



Caxtonian

Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

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July 1997

Lindberghs Remembered on 70th Anniversary of Epic Flight

On May 21-22, 1997, we observed the 70th anniversary of Charles Lindbergh's flying solo across the Atlantic. He became the hero at a time when America needed one, but more than that, he later articulated in his writing, as well as in his life, what the elements of heroism and early aviation history were.

The Lindbergh link to books and stories follows two chains. The first concerns Anne Morrow Lindbergh, who met her husband-to-be, Charles, when he went to Mexico as a shy, young celebrity, and she was the daughter of U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, Dwight Morrow. Anne Lindbergh, who is still living at age 91, later became her husband's co-pilot and wrote of her aviation adventures with him in several books that must have spoken to many other teenage girls as they spoke to me. She thought of Heidi and runny goat's cheese when she flew over the Alps. She flew in small planes while pregnant, in a time when many other women would not have ventured on an airliner in that condition.

Almost every woman I know can cite a book that gave her an epiphany about what it is to be a woman. One of my friends cites Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*, and told me what it meant to her when she was a young librarian living and working in Nebraska. She saw how a woman could create a life in and of her own in an environment very unlike her native one.

But for me, that formative book has always been Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Gift from the Sea*. Lindbergh wrote there about how shells — as gifts from the sea — helped her to recollect the many parts of her life. She wrote of the need to look inward, to find in oneself the strengths needed for any heartaches one might experience — and the reader thinks of the kidnapping and loss of the Lindbergh baby. First published



Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh in their flying togs (from Lindbergh Alone, by Brendan Gill).

in 1955, *Gift from the Sea* is still in print and has appeared in several hardback and paperback editions. (See Page 6 for a list of Lindbergh books.)

The other chain from the Lindbergh to the interest of Caxtonians is the link of the story. As a storyteller and as a booktalker, I have often used books by and about the Lindberghs in my programs. But in 1986, at the time of the "Challenger" disaster, I was able to use them with special effect.

I was then presenting a monthly program of storytelling and reading at a retirement center. I knew that many of the residents spent many hours a day watching television. Over and over, they would have seen those awful moments as the cameras followed the beaming astronauts waving and walking toward the "Challenger," and ending with the fatal arc of vapor toward the ocean.

For my program that month, I selected prose and poetry about flying. I quoted the exuberant cosmonaut's "I Am Eagle!" and Magee's "High Flight," about flying and touching the face of God. From the writings of both Lindberghs, I

(Continued on Page Five)

Caxtonian Remembers Lindbergh over Philly

*"Lucky Lindy, up in the sky,
Fair or windy, he's flying high...."*

-From a popular song of the day

Has it really be 70 years since Charles Augustus Lindbergh stepped onto the stage of world history?

The calendar says so. It was on May 21-22, 1927, that he flew his single-engine monoplane, "The Spirit of St. Louis," non-stopped from New York to Paris. And now, 70 years later, public observances of his accomplishment were recently carried out in both cities.

Shortly after returning in triumph to New York, Lindbergh embarked on a goodwill flight to 85 principal cities throughout the country. The pattern at each city was pretty much the same: he would circle the city several times, each time dipping the plane's wing in response to the greetings from the throngs assembled below. We didn't get to see Lindy's face, of course, and some said it wasn't really "The Spirit of St. Louis." But it didn't matter. It was a much less sophisticated age then, and even small things frequently assumed heroic proportions to us.

I was a schoolboy in Philadelphia at the time and witnessed Lindy's visit there. I waved and cheered with the others, and I still like to think it was really "The Spirit of St. Louis" we were watching. I'm not sure but I also think I saw the wing dip.

Whether these things were true or not, it doesn't really matter. We were there, we saw the famous flyer, and so we also were in at the birth of an authentic American legend.

Charles Shields

Caxtonian

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Founded 1895



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Musings...

Several years ago — in 1964, I think it was — I attended an education conference at Turkey Run State Park, near Marshall, IN. During one of the breaks — or, for that matter, it may have during one of the sessions — I decided to go on a hike into the hardwood forest of the park.

