



The UCLA  
Graduate School  
of Library and  
Information Science

*Its Origins and Founding*

In Memory of  
ANDREW H. HORN  
(1914–1983)  
Dean of the School  
1966–1974

## *Foreword*

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY, whether for a person or an institution, is probably the most important. One is still young enough to remember the start and to have the vigor of youth, but one is also a quarter of a century old. When we recognize that the silver anniversary of the Graduate School of Library and Information Science (originally called the School of Library Service) was approaching, we wanted that milestone to be graced with the best possible celebration.

And that is what took place. We were fortunate in attracting three distinguished librarians to speak during the week of the celebration: Daniel J. Boorstin, Librarian of Congress, Warren J. Haas, former Librarian of Columbia University and now President of the Council on Library Resources, and Lawrence Clark Powell, emeritus Librarian of UCLA and founding Dean of this school.

Their speeches were all superb, but the emotional centerpiece was certainly the one printed here. It was the time when we celebrated not institutions but people, and especially the person who served as the mind and heart of the School from its beginning—Andrew H. Horn. He created the School's curriculum, faculty and ambience. For me Larry Powell's talk, with its moving tribute to Andy, held special significance, for Andy was my mentor, my model

and my conscience. I am sure that all who have been involved with the School were touched in their minds and hearts by that man, by who and what he was.

That celebratory week was indeed a magnificent experience for all of us at the GSLIS, and this publication is an especially appropriate way of commemorating it.

ROBERT M. HAYES  
Dean

ANDREW H. HORN  
1914-1983

*The foundations of this school were laid  
under his skilful administration.  
During his deanship, 1966-1978, he  
guided the school to national stature.  
His strong & gentle nature made him  
beloved as teacher & printing craftsman.  
His devotion to UCLA, his alma mater,  
is an example to those who follow.*

FOR THESE THINGS HE IS REMEMBERED

*Slate cut by David Kindersley*

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A 25th Anniversary Address on May 2, 1984

by LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

with a Foreword by ROBERT M. HAYES

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Los Angeles, 1985

THE UCLA GRADUATE SCHOOL OF  
LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SCIENCE

*Its Origins and Founding*

by LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL



ANDREW H. HORN

*A*LTHOUGH I have been associated with the school from the beginning, much of what I know about its origins cannot be documented in the way a historian would prefer that it be. So much came by word of mouth that my version would be disallowed in court as hearsay. Yet what is Oral History if not hearsay? Reference is to one made in 1963 by Andrew Horn and me, in which we spoke our recollections of the School's origins.<sup>1</sup>

Although I have long kept a journal, I am no Samuel Pepys. Would that I had had the inclination and time to document those fourteen years, from when I was first unofficially charged with starting a school to the first authorizing action of the Board of Regents on August 14, 1958.

That charge came a few days after July 1, 1944, when I succeeded John E. Goodwin as university librarian. The charger was the senior member of the Regents and the prime mover in the creation of the UCLA campus. He was Edward Augustus Dickson, former Los Angeles newspaper publisher, who was appointed in 1913 as the first regent from Southern California and who served continuously until his death forty-four years later.

Regent Dickson was an old family friend. He and my father had been associated in various public activities in-

cluding Republican politics. One summer in Washington during World War I, when my father was serving in the U.S. Food Administration as Herbert Hoover's Number Two man, he provided Mr. and Mrs. Dickson every morning on their visit to the sweltering capital with chilled California orange juice. To the end of Dickson's life and long after my father's untimely death in 1922, I benefited from his remembrance of my father's kindness.

So there he was in my office that summer morning forty years ago, demanding to know when I intended to open that School of the Library, as he called it. What did such a minor facility mean to a regent when UCLA was in need of nearly everything to make it a major campus? In 1944 UCLA's only professional school was that of Education. The university library numbered barely over 400,000 volumes. The campus was still known as the Southern Branch if no longer The Twig.

Not to Edward Dickson. He intended for UCLA to become a major institution, and he lived to see it happen.<sup>2</sup> Why did he include a library school? The reason was that he was on the Board of Commissioners of the Los Angeles Public Library. A fellow member was President Rufus Bernhard VonKleinsmid of the University of Southern California. When the Depression had forced closure of the public library's training school and Berkeley opposed its transfer to UCLA, USC promptly accepted it.

