



# Caxtonian

A Newsletter of The Caxton Club of Chicago

Volume IV, No. 3

March 1996

## Robert Frost and Harriet Monroe: Champions of a Common Cause

by Lesley Lee Francis

Approaching O'Hare International Airport recently in fog, rain, and wind — on my way to a speaking engagement at Rockford College — I recalled important contacts in Chicago between my grandfather, poet Robert Frost, and poet-editor Harriet Monroe, founder in 1912 of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.



*Elinor Francis (left), Robert Frost, and Lesley Lee Francis at Rockford College, during Frost's visit to the campus in 1935. (From the collection of Peter Stanlis.)*

In her posthumously published autobiography, *A Poet's Life*, Monroe recalled publishing RF's long, blank-verse poem, "The Code," in the February 1914 issue of *Poetry*, nine months after Ezra Pound favorably reviewed *A Boy's Will* in that same magazine. She was pleased that her magazine gave Frost an "introduction to his native land while, disgusted with American refusals, he was still spending a few years of better luck in England." Over the years that followed, *Poetry* would carry other Frost poems as his recognition grew.

RF came to admire Monroe as an accomplished poet and not "merely as an editor," he told her. They shared a common purpose in defending poetry to a hostile public. Although RF preferred to maintain a certain distance in the mock-serious debate over aesthetic technique, he shared with Monroe an awareness of the often desperate struggle of the experimenter in art in America. Together they delighted in the late-night sessions with a widening circle of friends that included Vachel Lindsay, Ridgley Torrence, and William Vaughn Moody, whose widow, Harriet Moody, opened her home to visiting poets. Monroe enjoyed RF's company, as someone "profoundly humorous in the richest sense of the word."

Their correspondence, from 1914 until Monroe's death in 1936, while never voluminous or expansive, became



*Lesley Frost (left) and Harriet Monroe, meeting on Monroe's arrival in Rockford to receive an honorary L.H.D. degree in 1935. (From the collection of Peter Stanlis.)*

increasingly relaxed and, ultimately, was being extended to members of the Frost family. While teaching at Rockford College, 1934-36, my mother, Lesley Frost, brought Monroe to the campus for readings at Maddox House, and there, under the auspices of Rockford College President Gordon Keith Chalmers [father of Caxtonian John Chalmers], Monroe was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters (L.H.D.) degree in the spring of 1935.

RF was generous in acknowledging Monroe's contribution to poetry through her magazine. He became impatient at times with her form of aesthetic idealism and her predilection for imagism and free verse. But he and the other poets of his generation — as poets and not as editors or critics — championed a common cause.

*Editor's note: This article was written especially for the Caxtonian by Dr. Lesley Lee Francis, granddaughter of Robert Frost, an executive with the American Association of University Professors, Washington, DC. Dr. Francis' *The Frost Family's Adventure in Poetry: Sheer Morning Gladness at the Brim, University of Missouri Press, 1994, a treatment of the early years, 1905-1915 — on a Derry, NH, farm and in England — is reviewed in this issue.**

Robert Frost

# Caxtonian

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# Musings...

I knocked at the door of the screened-in porch. A voice I recognized, described once by Robert Lowell as "musical and raw," called from inside the cabin, "Come on in!" The old poet stood at the inner doorway smiling as my wife Norma, three-year-old son Jon, and I entered. As Robert Frost shook hands with us, he said, "Cotner ... 'Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids.' Did you ever hear that line?" I hadn't, and he repeated it, saying, "It's from Browning's 'Flight of the Dutchess,' I think. *Cotnar* was a brew the Scotsmen drank before battles. Maybe your people were Scottish brewers," he chuckled as he led us into the living room of the cabin, where a small fire burned in the stone fireplace. He sat by the fireplace in his Morris chair, and we in chairs opposite him. He led the conversation, which began with where in Ohio we lived. When I told him we were from the western part, where agriculture was the principal occupation, he said with a teasing smile, "Oh, you're from where they have soil rich and fine enough to eat without passing it through plants." His bright eyes sparkled as he laughed softly.

The conversation then turned to my high school English teaching. "Something *must* be done about our public schools," he said. He advocated an endowed "chair" system in high schools similar to that used in colleges. He firmly believed, he told us, that the decline of the public schools began when Latin was made an option and finally removed entirely from the curriculum.

