June 14th - 1862 - My father was born at Herisau, Canton Appenzell, Switzerland. The eldest son of John Ulric Nef and Anna Katherine (Mock) Nef. Other Child; - John Jacob (born 1864)

1862-1868 - Family moved to a sawmill owned by my grandfather, situated between Urnach and Herisau. (took place soon after my father's birth).

- When 4 years old my father saved his brother from drowning in the little lake near the mill.

- 1864 My grandfather became interested in the possibilities for textile industry in America. He left for the United States on a sailing vessel leaving family behind at their Swiss home.

- Grandfather had little money and could speak no English. New York crooks (who made ensnaring immigrants their business) tried to ensnare him into joining the northern army (Civil War).

- Grandfather managed to escape them, however. He became established as head of the working end of a textile factory at Housatonic, Massachusetts. Wrote to Switzerland, telling his wife to bring the children and join him.

1868 - Family left Herisau for New York via Hamburg (steamboat). Part of the middle finger of father's left hand was partially cut off in a door while on the train. Family went immediately to Housatonic where my grandfather had bought...
Die Philanthropie in Griechenland

1911-1916

Mittlerweile sind wichtige Entwicklungen geschehen.

Die Wiederherstellung der griechischen Unabhängigkeit hat die Situation im südöstlichen Europa gewaltig verändert. Die griechische Regierung hat den Bedarf an modernen Städten und Industriegebieten erkannt, um das Land aus der Armut zu lösen. Dazu wurde die Philanthropie eingeführt, um die Bildung und die Gesundheit der Bevölkerung zu fördern.

In diesen Jahren wurde die Griechische Akademie der Wissenschaften gegründet, die sich mit der Erforschung der griechischen Sprache und Kultur beschäftigt. Die Akademie hat die griechische Sprache und die griechische Kultur allgemein bekannt gemacht und auf diese Weise die Philanthropie in Griechenland gefördert.


1868-1880

Father began going to school at Housatonic but found it very poor. After a year he changed and went to school in Great Barrington, 4 miles away. Everyday, rain or shine, for 8 years he used to walk along the railroad tracks to Great Barrington, carrying his books and lunch. In the afternoons he would return (an 8 mile walk each). This necessitated early rising for Father had to leave home before seven.

The life at Housatonic was very wholesome. The family had no splendid food for Mrs. Nef was a remarkably good cook. Father often used to speak of their Sunday chicken dinners as the best he had ever had in his life.

My father was baptized and confirmed in the German Lutheran Church to which his parents belonged. Every Sunday at Housatonic the family went to church, a practice which Father kept up for years until after he had graduated from college. The family at Housatonic kept the Sabbath pretty rigorously. I believe. On Sunday Father was often asked out to the homes of the best families of Great Barrington and Housatonic, all of whom took a great liking to him. He used to enjoy this but, never in his whole life, was he able to go into much social activity without becoming tired and worn out. These difficulties were increased in my father's later life because of his poor hearing.

My father used to work on the farm at home a great deal each week. He got the ground ready for vegetables, and took care of the garden, the chickens and all the animals which his father kept from time to time. My grandfather believed that the boys should have plenty of wholesome play and athletics, but that they should also have regular chores to do outside of their regular school work. And so each day my father had his regular duties about the house and farm, which he performed with the zeal and thoroughness which were so characteristic of him.

My father has always gotten a tremendous enjoyment out of music, but he never cared especially about play.
The University of Chicago

Grandfather, an instrument himself, still my father took great
delight in having his boys learn some instrument, which
he believed to be very important part of their education. To please his father, my father worked very hard
for several years to learn to play the organ. He did
very well and was the source of great enjoyment to
my grandfather. Father, however, never took sufficient
interest in it to keep up his playing after he had left
college, gone to college.

My father from his very earliest years was almost entirely
self-sufficient. He was never at a loss to know what to
do with his time, as he was always craving to learn and
spent all the available time in search of knowledge. He
scoured all the libraries he could get at, for books which
would be worth his reading, and read to from over the
dictionary for hours at a time, to learn the fine shades
of meaning and the derivation of words, so that his
understanding of the language soon became profound.

