

Harris Dunscombe Colt died November 8, 1973, in the London Clinic, aged seventy-two. He lies buried in an old country churchyard in Sussex, overlooking the South Downs in England. His wife survives him, as does a son by his first marriage.

John B. Hench

CLIFFORD KENYON SHIPTON

Clifford Kenyon Shipton was one of those rare men who know themselves so well, and who like reasonably well enough what they see, that they can allow themselves to know other men. This was true of Ted whether he was writing of his old friends from eighteenth-century Harvard or opening himself to his twentieth-century friends in that triangle of his affections—Shirley Center, Boston, and Worcester.

It was this strength of character and this knowledge of self from top to bottom that gave him the measure of other men and that make his chief personal monument, the volumes of *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*, forever useful. He measured those men and he left in the volumes a yardstick of himself, so that one can see the measure as well as the measured. Tory and Whig alike will know the *men* because they will know the *man*. One quotation will illustrate: James Warren's 'difference with his colleagues,' Ted wrote, 'arose from his simplicity and lack of perspective, qualities essential in a good revolutionary.'

Ted Shipton was born on August 5, 1902, the son of George and Edith (Kenyon) Shipton of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard College, class of 1926, and proceeded directly to the M.A. in History in 1927. In that same year, on June 11, he and Dorothy Boyd MacKillop were married. They had three children, Ann Boyd, Nathaniel Niles, and George Mackay. Ted taught for a year or so at Brown University, but he did not care much for the classroom, and he returned to it only briefly and extracurricularly but twice again in his career, at Harvard and at Clark.

His dissertation, which earned him the Ph.D. at Harvard in 1933, became Volume IV of *Biographical Sketches of Those Who Attended Harvard College* (Cambridge, 1933), Ted having in 1930 already become John Langdon Sibley Editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was appointed Custodian of the Harvard Archives in 1938, a post he continued to hold (and work at one day each week) after he moved to the American Antiquarian Society. He served the Society as Librarian from 1940, getting under way that enormous contribution to scholarship, the Readex Microprint edition of Evans's *American Imprints Through 1800*, which he finished after he became the Society's Director in 1959.

Ted retired as Director of the American Antiquarian Society in 1967, as Custodian of the Harvard Archives in 1969, and as Sibley Editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society on December 4, 1973, the day he died. He will be remembered and valued as long as men study early American life and letters.

Ted's well-fathomed self gave him a portable identity independent of the chair in which he was sitting. And it took a formidable selfhood to allow him to give himself so unremittingly to three loves that would never bear his name—making the Antiquarian Society's collections not only greater but far more available to others than they had been, producing that magnificent resource that will always be informally known as Evans, and researching and writing fourteen volumes of the now misnamed *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*.

Even Ted's seeming inconsistencies resolve themselves from the right perspective. He could be irritatingly protective of the unique materials and the unique combinations of materials at the American Antiquarian Society. Graduate students, especially those arriving unannounced by the carload, say from Columbia, to 'ransack the library' were not welcomed with open arms, and not merely because Ted resented New England history viewed from New York, although he occasionally did. He was genuinely concerned that the Society's precious ma-

terials not be worn out in 'exercises' for the Ph.D. Even those who felt well accepted could be stopped, as I was from reading Increase Mather's manuscript diary, 'because I've read it and there is nothing in it for you.'

However, this custodial conservatism led Ted to the monumental task of making available to everybody everywhere all the books published in America through 1800, wherever they were extant. Starting with the some 39,000 titles listed in Charles Evans *American Bibliography*, he organized a search through more than 250 libraries to find and microfilm the originals. That effort not only eliminated the errors in Evans but also helped identify another 10,000 titles. They are all included in Shipton and James E. Mooney, *National Index of American Imprints Through 1800: The Short-Title Evans*, ([Worcester], 1969) which serves as the key to the Microprint edition. The protection of the originals by their multiplication and wide dispersal and the resultant 'democratization' of research in early American history and literature were Ted's only, and for him truly sufficient, rewards, which he valued equally as he read the articles and books that poured forth in the sixties, based in part on his great bibliographical and micro-publishing accomplishments.

The various elements of Ted's life, and the way they fitted together—like horseshoes overlapping on the stake—could be sensed best in his and Dorothy's rambling home in Shirley Center. He was rooted in the soil of small-town New England; his woodpile, his gardens, his chickens, and his flowers and trees and shrubs were a part of his independence.

In his study, there was the smell of damp ash in the Franklin fireplace, there was a fine working library in New England history ready to hand, and there was box after box of notes for *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*.

But to lure him forth, there were freshly-gathered fruits and vegetables, cats and dogs to be let in and out, and friends and relatives who came for conversation and Dorothy's special tea

and unmatched molasses slab cookies. There were, also, the claims of the village.

