintained with I. Bowman, G. Chisholm, G. Wrigley, and C. Atherton have been made. The letters are quoted in order to bring the reader closer to the thought of a geographer's life.¹

Jefferson exchanged letters with many other people, be they geographers, thinkers, scientists from the ranks of other disciplines, civic officials, politicians and administrators. A large correspondence testifies to his letter writing habit, but the enumerated stalwarts are to be distinguished by the amount of correspondence which Jefferson exchanged with them and also by the ease which characterized this correspondence. Jefferson clearly felt that he needed no immediate reason to correspond with his stalwarts: therefore he frequently did not question, but merely stated or observed. Perhaps he would share with his correspondent an exciting moment he had experienced, reference to an interesting or stimulating study, or snippets of his own social philosophy. Usually these letters contained some reference to what seems geographical, but they were confined in no way by traditional disciplinary boundaries. The correspondence provided a medium in which he could begin to shape his ideas, structure his thoughts, and then commit them to paper with no essential loss of meaning. This was a habit which he developed over the years and which enabled him to say more nearly what he meant. Loose talking, loose writing, and loose thinking were not Jefferson traits, and when he recognized these traits in others he could be, and was frequently, ruthless in his condemnation of that practice. He had learned to say and write what he thought. Inevitably his correspondence kept him informed on a variety of national viewpoints, rewarded him with a variety of bibliographical sources and references, brought him a large number of reprints, together with critiques and
suggestions for his work both published and unpublished. The letters are reproduced to show a Jefferson for whom correspondence was a road to freedom, a cleanser of human thought, an emancipation from the provincialism of Ypsilanti. He would not write a letter before knowing exactly what he wanted to say. Then, impatient to cast his finished thought into type he would hammer on his typewriter taking literary liberties which suggest that he did not believe in words, but in a language beyond words, and which was in fact, a letter-writing language. Words divorced from language are dead things, and Jefferson wrote in his own language of fleeting moods, profound philosophies, engaging subtleties—and is most intimately revealed in his style. Terse and direct, he wrote simply and to the point.

Jefferson and Bowman commenced correspondence after the latter had left the Michigan State Normal College in 1902 for graduate study at Harvard University. In the following 47 years many hundreds of letters were exchanged between the two men. It is possible that Jefferson and Bowman exchanged more letters between themselves than any two American geographers before or since.

This exchange may be best appreciated by recognizing three distinct phases in Bowman’s career: 1902-1915, typified by Bowman emerging as the scholarly assistant professor of Yale, particularly interested in South America and much influenced by his former teacher, Mark Jefferson; 1915-1935, Bowman as Director of the American Geographical Society in New York, borrowing ideas from Jefferson for the American Geographical Society research and publication program, and trying to bring this hard worker from Ypsilanti to his Society in New York; 1935-1949, Bowman as President of Johns Hopkins University and in retirement, at which time correspondence between the two men dwindled to meager proportions. It was in the 1915-1935 period that Jefferson and Bowman exchanged most of their correspondence on matters including the significance of good book reviews, Bowman’s plans for the Society, pedagogy, the nature of Jefferson’s researches, World War I, recently published books and articles of merit. There was time also for Jefferson to send Bowman postage stamps and toys for his children and for Bowman to send Jefferson yerba maté tea, bombilla and gourd, and books from his personal library.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, May 29, 1908:
What is this latest map flirtation that requires the Calcutta data? You are the most irrepressible map maker I ever saw, and long may you live and prosper! I am going to make map work the “piece de resistance” in the regional courses next year. That is the way to teach geography. The seed you have scattered has borne fruit you see. A great many of the maps I
shall use will be from government reports, and they will be printed up so that each man will have a map in front of him while the dear teacher is trying to help him see the point . . . I thank you heartily for those stereoscopic views. It was certainly thoughtful of you to send them. Do you not wish them returned? The N.A. maps are great. I want to order a million of them next year for the class. Why didn’t you put your name on the small one? The class gets tired of hearing me say “Jefferson of Ypsi—he made ’em.”

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, November 27, 1908:
We had a great time during Professor Penck’s stay and just to show what sort of a send-off we gave him I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the menu card that indicated the order in which certain immortal sayings were introduced. To understand it you must remember that there were ten lectures in all and that this 11th one was for the purpose of telling Penck what he would see when he took the journey around the world after his lecture engagements here and at Columbia are met. Each talk was illustrated by a funny map drawn for the occasion. The places were all disarranged with Yale and everything connected with it very conspicuous and a lot of references to the Fatherland and the short distance between it and Yale. It was a very jolly evening and we have had no end of congratulations on having arranged so novel a program. You see these affairs have become historic or traditional or whatever you call it and each department with which the lectures are associated lays itself out to do it better than ever before.
The lectures, I mean the serious ones Penck gave, were well attended and were for the most part very interesting although at the start he rather underestimated his audience. The one on “Man and the Ice Age” was a model scientific lecture. Most of the ideas he had already presented in his book on the glaciation of the Alps. The lectures will be printed by the University during the year.

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, November 12, 1915:
(Enclosed “Utah the Oasis at the foot of the Wasatch”)
I have not drawn any picture of the Mormon community, only justified the conception of it as an oasis—a hole in the ground in the desert. Davis howled with derision at the thought in New York and I really think this will help him . . .

Funny days those mate days, but a great comfort after a long ride in the sun and drought. I remember especially one trip for a fortnight west across the Sierra to Cordoba into San Juan, myself, Kentuckyan Alexander and a party of native friends who invited us along to visit lands of theirs. Good fellows in their way. I remember so well on the return a horserace we ran into at Las Plumerias to spend the night, where much drinking was going
on with ginebra de Holanda, Marca LLave, how the kind natives sought to get North America drunk and were put to bed by the N.A. who ate their supper beside their cots and held their basins! Ay de mi!

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, February 17, 1917:
Thanks for Southern Peru. Have been hoping to finish, have done first part. Helps the needed picture of Andine anthropography, am getting it clearer in mind. January check seemed large! though fearfully needed. Hoping daily a chance to write up United Kingdom map. Shall send my coal map which can be made at my expense, as I need it. Hope to write again soon. Good for Wilson! Now let the Ford factory turn out half a million "Sic 'em Henry's" for submarines and Billy can turn his mustache down and his toes up. Got to hustle over and hear a teacher (?) teach. In all the haste there is.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, August 1, 1917:
I am delighted with your "Geography in Europe." If I hadn't already said all the good things I could about yourself and your work I should attempt to characterise it in this letter. I appreciate particularly the trouble you have taken to mark important paragraphs on the margin and to color a large number of the maps. I know of no-one in this country who is doing such good work in map reproduction and certainly no-one else is publishing such stimulating comment.

I think so much of the hand-colored copy that I am turning this one over to the library with the inscription that it was colored in hand by the author. This sort of thing increases its value in future years.

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, September 22, 1917:
I think the whole matter of reviewing scientific books or better geographic ones, the only ones that I have any right to speak of at all—needs a shaking up. I have long since printed my ideal of a review and it seems to me that to print casual comment and hasty impressions under the name of Reviews is to hinder the progress of science . . .

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, August 28, 1920:
At the moment I am fearfully sluggish, I think softening of the brain or something of the sort, so be surprised at nothing! My table is heaped and I am afraid to tackle the mess. I have put an hour supervising Geography in the Training School down on my fall program here, which means attention to detailed lesson plans, for grade work, and that looks to a good geography! Glance at Atwood's (Ginn-Frye Book One) account of Chile and the humble Chilean. Truly something better is a crying want.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, September 15, 1920:
Don't ask me ever to look at Atwood's "Elementary Geography" again! I am sick of it. Look at the section on Iceland! He apparently has never heard of the big interior lava plateau of that island which is in large part
responsible for the uninhabited character of it. His attention is all fastened
on the idea that Iceland is chiefly covered with ice, and isn’t it a sensible
idea when you come to think of it! I haven’t looked up Tierra del Fuego in
his book but I’ll bet he says it’s a hot place because it is the “land of fire.”
This is at least rational geography. Also, it should please Davis because it is
a deduction. Also what difference if it is wrong. The kids won’t know any
better and they will forget it by the time they have grown up. You speak of
something better as a “crying want.” The want is yelling now, not crying!

*Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, February 2, 1921:*
Taylor’s article sounds attractive. How delightful to perceive what has been
going on among men these last 800,000 years. I should like to meet him
and look on the body containing so bold a spirit!
I’ll be bound you never thought of the reader’s problem in your resolve to
hand him three months in one.

*Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, February 5, 1921:*
Miss Alice Sarles, freshman in the MSNC and person of very moderate
training writes in an examination:
As man becomes accustomed to a country, he learns where the best soil, the
best climates, and the best rainfall conditions are found. When a new
country is discovered man rarely settles at first upon the best place in the
country for his home. But this is found out through his experience with the
country.

*Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, February 8, 1921:*
Taylor is creating quite a stir.
Don’t believe it, says the reader.
Can you disprove it? says the editor.
Nope, invariably says the reader.
Of course, there are lots of fool things which one can’t disprove, there’s
Atlantis for example.
Yes, we had thought of the reader’s problem—his problem is to keep the
magazine on the table for three months till he has read it and by that time
he likes it so well that he binds it. Thus we achieve immortality!

*Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, March 11, 1921:*
Program—There will be an afternoon on Latin America. It has been left to
me to arrange the meeting for that afternoon. We shall have three papers,
by Ogilvie, McBride, and Aurousseau. We need someone to pitch into the
discussion in a lively manner. Will you come on for that purpose at the
expense of the Society? We should be able to kill two birds with one stone.
Either come a day early or remain a day late, and let’s talk city geography.

*Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, January 31, 1922:*
I wonder if I have written to you about a little book by Alfredo Niceforo,
entitled “Les indices numériques de la Civilisation et du Progrès”? It ap­
pears to be an enquiry that runs parallel to your own of some years ago,
concerning the distribution of culture. He is concerned with the mode of
measurement of culture, and I should think that his little book of 200 odd
pages ought to have a very careful reading at your hands . . .

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, February 11, 1922:
Of my sort of meat there is none in the volume, but I kept thinking for
sometime that at some page soon he was going to say something!