But the life was not all work for my grandfather. He was
a great believer in physical development through
play and athletic games for his son. He used to go
out with them when he had time and teach them.
In the summer and spring the boys used to play
baseball, run, hit the shot, swim, and climb. In
the winter there was skating and lots of snowball-
ing. My father often used to tell me of the tre-
mendous snow fights which the boys would have.
One side would build a fort and the other would
attack. The battle sometimes lasted three or four
hours. Father used to play a great deal of baseball
and he became an expert shortstop. He was never
able to bat well on account of bad eyes. He was also
a runner of some ability, and in his freshman year
at Harvard he ran the mile with some success. He
felt the strain of running that year and gave up all
idea of trying to run races. The sport which my
father enjoyed the most, was swimming, at which he became a great adept before he was fifteen. He used to swim under water a great deal; the fascination of exploring the depths of the river appealing to him. It was while swimming under water that he broke his ear drum and ear. There were no good doctors available so he suffered greatly and has never been able to hear much in his right ear. In all his plays he had to be associated with rough, ill-mannered and ill-fed boys (no others were available at that time) with none of whom he had anything in common. He always appreciated this and never made anything more out of them than the acquaintance necessary for games.

Father had many bad accidents, all country-boyish and barely escaped with his life on two or three occasions. He fell out of a hay loft, landing on a pitchfork and giving his back and neck muscles such a frightful wrench that he had to stay in bed for more than a month.

Father's school record had always been of the highest standing, but he had never considered the possibility of going to college (the great expense seemed to forbid it). When he was well-nigh through his high school course he got hold of all the high school catalogues and went over them with the greatest thoroughness. He studied the possibility of putting himself through by securing scholarships. The possibilities for what he wanted in education (at that time he longed to go into medicine) seemed best at Harvard University, and after much consideration he determined to try. He was in no way prepared to meet the Harvard requirements, not ready to take the examinations. He went to New York, to the principal of one of the best preparatory schools there, and put the case in his hand, telling him that though he had at least a year's work to do he intended to enter Harvard the following fall (in two years). The principal became much interested in
father, and a year of very hard work in the New York school put him ready for the examinations. The result of these has always been a source of the keenest disappointment, for he was admitted with 2 conditions. Neither he nor the teachers at the school where he had prepared (and had made a remarkable record) could understand this.

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Before the end of 2 months of college father's conditions were off. In his freshman year he won a large scholarship, failing to get the highest on account of his work in German (he had to learn German in college, having forgotten what he knew when he came to America), where he only received a mark of C. His college work was much better the next year and he won the highest available scholarship in his last 2 years. In his 3rd year he made Phi Beta Kappa and in his senior year he led the class in scholarship by a wide margin. He ranked fourth or fifth in a class of about 400 for his entire course. He also was able to go through college without costing his father any money, his scholarships paying all expenses. He could have made money by tutoring, but he was against this method, feeling that he could not have done himself full justice in his work. Father spent his summer's at Honeoyne, earning money in my grandfather's mill.

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Father's attitude in regard to religion underwent a gradual change while in college. He attended church pretty regularly, I think, but his attitude grew less and less orthodox and the views which he held later in life gradually formed. Whenever possible he went to hear Phillips Brooks, whose sermons and personality were very impressive to father.

When he entered Harvard he hoped to go into medicine — the opportunity for relieving suffering through work as a physician had seemed to him the highest ideal a man could have. From the time he took his very first course in chemistry, he was fascinated
by the tremendous opportunities for research work and
discovery, but it was not until his last year at
college that he saw his way clear to making it his
life-work. His work in chemistry was from the very
first of a most remarkable type. His record at Har-
vard was one which his teachers termed “unbelievable.”
I think it has never been equaled. When, in his last
year he was offered the Tinkham fellowship enabling
him to study three years in Europe, he did not hesi-
tate to accept.

— My father’s work in college was of too serious a nature
to permit his spending much time in making friends.
He recognized the need of exercise and needed to get
plenty of rowing and baseball etc. He made a few
very good friends whose companionship he cherished.
There was a brilliant violinist whose name was
Frederick, whose playing father enjoyed very greatly and
whose room he used to frequent. Father never let an
opportunity to hear good music at Boston go by, and
before the end of his college career he had learned to
know all the greatest composers. Beethoven was the
one whom he enjoyed and admired above all others
throughout his life (because the life of the great com-
poser, in some ways like his own, had a great appeal
for him). During the whole of his college career, father
never kept late hours. He found that he could not do
himself justice if he studied later than nine o’clock
and was careful to get plenty of sleep. For an anxious
temperament such as his this was absolutely essen-
tial. He kept early hours throughout his life.