I got to know Ted Shipton because he was New-England Puritan enough to believe that useful work was this world's best healer. In 1949, he had set Catharine Barton Mayo, then recently and tragically widowed by Lawrence Shaw Mayo, to work on *Additions and Corrections* to Mayo's edition of Thomas Hutchinson's *History* and, that finished, to transcribing Hutchinson's correspondence in the old Massachusetts Archives, where Kitty and I met. Learning that I was somewhat at sea on my dissertation, she dragged me reluctantly to Ted at the Harvard Archives early in 1950.

He listened to my problem with patience and kindness and then made a suggestion: Read all eight volumes of the *Records and Files of the Quarterly Courts of Essex County, Massachusetts*. Report back in a *week* with the questions the reading raised.

That was the beginning. Two years later, having in the meanwhile been sent to every county court house in the state, having been forced through every issue of every newspaper and hundreds of sermons, but still baffled by one aspect of my research problem, I turned to him for additional sources. 'You have reached the place in your work where you have got to stop research,' Ted wrote on November 19, 1952. 'The problem now is to make it available. The secret of accomplishing anything in the historical field is *controlled superficiality and sloppiness*.' (Italics mine.)

He shared this secret with a larger audience in the introduction to his *New England Life in the Eighteenth Century: Representative Biographies from Sibley's Harvard Graduates* (Cambridge, Mass., 1963). It bears repeating:

'At the outset, I calculated that I might live to get from the Class of 1690 to that of 1800. . . . The research material I divided tentatively into three classes. The first, consisting of such general sources as newspapers and diaries, is of such bulk and low specific yield that it could be used only if searched for

all hundred and ten classes at one time. I now have something like *a quarter of a million eight by five slips* of such material in my study.' (Italics mine)

More intensive work was reserved for the particular classes in a particular volume—Class Two, Ted called it; and the most intensive work was for a single biography, Class Three. 'If progress is to be made on a biographical project of this magnitude,' he continued, 'it is essential that work be kept going constantly at all three levels and a definite schedule of producing printer's copy maintained, even if it means abandoning the search of some low yield sources.' That is what he meant by 'controlled superficiality and sloppiness.'

And he meant what he said. In the introduction to the *National Index of American Imprints*, one can sense the hard-driving Ted, determined to get the big job done, letting the chips of small errors and omissions fall where they may. 'Consequently,' he wrote, 'these volumes are not a canon of American printing, but a tool which other generations can use to make definitive bibliographies.'

And again, in the brief, almost off-hand introduction to *Sibley XVI*, the last volume published before his death, he wrote: 'After forty years and thirteen volumes there is nothing new for the editor of this series to say by way of introduction. The only systematic change in this volume has been the extension of the practice of not delaying the work to wait for the recovery of mislaid portraits and manuscripts. There is now a crew of eager, and very able, young historians working in this field who will be glad to take care of any omissions of significance.'

Well, he is gone now, and there are going to be great omissions of great significance needful to be taken care of, not so much in the work he did, but in the work he left undone.

When one reaches his fifties, the members of the generation that nurtured him begin to be gathered one by one to their fathers, and it is a sad thing to lose them. Clifford Kenyon

Shipton was one of those who nurtured me, along with many other younger scholars, and there is little consolation for letting him go.

But ten years ago, sorry to learn of a mutual friend's death, Ted wrote that he was 'pleased that it came to him when he was in full possession of his faculties and in full flight of his activities. That is the way he would have wanted it.' Ted spent the day before he died finishing the work on *Sibley* XVII: so let his words be his proper epitaph and our grief's end.

Lawrence W. Towner

THEODORE BOLTON

Theodore Bolton, librarian, art historian, and artist, was born in Columbia, South Carolina, January 12, 1889. His parents were Benjamin Meade and Henrietta Louise (Liebau) Bolton.

In 1908 Bolton went to Washington, D.C., to study art at the Corcoran School of Art, where he remained until 1912. He received a diploma from the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, in 1915. He studied library science at the same institution, receiving a diploma in that subject in 1924. He pursued formal academic work later in his life as well, receiving in 1937 a B.S. in education and in 1940 an M.A., both from New York University, and an M.F.A. from Columbia in 1955. In addition, he studied at Harvard during the summers from 1937 to 1939.

Although he illustrated editions of Adelbert von Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl* (1923) and Prosper Mérimée's *Diane de Turgis* (1925), which he also translated, and had his works shown in a number of exhibitions, mostly about the time of the First World War, his hoped-for career as an artist was cut short when his elbow was shattered in a gymnasium accident. Thereafter, he spent his time writing about art more than creating it.

Bolton's first major published work in the field was *Early American Portrait Painters in Miniature*, which was a volume

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