The truth is, Berkeley and also my predecessor as university librarian were right: UCLA was not prepared to support an accreditable library school. Not too much earlier, Berkeley had recommended that UCLA's library should not exceed 200,000 volumes. By 1938 when I came to work here, John Goodwin had nevertheless enlarged the

collection to a quarter million volumes and growing fast.<sup>3</sup> These impediments galled Edward Dickson. As a member of the public library board, he had no joy in seeing USC library school graduates fill most of the public library vacancies throughout the Southland. Thus he lost no time in confronting me, confident that the son of his old friend, G. Harold Powell, would be a ready ally.

I soon learned that one did not meet Regent Dickson with reasonable arguments nor meet him head on. Although I disagreed with him later on politics, modern art, and the need for a special loyalty oath for university employees, he never penalized me nor the library because of our differences. Although tough, he was never mean. He pursued a noble vision, and the realization of it is evident in all that UCLA has become.

I succeeded in diverting him by agreeing that we were indeed destined to have all the professional schools, including the one dearest to his heart. Give me time, I promised, and I will do what you believe needs to be done. Neither knew that it would take fourteen years, nor that he would not live to see it done. In the meantime I enlisted his support in first developing the library itself. As a collector of books and manuscripts, he did not need educating in their importance.

By 1951 I had become convinced that neither USC nor Berkeley could or would meet the increasing needs of Southern California's libraries for trained personnel. In the late 1930s Berkeley had been moving toward a statewide school by giving the first semester in two successive summers at UCLA. The war curtailed this, and afterward the new dean did not embrace his predecessor's intention to serve Southern California.

Once that I recognized the need for a school at UCLA, I sought to gain support from regional employers and professional associations, as well as from my colleagues on the other southern campuses. As president of the California Library Association in 1950, I worked the grass roots throughout the state's fifty-eight counties. One unforeseen result was that I nearly found myself named by the governor as the next State Librarian. At the last minute I withdrew, realizing (with the counsel of Dean Emeritus Sydney Mitchell of the Berkeley library school) that if I left UCLA for Sacramento, there would be no one to fulfill my promise to Regent Dickson. I had finally come to his perception of the shift of power to the south.

Throughout these efforts, opposition was never the problem. What we were up against was something worse: inertia.

As the momentum increased, I saw my budget proposal for a new school work its way up state to the president's office and repeatedly die there. In order to keep the matter alive, in 1951 the university library council persuaded President Robert Gordon Sproul to authorize a survey by Robert D. Leigh, a sociologist from Columbia University.

The 110-page survey was issued by the president in August 1952. Two of its recommendations were of particular interest to UCLA. The first was that a third graduate library school in the state would be financially imprudent and educationally unsound. The second was, "That if the University of Southern California does not feel that it can afford to expand and develop the library school now under its auspices to make it more equal to the task of fully serving the libraries of the Southern region and the State, it consider the transfer of the School back to the auspices of

a tax supported institution. The School was formerly supported by the Los Angeles Public Library. When it became too heavy a burden on the municipal budget it was transferred to USC. It would seem most appropriate to move it a second time if private endowments, gifts, and tuitions are becoming inadequate to maintain it as a major library school in the modern meaning of the term. There is little doubt that if the University of California should undertake the further development of the School, in its Los Angeles Center, there would be opportunities for broader services to the library profession of the state, with the greater financial resources available in the state university than are possible in an institution depending as USC does on tuitions, gifts, and endowment income."<sup>4</sup>

As could have been expected, USC had no such feeling, and nothing happened. It was reported to me that the surveyor left the state saying that it really all boiled down to the personal ambition of L.C.P. He failed to distinguish between "personal" and "professional."<sup>5</sup>

I experienced temporary discouragement when this survey led the Regents in 1955, over Edward Dickson's objections, to freeze any more UCLA planning for the next five years. I called my staff together late one afternoon and broke the bleak news, then retired to my office to wonder what to do next. I soon learned when in came Everett T. Moore, our head reference librarian, saying that the staff wanted to do whatever was necessary to keep the hope alive. We thereupon decided to hold a volunteer staff seminar to plan a new library school down to the last detail.