— My grandfather had become dissatisfied with con-
ditions at Houseatonic. He had always been too
sympathetic with the working classes under him
to satisfy his employers. Their treatment of him was
miserable, he was largely responsible for what suc-
cess the business had and yet he was paid a very
unjustly low salary. This caused him to sell the house
The University of Chicago

in Housatonic and during my father's senior year at Harvard and on south in the hope of being able to go into business for himself. It was while examining the property at the north end of the Blue Ridge Mountains in northeastern Georgia, that he exposed himself to the frightful rainy season and caught a frightful cold, which developed into consumption almost immediately. He eventually bought the property and returned to Housatonic, intending to bring my grandmother with him to Georgia. When he came to Cambridge to see his son graduate, my father received a terrible shock for he realized that his father could not live for more than a few years. Father convinced my grandfather to give up his trip south, and the two left for Europe immediately after Harvard graduation. Everything was done for my grandfather's recovery, but it was too late. After a beautiful two months together on the Viennese staterie, two months which my father considered a great deal to his mother, my grandfather wished to return to America and it was time for my father to begin his studies. The painting must have been very sad for each felt that he would never see the other again. A few months later my grandfather died in Housatonic, at the age of 50.

1884-1898 — It was not in a very healthy state of mind that my father began to study for his MS. His work was at Munich under Professor Adolf von Breyer. His three years there were years of the most serious kind of work with little time for pleasure. Nevertheless, father got a great deal out of Munich, learned to love the city very, very much. He had opportunity to satisfy his desires for Munich, and came to know and understand the Wagner operas very thoroughly. He was able to find time for examining the art treasures which Munich was able to offer. He met many of the greatest chemists and grew more and more enthusiastic over his work. Professor Breyer became greatly interested in and admired father very much. Their warm friendship continued throughout my father's life.
The University of Chicago

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My father spent his summers on the lake of Starnberg, 30 miles from Munich, where he was able to get much relaxation and exercise in climbing, swimming, and especially rowing. It was here that he wrote his thesis.

It was the ordinary thing in a German town like Munich to drink beer and smoke in the evening, and my father tried to learn to do this but never enjoyed it. He found that smoking was not good for him and gave it up during the last fifteen years of his life. His attitude toward alcohol was the same and he expected to see the drinking of it completely done away with by the middle of the twentieth century.

Father used to eat his dinners in the company of his teachers and other noted chemists so that he had a great opportunity to discuss important questions. One of his favorite friends was a young English student, a very witty fellow brilliant fellow, who philosophied about life and religious appealed to father very much.

In 1886 my father received his Ph.D. from Munich, and left for the United States, where he accepted a position at Purdue University as Professor of Chemistry and director of the chemical laboratory. He was at Purdue from 1887-1889.

In 1889, father spent his summers in Switzerland where he became very much interested in mountain climbing.

From 1889-1892 father lived with his mother in Worcester, Massachusetts where he was acting head of the Chemical Laboratory at Clark University.

Conditions were not very favorable. Father was hampered in carrying on his research work by a lack of funds. Furthermore, my grandmother's mind had begun to fail badly, making it practically impossible to keep house with her. In the summer of 1891, father took her to Switzerland. The trip was very wearing and exciting for her which made it so for father. The second night in Switzerland was spent at a hotel in St. Gallen, where my grandmother was much overcome and either in a state of semi-consciousness she threw herself out of the hotel window, nearly

Perkin(?)

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The University of Chicago

Her recovery was not assured until the end of the summer, which was desperately on my father's nervous system, never very strong.

My father, together with several other men at Clark, received an offer to go to the University of Chicago, which was to open the following year. All the men were discontented of the desirability of going, but conditions at Clark were such that most of them accepted.

The conditions for Chemistry at Chicago were very unsatisfactory at first. The lecture and research work was carried on in an old flat building near 55th and Larrabee, which was fitted up as a laboratory. In two or three years, however, the Chemistry building was ready for occupancy, and the department moved into it. In 1896 my father was made head of the Department of Chemistry.

When father first came to Chicago he lived at the Hyde Park hotel. This was not very satisfactory, and for a year he tried the experiment of keeping bachelor quarters with two other University men. He found that this arrangement was not very well suited to him, and for the years from 1894-1895 he had a small suite of rooms at the Windermere Hotel.