He expressed disappointment with world leaders who failed to fulfill their democratically appointed roles. I said, "That reminds me of your poem, 'How Hard It Is to Keep from Being King When It's in You and in the Situation.'" "Yes," he agreed. "I wrote that poem for Franklin Roosevelt!"

"May I ask you some questions about your poetry?" I asked. "Just don't make them too hard," he smiled. "At the end of 'The Death of the Hired Man,' Mary sits on the steps and says, 'I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud/Will hit or miss the moon./It hit the moon./Then there were three there, making a dim row,/The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.' Students always wonder what those lines mean," I said. An expression of mock-seriousness came over his face as he said, "What do you *want* it to mean — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? You English teachers read too much into my poetry. It means what it says — no more, no less!"

We had visited the afternoon away, and it was now getting late. He inscribed our copy of *In the Clearing*, and I asked if I could take some photos of him outside. He quipped, "Just don't take me in front of a birch tree or stone wall." The conversation continued as we walked to the yard. We talked of John Kennedy and his Inauguration. "What do you think of *Profiles in Courage*?" I asked. "A great book — one every American should read," he replied. He stood facing the setting sun, arms folded across his chest. "Kennedy shows us that to achieve greatness" — and here he raised his arm above his head and made a grasping motion with his fingers — "we have to grasp what we call the 'Divine' and make it a part of our lives." He brought the hand to his chest and touched it. It was one of those rare, lovely moments in life. We soon bid him goodbye and headed down the mountain to our car. Thus it happened, in Ripton, VT, on June 3, 1962, that I became a serious collector of books — and uncommon literary encounters that have so enriched our lives ever since.

Robert Cotner  
Editor

# Caxtonian Peter Stanlis Recalls Friendship with Frost

Bread Loaf is a mountain, an inn, a graduate school of English, and a writer's conference.

During the 1860s, Joseph Battell, a wealthy resident of Middlebury, VT, purchased at a few cents an acre more than 40,000 acres of forest land in the Green Mountains about 15 miles southeast of Middlebury. He built the inn and eight cottages as a summer resort, and at his death in 1915 he left his mountains and resort to Middlebury College. In 1920 the Bread Loaf Graduate School of English was founded by Paul Moody, president of Middlebury College and the son of the illustrious Chicago evangelist, Dwight L. Moody.

In 1926, as a supplement, the Writers' Conference was begun through the efforts of John Farrar, later widely known as a publisher. To this day the school operates from late June until mid-August, and the Writers' Conference is held during the last two weeks of August. Both the school and the conference are well known among academic and literary circles: the school for its outstanding faculty, drawn from American and British universities; the conference for its staff of distinguished writers and as a mecca for editors and publishers.

There is a folk tradition that Robert Frost was instrumental in founding the Bread Loaf School and Writers' Conference. This myth was fostered by Frost's early and continuing active association with both the school and the conference. The poet came to Bread Loaf early in the 1920s for a poetry reading and continued this public event almost every year until his death in 1963. Frost also was a staff member, spoke at the conference from 1927 until the early 1950s, and was frequently on the Bread Loaf campus during these summers.

In 1939, after visits for almost two decades, Frost purchased the Homer Noble Farm, located about a mile west



*Robert Frost at Bread Loaf in 1939. (Photo by and from the collection of Dr. Stanlis.)*

of Bread Loaf, and for the next 24 years made it his base of operations and home for about six months each year — from May through October.

Frost enjoyed an immense popularity among the faculty and students at the school, where he graced the campus with informal talks in the former Homer Noble barn. For almost a half a century he dominated the affairs of the Writers' Conference. Theodore Morrison, director of the conference from 1932 until 1955, wrote, "Robert Frost... was the greatest of all Bread Loaf presences."

In 1942, during a walk on the campus, Louis Untermeyer, the world's most inveterate punster, put it this way to me: "Bread Loaf is the most Frost-bitten place in America."

It was my good fortune in going to Middlebury College to have as my freshman English teacher Prof. Harry G. Owen, who was also the Dean of the Bread Loaf School of English. Owen sent me to Bread Loaf, where I came to know Frost late in June 1939. In

February 1940, Frost wrote Owen, appointing me to an Elinor Frost Scholarship at Bread Loaf for 1940. I returned to Bread Loaf four more summers and received an M.A. in 1944.