Thus for a year about twenty of us "went underground" on our own time every Monday night for three hours and did the job. We called ourselves the Library Education

Seminar and we had visits and advice from regional employers as well as from the directors of the Danish State Library School, Preben Kierkegaard, and the University of Michigan's Library school, Rudolph Gjelsness, and from the dean of the Berkeley school, J. Periam Danton, who generously came down for a "brown bag" session. We formed committees, issued position papers, and grew ever more optimistic. When I think back on the high points of the nearly half century of my life as librarian and educator, that demonstration of belief and support is the most heart-warming of all.

The late Thomas S. Dabagh, former Los Angeles County and UCLA law librarian, then a special assistant to President Sproul, was subsequently the key person in interpreting demographic data provided by seminarians Page Ackerman and James Cox to persuade the Regents and the State Board of Education to lift the freeze, and in the last week of December 1958 to give final budget authorization to the school which we had already planned.

That data supported our contention that the presence of a library school in a metropolitan area drew students who would not have otherwise been led to librarianship. It also showed that enrollment at the Berkeley library school came heavily from that campus's undergraduate student body. In Southern California the absence of a state-supported library school on a major campus meant the loss of hundreds of potential librarians who could not afford to attend USC nor relocate 400 miles away at Berkeley.

The Regents had also felt continued pressure from organizations south of Tehachapi: the School Library Association, the Public Library Executives Association; and

even though the local chapter had long been partial to USC, from the Special Libraries Association, which finally perceived that its own interests would be well served by librarians trained in the technological environment that UCLA now provided.

Twenty-eight years had passed since the Los Angeles city librarian, Everett T. Perry, had written to the newly inaugurated President Robert Gordon Sproul, asking that UCLA take the library school off his hands. Was it only a coincidence that the Regents' eventual approval came just six weeks after President Sproul's retirement?

Yet it must be said that of all that I asked of him, a library school was the only thing Sproul ever denied me. He was one of the greatest of university presidents.

Essential from the first was the cooperation between university library and library school. The cordial working relationship begun by Everett Moore and Ardis Lodge was continued by Robert Vosper, Page Ackerman, and now by Russell Shank.

Other strategies to gain support had included persuading the Rockefeller Foundation and the California Library Association to sponsor a conference at Occidental College on "Libraries in the Southwest," followed by a meeting on December 2, 1955, of library employers from throughout the Southwest and a blue ribbon group from campus, including the chairmen of the faculty committees on Educational Policy, Research, and Budget. And of course Regent Dickson.<sup>6</sup>

I walked him to his car after the all-day meeting. Thirteen years had passed since he had first laid that charge on me. He gave me that characteristic shy smile and agreed

that it had been wise to proceed slowly. "We'll make it this time," he vowed when I reported that still another budget was in the making.

Edward Dickson died soon after that meeting. He was the school's grandfather. What I did was take the ball from him and run with it, gradually picking up believers and blockers. The best of them all was the man to whom I handed the ball on August 15, 1958, and said, "Andy, it's your turn to run."

My work was done. Needed now was other knowledge, other skills. I knew, unconsciously at first, that Andrew Horn was the one with that knowledge and those skills. If I had been the spirit, he was now the form.

What was it that first attracted me to Andy Horn? That remains a mystery of human chemistry. A conviction we at first unknowingly shared was that UCLA was *the* place for us both. I first saw him in the library rotunda in 1938. He was then a doctoral student in History and I was a green acquisitions librarian, a year out of the Berkeley library school. The card catalog was our beat. Although we said hello, we never knew one another's name. He wore a trench coat, a beat-up hat and soft-soled shoes. Although born in Ogden, Utah, he had grown up in Santa Monica.

Seven years passed, and then from Camp Butner, North Carolina, a letter came from Sergeant Andrew H. Horn asking if upon his discharge from the Army he could come and talk with me about going into library work. When he appeared six months later, I recognized him as the Man in the Trench Coat. By then he had taken an appointment as assistant professor of history at Johns Hopkins.

He was working that summer of 1946 in Glendale as a carpenter's helper. I suggested he needed some practical

work before library school, and offered him a job for the rest of the summer at a dollar an hour (he was earning three times that) making entries for \$50,000 worth of continental books stored in the basement. Bob Vosper, then head of acquisitions, had bought them on a blanket order for the foreign language books we had been unable to obtain during the war.