Walking alone deep in the woods, I suddenly came upon a bronze statue of a beautiful woman that was there without explanation or identification. When I later told teaching colleagues of my chance encounter with this lovely wood nymph, they thought it was made up, a creative invention of one too “daft on education,” as Robert Frost might have phrased it.

In reading recently James Hillman’s excellent book, *The Soul’s Code*, I recalled this experience. Hillman begins Chapter 4, “Back to the Invisibles,” with the Swedish folktale of Huldra, “an exquisitely formed creature, delicate, enchanting, and irresistible.” In the myth, Huldra often appears to a solitary lumberjack in a frozen woods, beckons him to follow her deeper into the woods, and then turns her smile from him and vanishes. The lumberjack, drawn too deep into the unfamiliar woods by the wood nymph, becomes lost and freezes to death.

I was reminded, also, as I read Hillman, of the novel, *Giants in the Earth*, in which O.E. Rolvaag adapts the myth of Huldra to an American frontier setting: the remains of the central character, Per Hansa, are found one spring day behind a haystack, where he had frozen the previous winter, lost in a driving blizzard pursuing his own vision of Huldra.

“When the invisible forsakes [or is forsaken by] the actual world...,” Hillman says, “then the visible world no longer sustains life, because life is no longer invisibly backed.” In short, he adds, “The copresence of visible and invisible sustains life.” I.A. Richards’s essay, “How to Read a Page,” came to mind as well. Richards began his essay by describing the wonder of reading, instructed us in the reading of all manner of materials, and concluded with this important idea: we read “great pages” because they give us the “most constant and dependable sources of ‘reasonable moments’” available in human life. “We partake,” he wrote of the world’s great writers, “with them of wisdom.” Reading, thus, brings us to the ultimate invisible — wisdom.

The act of silently reading very good books is a singular, private, and totally invisible enterprise that is as consuming as it is rewarding, as difficult as it is elevating, and as urgent as it is available. “The great task,” Hillman notes, “of a life-sustaining culture...is to keep the invisibles attached...” The act of reading establishes this attachment. The mind, through the imagination, then ventures forth in explorations that further sustain the invisibles and prevent them from being forgotten.

Viewing television, alone or in company — even very good television with enlightened companions — cannot do for us what the reading of good books does. The very nature of television is to render all things completely visible.

Thus, books, more than any other cultural initiative, unite us as partakers in the wonders of the invisible through the precious act of reading, and both we and our culture are thereby sustained.

Robert Cotner
Editor

A Memorable Moment in Book Collecting. . .

Two Lucky Book Finds at Marshall Field's Old Bookshop in Chicago

Those of us fortunate to have shopped the antiquarian book section of Marshall Field's department store remember it nestled in a corner on the Wabash Street side of the third floor. Within its three wood-paneled walls were glass-fronted bookcases surrounding several wide tables covered with art books.

For most of my youth this area was managed by a genial bookman named Eija Adler. He was a tall, large, grey-haired man, always neatly dressed in a business suit, always standing at the ready for his next customer. Despite the small space allotted to him and the absence of snobbishness in his manner, one could sense the importance he gave to his calling.

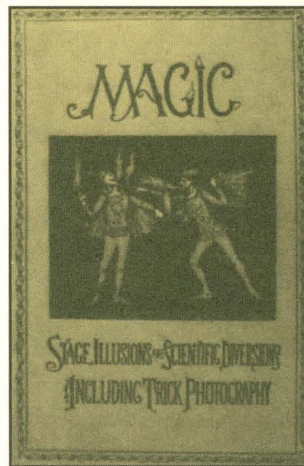
His stock was a general mix of rare books, modern first editions, collectible books and fine bindings. Two books that I purchased from his department remain especially memorable to me.

The first happened to be the first expensive book I ever owned. It cost my father \$10, but it may have been the least expensive book in Adler's stock. At the time, however, in the late 1950s, my father was buying rare books for less than that. A good example is a set of the first encyclopedia published in America — 21 volumes, printed in Philadelphia in 1798 — which he bought from a bookdealer on Clark Street for \$25.