During these six summers as a student, and for two summers as a faculty member at Bread Loaf, in 1961 and 1962, I had about 30 conversations with Frost, mainly in his cabin on the former farm. I learned more about poetry and literature from Frost than from any teacher in academia. Frost was by far the most brilliant conversationalist I



*Robert Frost outside his Homer Noble cabin, June 3, 1962. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)*

have ever known. I have described three summers of our talks in a literary memoir, "Frost at Bread Loaf: 1939-1941," published in *Frost Centennial Essays, III*, University Press of Mississippi, 1978.

Our friendship of 23 years, including visits with him in Boston, Ann Arbor, and Detroit, culminated in November 1962, a few months before Frost's death, when he gave a poetry reading at the University of Detroit, and I read the citation at the last of his many honorary degree ceremonies. But the image of Frost at Bread Loaf remains my archetypal memory of America's foremost poet.

*Peter J. Stanlis*

## A Review

# Granddaughter's Book Reveals Frost Family Living 'at the Brim'

*The Frost Family's Adventure in Poetry: Sheer Morning Gladness at the Brim.* Lesley Lee Francis. Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1994. \$29.95.

Reviewed by Robert Cotner

Lesley Lee Francis has given us a splendid account of the person of Robert Frost, his grace, wit, humor, and love of family. The beauty and the strength of *The Frost Family's Adventure in Poetry: Sheer Morning Gladness at the Brim* is that it makes the line from "The Tuft of Flowers," the second (and most important, Francis says) part of her book's title, analogous to the spirit of Robert Frost and the Frost family's lives together in the years between 1905 and 1915.

A scholar in her own right — she holds a Ph.D. in Romance Languages from Duke University — Francis has approached her subject with a certain trepidation, for Robert Frost was her grandfather upon whose knee she sat and a person who "left an indelible impression on me at an impressionable age." It is, in truth, the hesitancy of her own involvement in the story that makes it so rich, so important. She has the "luxury of the distance and detachment a generation brings." But she fuses the passionate insights of family with a dispassionate scholarly vantage point to give us a book rare indeed.

Francis utilizes private family records as well as wide-ranging research in America and Europe to tell how "The Frost family, close knit and at times isolated, would survive the insecurity and financial distress of those early years, caught up as they were in a 'life that goes rather poetically.'" The value of this book is its revelation of America's most consummate poetic genius of 20th Century emerging from a family life that provided a microcosm for the vision that impelled him to greatness in later years.

One of the most remarkable aspects of this book is Francis' use of the extraordinary writings of highly gifted children to tell the touching and complex story of the most dramatic adventure of their



*Francis beside a bust of her grandfather Robert Frost.*

lives and the most important event in the early life of their poet father — his first public recognition in England. Few scholars — Jonathan Kozol and Robert Coles come immediately to mind — validate the intelligence of children as Francis does.

Francis offers, as well, a remarkable case study of a poor family risking everything to flourish individually and collectively through the intelligent use of books, the beneficence of personal writing, a high mutual regard for the intellect, and the genuine love of each for the other in most appropriate ways.

So we journey with them, from the Derry, NH, homestead, where Frost had accumulated the poems that would become *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*, to England, where in 1912 he could celebrate with his family the publication of his first book.

In a chapter of central importance, "Gloucestershire," we share Frost's camaraderie with English poets -- W. W. Gibson, Lascelles Abercrombie, John W. Haines, Edward Thomas, and Eleanor

Farjeon — who together, just before the war, found "loveliness and hopefulness as never again after 1914."

Francis details Frost's emergence from his own shyness among English friends while living in Little Iddens in Gloucestershire. Catherine, wife of Lascelles, Abercrombie wrote of Frost at this time: "He had the most marvelous way of talking — he could talk and talk and talk, and people would sit absorbed because everything he said seemed to be extremely valuable."

Using the resources of the poets' own writings, Francis recreates the brief, important friendship between Frost and Edward Thomas. Their walks and talks across the English landscape in 1914 gave to Frost "the only brother" he ever had. The tug of England never subsided in Frost's heart, and "Edward Thomas...remained a strong emotional link between the Frosts and England," Francis says.

It is fitting that the book conclude with returns to England, the first in 1928, by Frost, his wife Elinor, and ailing daughter Marjorie, when they visited sites and friends so important in the earlier years. And the second in 1957, when Robert and Francis herself journeyed to the places in England he knew so intimately.