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, January 11, 1924:
Your supplement to the New World has set me back terribly. Here I have
been sitting at the typewriter pretending to be pushing for dear life at
PEOPLING THE ARGENTINE PAMPA and really I have been simply
reading your fascinating stuff ever since Tom handed me the mail, hardly
daring to come in. Papa has told everyone so savagely to keep out and let
him alone. I don't know how much time I have lost!

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, January 21, 1924:
Irion our magazine editor, same who reviewed my Chile papers so appreci­
avely asked me to speak at his 20 Club night. I did on Argentine Farming,
the paper our secretary of Agriculture was to hear, but could not. Highly
appreciated, but Irion, getting me alone to thank me—effusively a bit—asks
"What's the good of learning all this if you don't make it known? I look in
all the geographies for Chile and they don't know anything of what you
say. How are the teachers to know? I think it ought to be made known. I
think they would be glad to use such matter. I find it fascinating. I had no
notion of such things and neither have they."

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, March 29, 1924:
The Walk Book is admirable. All hail a book that tempts one to such fine
time-spending in a city that so abounds in temptation to inane spending of
time and life!
I am glad to see Platt's name there in honor, though the reading public has
little idea what an editor's part is . . . Had a strong temptation to grab it
for my class in Geography of the United States.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, April 1, 1924:
You will know best if it is useful to you in your geography of the United
States. The price of the book is $2.00. If your class wants it to the extent of
ten copies it will cost them $1.15 each. There's reduction for you!

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, June 29, 1924:
I am well and happier. Read a lot, teach some, do much public speaking
and still think a lot, the best thing I do. We have growing numbers of
students and shall have a large summer school. There are five teachers of
geography this summer.

. . . .
I have just received and thank you for the Research Series No. 4A and have
run through it rather carefully. My, what a great man de Martonne is! He
admits it. Look for Denis, and try to find what Vidal de la Blache stood
for—not in the book! But it is a bit of a scandal to have no praise for Brunhes except "Jean Brunhes has the reputation of being a writer and an orator." Even Blanchard, who gets almost generous treatment is really explained p. 43 by the fact that he began "his work just at the time when Emanuuel de Martonne left the University of Lyons for Paris."

*Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, September 22, 1924:*

I am sending you by American Railway Express a box of South American books, some loaned by the Society and some of them those that I bought for the Society or acquired by gift in South America.

The day after summer school ended I began a new book on Man in Europe and the last forms are now running through the press. A copy will reach you shortly. It runs to 211 pages and is a good deal better!

*Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, December 25, 1925:*

**A Snapshot**

Sally, two days B.C. (Before Christmas) to Tom, Santa Claus must be way up north now. Tom, Why? Sally, Oh it takes time to get here. It's Christmas everywhere the same day. Sally, thinking that over, Thomas, did you know they have night in Japan when we have day? Thomas, Why? Sally, Oh, that's the way the world's arranged. Thomas, offhand, Don't see much sense in fixing it like that!

*Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, December 30, 1925:*

I am having your so called Snapshot, the conversation between Tom and Sally, separately typed to circulate among a half dozen of the staff and to take home with me. That's good stuff. Better than anything in the Principles or the Andes of Southern Peru!

We are constantly in your debt for your help.

*Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, March 23, 1926 (McClellandville):*

Huguenots here give a singular accent to place names: Porcher, pronounced P'shea, and written Pshea in Holland, Michigan where the Huguenots also got in along with the Dutch, as in South Africa and Australia—witness Aurousseau! Horry County, S. C. pronounced Oree, accent on the ee. Legare St., in Charleston, and family name pron. Legree. Vanderhorst, place and family name S.C. pr. Vandrost. Sabine pronounced Sabeen.

Dr. R. Clyde Ford, of Ypsilanti, and I are to look the country over for what geography there is in the pronunciation of place names. Ford has a paper in next Atlantic: a graceful pen! He knows much of old French Michigan. The Review will be offered results if any.

This place most fascinating for geography. It has put clarity where was obscurity in my notions of Sea-island cotton, River-delta rice planting, southern mansions, slavery, the negro, and naval stores, to say nothing of
lovely green winter scenery. I have made over 200 pictures, 100 of them certainly remarkable—all stereoscopic.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, September 18, 1926:  
Is the present rate to be maintained—one book a week? Last week “Man in Europe” in its new dress, and now Atlas of Plates for “Man in the United States.” Both excellent, like “Pictures from Southern Brazil” in October G.R. and the praise of Nash “Conquest of Brazil.” Allah Ho Akbar!

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, January 11, 1927:  
A few readers have already commented on the excellence of the text of your book. I am sure that it is going to make a permanent impression upon scholarly-minded folks interested in Argentina. I repeat that it is the best thing you have ever written: and you may recall that I have already said some very emphatic things about other publications by M.J.

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, January 19, 1927:  
I think the book reads well and I take this occasion to thank you for offering the incentive and providing the means to make the rather closer acquaintance with events that have passed in the Argentine, than I should ever have had without your intervention. The labor that it has cost is of no moment if we have all helped to shed a little of the light of understanding on events.

Clarity is I think more important than soundness even, for if I set forth very clearly some view that is erroneous, it will not long remain unchallenged, and correction will ensue.

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, March 7, 1928:  
I wish you would stir up a campaign for a world rain map at the London meeting. Chisholm writes me you are going—a rain map based on universal observations 1930-1940, allowing regional committees by continents and countries, quite numerous, including all meteorological heads and special students with smaller and smaller directive committees above, to study the spots needed for special observation, raising funds perhaps for station placing at critical points in thinly settled countries, at any rate preparing maps showing the localities of greatest present ignorance of rainfall, which could be used—with proper text—to put the need before national governments and scientific bodies, before exploiting corporations and engineers to secure the widest possible cooperation, so that by 1930 a general plan should be in operation, with some uniformity. Each continent has a different need. The League of Nations might take some interest. Today a world map 1:10,000,000 with a dot for every point where there are five continuous years of observation of rain—nothing like enough—would be most instructive. Are you interested?

P.S. Why?
Because it is so splendid a thing to do! You do not have to study between
my lines to find my "scheme." Being simple minded I haven't any. It is a glorious thing to advance science though—just like that!

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, March 9, 1928:
Your paper is the first in the file marked "London." I like your idea and if you will permit me to put your name upon it as a label I shall be glad to see what I can do. Have you written to anyone else about it? Why don't you draft your plan in some detail and present it yourself and then let me boost it in whatever way I can

P.S. I spilled your idea of world rainfall records by preconcerted plan to Wright, Wrigley, Platt, Joerg and they said Hurray!

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, April 20, 1929:
Your recommendation of Haut-Barsac—1920 is a bit tantalizing. A bottle would have been appreciated.
I brought a pint of St. Thomas Bay Rum up in 1927 from Jamaica, knowing its fine quality for hair! I did not have in mind at the time it was 50% alcohol. Of course I declared it in N.Y. and offered to spill it on the dock. But inspector said I'll fix it, and took the papers—not the bottle—away with him to bring back marked denatured and passed me! Rather clever chemistry, I thought, but it was really fine bay rum and I never drank a drop of it.

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, June 7, 1930:
Thank you for your very kind appreciation of my map [6-6 World Map]. Your comments show that I did not make my aim evident to you—namely to produce a map that does show the world "as a whole" on flat paper—and at that without any great distortion of either shapes or relative proportions. My first series of world maps—rain, temperature, people, vegetation—was published on a world-in-hemispheres base. You used my map in your translation of Brunhes' Geographie Humaine. Later I tried mapping the world on the homolographic base—Atlas of Commercial values. These were not simply made and put out, but used with my classes day after day, about six hundred students a year. These students are of not high average mentality or perception. For twenty five years we have been meeting these reactions. I doubt if anyone in the world has paid more attention to the way a map strikes untechnical minds.
The new map is my answer to much consideration of these effects. The homolographic map is quite unusable for such people. It distorts shapes so severely, to the common mind grotesquely. The untechnical person has an imperfect conception of many geographic shapes, and therefore clings the more strongly to those he knows. North America he knows best with us, and North America is so badly twisted even if put on the midmeridian of a homolographic map that it annoys him. The shape we must have is the shape on the globe and the proportions must not greatly vary in different parts of the map. The world in hemispheres is nothing like so bad. Merca-
tor’s is intolerable, so is Goode’s and the six maps described by Reeds. They cannot meet acceptance by any but the cartographically sophisticated. I am all that. I like Reeds Fig. 7 but for the general public it must not be used. None of these is really a projection, no continuous map of the whole world can be that. I take it projections result from connecting intersections of projection lines through actual points with some kind of a surface—not necessarily plane. A hemisphere is the limiting maximum and must be very liberally pared toward the margins to be usable.

My argument—which Goode calls logical—is:

1. The globe map is alone good.
2. The eye can only grasp a part of the globe in one glimpse (coup d’oeuil).
3. That part is about a sixth of the whole.
4. A sixth may be projected accurately enough.
5. Six sixths grouped with their latitudes corresponding allow exactly the same study that a globe would and the same unity just as certainly as still pictures moved rapidly before the eye give the complete effect of moving pictures, though we wish study and comparison, not motion.

It is interesting that Antevs gets his facts for the world only partly before his reader on three full page maps.

- p. 636 N. America, Europe, Asia 1:100 million
- p. 691 South America 1: 45 million
- p. 695 New Zealand 1: 10 million

No mapping for Africa.

I give all the world on two pages. one map. That is Unity!

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, December 1, 1930:

I was interested by your booklet—Reading with a purpose. It is clever of the publishers to insist on the author’s including a book of his own, and incidentally obligating themselves to get writers who have contributed something worth while to the story. I shall have to read Shotwell’s book some day, but a lot of common human nature must be changed before wars will be avoided. I have a better suggestion than Kellog’s (?)

1. Two disagreeing nations debate the matter before judges, broadcasting everything in English.

2. Then the whole Diplomatic corps of each country and its upper house of parliament shall be stripped and weighed. The party having greatest weight shall have enough of its youngest, lowest ranking diplomats removed to balance the enemy in weight.

