

editor, with Stella Duff Neiman, of *The Virginia Gazette Index, 1736–1780* (1950) and as editor of two volumes of *The Adams-Jefferson Letters* (1959).

Active in a host of professional organizations, he filled the presidency of three: the Southern Historical Association in 1949, the Society of American Archivists in 1957, and the Association for Documentary Editing in 1979–80. Elected to membership in the American Antiquarian Society in April 1952, his loyalty to AAS is attested to by his generous support during his years of membership, and by a bequest. Although he was able to attend meetings only occasionally, Lester read a paper, 'Geographers and Map-makers, British and American, from about 1750 to 1789,' at the annual meeting in 1971, soon after he had begun work on the *Atlas*.

Lester will be remembered by those who knew him not only for his own accomplishments and the high standards he imposed on himself, but also for the strong encouragement he gave to others and the example he set. Perhaps Parke Rouse, a Williamsburg colleague and friend, caught something of the essence of Lester as a scholar and as a person when he wrote in an unsigned editorial in the *Newport News Daily Press* of August 30, 1981: 'A legion of ex-students kept in touch until his death with the modest, bearded scholar. They loved him not only for his selfless work but for his helpfulness in all manner of matters that his wide career had touched on. They also prized his wit, his loyalty, and his warmth of friendship.'

He is survived by his son, Stanley Burnett Cappon of Somerset, Kentucky, and four grandchildren.

Thad W. Tate

#### ROBERT BRUCE HITCHMAN

Robert Bruce Hitchman was born in Denver, Colorado, October 28, 1908. While still in his early teens, his family moved to

Seattle, Washington, and he remained a resident of that city for the rest of his life. He received a B.A. in anthropology, summa cum laude, from the University of Washington in 1929. His whole working career was spent with the Unigard Insurance Group, for which he commenced work even before graduation and from which he retired as president in 1973.

Behind these bald and utterly prosaic statements lies a life that was far from parochial. It was a life of service to community and nation: lay reader and parish clerk in his church; trustee of the Seattle Fund; member of Rotary International; board member and president of the Washington State Historical Society; veteran of World War II, retiring as colonel, U.S. Army Reserve.

Great as his service was to institutions, it is probably for his scholarship and help to individuals that Hitchman will be remembered best. Though not a professional historian, he had a scholarly mind and wide-ranging intellectual curiosity. The field he chose as his own was the history of Washington place-names. It was characteristic of him that he not only constantly sought out new publications in the field of Pacific Northwest history but then proceeded, as his busy schedule allowed, to publish annotated lists of them. From 1953 until he turned it over to the Washington State Historical Society in 1979, his newsletter *Sighted from the Crow's-Nest* was the delight and the mainstay of collectors and historians in the field. Moreover he was always ready to drop his own work to assist another scholar's inquiries. Indeed, the time he gave to public service and private assistance left so little for his own project that his long-awaited book never did get written.

He could be as serious as the occasion demanded, but Hitchman had a merry heart and throughout his conversation and correspondence there ran a constant vein of drollery. When appointed secretary for domestic correspondence of AAS, a largely honorary title, he remarked that a position with neither responsibilities nor duties was one for which he was eminently

qualified. My own first meeting with him was at a joint session of Thysanura, a Seattle book collector's club named for the silverfish, that bane of book lovers, and CHAOS, the Cannon Hunter's Association of Seattle, a mad group of military enthusiasts. I suspect he had a hand in the naming of both.

It was not for nothing that he was a member of the Explorer's Club. True, he made no solitary pilgrimages to Lhasa; most of his travel was conducted in a civilized manner in his later years. But he was at heart an incurable romantic. For him history was neither dates nor economic statistics, but people, and in researching the history of his own Pacific Northwest he never lost the excitement of human adventure in a new and challenging land.

He became a member of the Antiquarian Society in 1969 and was elected to the Council the following year. He served on the Committee on Membership and was chairman of the Committee on the Library as well as secretary for domestic correspondence. He gave unstintingly of his time and effort, and brought to his duties not only a businessman's sense of prudent management but also a sense of challenge. When a few years ago financial strictures threatened this, like all endowed institutions, he rejected the idea of cutting programs to match shrinking income. Instead he urged the Society to expand its programs and its services and demonstrate to the nation that here was an institution worth supporting.

He died as he had lived, in service. He had come to Worcester for the annual meeting of the Council and the Society, was stricken with a heart attack, and died in Worcester on April 17, 1981. As fellow members, but even more as fellow men, we shall miss him sorely. He is survived by his wife, Helen Evens Hitchman, and by two sisters, Marjorie Hitchman and Lucia Waechter.

Archibald Hanna

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