Father spent all his summers from 1891-1897 in Europe. At that time my grandmother was living with her relatives. It took him four years to solve the problem of how to make his mother comfortable in Switzerland. This was a great nervous strain on him—she was always wanting to return to America, which of course was quite impossible. Finally a place was found in a Lutheran sanatorium near Bischofswil where my grandmother could receive the care and attention she needed, and this was her home until her death in 1911.

Father's summers were spent largely in Switzerland, because of his mother, and because of the mountains which he loved more than anything. Besides his chemistry, his interest in climbing grew, and during these six years he made many difficult ascents throughout the Alps. While the sheepherding pleasure of exploring new fields naturally appealed...
The University of Chicago

1898-1909

On May 17th, 1898 my father was married to my mother, Louise Bates (Comstock) Neu of Rochester, New York, the daughter of Omer Comstock and Mary (Schoffinghouse) Comstock. Her father's ancestors were American. Her mother's father was of Dutch descent, while her mother's mother (Sheldon) was descended from the English, Archbishop of Canterbury. My mother's father died when she was only 11 and her life from that time on had been spent almost entirely with her mother. Her education had been of the most finished type, and she had spent 5 or 6 years in Europe, traveling and studying (especially music). She was a very beautiful pianist player. She understood French and the European ways and she had a few foreigner's events. She met my father at Chicago where she had come to do post-graduate work in Chemistry, especially in Chemistry, with the intention of returning to Rochester to teach.

My father and mother seem to have been remarkably suited to each other. My mother was a very remarkable woman; she was the only one who had a real sympathy and understanding for my father's work. She had a beautifully sweet nature, coupled with an unusually keen and alert sense of humor. Both she and father had a devoted love for music and all artistic things.

Directly after their marriage, father and mother sailed for Europe, where they spent five wonderful months. They both knew and understood Europe, and knew and understood each other and each knew exactly what they wanted.

My father and mother returned for the opening of the fall term at the University of Chicago, taking a small apartment at 6018 Stony Island Avenue, overlooking Jackson Park. My mother lived with them there.

My father was a Benedictine for he had never considered it possible for him to marry, feeling that it...
was not fair to ask any woman to live on the small salary of a professor.

While experimenting in the laboratory, shortly after his marriage, father had a bad explosion which very nearly cost him the sight of one eye.

In 1903 he had a very severe nervous breakdown from the strain of overwork in the laboratory, which was the source of great alarm to my mother. He was obliged to go to a sanatorium in Wisconsin for 2 months. The summer vacation helped him to get back to normal health.

Between the years 1899-1906 my father, mother, grandmother, and I went regularly to our summer home in Grand Haven, Michigan, where father rented a furnished cottage. The life there was pleasant and restful, but father and mother longed to get away to other localities and so in 1907 we went to Fish Creek (Green Bay) Wisconsin, where father had plenty of rowing, tennis and walking.

In the summer of 1905 my grandmother went to visit her adopted daughter, Mrs. Alice Smith in Minneapolis. Mother and father took me to Colorado. After much difficulty in finding tolerable food, we settled down in comparatively comfortable house at Boulder. After two weeks there we went on to Elkhorn Lodge, Estes Park. Here father went on long walking expeditions (by himself) astonishing all the natives by his feats. He went in many unexplored places to have gone up Long's Peak and back from Elkhorn Lodge entirely on foot and in a single day.

It was during the following year that my mother, worn out by a bad winter, caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. On March 20, 1909, after a brave fight of ten days, she died. I was too young to understand it all, but I can look back and realize what a fight my father had to exist after she was gone. It was months before he could sleep at night and began to remember his being so overcome with...
emotion, that at dinner, long after he would be unable to keep the tears from streaming down his face. A short time ago I found a card announcing her funeral, on which my father had written, "Another case where science was absolutely without power to help; let us hope that for the sake of poor suffering humanity it will not always be so." Father and mother had loved each other as few people ever do. They were ideally matched, and their married life had been without the slightest shadow. Father said shortly after her death, "I have had ten years of Paradise, and there are no words one can say that make me more happy." The wonderful bravery which my father showed during those sad months is something which I am just beginning to understand a little.
# Auszug aus dem Familienbuch der Ahnenverzeichnis in Waldstatt

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**Söhne:**

1. Anna Maria | 1835 Dez. 23. | 1852 November 1. mit J. J. Fämmel von Waldstatt.
2. Anna      | 1837 Juni 12. | 1838 Dezember 31 |
3. Anna      | 1839 März 16. | 1840 Dezember 21 |
4. Anna      | 1840 Dezember 21 |          | 1840 |

Waldstatt den 6. Februar 1902.