The final chapter, "Aftermath," begins, "Robert, Elinor, Lesley, Carol, Irma, and Marjorie — all gone now, of course." But Lesley Francis remains, the solitary scribe whose purpose is to bring to closure — for herself as well as for the family — a story troubled in later years by illness, much sadness, and serious misinterpretation. She does it with the grace that years of contemplation enable. But it is indeed the "sheer morning gladness at the brim" that dominates the reality of her own well-wrought story.

## Caxtonian Exults at Acquiring Signed Frost Book

As a book collector, I have accumulated more than 13,000 volumes, of which 60 are by or about Robert Frost. Although my knowledge of Frost goes back several decades, I have only recently discovered the poet's many challenging dimensions. Thus my active collecting of his work is also new.

In May 1995 my collection of Frost items contained first editions of eight of his 11 volumes of poetry. Three of the trade editions and two limited editions were signed by Frost. There were also volumes of letters, biographies, a pictorial chronicle, explications of his poems, a concordance, a bibliography, taped poetry readings by Frost, a video, and even Christmas cards. So that in the spring of 1995, I was hoping to find first editions of Frost's earlier volumes, *A Boy's Will*, *North of Boston*, and *New Hampshire*.

On May 20, 1995, at the annual ABAA book fair in Chicago, my collector's intuition led me to the booth of a Charlottesville, VA, bookshop. I peered into the glass case and could see a very small softbound book entitled *A Boy's Will*. The dealer handed it to me, and in opening the book, I observed on the half-title page the written words, "First printing of my first book/Robert Frost." I was stunned. Could this be a first edition, inscribed by Frost? My excitement mounted. In pencil the dealer had written "Signed 1st Ed/4th issue binding." That "4th issue binding" was puzzling. I truly wanted the book and felt I could trust the dealer; but my uncertainty was due to my neglecting the usual diligence on bibliographic points.

Reluctantly, I told the dealer I wanted to think about it. Torn between desire and doubt, I wandered about the fair for half an hour, browsing, still undecided. Then, luckily, I saw on another dealer's shelf Ahearn's *Collected Books/The Guide to Values*. A quick check gave me the needed assurance on the fourth binding points: my find was a match!

Hurrying back to the Charlottesville's dealer's booth, I bought the inscribed first edition of *A Boy's Will*, gladly paying the dealer's price, considerably inflated, of course, over its original cost of one shilling and six pence.

Only one afflicted with the "gentle madness" can experience such joy in finding a sought-after book to add to the 13,000 already on my shelves. It was my own form of what Frost called "...sheer morning gladness at the brim."

Colleen Dionne

## Rosenthal Exhibit at UC

An exhibition, "1900: Books from the Collection of Robert Rosenthal," opened at the University of Chicago's Regenstein Library on January 29 and will run through May 10.

Rosenthal, a Caxtonian from 1960 until his death in 1989, collected many books published in the year 1900. In its breadth and diversity, the exhibition of more than 100 items captures the lost culture of the turn of the century.

## Editorial Board Formed

At the suggestion of the Caxton Council, *Caxtonian* Editor Robert Cotner has formed an Editorial Board to monitor the publication, to assist the editor in various aspects of publication, to serve as liaison with the membership, and to recommend to the Council nominees for the editorship and other positions within the staff when necessary.

Members of the Editorial Board include, besides Chair Cotner, Bruce Beck, Hayward Blake, Jim Bowman, Carolyn Quattrocchi, and Tom Joyce, ex officio member. The first meeting of the board was on February 21. Members who wish to make recommendations may do so through any of the members of the Editorial Board.

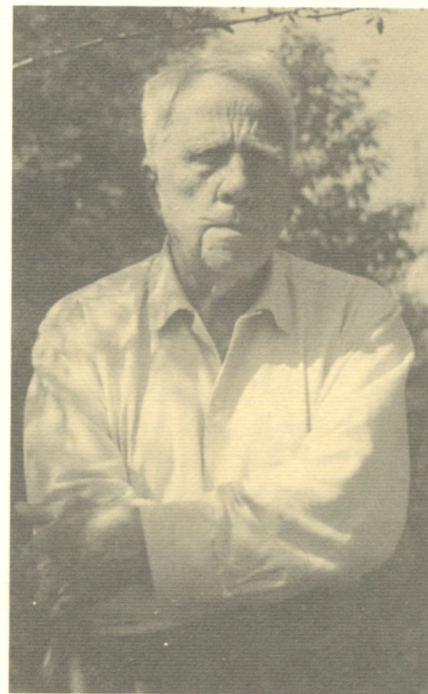


Photo of Robert Frost, June 3, 1962. (Taken by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)

"I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am to you for sending me...your photograph of Robert Frost.... I hadn't seen it before, and I am tremendously impressed with it.