My book was far from rare, but it was large (568 pages), heavy (five pounds), and richly illustrated (400 engravings). The title, *Magic: Stage Illustrations and Scientific Diversions Including Trick Photography*, sums up the subject, but its Victorian charm and romance can only be appreciated by its being seen. The binding was worn, the cloth finger-soiled, the edges of the spine frayed, but the front cover — with two red devils stamped on a background of black, spouting flames from their mouths and flicking fire from their fingers — was enough to capture me. I had to have that book — and I still do. Better copies have come by since, but this copy alone embraces my imagination and brings to mind that day my father

bought it for me 40-odd years ago.

My second memorable book purchased at Field's was Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Mercedes and Later Lyrics*, published in Boston in 1884. Aldrich was a prolific and popular author, and I suspect his works were avidly collected. This book was obviously prized, but then went the way of so many others when collections were dispersed. By the time it came to me, it had passed through the grimy hands of used book dealers, languished on dusty bookshelves, and had been bounced about and roughly handled by disinterested customers. The grey



The cover of *Magic* from the Meyer collection.

cloth was soiled, the corners bumped and the label on the spine faded and chipped, yet the text on laid paper looked pristine and unread. I doubt I would have bought it myself had I not noticed the signature of Eugene Field on the front endpaper. Field (1850-1895), most famous for his poem, "Winken, Blinken and Nod," was a Chicago poet who is still collected nearly a century after his death — just asked Caxton Historian, Frank J. Piehl!

On the book's title page was the signature of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Inside the rear endpaper was a note stating, "This book came from the library of my father Eugene Field." This notation was signed by Eugene Field II and dated September 2, 1928.

I was not sure Adler ever saw this book, for I found it on a sale table in his department soon after he left Field's. (I couldn't recall his

ever having a sale or offering a discount.) Maybe the book had been in his inventory for years and never shown. I bought it for 50 cents. This was the late 1960s.

Sale books abounded in the department for several months, but I found none quite as interesting or (I believed) as valuable as the Aldrich. A succession of managers came and went; the sale books disappeared. The department moved to another location on the third floor, even expanded to offer antique maps and prints. Then it was eliminated.

In the summer of 1979, I went to work on a part-time basis for Hamill & Barker, one of Chicago's premier antiquarian book dealers, which was located at the time on the 12th floor of the Wrigley Building. During the lunch breaks the proprietors, Frances Hamill and Terrence Tanner, and I sat in the back room talking about many subjects, including books and the customers who bought them. One time Frances told the story about her and her partner, Margery Barker, having to visit a less than reputable hotel to deliver or pick up books from a man named Harry Sickles. It had been an unnerving experience for her. This menacing man, sitting in a mist of cigar smoke, was busy forging the signature of Abraham Lincoln in a book laid out before him.

"He was so good at it," I remember Frances saying, "that he often forged Lincoln's signature twice in a book he was signing." She went on to say that in the 1920s Sickles was especially known for forging the signature of Eugene Field. The poet was so popular that anything relating to him had a market. Sickles took books of no particular value, forged Field's signature, and, in order to help sell them, had Field's son, who was also trading on his father's reputation, "authenticate" the books by stating that the books had come from his father's library.

Two thoughts came to mind while I listened to Frances' story: perhaps the Aldrich signature in my book had also been forged and perhaps Eija Alder had known it was.

David Meyer

Juliet V. Strauss — More than a Pretty Face And Fine Figure in Bronze in an Indiana Park



Memorial to Juliet V. Strauss, Turkey Run State Park, Marshall, IN. (Photograph provided through special arrangements with the Indiana Department of Natural Resources.)

The bronze figure of the “wood nymph,” mentioned in “Musings” (Page 2), is a sculpture by Myra Reynolds Richards. Presented to Turkey Run State Park in July 1922 by the Women’s Press Club of Indiana, it is a memorial to Juliet V. Strauss, one of its pioneer members.