Die Nichtigkeit obigen Familien-Echines bezeugt
Der Zivilstandsbeamte:

[Signature]

31 VII 1902
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<td>Herr Dr. Müller</td>
<td>123 Hauptstrasse, Berlin</td>
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Geburtsort: Berlin

Staat: Deutschland

Signatur: [Signatur]

[Seal]
Mrs. Orville Comstock
announces the marriage of her daughter
Louise Bates
to
Mr. John Ulric Nef,
on Tuesday, May the seventeenth,
eighteen hundred and ninety eight.
Rochester, New York.
No. 1500
Columbia Ave.
S. W. Cor. 15th St
Philadelphia.

NEGATIVES NEVER DESTROYED
DUPLICATES CAN BE HAD AT ANY TIME.
May 29, 1930

Dr. H. A. Spoehr
Leland Stanford University
Palo Alto, California

Dear Dr. Spoehr:

The project for publishing a memorial volume of my father's collective papers has taken rather better shape in my mind since I saw you last December. I find that the University of Chicago Press would undertake to print such a work at a price which, while high, is probably as reasonable as I can hope to get; and Dr. Glattfeld has kindly consented to undertake a portion of the necessary proof-reading.

There are, however, a certain number of points on which I should much appreciate your opinion and advice. First of all there is the question of making a selection of the papers which are most important; secondly, that collating the copies of these papers which you have with those which my father left behind among his belongings and lastely; there is the question of what would be the most appropriate form of introduction to such a volume.

I know that you must be exceedingly busy these days but Dr. Glattfeld said that you often pass through Chicago and I am wondering whether on one of these occasions in the near future you could take lunch with me and perhaps Dr. Glattfeld at the Quadrangle Club so that we could discuss the project at some detail. It goes without saying that I would be overjoyed if you could find it possible to give a little time to the actual editing
Dear Mr. Escott,

I am an assistant professor at the University of California, Berkeley. I recently learned about the unique opportunity of an exchange program offered by the University of Tokyo. I am writing to express my interest in participating in this program. I believe that the exchange would provide me with a valuable opportunity to share knowledge and experience with my colleagues and students.

I am particularly interested in the possibility of conducting research in the field of artificial intelligence. I have been working on a project that involves the development of algorithms for natural language processing. I am confident that this project would benefit from the expertise and resources available at the University of Tokyo.

I am currently preparing a proposal for the exchange program and would be grateful for any advice or guidance you might be able to provide. Please let me know if there is any additional information you require from me.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
May 29, 1930

Page #2

of the work, for I know that your sympathetic understanding of my father and his problem did much to lighten his later years and I know also that you at one time contemplated editing such a volume as I have reference to.

May I venture to congratulate you on your new position and to send my kind regards to Mrs. Spoehr whom I remember meeting with much pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

N:H
May 30, 1930

Dear Mr:

I know that your work for the map of our area and the plans for the new map for the university is proceeding well. I hope that you will have some time to accommodate the new maps that have been prepared. I am pleased to hear that you have started on the new maps and I look forward to seeing them.

May I avail myself of your kindness to send my regards to Mr. Espen.

Yours sincerely,

Mr.
Dear John:

I hope you will not feel that my delay in answering your letter of May 29 indicates any lack of interest on my part in the matter of publishing a memorial volume of your father's works. I wanted to think the matter over a little more carefully and also to consult with a number of men who knew and admired your father. Among these are Prof. E. C. Franklin, here at Stanford, and Dr. Lengfeld, in San Francisco. Unfortunately, both of them have been ill and I have not had an opportunity to talk the matter over with them at any length.

In all probability I shall be in Chicago some time in October and would be very glad to discuss the matter with you and Dr. Glattfeld.

With all good wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Dr. John U. Nef,
Department of Economics,
University of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear John:

I hope you will not feel that my delay in answering your letter of May 20 is indicative of lack of interest on my part in the matter of populating a memorial volume of your late father's works. I wanted to think the matter over a little more carefully and also to consult with a number of men who knew any smattering of your father. Among these the poet E. C. Bingham, here at Stanford, and Dr. Lockett, in San Francisco. Unfortunately, both of them have been ill and I have not had an opportunity to talk the matter over with them.