"You say I may use it for Volume Three, if I wish. I accept your offer immediately, and can assure you that I'll give you a credit line in my book.

"What interests me about it is that you caught [RF] in an extraordinary mood. I knew those expressions so well that I can tell you there is something very touching and revealing here. I really think he is trying to conceal the fact that he was in pain at that time when you took that photograph. You may not know that he had a serious prostate condition which eventually became cancerous: he died of complications which set in after that cancer operation. But by the time they got him into the hospital, in December of the year you took the photograph — roughly six months after you took it — he was really in a bad way.

"Another thing that's fascinating about this photograph: the scar above the right side of his upper lip. That one was skin cancer. But there's a curious swelling underneath his right eye which puzzles me. I'll find out about that, from Mrs. [Kay] Morrison, and let you know — if you want to know. Anyway, it's really a great photograph."

From a letter by Frost biographer Lawrence Thompson to R. Cotner, September 11, 1970.

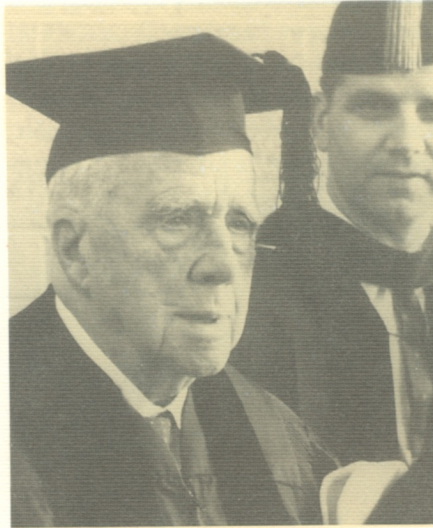
## Caxtonian's Address Defined Poetry at Frost Convocation in 1962

*Editor's note: The excerpt below is from "Poetry in the Modern World," the principal address at the University of Detroit Academic Convocation, November 13, 1962, upon the occasion of the conferring of an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree upon Robert Frost.*

The cells of the brain, I understand, are about equal in number with the stars in the universe. This analogy of gray matter and star matter suggests to me the nature of poetry as a form of human revelation. This effort of the mind of man to approximate the farthest extent of the universe, this seeking by the terrestrial to reach the celestial, is at the heart of all revelation. In the modern world it is easier for many people to understand revelation in religion, history, or science than in poetry....

Poetry in the modern world, as in the ancient and medieval eras, is largely concerned with revealing God, man, and nature to the human race. A finished poem is capable of revealing the deepest insights into the meaning and value of the universe and ourselves. As revelation, a finished poem is so rooted in objective reality that it becomes a new thing, capable of appealing to our senses, our minds, our imaginations and emotions, in short, to our total nature. The revelation is not merely of knowledge, but of love; it involves not recognition only, but response, beginning in ecstatic pleasure and ending in calm wisdom. Between a good poem and a responsive reader there is instant rapport, pure *sympatico*. That is what makes poetry at once undefinable yet unmistakable. The value of poetry is like the value of a state of grace — an end in itself. Poetry for its own sake implies that our love of it should be audacious and intrinsic, unmixed by motives of practical utility, or the dilettantish knowledge of the culture vulture.

Poetry as revelation achieves its ends in as great a variety of ways as religion,



*Frost (left) and Peter Stanlis march in the academic procession at the University of Detroit, November 13, 1962, when Frost received an honorary degree and Stanlis gave the address. (From the collection of Peter Stanlis.)*

history, or science. If God writes straight with crooked lines, the poet by indirections finds directions out. One basic way to all poetry is through metaphors which include the whole of reality, in which a part suggests the whole. The opening quatrain of William Blake's "Auguries of Innocence" contains about the best statement I know of how this basic method of poetry works:

*To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.*

Until we understand that the revelations of poetry are at least as significant as those of science and history, and quite of an order with the revelations of religion, we shall not do justice to the role or importance of poetry in the modern world....