Then after 30 days of whatever training they like the two bodies fight it out barehanded, till one party gives in. No time out, No rest. Fight to a finish. Both nations agree to abide by the result and sign in advance the concessions to be made if they lose.

I am willing to allow reasonable modifications of my plan! Also people are
so slow to adopt really good ideas that I think they may never adopt it at all.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, December 8, 1930:
Miss Wrigley and I are both tremendously interested in your Worcester address. I thought both of us had conveyed that interest in the warmest terms. And yet, why should we, when one comes to think of it? You know perfectly well by this time that we are interested in everything that you write, and the only pain that you engender is when you publish somewhere else without giving us first chance. Or doesn't one “engender” a pain? The Oxford Dictionary is too far away. I shall let you struggle with it.

Mark Jefferson to Isaiah Bowman, July 17, 1931:
Thank you very much for Dr. Finley's holograph, which I shall prize. The attention of the Times is very flattering—and agreeable.
I fancy few of my readers have any idea of the enormous labor that goes into my papers. There is enough in my “Cities box”, which covers the present job, to make a whole book.
As an item the whole treatment of comparative urbanization was written out to a finish on the basis of numbers of Great Cities per Hundred Million Inhabitants to each country in the spring of 1931, when I came to the conclusion that it too much neglected the superior civilizing powers of the Super-Cities (ie. those of half a million up) over the merely great ones. Switzerland came out far ahead of France for instance since it has a relatively large number of Great Cities, but these are for the most part barely up to “greatness”! The relatively few French Great Cities on the other hand were of far greater average size and, especially in the case of Paris, capable of drawing men of real talent away from the Little-City-Lands around, like Belgium, Holland and Switzerland.
The only remedy to that one sided view was to rewrite the whole thing basing the percentage of total population living in great cities. This corrects the defect alluded to but you would be surprised to see how similar the results are for large spaces. Putting both series on scale of 100—

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The actual comment editorial is a bit odd as if I were divorcing families and not the habits of forty years past. A couple is divorced when they become persuaded they cannot get on together—not when the judge signs the papers. New York annexed Brooklyn half a century or more before the Legislature and the City Council discovered it and confirmed it by paper enactment!
Mrs. Jefferson is visiting her folks in England. In Scotland she is I suspect asking questions about her grandfather John Beck who graduated at Edin-
burgh and came, she writes me, of some wild Highland clan whose plaid she is probably donning for all time. I foresee trouble deeper than a daughtership of the Revolution.

I am minded now to adventure into Spain into 1932. Your offer still stands. (M.J. refers to $250 from G.R. articles I.B. promised him earlier). I wish I could see an extra $500 to secure motor transportation.

Isaiah Bowman to Mark Jefferson, October 19, 1931:

Remembering the pleasure I had years ago in meeting the Twenty Club at your house, I heartily accept your invitation to speak to them again. The subject “Looking Down on the Earth”. A few weeks ago I flew from Geneva to Basle to Mannheim to Frankfort to Halle to Berlin—in one day. It has spoiled me for all other forms of travel. Twenty pictures can be passed around the company—not mine but Luft Hansa’s. They are fairly large photographs that show some of the things I would talk about.

* * *

Jefferson travelled with George G. Chisholm of the University of Edinburgh, on the 1911 Liverpool-Rome pilgrimage, and again on the 1912 U.S. Transcontinental Excursion. Thence forth, until Chisholm’s death in 1930, the pair corresponded but did not meet again. Jefferson respected Chisholm: most men he simply tolerated. He respected Chisholm’s independence of thought, his wide reading and ability to converse intelligently quite readily on most matters. He enjoyed Chisholm the thinker, social reformer and commodity statistician, who trespassed in the field of geography at leisure. The two men passed much time together on the 1911 and 1912 geographic excursions, but it was the ensuing correspondence which shaped thoughts and fashioned feelings. While Chisholm corresponded with O. E. Baker on matters relating to agricultural economics, Malthus, and the need for world cooperation, with A. P. Brigham on the morality and ethics of World War I, Jefferson was busy submitting the fruit of his correspondence with Chisholm to any person with whom he was corresponding at the time; responses, further ideas, and suggestions were usually incorporated in his next letter to Chisholm. Unfortunately much of Chisholm’s correspondence has been lost to record; since he invariably wrote with the pen, copies of his letters may only be retrieved from the archival deposits of his contemporaries, which may have been lost. Mr. Robinson of the University of Edinburgh writes that no deposit of G. Chisholm’s works or papers is known to exist.3 Jefferson saved Chisholm’s letters with care, but since Jefferson’s death in 1949, many of the Scot’s letters have been destroyed. Similarly many of Jefferson’s early letters to Chisholm are not available. This decimation of sources has encouraged selection of letters from the years 1927-1930.
Chisholm and Jefferson corresponded on all manner of issues which included: automobiles in the U.S.A., racial inheritance, difficulties of restricting size of Hindu families, European conservatism, William James' book, *The Moral Equivalent of War*, rights of tenants in the Irish Free State, the economy of high wages, the Malthusian idea and the need for world cooperation, social reform, spelling reform, the 1914-1918 War, the idea of the League of Nations, culture and civilization.

George Chisholm to Mark Jefferson, October 18, 1927:
Your letter of the 3rd inst. has reached me here. It is a letter that I will keep, most of all perhaps on account of the striking statement in it, "Build a new house in Ypsilanti and you assemble as many motor cars every day as there are workmen, and not all of the cheap kind that I drive." It is certainly a significant sentence and one that I want to ponder with the view of making up my mind as to the exact nature of that significance.

And now I take up a few of your points in order. I do not question the importance of racial inheritance, have I trust no disposition to belittle that importance. Yet that is not everything. Where in the United States have you purer representatives of the British stock than in those mountain valleys for the inhabitants of which Walter Hines Page invented the name of our Contemporary Ancestors?

You think that Ford could get our coal into commerce and pay the miners a living wage but perhaps at the cost of doing rude things to landowners. But can you give any good reasons for making an attack on wealth in land as distinguished from, say, wealth in bank credits? I don't put that as a question that cannot be answered, but I do think it is one not easy to answer, and one that I don't pretend to be able to answer.

I do not (see my article) question the enormous difficulty of getting Hindus to restrict their families. But that does not prove its impossibility. I am a great believer in the ultimate efficacy of self-interest when people acquire a proper sense of what is their interest. Who a few years ago would have been prepared for the announcement in yesterday's *Times* that the Maharajah of Mysore (not, as you know, a British state) had removed the sex disqualification for the membership of the Legislative Assembly?

"The Argentine is rich but has preserved old world greed. They have peasants there, we have none." I lately read with great interest a book by one Ruth Suckow entitled "Country People" seeming to give a very faithful account of what we would call peasants. I do not question that the picture is very different from what could be taken as typical in Argentina. But among other differences you have to consider that Argentina lacks the stimulus of a severe winter.

You are sorry that your Malthus paper makes no hit with me. I am sorry
that I gave you that impression. I do not think there is anything in it that I
would deny. I never supposed for a moment that you were thinking of me
in writing it. The only thing in it to which I take exception is the implicit if
not express denial of the significance of Malthus's warnings. M. expressed
himself unfortunately. I attach no importance to his ratios (as I stated in
my Malthus paper). As stated by one well-known English economist, Can­
nan, the essential significance of M's doctrine is that so far population has
been kept within limits by disagreeable methods, and it is highly desirable to
alter that if it can be done. Your method, of the multiplication of motor
cars, is, I believe, good so far as it goes, but it does not go the whole way. I
wish it had been possible to apply the nearest possible equivalent to that
method in this country a hundred years ago. The equivalent I have in mind
is legislation forbidding any approach to overcrowding in the building of
factories or houses for factory employees. That would have prevented the
too rapid and unbalanced development of manufactures in this country. We
should now have been poorer but better off in any sane sense. I am glad
that there are important thinkers in your country—Warren Thompson,
Reuter, O. E. Baker, Raymond Pearl and others who see, I hope in good
time, the importance of taking warning from us.
I have omitted, I see, to take note of two things in your letter which I
intended to remark on. You ask, cannot Europe try new things? Well we
are doing our best. Here also there are believers in high wages. In to-day's
Times I find one of our leading industrialists, Sir Alfred Mond, who is able
to say that in the company to which he belongs there has been no labour
dispute in 53 years, reported as saying that "low wages and long hours as a
remedy for industrial depression was a retrograde step. He wanted high
production, cheap costs and high wages." For all that I have never heard
high wages recommended as a remedy for the depression in our greatest
industry, agriculture.
The other point on which I meant to say something is what I should have
begun with, your opening statement that you do not make out very well the
trend of my paper. My answer to that is that the trend is given in the first
of the two quotations with which I close my article, in effect, that as the
world now is and is tending more and more to become no country can
permanently raise its standard of living without bringing up the standard in
other countries too. The only way for any one country to make itself
independent of the reactions of other countries is for it to prohibit the
export of a single ounce.
Finally, I have written to the Manager of the Manchester Ship Canal asking
for a copy of their last report. I will send it to you when it comes, and
when I get home (end of next week) I will send other references on Canals.
Meantime I remain with many thanks for your letter.
Mark Jefferson to George Chisholm, November 2, 1927:

A good letter and I thank you for the report on the Manchester Ship Canal for 1926, which has already come to hand.

You raise so many interesting points that I wish I had time to write you in more fullness. I am trying to write a book and find it time consuming.

Mr. Ford has certainly made the people of this country over. Getting a motor car in itself had no particular point. Nor the ability to live ten or fifteen miles from your work or your play, but the opening up of this possibility as not merely desirable but practicable to great numbers of people who never dreamed of such a thing, stationary people so to say, like so many cabbages, fixed to their stalks by a mental resignation to their immobility, are suddenly stirred into life, released mentally to a new lot of possibilities, stirred to effort to acquire and pay for a car, representing sums of money which they did not conceive themselves able to spend, an effort often accompanied by indebtedness but along with the debt, a keenness for earning, an alertness for opportunity, that seems more than adequate to carry the load, and all the world moves in wider orbits. It is not the wider material circles of personal daily travel, a citizen commonly moving slowly about many thousands of miles where he formerly used to travel but hundreds, but the enterprise and eagerness that makes new men of them.