Designed originally for use as a fountain near the Turkey Run Inn the memorial shows a woman holding a goblet aloft from which water would have flowed. At her feet the baser elements of life are symbolized by a lion (force), a tiger (ferocity), a boar (gluttony), an ape (falsity), and a peacock (pride). Over these traits ideal woman is shown triumphant. When no water was available for the memorial fountain, the statuary was moved in May 1938 to a secluded nook in the park. It was recently moved to a prominent place in front of the inn.

Strauss of Rockville, IN, an early member of the Women’s Press Club of Indiana, wrote a weekly column, “The Country Contributor,”

for the *Indianapolis News* in the early 1900s. Her articles were of especial interest to women, guiding them in homemaking, child-rearing, and much more. In 1905 she was invited by Edward W. Bok to contribute similar writings for the *Ladies Home Journal*, which she did until her death in 1918.

As a child and young girl, Strauss spent many happy hours in what is now Turkey Run State Park. When commercial interests threatened the site, her efforts helped preserve it for future generations.

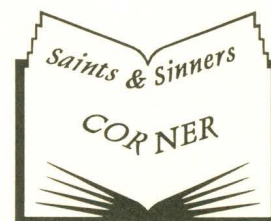
For Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies Home Journal, America’s leading woman’s magazine at the turn of the century, the secret to his periodical’s success was simple: find writing talent and publish the result. In describing his technique to a New York Sun reporter, Bok gave as an example a column he had first noticed in an Indianapolis newspaper. “It struck me as well done. I watched it for some time. Then I took pains to find out who wrote it,” said Bok. He discovered that the writer was a “woman in a tiny out-of-the-way town in Indiana.” After a favorable report from one of his staff, who travelled to the Hoosier state to visit the woman, Bok “made her an offer to do some work for us,” which led to the column, “The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman.”

Ray Bloomhower

From “The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman”

My mother was not a new woman, but I am quite sure she had a proper theory of life. You never went into her kitchen but you found there a copy of some entertaining or instructive book. You never helped her wash the dishes without learning something widely removed from dishes. Hers was the secret of a most successful way of living, and it is a way that any thinking woman can adopt. She could not go out into the world, but she could bring the world to her.

Juliet V. Strauss



Caxtonian Florence Shay, co-chair of the 1997 Chicago International Antiquarian Book Fair, was featured prominently in the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, and Pioneer Press newspapers during the fair, May 22-25. She also appeared on WCRU, Channel 26, and on the 6 a.m. news on WBBM-TV Channel 2. She was, as well, on WBBM radio.

Caxtonian Alice Schreyer, Curator of Special Collections, University of Chicago Library, was one of 11 book specialists highlighted in a piece “Thoughts on the Future of the Book,” in *Chicago Tribune Books*, June 1, 1997.

Editor Robert Cotner announces two new features in the *Caxtonian*. One is “Remembrances from Long-Ago Libraries.” (see Page 5). The second is “A Memorable Moment in Book Collecting” (see Page 3). Members are asked to submit manuscripts of 300-500 words and provide, if possible, illustrations with the pieces. The occasional feature “People of Books” is another category for which members (and others) may write. All submissions should be sent to the Editor, *Caxtonian*, 60 W. Walton St., Chicago, IL 60610.

Caxtonian Gwendolyn Brooks was called by the *Chicago Tribune* (June 6) “Our Miss Brooks,” in an interview celebrating the distinguished poet’s 80th birthday. “Eighty Gifts,” a tribute to Brooks by 80 performers and artists, was held June 7, at the Harold Washington Library Center.

Caxtonian Donn W. Sanford’s address is incorrect in the current directory. His address is 210 Swarthmore Court, Woodstock, IL 60098.

A Correction: Gerard Manly Hopkins’ birth date (*Caxtonian*, April, 1997) should have read 1844-1889 rather than 1849-1889.

Remembrances from Long-Ago Libraries . . .