Like religion and science, poetry depends upon faith and belief in its revelations. We must indeed make "a willing suspension of disbelief" if we are to understand the illusions of reality

created by the poet. As in religion, we must believe in poetry in order to understand it, and not make our understanding the measure of our belief. Once we as readers make this act of faith, we shall see that the poet has created in his poem a great clarification of life. Poetry, like science, is a way for [human beings] to conquer time and space, to draw out the future by believing it into existence, by stretching the lengthened shadow of a [person] from the beginning of time into eternity....

All honor belongs to those who perfect our forms of revelation — whether theologians, historians, scientists, or poets. The processes of revelation have been with [humankind] from the beginning, and seem destined to continue till time has stopped. Yet certain mysteries always remain. But it is the glory of human nature that the great mystery of the unknown is constantly being penetrated by life in its most advanced forms. And the further we go into the still unknown the less we can claim for ourselves as individuals. Whatever we contribute belongs to the race. No individual can claim a *personal* ownership in the revelations of religion, science, or poetry. And yet it is because each of us benefits from all that our inheritance has given us, from each past probe and revelation, that we pay homage to poetry, and honor our poets.

*Peter J. Stanlis*

*Editor's Note: Caxtonian Stanlis, Distinguished Professor of Humanities Emeritus, Rockford College, is currently writing a book on Frost's intellectual convictions.*

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep —  
And miles to go before I sleep.  
Robert Frost*

## Frost Permeates American Linguistic Consciousness

I arrived late in devoting most of my academic life to the study of Robert Frost, his poetry, and the critics. Indeed, in a time line of Frost studies, I occupy perhaps a minute out of 24 hours.

From my current perspective — as Director of the Robert Frost Society and editor of a journal devoted to the poet, *The Robert Frost Review* — I am increasingly aware of how deeply Frost permeates the American consciousness.

He is, without dispute, the American poet most often quoted (and misquoted) and the poet universally required for study in the curriculum of every school in America. Equally important is the fact that his memorable lines, titles, and even his life have now become centerpieces in our culture.

Ads for computers and brokerage houses ("take the road less traveled"),



### Special U of I Auction Set

The University of Illinois Library will hold a special book auction of donated duplicate material on March 30 in Urbana. A 188-page annotated and illustrated catalog of items for sale, *The Good, the Bad, and the Interesting, 1732-1967*, is available from Library Friends, University of Illinois Library, 227 Main Library, 1408 W. Gregory Dr., Urbana, IL 61801. The cost of the catalog is \$8/1st-class delivery; \$6/4th-class. Questions may be directed to Vincent Golden by phone, 217/333-2843, or by internet, v-Golden@ux1.cso.uiuc.edu.

titles of best sellers, allusions to mending fences, stopping by woods — the list of Frostiana in American culture is ubiquitous.

For these reasons, the *Review* recently had the pleasure of receiving from the most prestigious library in the world, the British Library, a request for subscription information. The British Library subscribes to 46,000 serials titles — among them now, *The Robert Frost Review*, a journal testifying to Frost's centrality in American life and letters.

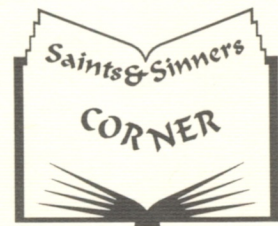
*Earl J. Wilcox, Director  
Robert Frost Society*

*Editor's Note: The address of The Robert Frost Review, the logo of which is at the left, is English Department, Winthrop University, Rock Hill, SC 29733*

### Susan Z. Wiche 1954-1996

Susan Z. Wiche, wife of Caxton Council member and Secretary Glen N. Wiche, passed away on February 10, 1996. Although not a Caxtonian herself, she was a constant companion with her husband at both luncheon and dinner meetings and a welcomed guest whose conversation was both enlightened and enlightening.

She will be missed as a friend and devoted book lover, and all Caxtonians extend their heartfelt sympathy to Glen.



**Caxtonian Charley Shields** has been reelected as director of the International Press Club of Chicago. Other directors include Arnie Matanky, Dr. Jerry Field, and Jack Brickhouse.

**Robert F. Hanson** of the Opuscula Press, Ellenton, FL, published a miniature book, *The Book Club of California*, in May 1995. It gives a description of the club and lists some of its publications. Similar miniature books about the Sacramento Book Collectors Club and The Caxton Club are planned for publication in 1996. For information, telephone Frank J. Piehl at 708/357-0844.