Mr. Ford is admittedly a very ignorant man—of many things. Very likely he knows nothing of Indian Institutions and as little of the part England has played for over a century now in that country. Possibly on that very account I see him if he were set down in India, at once stirring the people of that most vegetative country, into general aspiration for a motor car—a thing I suppose quite out of their horizons. Once conceiving themselves as possible car owners I begin to see them planning how to earn, conceiving themselves able to earn. This ferment of desire of struggle to have, to acquire would ill brook resistances of Indian or British Institutions. This arousing the poverty stricken to wants that they are shown they can satisfy will be very effective in overthrowing taboos.

I am of course judging from people very far above Indian status, yet the difference is really one of degree. Attack of institutions you say! If I accepted your framing of the question I should make the answer you wish, but suppose we frame the question another way. A competent manager and willing workmen propose to deliver coal to the consumer in Britain and abroad at prices that favor movement of coal and other goods. Shall we allow individuals to say no, don't do that, it isn't profitable to me?

I enclose a pencil sketch of a house in Santa Fe, Argentine Republic, which projects eleven feet beyond the general house line into a narrow street—a picture in my Peopling the Argentine Pampa. A well dressed citizen saw me pacing in the street, making the sketch and we got conversing. The house
interests me, I said. Why doesn’t the city make him take it down and cease obstructing the public way? But he OWNS it said the Santafecino, he bought it and it is his. He can’t have his private rights interfered with! I shouldn’t have believed any people could accept such an attack by a private citizen on the common convenience! No less than six houses in that block project onto a three foot sidewalk, one completely closing it, and compelling all passers to step into the street.

Such an assertion of private vested rights seems to me to amount to a continuing attack by an individual on the community of which he ought to consider himself a part.

I would give those owners sixty days to remove their obstruction to traffic and if they did not I would bring a gang of workmen and remove it at their expense. I should not attempt to defend my right to attack them but should deny their right to oppose the public welfare.

When the United States in 1858 (more or less) refused to pay Sound Dues to Denmark, she refused to join Britain and Prussia in discussing with Denmark the sums to be paid the latter, for abandoning her claim, she may have showed ignorance of precedent and possibly international bad manners but unquestionably it makes for the well being of the world to question vested rights to obstruct useful activities most vigorously. It is natural that a new people in a new land should be impatient of asserted “rights” to a degree less easy to appreciate for Europeans or Asiatics whose environment is full of them. The wonder to me is that South America should be so illiberal.

Is Miss Ruth Suckow’s book “Country People” about North Americans? My test of the peasant is his belief about himself. He accepts an inferior position as properly and permanently his.

Your point about Argentine winter is also one I have to comment on. I incline to think winter is severe in proportion as it interferes with life’s activities. I note in the warmer countries, where life may be lived in a house without artificial heating, except for cooking, a lowering of effectivity more than compensating for the effort that a colder climate compels you to apply to merely keep alive.

If I do not heat my house in winter the water pipes freeze and burst. To go away in winter means the plumber must come, cut off the water, draw all the water out of taps, and again in spring he must come and go over everything to make sure the system is all right. But, my heating system, and better still that of my neighbors, using oil, which kindles a fire automatically when cold enough and feeds more or less oil according to the weather, extinguishing it when warm, regulating everything with a thermostat, allows life to be lived in that house more effectively than winter is ever lived down South by people who shiver through a succession of cold spells.
Effectively I wonder if some of the countries of "mild" winter, may not in slowing and hindering human activity be more "severe" than distinctly "cold" climates. I fancy if I had a winter's writing to do in Europe I would do it better in Sweden than in England, though of course my habituation to a heated room enters here.

Opportunities for comfort in life seem to cure the large family evil. My wish for industrial England is that she might have shared more of the product of agriculture and industry with the laborer. The desire for comforts and luxuries is spreading everywhere and will keep the population down. Luxuries for all have many advantages over luxury for FEW.

Mark Jefferson to George Chisholm, December 19, 1927:
I have just read Ruth Suckow's "Country Folks." You wrote answering my assertion that we had no peasants in the United States—that her characters seemed to be peasants. Of course they are, but we regard them as German peasants, European peasants. There were many millions of them and there are a lot still. I fancy August's sister Mary, who wanted to go away to school is something like Miss Suckow herself. She did go away to school and got American contacts, ceased to be a peasant. Dr. Bowman's father—Baumann he called himself—was a German peasant. Isaiah was not allowed to go to school after reaching fourteen. The law compelled his father to send him till that age and then the father "demanded his time," as these Germans say. That is he made him work on the farm for him without pay till he was 21. Then, when he was free from parental authority Bowman went to "Ferris Institute" a famous private school here, which means one run for profit, and not maintained by public authorities of any sort. There he rapidly carried through the studies of later years corresponding to our High Schools and then came here to this Normal College, older than he would have been had his father followed the "American" plan of allowing his son to go to school as long as he wanted while his father supported him. But, although older, he had gained in power by his work on the farm. Power to carry through things that are not easily done. He does not readily admit that anything is impossible. I look on Bowman's father as a peasant, but not American. Herbert Quick's Hawkeye, Vandemark's Folly and a third—in trilogy—describe something similar from the early days in Iowa even better than Miss Suckow, for he shows the contacts with other American pioneers and the working out of the peasant feeling more plainly, going more into the complexities of nature. Perhaps I am merely argumentative in calling these German peasants. Perhaps I ought to admit that we have millions of peasants in the United States. I have just such people all around me here, our Michigan towns know the retired farmers just as well as Iowa ever did. We have quite a group of them here in Ypsilanti. They held German services in the Lutheran Church here since I came here, but now
that is mostly given up. The children no longer speak any German and they would have gone into other churches had they not introduced English services to save them to the Lutheran community. I think when something of peasant ways crop out we say "German" which is rather begging the question, I admit. But the younger men at least are just as American as I am. There are no peasants among them.

I should have made a better statement had I said we have no peasant class. You have reminded that we have had many, probably still have many peasant communities, all however dissolving steadily. The melting pot is entirely real. South America however has, and so have our Southern States—the negroes. Bowman is not a peasant. Doubtless by peasant origin so am I. My Grandfather, a gardener near London, could not read. Father clerked for John Green in London and so brought into chance contact with Ralph Waldo Emerson was advised to come to this country where he was presently called to Boston to import English books for Little, Brown and Co., becoming extremely familiar with English literature by incessant reading, though little schooled. Quite English, but no peasant.

George Chisholm to Mark Jefferson, January 3, 1928:
I answer your last letter, December 19, first. I was much interested in the personal particulars you give both about yourself and Bowman. I hear that Bowman is coming over to the International Geographical Congress to be held at Cambridge, England, at the end of July (I hope you are too), and I am looking forward to meeting him there. I should like to know if what you tell me about his farm life is to be treated as confidential. If not, I should like to ask him about his experience. I have long felt that I have suffered from never having been taught to do something with my hands. I am inclined to look upon that as an essential part of education. I continue to be much impressed by William James's ideas set forth in his essay on The Moral Equivalent of War.

Many thanks also for sending me the American paper containing Mr. Garrett's article, and in return I send you today's Scotsman from which you will see one use of it I have made. I did not want to make my letter to the Sc. too long, otherwise I would have referred in it also to the amount of agricultural employment in your country for those displaced in other industries.

Lastly, with reference to your latest missives we want to thank you and Mrs. Jefferson for your Christmas and New Year card. In return we send two cards showing two of the latest additions to the sights of Edinburgh, the Scottish National War Memorial, and the American Scottish monument commemorating the same disastrous years.

And now I return to your letter of December 3. My last letter, called forth by the Nation article on the American coal war was only a partial answer
to it, and there were some points to which I always meant to return.

First as to the right of a tenant in the Irish Free State to rent his land and sell that right. That is nothing new in Ireland. It is what is known as the Ulster tenant right, long a traditional custom in that province, and made legal and compulsory by Gladstone in that province in the early 70's and afterwards extended to the rest of Ireland, with the result of introducing such anomalies as to compel this country to pass a law to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by the tenants, and providing funds for the purpose to be repaid by annual installments including rent. It is very doubtful whether we have heard the last of that, for there is a party in the Free State in favour of repudiating those bargains.

As to oppressive interest and profits made by cutting down the rate of wages, what have you to say about the case recorded in the cutting which I attach below.

"WOMAN MONEYLENDER
INTEREST AT 520 PER CENT"

An old woman wearing a shawl, who applied for a moneylender's certificate at Liverpool yesterday, said she could neither read nor write. She kept business in her brain. She said she lent dock labourers £1 on Mondays for their rent, and received £1. 2s. back on Saturdays.

The Magistrate pointed out that this interest worked out at 520 per cent per annum.

The woman said her clients were willing to pay, and she was willing to pay the necessary 25s. for a certificate.

Neighbours gave the woman a good character, and the certificate was granted.

We have a saying here (it probably runs also in America), "Hard cases make bad law." Would you suggest that the jute manufacturers of Bengal should be compelled to pay their employees a living wage according to the standard of England or America or even the very low standard of Dundee which they help to depress? I ask those questions with no desire to give an implied answer. Though I may add that I believe the employers ought to find it worth while to make the conditions of employment at the mills so attractive as to make homes for them and their families beside the works so that they might in time become more efficient and able to tend more complicated machinery, instead of wavering from mill to country village and back again, when the miseries at either end become intolerable. But then what would become of Dundee? Would it add another large contingent to our million of unemployed? And so we are carried from puzzlement to puzzlement. An English publicist has suggested that we should have in our country a standing body of specialists in government to spend their time in studying government problems to advise the responsible government of the
day. I hope that (tho' long after I am in my grave) we may advance even further, when to use the words of one of your own economists (Taussig) we have escaped from "that low state of civilization under which millions of people fly at each other's throats," and when we may have a body of specialists (perhaps self chosen by mutually recognised fitness) to study world problems and advise the governments of the world.