In all probability I shall be in Chicago some time in October and would be very glad to discuss the matter with you and Dr. Lockett.

With all good wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Dr. John U. Nef
Department of Economics
Faculty Exchange

Dear Dr. Nef:

This is just a line to inform you that the Board at its recent meeting approved the publication of a volume of collected papers by your father. The understanding is that you will edit the volume with the technical collaboration of Dr. Spoehr and Dr. Glattfeld and that you will take care of the financing of the project. Mr. Donald P. Bean who is the director of our Publication Department will take up the question of a contract with you later on.

I am very glad that we are to have this volume. Your father's contribution to the work of the University is one of the outstanding factors in its history. In the minds of all of us he was one of the great group that included Chamberlin, Whitman, and Michelson.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

G. J. Laing
Editor
Dear Dr. [Name],

This is to inform you of our decision to adopt

Dr. [Name] has approached the department with a proposal

If you have any concerns, please let me know.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

[Date]
July 6, 1930.

Dear Dean Hoing,

Thank you very much for your letter of July first. Your kind words about my father’s place in the University were a pleasure to read.

As I think I mentioned when last I saw you, it will probably be some months before I shall have the volume ready for the press. Dr. Spehr is unable to confer with me before October, and I must wait until the proofs of my own book are off the press, before undertaking to write a brief introduction, which should I think accompany my father’s collected papers, the volume.

When the time comes, I will take up the question of a contract with Mr. Beaw, as you suggest.

With best regards,

Yours sincerely,

John W. Møf
December 4, 1930

Dear John:

I am sorry that there has been some delay in my sending the copies of your father's papers. However these are going forward to you by prepaid express today. I am very glad to learn that you can make arrangements to have this material brought together. This rather definitely takes care of the first step of the program, and I feel that it is a thoroughly worth while undertaking.

I have been turning over in my mind your suggestion that I do the biographical sketch. As yet I have not been able to arrive at a conclusion which is entirely satisfactory. This is not because I would not like to do it, but I am not entirely satisfied that I am the one that can do it best or that it might not be more fitting for some one else to do it. If you have no objection I shall take a little more time to think the matter over, and perhaps also correspond with Upson, Evans and some of the older men in regard to it. At least I think we are on the way to a program, and I am immensely happy that this first step has been taken.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Doctor John U. Nef
Department of Economics
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

HAS:GER
Dear John,

I am sorry that things have been so hectic in your

life. However, I appreciate your offer to help. I

wonder if you could provide some assistance to

me in regard to your laboratory's project. It

involves the development of a new sensor for

the detection of a particular substance.

I have been working on this for a while,

but I have not made much progress. I feel

that I am close to finding a solution, but I

need some guidance on the next steps to take.

Please let me know if you can provide any

advice or support. I am confident that with

your expertise, we can find a solution.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

With all good wishes,

[Full Name]
My father was born in Herisau, near St. Gall, Switzerland, on June 14, 1862. His father was then employed as a foreman in one of the textile manufactories for which the town and the canton were already becoming famous. Soon after my father's birth, my grandfather, who appears to have been of an adventurous turn of mind, decided to make use of his small savings to bring himself and his family to America. Leaving his wife and children behind, until he should have found himself a position, he set out in the year 1864, while still in his twenties, and, soon after reaching the United States, entered the employ of a textile factory, again in the capacity of foreman, with its plant on the Housatonic river. He was able to bring his family to America in 1866, when my father was four, and to settle them in a small farmhouse, about four miles from the town of Housatonic. Here my father spent his boyhood, until the age he was sixteen.

My grandfather planned had ambitious plans for his son, and was anxious that he should obtain the best possible education. The local school, four miles away, could provide the rudiments, but, in addition, my grandfather, who appears to have had an appreciation of music, taught him to play the organ, and encouraged him to read good books. My father seems to have fitted admirably into the scheme of training which had been conceived for him. He learned to apply himself methodically to mental tasks, which in many instances became pleasures, and interspersed with outdoor work on the small farm, where he became familiar with the elements of agriculture. But this early life was not all work. My grandfather was a believer in the importance of sport, and encouraged his son to take part in games with the neighbors' children. It was to this early training that my father attributed his persistent belief in the balance between strenuous intellectual work, and almost equally strenuous physical exercise, as the foundation of a well-rounded life.

[Signature]