**John Gustav Delly**, who presented the Caxton dinner lecture, "Microscopical Study of a Late XVth Century French Book of Hours," September 15, 1993, dedicated a printed version of that lecture with full-color illustrations, to The Caxton Club, in *The Microscope* 43:4 209-220 (1995). A few copies are available from President Tom Joyce, at 312/738-1933.

**Non-Resident Caxtonian Jack Bales**, Fredericksburg, VA, has edited along with Richard Warner *Boon Island*, the contemporary accounts of the wreck of the *Nottingham Galley*, by Kenneth Roberts (University Press of New England, Hanover, NH). The book will be available in May 1996. Novelist James Michener commented that this book "makes a fine addition to the Roberts library."

**Copies of the latest newsletter** of the *Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Societies* (Vol. 1, No. 2, Winter 1995-96) are available from Hayward Blake. This issue contains news from the eight book societies as well as brief descriptions of each. Those interested in receiving a copy may telephone 708/864-9800.

# Book Marks

## Luncheon Programs

All luncheon meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th floor of the First National Bank of Chicago, Madison & Clark, Chicago. Luncheon and discussion, 12:30 p.m.

### March 8.

Richard Wilson, visiting British scholar studying at the Newberry will present his only lecture while in the U.S., "A Crucial Moment in English Book Design." The lecture will include David Bland, Vivien Riddler, and both the Perpetual and the Oxford University Press. This is a rare opportunity that Caxtonians will not want to miss.

### April 12.

Caxtonian Elmer Gertz will speak on "Clarence Darrow — the Man and the Legal Legend." The talk will focus on Gertz's recollections and personal friendship with the famous attorney.

Ed Quattrocchi  
Leonard Freedman

*Important Note: Members planning to attend luncheons must make advance reservations by calling either the Caxton number, 312/255-3710, or Mr. Quattrocchi's number, 708/475-4653 Luncheon for members and guests, \$20.*

## Washington Library Center Offers 'Kicks on Route 66'

A photographic exhibit, "Return to Route 66: Photographs from the Mother Road," by St. Louis photographer Shellee Graham, is now on display in the Main Exhibit Hall, Lower Level, at the Harold Washington Library Center.

Other programs relating to Route 66 include the showing of:

\**Rain Man*, with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise, March 2, 2 p.m.

\**Route 66: An American Odyssey and American Tradition: A Journey Down Route 66*, March 7, 5 p.m.

\**Route 66: America's First Transcontinental Highway* and the two foregoing films, March 9, 2 p.m.

A talk by Tom Teague, author of *Searching for 66*, published by Samizdat House, 1991, will conclude the program, March 10, 1:30 p.m.

All programs will be in the Video Theatre, Lower Level. All programs at the Chicago Public Library are free and open to the public. For information, telephone Caxtonian J. Ingrid Lesley, Chief, Special Collections & Preservations Division, 312/747-4740.

## Dinner Programs

All dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th Floor of the First National Bank, Madison and Clark streets, Chicago. Spirits, 5 p.m., dinner, 6 p.m., lecture, 7 p.m.

### March 20.

Lesley Lee Francis, granddaughter of Robert Frost will talk with Caxtonians and guests about the poet's early years before public recognition. Her 1994 book, *The Frost Family Adventure in Poetry: Sheer Morning Gladness at the Brim*, will be available for signing by Dr. Francis.

### April 17.

Illinois Poet Laureate Gwendolyn Brooks will become The Caxton Club's first female and first African-American Honorary Member at this meeting. She will read from her poetry following her induction.

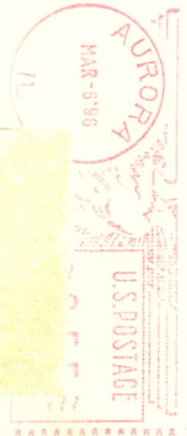
Karen Skubish

*Advance reservations, which are absolutely necessary, may be made by calling the Caxton office, 312/255-3710. Any special meal requirements (such as vegetarian) need to be made in advance. Members and guests, \$35.*

*The First National Bank of Chicago's parking garage, 40 S. Clark Street, offers a special parking rate after 5 p.m. to guests of the Mid-Day Club. When you leave, please tell the parking attendant you were at the Mid-Day Club, and your parking fee will be \$5.25*



The Caxton Club  
60 West Walton Street  
Chicago, IL 60610



*The Caxton Club ... Celebrating the diversity and beauty of the Book Arts*