But to return to the suggestion that has given rise to these remarks, I cannot recognise that giving a higher wage than seems necessary is an American idea. Read any good account of New Lanark by Robert Owen. How much older than he the idea may be I cannot say.

With unqualified approval I accept your remark on human nature, pretty much the same the world over you say. "I like my comfort and hate to have anyone interfere with it, but as soon as I make those around me comfortable too, I fancy my comfort increases more than it cost me to think of them." This last thought may carry us far.

Finally I want to say that our white collar class have suffered by the War in the same way as yours. Before the war we kept two maids, now only one domestic and we are peculiarly fortunate in having our domestic a married woman, the husband living in our house but not working for us, both however very efficient and devoted to us. But that is only our luck—not guaranteed tho' it has already lasted more than four years.

George Chisholm to Mark Jefferson, August 31, 1928:

I have not yet acknowledged receipt of the reprint of your article on the "Civilising Rails" which you were kind enough to send me some time ago. I read it with great interest and enjoyment. I greatly admire the ingenuity both of your maps and your expository terms, which latter I think, are well worthy of taking a place in geographical terminology.

Moreover, I have no exception to take to your thesis. Rails (with motor roads and steamships) are in fact the most efficient means of spreading that form of civilization which began with the invention of money and whose evolution has been going on ever since in somewhat diverse ways owing to differences in secondary influences.

For all that it is a civilization with which I cannot feel satisfied, and all the less the more nearly it approaches its apparent ideals. I find myself constantly but helplessly pondering the idea of a possible civilization at least in part independent of the money mechanism, marvellously efficient as that is.

"The provision of subsistence and the necessaries of life ranks," says R. G. Hawtrey in "The Economic Problem", "or ought to rank, as the first charge upon economic activity." I have no reason to believe that Mr. Hawtrey would accept my definition of "necessaries of life," but whatever definition he adopted, I don't see how, on the one hand, this "first charge" can be met on a money basis if it is left to the "entire population" individually to do so,
or, on the other hand, to relieve multitudes of the burden of that charge without demoralizing them to such an extent as to threaten to put an end to all economic activity.

Perhaps we may have to face more abrupt economic changes than we have had to face hitherto. This morning's paper gives a hint of an economic revolution contemplated by some in your country that goes beyond anything I had ever dreamt of at least in the near future. It is reported that a Mr. Robinson, one of your candidates for the Vice-Presidency, is accusing Mr. Hoover of urging on American farmers a policy that would have the effect of limiting their production to what can be consumed in the U.S.!

Mark Jefferson to George Chisholm, September 9, 1928:

Your comment on the Civilizing Rails almost coincides with that expressed just a month earlier by M. Aurousseau, an Australian geographer now resident in London. I presume you have met him.

"In the sense that (civilization) is being so diffused, and by the rails, the title is just . . . My mind opposes that spread of mechanical civilization. This increasing uniformity in everything, and finds it hateful. I am not so simple as to believe that such an attitude, assumed by a minority, can prevent what is going on, but I do not believe in what is going on. We have come to think that civilization and culture are the same thing. The latter is by far the more precious, insofar as it is culture which makes life a fuller experience, not civilization. From this point of view, the Spaniards seem to me to be the finest people I have met in Western Europe. Culture it seems to me, is a way of looking at life, a mental attitude of living, whereas civilization is an external manner of living. I haven't yet thought through these things, and will come out with an essay on the matter some time, but at least, I would say, that culture may be very high where civilization is relatively low, and that culture is the more valuable."

I do not know whether you know my Culture of the Nations, published in the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society in April 1911, in which I put numerical values on "culture" of countries on the strength of their general schooling of all the young, development of foreign commerce, and railways and use of the mails like this:

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Which shows no bias of patriotism. All sorts of allowances are necessary,
even on the scanty grounds used, canals supplementing RR in Norway, internal commerce in the US being as huge as external is limited. Belgium and Holland undoubtedly claiming more foreign commerce in statistics than is real.

But what is this culture so estimated? Distinctly Western, distinctly not Oriental. An Oriental grade under nine points exists in the study. I called attention to the mapmaker's use of culture on his maps (black on U.S. brown relief—defined as "what Man has made"). With culture so conceived cultured man is the maker, the doer. Taking thought about doing is not inhibited but implied, for Western machines are thoughtful machines. Machines are thought given reality. Western man has made vastly more things than Oriental man.

This is again the civilization that you and Aurousseau do not like. The West excels in human sympathy. Whether Hospitals are an expression of western culture or of Christianity I do not know but they are distinctly western, belong with the railway, with commerce and with schools. Our little city spends $11,000 a year making up the deficit of our little hospital, which amounts to a dollar a head and would make London supply seven million dollars a year. I suppose Tokyo spends something too, but only because she has taken on something of western culture. What does Pekin spend or Angora?

Our luncheon clubs have taken up the cause here in America of the Underprivileged child, cripples and all such. Such work and all kinds of sanitation and relief of suffering are fine flowers of civilization, the very civilization that you are not satisfied with.

I wish I could get you and Aurousseau to make out the charges of the indictment rather definitely, just what are the bad things our civilization does?

I should like to try to point out the good ones.

Last year I made a new attempt to rank countries in civilization, to get in the new countries of Europe and the post-war conditions. I counted more data—schooling, RR freight and RR mileage, mail, commerce, number of Great Cities per million people, numbers of autos, telephones and patents issued, in all nine topics, all put on a scale of 100 for the leading country, with the result: [Europe only].

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<td>Germany</td>
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<td>Spain</td>
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That seems to show agreement to me. Obviously such gradings are rude, and yet here is an objective grading of countries in this west-type of civilization which has value.

I find inventiveness worth attention. First I counted patents issued in any country 1871 to 1922 per thousand population 1922 and multiplied by 3 to make the leading country have index 100. Remarkable result Belgium 100, France 40, Germany 18, United Kingdom 36, Canada 75, U.S. 36.

Then I found Canada issued five patents to a "resident of the U.S.," to one to a resident of Canada, so I took patents issued to residents of the issuing country per thousand people (1925). This had involved correspondence with U.S. consuls over the world and shows in part U.S. 36, Canada 14, Sweden 32, Norway 18, Denmark 23, United Kingdom 19, Holland 5, Austria 18, Czechoslovakia 5, Japan 6, New Zealand 28.

But I learn that a good patent must be covered by claims in many countries and that I should count the patents taken out in any country and all countries by residents of U.S., of United Kingdom, of Belgium or of Holland, etc. This puts a very different complexion on the matter, for often countries with complete reports, 16 residents of Holland, 13 of Germany, 11 of U.S., 9 of Belgium, 7 of France and 6 of United Kingdom in each hundred thousand inhabitants (1925) take out patents in some foreign country. Reports in this case wholly by OTHER COUNTRIES! "Who Invents?" at Christmas.

George Chisholm to Mark Jefferson, September 21, 1928:

I write at once to thank you for the prompt reply to my comment on your article on The Civilizing Rails. My comment, I know, was written in haste, and I am sorry I have no recollection of what I said. I regret accordingly that the letter, hasty, and, no doubt, brief as it was, was not among those which I dictated to a typist.

I am sorry that I do not know Mr. Aurousseau, though I have been most interested in articles he has written, and I am glad to learn that his thoughts seem to some extent in the same direction as mine. I had guessed that from what I had read of his, and now that I know that he is resident in London I will take means to put myself in communication with him, if for nothing else, to ask him to let me know when and where his meditated essay on civilization and culture appears.

You are good enough to say that you would like me (and Aurousseau) to make out the charges of the indictment against civilization rather definitely. I think my best reply is to recommend you to read a small book (147 small pages) entitled "The Triumphant Machine" by R. M. Fox (for many years apprentice and journey man in an engineering workshop) published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, London, Tavistock Square, W.C. 1. I accept every item in his indictment, but, like the author
of the preface (H.N. Brailsford) I do not think the remedies he proposes at all adequate. I have indeed in typed form two things that might contribute to make my ideas of reform clearer, but as they are confessedly not thought out I do not think it fair to trouble busy people with them. One is a development of the ideas expressed on p. 298 of my article on World Unity. The other is an article entitled, "Obscurities of the Population Problem," which I wrote for the Economic Journal but which the editor rejected. I have given my sole reason for not sending them to you, but if you would like to see them I shall be glad to send them.

George Chisholm to Mark Jefferson, December 27, 1928:
We have quite given up sending Christmas cards, but we are very glad to exchange greetings at this season, and though the year will have ceased to be new by the time this reaches you, you may be assured that it carries with it our best wishes for the year that is still in the future.
I am sending with it a little book which, I think, you will read with interest, although it expresses rather my than your view of the present trend of civilization. I had not read it when I last wrote in answer to your question as to what objections I had to make to prevalent ideas of civilization, but now I think it expresses my ideas on the subject even more precisely than Fox's The Triumphant Machine. Since you last wrote I have been trying to get into touch with Aurosseau, but hitherto without success. Yesterday morning I had the pleasure of receiving a very cordial letter from Prof. Warren L. Thompson of Scripps Foundation, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, whom I have never met, but who seems to think very much as I do.

F. Chisholm (wife of George Chisholm) to Mark Jefferson, March 11, 1930:
Your letter of the 16th February reached here after G. Chisholm's death on the 9th February. He died suddenly in the tram car coming home from church. I was not with him, not being well enough to go out in cold weather. He was so happy that morning and felt, he said, so well. He wrote a long letter to an old school and college friend, to whom he wrote regularly every fortnight, before going.
I never saw him alive again. He passed away in a minute. He had been talking to a gentleman he knew a few minutes before when he fell forward dead. He had not a moment's suffering. You may before this have heard of his death. I should have written to you sooner, but I have been very ill. I've been married 45 years, and we have been great friends and companions. Looking back on our long life together, I feel I've many memories. He never said a mean or uncharitable thing, and he was reverenced and loved by many of his students.
He always read me your letters, and got me interested in his work, his students and his friends. As you seem out of the way, I enclose a few
reviews. The one from the London Times is not quite correct, as you will see from the back. There was a far better notice in the "Scotsman" of the 17th. That old one from the Boston paper was copied by someone from an article in the Scotsman and appeared in America eleven days after.