And so we shut Andy up in basement Room 34, and figuratively pushed food and water under the door. By the end of summer he had the job done. Although he went to the Berkeley library school after fulfilling his year's contract at Johns Hopkins, Horn (like Dean Hayes a decade later) did not need formal library training any more than did some of the best librarians of our time, including Jackson, Boyd, Babb, Adams, Dix, MacLeish, Evans, Wagman, Pargellis, Towner, and Boorstin.

From our first formal meeting, Horn made it clear that he wanted to work at his alma mater. It was the same wish voiced by Seymour Lubetsky, with whom I had been a beginning librarian at UCLA, and which led to his return in 1960 from the Library of Congress as our distinguished professor of classification and cataloging.

Because of freedom from procedures that now impede swift appointments, we were able to bring Horn from library school to the assistant headship of special collections and archivist under Neal Harlow. A *cum laude* UCLA degree in Medieval History amply justified appointment on that higher level.

In a kind of musical chairs, when Harlow moved up to assistant librarian, Horn then headed the department, and when Harlow went off to British Columbia as university librarian, Horn became assistant librarian and finally when

Vosper left to become university librarian at Kansas, Horn filled his position as associate librarian.

These promotions had in a sense to be forced on Andy. He preferred to work with research materials and their users, and yet it was his way with people, organization and procedures, and his deep understanding of the academic world, that made transcendent his wider usefulness.

When in the spring of 1954 upon invitation from Dean Carl White, I was at Columbia as a visiting professor, learning how the mother of American library schools worked, Andy acted as university librarian. I was reconciled to lightning striking again as it had Harlow and Vosper. No matter how badly Horn wanted to stay at UCLA, we both knew that he needed wider experience as head of a major library in a different setting.

The lightning came from Chapel Hill while I was still at Columbia. On a day when I was in New Haven, visiting the Yale History of Medicine Library and its head, Fred Kilgore, I was called to the phone. It was Andy, telling me that the University of North Carolina wanted him to come for interview. "What should I do, boss?" he asked. "Go!" I said in my sternest voice.

Go he did and returned via New York where he stayed overnight. We parted the next morning with the understanding that when at last the UCLA school came into being, he would return to help fire it up.

His next five years were spent at North Carolina and then at Occidental. When I visited him at Chapel Hill and spoke to his staff, I sensed the affection and admiration that his people had for him. So outstanding were his accomplishments at both schools, that he is still remembered for all he did and was. Nothing was beneath him. If furni-

ture or stacks needed to be moved, there was Andy in a chemistry lab coat, helping out. No wonder he was beloved on every level.

By the time he went to Occidental in 1957, the library school was imminent. I had come earlier to an agreement with the College's dean, Glenn Dumke (a former UCLA doctoral classmate of Andy) that Horn would be "on loan" to the college. I assured Dumke that in even a short time at Oxy, Horn would put the college library years ahead. This he did.

Then as Andy was ready to return to UCLA in 1959, the school's tiny planning budget was abruptly deleted by the governor. Trusting in me as he had always done, Horn had already resigned from Occidental.

Here is how things stood on that dark day. Chancellor Raymond Allen had gone off to Indonesia on a year's leave, and as the acting chancellor, former graduate dean Vern Knudsen was as yet unsure of his authority. He was nevertheless sympathetic, having attended Andy's final doctoral examination and also seen him in action in the several positions he had held on campus. He would do all he could, Knudsen assured me, but if I had friends in Sacramento, it would be a good time to call them. I was thus encouraged to disregard the regents' standing order against such lobbying by faculty.

It so happened that I did have a friend in Sacramento—someone I had once helped when I was president of the California Library Association and who had then said to call him if I ever needed help. Nine years later, this person was close to Governor Edmund G. Brown, Sr.

I next heard from Chancellor Knudsen. "I don't know who you called," he said, "and don't tell me, but I do know

that the governor has restored two of our thirty-eight new program cuts—one is for an atomic energy project sponsored by the statewide College of Agriculture, and the other is for a library school at UCLA.”