You write in such a friendly way, I think I'm not boring you.

Yours sincerely,

F. Chisholm

Jefferson's correspondence with Gladys Wrigley began after September 1920, when she was appointed editor of the Geographical Review. Between the years 1921 and 1949 the two exchanged over 600 letters. Most of the correspondence concerned articles or book reviews Jefferson was submitting to the Geographical Review, or articles or book reviews that Jefferson wished other geographers to undertake. It is hard to overestimate the significance of Jefferson's contribution to the emergence of the Geographical Review, through his alert and suggestive correspondence with both Gladys Wrigley and Isaiah Bowman. Jefferson and editor Wrigley would dash notes off to each other when one found an interesting reference or a fine piece of work, and they had so much fun doing it. Especially amusing is the humor and good taste with which Miss Wrigley replied to Jefferson's many requests and exhortations to render the quarterly Review a monthly.

Miss Wrigley expressed her appreciation of Jefferson in an article fittingly published in the Geographical Review, the centennial year of the Society's existence. An excerpt is culled from the article:

Two of the Review's outstanding reviewers were Professor Jefferson himself and W. M. Davis. The former's frank appraisals were a delight but not always "fit to print".

I am glad to have seen the . . . Atlas. I think he must be a pompous army man with pull and little brains. He may very likely be pot belled. I don't like that man . . . he beats his wife.

Please excuse me from the . . . I do not want to become a common scold.

. . . is a terrible book. It adds about as near nothing to what I knew or wanted to know as any book well could . . . Long winded, wordy, preferring Latin words to Saxon ones always, certainly unable to write Latin, but wanting to use a lingo of their own like a child making up a dog Latin.

To one editorial revision he refused to have his name attached, but on another occasion he remarked:

Why yes: it seems very good indeed; but I would say I never wrote certain parts of it! If you say I did however there is no argument, you have us well trained.
Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, December 18, 1921:
Please ask Mr. Joerg to improve on the "Economics of Argentine Cultural Exports" as translating "Die Agrarische Exportwirtschaft Argentinens." I never know what to say for Wirtschaft anyway. I wish all the Germans would learn to speak English and write it. However, I suppose they would lose a good part of their intelligence and industry if deprived of the long training of trying to convey ideas through the medium of the most stupid of languages.

Gladys Wrigley to Mark Jefferson, September 26, 1922:
There is an article that I wish to have written—on the distribution of population in Europe according to the last censuses. We can pay $100 for such an article. We should wish to have it by the end of the year. We could be of some assistance in getting together material . . . Surely you cannot resist so much population!

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, October 2, 1922:
Perhaps I was hasty in agreeing to tackle the Population of Europe. I am actually at work putting the Argentine "Unveiling of the Pampa" into form, having a number of the first pages finished and pushing it forward. Not very important, perhaps to get it printed to store in the cellar, but I have had the thing on my mind so long that I want to get it out of the way so that I can do things I ought to have been at long ago . . . There is another thing I have need of doing that would use up your $100 a deal better, and then some I fancy, namely the correspondence incidental to a study of the optimum season for travel all the world over . . . Best travel season Michigan May-June, best southern Chile January, best season Rome, about April. So the whole world. It is much needed. Baedeker affords a start in his prefaces. All on a map. How does it sound Dr. Bowman? The questions are of course yours, but I am in haste—three classes to meet this morning.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, April 21, 1923:
I am volunteering herewith a note on the new Atlas of Sweden—which is warm but not half warm enough. The Atlas is a thing of beauty and a joy ever since it came. I carry it up to my bedside every night.

Gladys Wrigley to Mark Jefferson, June 28, 1923:
W. D. Durland, who prepared the article "Forests of the Dominican Republic," in the April 1922 number of the Review has just returned from the quebracho region of northern Argentina. He offers to prepare us an article thereon. I want to give him some points on the course of it. Can you give me any suggestions.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, September 11, 1923:
. . . I would rather do climate and weather stuff—most especially rainfall than anything I can imagine. Imagine the unused material at Washington!
If there were any chance of earning a living at that sort of thing I wouldn't school-teach!

*Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, March 31, 1924:*
Astonishing that we have only world maps for monthly pressures, and rainfall on scales so tiny and map net so coarse, as Herbertson and Bartholomew. These things are fundamental to all geography and yet the drawings representing existing knowledge are so tiny one can hardly see them. There ought to be an international committee on the rainfall map with a subsection of each continent to keep a large scale map up to date in MS somewhere for year and months and supply at least photostats of it on demand.

*Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, April 23, 1924:*
I don't like that man Sutton. I think he beats his wife! or if he alibies "no wife" he certainly must have some of those British vices that we Americans want kept as tightly in the snug island as they keep rabies out.
I have been somewhat under the weather and overworked, and spring is slow, and students elect my work and I am foolish enough to give them always new stuff and civic things use so much time, all of today and all of next Monday for instance. Further a number of my things are not going, people lying down on them both here and elsewhere—to explain why I can't do anything more with Sutton. What I really want is summer and as long as there is ice in the Lakes we cannot have any hereabouts.

*Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, October 5, 1924:*
Two of my colleagues have just built houses side by side here on a hillside. One has made two steep terraces between his house and the street and three flights of steep steps to get to the front door. His wife's family from Seattle appear to provide the money for major expenses. The other, with the house floors level with his neighbor's, has graded to the gentlest possible slope and makes access to his front door by a winding path of very gentle grade. He and his wife are from New Orleans! Have you ever been on the Coast? Do you know their habit of building impossible streets and putting asphalt on the sidewalks for the feet to stick to and not slip to the bottom of the hill?
It is fascinating as the asphalt wears away and only patches remain to see folks going hop, skip and jump to keep on the asphalt!

*Gladys Wrigley to Mark Jefferson, Telegram, February 11, 1925:*
GREAT STUFF. LEADING ARTICLE FOR APRIL.
[Refers to article on Malthus]

*Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, September 25, 1925.*
We have 454 students in geography after disbanding a little class of 20 to make room for seven who wanted a course on Mediterranean geography with me after an average of six other courses . . .
In the Principles you and any reader will likely find the start with maps
repellent. One can't read map construction directions with much interest. If I had had more time I would put that a little later in the book that a casual reader might not be turned away so abruptly. There are other parts of it that stand reading. I should always teach that first for the reason that motivates its existence is the fact that high school students do not of course, know how to read and these exercises really do help a little toward learning. For ten days they get their instructions by reading the book. When they ask help we try to help, but rather make a habit of pointing out a passage, "It tells you there. What does that say to do?" For teaching it will be much better than any book we have had, especially for my assistants.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, October 31, 1925:
Got a check today from Herald Tribune Books for my third review of Febvres' Geographical Introduction to History. Three reviews, three fees, a French copy and an English copy of the book which was worth reading. If I could work that right along I could afford to write reviews all the time.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, September 18, 1926:
Can an author expect to be satisfied with a review of his book? Brooks says not, in thanking me for my notice of his Why the Weather. They feel often an inclination to talk back, I fancy. Yet they get nowhere if they do, it seems. Mr. Orchard for instance as reviewer, attempting the rather impossi­ble task of reviewing on galley sheets, thinks the map-work in Principles of Geography too hard. I think you had some similar reaction yourself, yet four times a year we take from 100 to 200 green high school graduates through it in ten days and they almost all really master it, and I have done it more than twenty years.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, July 13, 1927:
You admit that you lead a hectic life. I should call it four apoplexies a year. But I congratulate you on one more escape from peril. The pictures are wonderful. Your Review is an indispensable part of the day's geography in every aspect. You may be very proud of it, though it is perhaps presumptuous for me to say so.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, October 23, 1928:
Aurousseau and Chisholm independently but coincidentally object to my Civilizing Rails—that there is—unfortunately—such a thing as Western Civilization in the world and they can't stop it but they don't like it! Well all the more need to study it and know it when you see it. Aurousseau says I am a Progresista, by which I suppose he means I like bathtubs. I do! I wish I could have another, and have just spent $1,200 (and paid it) on a brand new heating plant, hot water, sixteen radiators, and of course an oil burner, which is magical. Starts up a fire any time the air chills off and keeps the climate civilized.
I should say so.
Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, November 14, 1929:
The Inventiveness paper has brought an unusual number of letters and requests for copies. One from a Swiss Doctor—exchange student Johns Hopkins to print in a Zurich newspaper, another from Committee before League of Nations, a surprising one from a southern professor of psychology.

Gladys Wrigley to Mark Jefferson, January 3, 1930:
I have an urgent request to make. The Council has awarded the Cullum Geographical Medal for 1929 to Alfred Hettner . . . I should like to publish a review of new editions of his work. This calls for a special kind of review by a "real" all round geographer and I don't know anyone who could do it half as well as you.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, January 17, 1930:
Tuesday night dinner—speech—Home Economics Club "Argentine Home Life" Wednesday night Dinner—talk. History Club Worlds Railways. Friday Luncheon Chairman, Natural Science and Geography Departments with addresses by a pupil friend, Professor of Farming.
Sorry to balk at Hettner, but he no longer interests me . . . You have introduced me to so many charming books by sending them to me for reviewing that I have only reason for gratitude. I am grateful, but also old and short of time for the many fine things to do. I apologize for refusing.

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, April 26, 1931:
Your April Review was remarkable —of course I have not read it all yet. I am forever indignant at the bulk of it. If I could give you orders you would have to bring it out weekly, an average of 15 pages, with numbers continuing!
Raisz' drawings are wonderful. He has gone far beyond Lobeck and someone will go yet beyond him.
But it is not for us common mortals. One must have the touch. I hope Raisz will go on. Of course he will.
Many thanks for the China cities article. I am not much impressed by these guesses but it will make the Sinologists happier to count 118 Chinese cities and I do not know the contrary.

Gladys Wrigley to Mark Jefferson, December 10, 1934:
Mr. Bowman has been chuckling over your note "More Potential Parents." It gives us a new slogan—Brighten the Review with Babies!

Mark Jefferson to Gladys Wrigley, January 21, 1939:
Thank you very much for the note from Tilby's Genius of Ireland. I wonder if he listed the men from Belfast "with a few additions suggested from other sources, and some omissions—" But I suppose he is not believing in genius in northern Ireland!
How very like the historian or Social Science writer! Everything special by itself. As if there were any Irish genius—only genius in Ireland, that is a mere case of humanity in one instance.
The Ann Arbor Rumanian Max Handman last June in Chicago declared confidently that excessive size of the chief city was a well-known characteristic of South America, was quite outraged when I told him not more than of Europe.
I am glad to see Tilby notes Rome an exception. How the glamor that was Rome blinds people. Mussolini means to use it to help unify his Italians until Rome is really the most Italian thing in Italy. Of course it isn’t yet.
Smith raises a good question when he asks Primate of what? The little law is a part of a study—“What is a country?” Barcelona primate of Catalonia, Madrid of Spain, Lisbon of Portugal, for Iberia is not a country and Spain is not a country, Castile and Catalonia perhaps are.
When Lenin forbade the name Russia and substituted the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics did he not set out to destroy Russia and internationalize it?
Social laws appear to differ from material and atomic ones in that the elements subject to the law may become conscious of them and set out to defy them. The New Dealers defy Gresham’s Law by calling in Gold—even paper stamped “gold”—and burying the gold in the ground, as the fairy tale princess tries to avoid the curse put on her by a wicked godmother.
As if water agreed to avoid slopes so as not to run downhill, and oxygen and hydrogen to stay away from each other to avoid consequences!
The Free Press wanted to interview me—Was Detroit a Primate City? I think it the only million-city in the world without a publishing house or a good bookstore. Of course Hudson’s (Dry Goods) has a book counter.
Boston now, may be primate—but that’s another story.

Yours in the usual haste,

__________________________

Jefferson and Caroline Stone were members of the ’84 class, Boston University. They had been good friends and earnest students. When Jefferson departed New England for South America in the winter of 1883, he left behind a young lady with whom, at one time, he had kept company.

In 1934, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the class of ’84, President Daniel Marsh of Boston University, invited all living members of that class to an Alumni Reunion. Although Jefferson did not attend he learned that Caroline Stone had married, was now Caroline Atherton, and living at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. A vast corre-
spondence ensued between the two classmates and was terminated only with the death of Mrs. Atherton in 1947.

Two minds quietly sat on the bye-lines of life and watched the world at work, at play, and at war. The two enjoyed the exchange of reminiscences relating to their student days, pondered all matter of personally significant issues and their careers—one had become a geography teacher, the other a high school teacher of Greek and Latin. In the 1930's Jefferson sent Mrs. Atherton copies of his books and reprints of his articles. In the 1940's he sent her regular letters which were rather in the nature of reports, containing commentary on the war, progress of his book and his latest civic undertakings. Her letters contained much encouragement for him to complete the book he was writing in those retirement years, summaries of her own reading, numerous references to articles or addresses which she thought might interest him, newspaper clippings, comments on some of Jefferson's books and articles which he sent her, and descriptions of her garden. Mrs. Atherton enjoyed her open rooms facing the fragrance of her carefully groomed garden at Jamaica Plain, where she passed her last years alone. Occasionally the garden would creep into her letters and shut the world away, so that she was alone with beauty, with quiet and with the past.

The exchange of correspondence was thoroughly enjoyed by both correspondents for whom it became a hobby. Jefferson was expressing a sentiment they both shared when he wrote to Mrs. Atherton on October 27, 1946, "There is no one I can write to in the same way as to you. Our generation has nearly gone by."

 Caroline Atherton to Mark Jefferson, June 19, 1934:

It was good to have your greeting "after 50 years" and to read your pamphlet, The Civilizing Rails. You are still the thoughtful student as well as teacher, and on the lines you began so long ago to follow.

Have you ever seen Bishop McConnell's book on Borden P. Bowne? I think you would enjoy reading it, and it does bring back his courses, that were to me an undiscovered country.

Of course I married a teacher(!) and we read and study together. Latin and Greek and French and Italian occupy us a good deal. Mr. Atherton, Harvard '79, is now retired and we have visited the Pacific Coast four times, your railways have served us well.

We had the blessing of a visit to Italy and Greece, never to be forgotten. And we have found occasion to be of some slight service to our fellowmen, it has not all been pleasuring, you know that.

Forgive this bit of personal history, I thought you might like to know something of the doings of 50 years of your old class-mate.
Caroline Atherton to Mark Jefferson, September 4, 1936:
Your letter was forwarded to me in Maine, the book I have just brought back from the post-office here. It looks so interesting that I think I shall read every chapter. One thing I note from a cursory glance, and that is that the illustrations are where they belong, opposite the pages that deal with them . . .
Your trip [to Spain] with daughter Phoebe must have meant a lot to her and of course you got what you were after. You generally do, even if your Latin notes of the psychology course were not correct. Did you ever show them to anyone? . . .
Mr. Atherton left me very suddenly in August while we were in our summer home in Maine. A half-hour after he rose from the dinner table in good spirits and apparently quite himself, I found him, still, a happy, serene expression on his face. What a wonderful way to leave this life, no invalidism, no suffering . . .
I have just sold my cottage, where we spent thirty-five happy years, none happier than the last season we had together with our Greek, French, birds, for we did all our reading and studying together, a perfect comradeship for forty-three years. My trip to Maine was to dispose of my possessions there. Now that chapter is ended . . .
The days were lonely indeed at first and I joined a class that was reading Italian once a week, and have put quite a good deal of time into the study of verbs and composition. I should never qualify as a teacher, but it has been good fun.

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, January 21, 1940:
I write this for the carbon under it which stays with me. I may visit another church next Sunday, and write another but you won’t get it unless you ask! . . .
Sadly I have to sit very far front to hear. Out alone conspicuous! But not uncomfortable. Many changes in rostrum, Gilt cross, Choir of 14 in white smocks—What’s the proper word—they come only to the waist. Purple collar band. Six men, Professor of gardening, a councilman I have quarreled with, but mutual respect, a post office extra who is in Cooperative with me and asks explanations of things (They made me Vice President last Friday, me away and really unsuspecting. I had criticized strongly retention of dividends) and an unknown man. Girls, younger much, must be students. I do not know any of them except their leader who was 20 years ago a charming young girl with beautiful voice. Made hit here and stayed in our excellent conservatory.
Why is it easier to create a strong school of music than of other things? Or isn’t it? Has the Boston University a strong school of music? I never hear of
it. What did we hear of music in Boston University? South America was a burst into song and string for me. A gaucho who couldn't read music taught me the guitar. No began to teach me! Young men heard a new opera once and sang whole phrases of it. Little 60,000 Cordoba had its season of opera to which everyone bought season tickets to be there ON TIME, no affectation of late entrance which would have brought hisses. Easy for South America which had a handy July-August winter season to follow the January-February European one. We had whole companies come from Italy, Oh Yes Italians can sing. Patti sang there constantly and got there much money.

Minister in black surplice—new to me in Congregational Church. All he said was he wanted more evidence about something (Existence of a God?). Got on with faith and that Luke was a doctor, new to me. Also this I thought up when he mentioned God's anteroom and patients waiting that we are patients because we have to wait patiently for our turn with the doctor! . . .

I tried to find a message and didn't. He had a long printed program of many things to do. RISE. We used to know enough to rise without a printed programme. Congregation to sing. I had to look around to see if they were. Choir sang well 90 times the volume of Congregation. So responsive readings I guess I outread them all, shamelessly. I looked around. Yes—they were reading. Gordon—He is a Kiwanian and I am supposed to call him Gordon—ought to have said READ, BRETHEN READ, but he didn't (do much of anything he might have done).

Why go to church? Any Kiwanis meeting is more inspiring. Yes: of course I had my little reception afterward. All the programme stuff was meant to get up a religious spirit, but didn't. In this church is religion dead?

Over the Bright new Gilt Cross I noticed very dingy organ pipes. I wonder what a soft cloth full of hot soapsuds would have done to one. I want to break in some night and try it and leave that pipe all clean for an example. Has nobody noticed it? The front of the church is stained. Water has leaked in. Needs redecorating . . .

I thank Kiwanis Club more for godliness than the Congregational Church. We are all faiths there, Catholics, Lutherans, etc.

I must visit all the churches, but rapidly and write a little note to the Catholic priest—whom I know, asking if I may. Also I want to write a sermon Is There a God? I suspect this is the worst in town. Bill Shaw my Baptist friend I am sure does a lot better. He is really inspired, if he does find me embarrassing. Maybe when I have visited them all, a Salvation Army service too if they have them, I may give my friends my conclusions. How God is manifesting himself in Ypsilanti.

Next Sunday's report only on REQUEST!
Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, April 27, 1940:

I received your letter as I was stepping into the car to go down to Tom’s funeral. He died in my arms last Thursday. The poor lad never had a chance. The malignant tumor grew again and crowded his skull till it was visibly thrusting out the skull and at last it killed him. His mother was beside me, and the doctor at hand, but the end was inevitable.

It was to his mother he went back in January when he had no notion other than that he was suffering from sinus trouble and the treatment was for that, his head aching intolerably so that he could not sleep and everything he ate made him retch and vomit violently. She alone could soothe him by stroking his temples as he crept beside her. Nothing could have been gained had we known earlier except to save him those weeks of suffering. I may have mentioned my surmise that Dr. Peet severed important nerves when he operated that spared him pain. Thomas never came back from the operation table. The changeling that came back to us after ten days of unconsciousness was not Thomas. We learned to be fonder of him even than we had been of Thomas, as he lay there a helpless cripple. Mercifully he slept much even up to the end . . .

I have thought of the inhibition to study by his tumor that made school work difficult and finally intolerable to him, a rebellion at what he thought was his evident uselessness. I did not often reproach him, I think, but he knew his various school failings disappointed me. When I had no inkling of his frightful handicap I thought I had done better in my youth. I have a picture of myself at nearly his age and you have only to glance at the admirable, if somewhat puckish expression on his face at graduation from High School here two years ago to see how far he was from a failure to those who came in contact with him. We have been overwhelmed in flowers, pies, fruits and cakes and even steaks that friends have brought in! I am frightfully tired and so is Clara. All the sons and daughters have gone but Phoebe, who stays till tomorrow—Sunday—night. She and Clara are now in the kitchen busy with ironing. All have been busy all day.