I called Andy to give him the glad tidings. “I never worried,” he insisted. That didn’t fool me. What a worrier he was and what gin and tonic he cost me!

That was only the first of our road blocks. I was in bad with the faculty for not having gone through them in recruiting Andy. They punished him, not me, by holding his initial appointment to Lecturer and then for another year as Associate Professor, before our new Chancellor, Franklin D. Murphy, could secure his full professorship. I took the blame and apologized only to Andy.

The record will document Horn’s subsequent achievement. I know that I do not risk contradiction when I say that only he could have done what he did in integrating the school with the academic structure and achieving its intellectual recognition. My sometimes compulsive brashness was offset by his quiet intelligence. We formed a compatible symbiosis, each having what the other needed.

I remember once at the Faculty Center, soon after the school was established, being accosted by an indignant professor of classics who said, “Powell, you know damn well that trade schools belong at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo!”

He was right. Our challenge was to make it truly a professional school. The credit for doing this belongs to Deans Horn and Hayes and the faculty which has been distinguished from the beginning. Today those library schools which have not transcended their trade school origins are in trouble, if indeed they still exist.

Our history since 1959 when Andy came home does not depend on my hearsay. He made it. He wrote it down and the record of every wise and patient step he took is in the archives. We were a three-man band in which Dickson blew the trumpet, I beat the drum, and Andy played all the other instruments.

For his intellect we respected Andrew Horn, for his dedication we admired him, and for his humanity we loved him. His loyalties knew no limits. For twenty years he gave this school form, substance, and eventually national stature. To those he touched he gave loyalty, inspiration, and affection. There are no better ingredients for building an institution.<sup>7</sup>

In 1974 he was at last granted his wish to be free of the responsibility as dean he had borne for many years. After his complete retirement in 1978 his life centered around his printing press, his typography students, and his home and Mary, his one and only beloved wife. Those who loved him, helplessly watched his life ebb away as he came to the end of a seemingly endless capacity to give.

Andrew Horn died at Santa Monica, California, on May 25, 1983. His ashes were scattered on the ocean between there and Santa Catalina Island. On June 23d, a memorial service was held on the campus of his alma mater.

His colleagues and students will miss him as long as they live, and they will be grateful for his gifts to them. The school will always feel his presence. It is his lasting monument.

## NOTES

1. *The UCLA Library School. Completed under the Auspices of the Oral History Project.* University of California, Los Angeles, 1963. 94 pp. mimeographed.

2. Edward A. Dickson, *University of California at Los Angeles, Its Origins and Formative Years.* Los Angeles, Friends of the UCLA Library, 1955. 61 pp.

3. L. C. Powell, "John E. Goodwin, Founder of the UCLA Library, an Essay toward a Biography." Vignettes of Library History, No. 10, in *Journal of Library History*, July 1971, 269. Also reprinted by Friends of the UCLA Library, 1972. cf also Sydney B. Mitchell, *Mitchell of California, the Memoirs of . . . Librarian, Teacher, Gardener.* Berkeley, California Library Association, 1960.

4. Robert D. Leigh, *The California Librarian Education Survey. A Report to President Robert G. Sproul of the University of California.* New York, Columbia University, School of Library Service, 1952, pp. 14, 16. 110 pp. mimeographed.

5. Our relationship ended on a happier note when in April 1960, while en route to Tokyo to conduct an armed forces library workshop, I stopped over in Honolulu, and at the conference of the Hawaii Library Association I found myself at the speakers' table next to Dr. Leigh. After my announcement that the UCLA Library School was preparing to admit its first class, he rose and graciously offered congratulations. Dr. Leigh died the next year.

6. The deliberations and attendance at this conference, and also a summary of the work of the Library Staff seminars on library education, are found in *The UCLA Library School: Background—Proceedings of a Conference—Present Status.* February 1956. 17 pp. mimeographed.

7. The essence of the man is in *Address to the Graduates by Dean Emeritus Andrew H. Horn, June 21, 1981*, issued by the Library School, with a Forenote by Dean Robert M. Hayes, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary convocation. 7 pp. printed.



This address also drew upon letters, memoranda, and reports, 1930 to date, in the University Archives, University Research Library, UCLA.

Printed for the UCLA Graduate School of  
Library and Information Science  
by  
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Van Nuys, California