I think you will agree with me that Tom’s picture shows plainly enough that a contempt for Latin and Letters may coexist with real social gifts. Tom was a person of character, even if his disease drove him away from table every time outsiders were at table. You will please return the picture but I am sure you will concur with my thought. I am more and more persuaded that my education is properly reflected in the dull, self-satisfied face I wore at Tom’s age. I have been apt to think poorly of Michigan school education. When I see their product in Tom, frightfully handicapped as he was, I have to admit that it is fine to shape folks to congenial neighborliness. I had to wait till I was sixty to learn to be a congenial neighbor.
Thomas was distinctly worthwhile!

Caroline Atherton to Mark Jefferson, July 21, 1940:

. . . You would like the color in my garden, hollyhocks many and varied, the best showing I ever had. It has been a good year for blossoming shrubs and plants, my roses were very lovely, a few stragglers still are. And I have been visiting a friend in Rockport on Cape Ann who has a beautiful garden, fine trees, birds nesting, a grand place. And while there I read Louis Adamic’s “Laughing in the Jungle”, his early years in America, his own experiences and those of other immigrants, try it.

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, August 31, 1940:

Your handwriting has not changed lately, but since 1893 it has taken on what they call character. I saw tonight in my scrapbook the earliest note of yours forwarding the good wishes of Class ‘84 when I left Boston University. It was very much the work of copy book writing class, lacking individuality.

Your present writing I like very much indeed. The odd thing is that you seem to me to have had more individuality then than now. I was, of course, very impressionable and admired you too much to make a judgment. Who, indeed, was I to judge? And what do I know about you now, how much you affect life in the circle of your contacts? But I do suspect you have done a lot of conforming to the ideas of those about. I should be a more agreeable person had I too learned to do more.

It has only come to me in the last 30 or 40 years that we can change people’s views, if we are right and persist. I am still inclined to be too impatient. Almost no one can adopt a new idea on a single presentation of it. There is need of a lot of repetition, pleasant, friendly repetition.

Maurois says Churchill told him in 1935 that he ought to stop writing biographies and write only one article over and over again in as many different phrases as he could find, namely that France from the first air-power was becoming 5th or 6th, while Hitler was becoming first, and France was going to be destroyed if something was not done about it. He had not been able to see the need and how he regretted it bitterly!

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, January 18, 1941:

The week before had been a bad one. I confidently bought “woolen” socks of a dealer friend and put them on. Kept them on a cold, cold week before it dawned on me that they were mostly cotton and I was having chill after chill. Cold feet are my bane. The same week I met breast of guinea hen at 20 Club dinner and conclude that guineas would do better to stay in the barn yard and squawk at hawks. The same week I laid aside my habituated Sanka substitute for coffee and brewed again Mocha and Java mixed. Some or all of these experiments put me to bed for a pair of days.
Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, March 2, 1941:
The English are amazing. The world's worst blunderers. They wouldn't let the French attack the Germans when they went into the Rhine country (with instructions to withdraw at once if resisted, we were told later) etc. etc. Yet now they are doing things fairly heroic. In this Hitler quite falls down. In real war he would meet four or five million English? As he wagers it he has the whole population to fight and they fairly enjoy it. I think generalizations about the sexes are unsafe usually but I do believe women are more heedless of painful personal consequences than men are . . . They say on the great Spanish estates that once bred savage bulls for the Ring, that the cows of the race were terrible. No bull-fighter would tackle them. Isn't this nice "The Geological Society of America takes note of the passing of another year, which, it appears from our records, brings you to the honored age of seventy-eight. We hope that the day may be full of pleasant recollections and the satisfaction that belongs to a long and busy life. The Society sends greetings and best wishes for other years to come.

Cordially yours,
Charles R. Berkey, President"

No abbreviations in the original costly paper and heavy . . . Every year since age seventy a letter. How Human BUT I am not a geologist, a life fellow of the Society yes, these 40 years. Only gave one paper before them and only published three papers in their memoirs. The Association of American Geographers of which I am charter member, past president and constant paper reader—sends no such note. How nice to have Berkey's though! and Carrie Stones!

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, May 30, 1941:
Don't worry about Athens—The Germans are crafty enough to demonstrate their "essential" kindness in Greece. They have too much conquered territory, the general hatred they engender is beginning to have an unsatisfactory taste.
Poor France that is the sad country. The Fleet and the colonies should have instantly taken up the fight French labor defaulted in at home. Of course Vichy is nothing but relayed Hitler.
As a geographer I am immensely interested. Germans know the geography of Greece and Crete better than the Greeks or Cretans. They advise the Nazis. Germans know better the military geography of the United States and Martinique than our army and Navy which has no "geographic branch." Neither at West Point or Annapolis is geography taught.
I represented the United States at Paris on one little commission on the language used to describe boundaries in the Peace Treaty, in order that bad description should not make future misunderstanding inevitable, like our old
southern boundary of Michigan a line due east from the south point of Lake Michigan which put Toledo in Michigan and caused the "Toledo War". I was the only civilian on the commission . . . The American army had and has no geographic service . . .

I never was in Finland, but I know the Atlas de Finlande very well, a work that we can't match for the U.S. in spite of all our wealth. I think them marvellous. The world's heroes of the day. What they have done sounds incredible. I admire almost more its spiritual side more than its material one? They have punctured the Great Russian Boast! and shown its nothingness. How can they have resisted? How can Sweden and Norway not help them now while their help is needed. But alas it does not seem possible that they continue to keep off such hordes as Russia's.

Scandinavia now fears Germany and knows they cannot trust any promise Germans make.

The essence of the matter is that the German rulers are not Gentlemen! and that is a thing appalling! When realized.

Publishers do not refuse my stuff, but they keep too much of the profits! Harcourt Brace and Co. published—their request—two of my books but when a new edition was needed they wanted to reprint without changes that five years had made necessary . . . Most authors are so flattered to get into print that they let publishers take all the proceeds. Some men I know pay a good part of the publication expense. Every few months I get invitations from publishers that I disattend completely.

I write you always badly. I have no time and I condense all the time and do not get anything said. Davis once told me something I condensed for him was not elliptical but triangular.

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, October 7, 1941:

Just back from the annual Kiwanis Convention at Grand Rapids where I went to give two little speeches, cutting out the banquet and general sociabilities. I was touched—how much kindness and friendliness was shown me. Driving there Monday morning and back Tuesday afternoon and cutting out everything of fellowship so much is made of, merely going into a room at 2 Monday and again 9:30 Tuesday to speak as assigned. I have to charge all my expense to the Kiwanis treasury, as I couldn't go otherwise, but kept my expense down, was distinctly mean about spending—yet the great, unexpected cordiality, Hullo Mark from a dozen men I didn't even know by name and of course the tried friends of a number of campaigns.

My position in the club is very exceptional, not a past or present officer, merely given charge of a committee because I demand it. Generally no one else does and always asking to have new committees named, not on the Club list but aimed at accomplishments I personally have at heart.

The point must be that many men are moved by my appeals.
I wrote out last night at Grand Rapids the speech I had to make as I expected to be strictly limited to ten minutes, a difficult little fragment of time in which to get up enthusiasm. However it made a great hit and held them.

The 300 miles drive was beautiful. The roads good, tempting me up to 70 miles when I meant to travel but 50. The country here is just at the end of its best, grass still brilliantly green but color entering all the tree foliage masses, where there is no clear mass of green: only an occasional single tree.

Enormous activities here these two months. First my study came down again from 25 years on the second floor as designed when I built the house in 1905. Such an accumulation of books and papers, and files to clean and rearrange.

Caroline Atherton to Mark Jefferson, December 20, 1941:
What a grand correspondent you are! If you do not give a full consideration to any least question of mine, you send a second letter after the first, and I feel as if I had had a talk with you, I can visualize you...

I am reading Peattie, I like his English, his philosophy, his love of birds and flowers and Nature, "The Road of a Naturalist", it thrills me page after page...

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, March 30, 1945:
... As for the bits of us that fall off in the long life, they don't matter so much.

Take our teeth. I still have them in the plural, but oh so few. Oddly everyone of them is a gold-capped affair, put on so long ago that I do not recall when or where, but apparently much more than decoration.

You may have heard that the husky Ike Eisenhower has all 32 of his. Doesn't he come from the Texas town with the marvellous water? Happy Ike.

I am having a comical time with my eyes. Or rather my nose. I wear spectacles. The temples were thin and cut into me back of the ears. They gave me rubber and then celluloid tubes for the temples and that made the bridge cut into the top of my nose, which interfered with the circulation in small blood vessels in my upper nose that results in a very undesirable "Bloom," Happily this does not descend to the point of my nose but the bloom is there. I have had a new bridge made which seems to lessen the color, possibly it may remove it. You see I have something to wake for tomorrow, though it be nothing more than another glimpse of my own nose! The bridge is so new I cannot yet be sure of the outcome.

Mark Jefferson to Caroline Atherton, December 15, 1946:
I have just countermanded a hotel room Columbus Ohio, for the Christmas meeting of the Association of American Geographers, after sending in an
abstract of Chapter VI How Europe ran the world in 1914. The job is to get at least one hour a day of real work.

Memory fails of course for little things, my friends' names for instance and yet on my feet speaking to people who are an audience I seem to recall all I know. Odd! . . .

Of course we all have our afflictions . . . We have J.L. and the Russians have democracy that kills off objectors by the million and puts other millions in labor camps because they want to own the products of their own labor. Now the Jugoslavs have formally voted the confiscation of everybody's property. The Argentines are admiring Hitler, The Chileans and we are so terribly wrong—toward the negro.

Once in Cuba, running for a train out of Habana I got on the last car—third class—for negroes, sat down beside a young negro who deliberately crowded me against the end of the seat so hard that I had to get up and move forward . . .

It would make an interesting geography that collected Ten GOOD POINTS FOR EVERY COUNTRY. We might advertize for others by local patriots. Mention of faults of course prohibited.
In retirement at the Jefferson home, Ypsilanti.