Of the Love of Books, a Library, and a Librarian

You don't know Miss Williams, but her portrait hangs prominently in the gallery of my memory. She was, you see, our local public librarian, who came, I am certain, as a permanent fixture in the Carnegie Library of Kendallville, IN, when it was built in 1914.

I cannot remember my first visit to the public library, but it would have been sometime in the early 1940s. Those were the days before television, and I used to go there evenings, read in the spacious, always-silent reading room, and gather armsful of books to take home. On more than one occasion, Miss Williams said to me as I checked out, "You can't read all of those books, Bobby. [Only three elderly aunts still call me *Bobby*.] Why don't you just take a couple — someone else might want the others, you know." And I would choose the two or three that most appealed to me and return the rest to the shelves.

For some reason, the library in the autumn is most memorable. Because I loved school, learning, and reading and because I was always busy in summers with baseball and later with work, the return to the library in the fall, like the opening to school, was a highlight in my year. That time has, in my mind now, the gentle aura captured so splendidly by Caxtonian John T. McCutcheon in "Injun Summer," an important cultural artifact of my youth, which I first saw on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune* in the reading room of this library.

I would walk the dark streets amidst the scent of burning leaves to the library. I climbed the exterior cement steps, opened the heavy oak doors, entered the foyer, and then mounted the creaking wooden steps to the oak doors of the library proper. About the time my feet hit the top of the inner stairs, I could smell the books inside. The mingled, musty scents of old paper and bindings, of glue and mold, so common in antiquarian bookstores, still remind me of the old library.

Miss Williams greeted me standing at the desk, located immediately inside the upper doors. She was always smiling — and whispering. I don't think I ever heard her speak in anything *but* a whisper. I wonder now if she spoke in whispers at home to her brother Harold, who was my family's physician.

At the desk, I would turn left and enter the spacious reading room, full of large oak tables and chairs and surrounded by the collections of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry that I loved to touch, to hold, to read. I had in my being, I remember so vividly, the urge to *consume* — "to eat and drink up; to ingest" every word of every volume, in that room. It was only Miss Williams' monitoring that kept me from carrying dozens of books home every visit. James Hillman would say, I am certain, that, reading life backwards — as we must all do some time or another — my Caxton Club association and even the *Caxtonian* emerge from the acorn of my soul making itself known in this very library. I still have an insatiable passion to consume books and ideas. There are more than a dozen books on my night stand always, and I keep at least two books going constantly — a morning read and an evening read.

The last time I saw Miss Williams was in 1964. While studying at the University of Minnesota that summer, I had begun reading all of William Faulkner, and, at the end of the term, on our way back to our home in central Indiana, we had stopped for a few days to visit my parents. Having read all of the Faulkner I had bought in Minneapolis, I went to a revered place of my youth, the Kendallville Public Library, to find one or two (or more, if available) of Faulkner's books to read. Because the card catalog did not list any books by Faulkner, I went to the desk, where the aged but yet smiling Lucille Williams sat. She looked up through her bright glasses and whispered, "Bobby, no one reads Faulkner in Kendallville."

My youthful, college-professor bravado wanted to say to her, "How can they when

Lindberghs Recalled

(Continued From Page One)

read selections that showed their excitement, their belief in aviation, and one charming account of the two of them spending a day at Cape Kennedy. Charles Lindbergh marveled to realize that the first second of an Apollo launch burns ten times more fuel than he consumed on his flight from New York to Paris in 1927.

As I spoke and read, I could feel a relief of the tensions and sadness that all the people in the audience had been feeling. One woman in the audience paid me the highest compliment when she stopped me as I was leaving and said, "Almost 60 years ago, at the University of Minnesota, a young woman stood on a balcony and watched a long black car come up the drive. A young man stepped out. He was that young man you just talked about. And I was that young woman." She had shaped a story for me, a recollection of her youth.

For many people, Charles Lindbergh will always be a symbol of youth, just as Anne Lindbergh will be, especially for women, a symbol of self-realization. Their writings have confirmed their *personae*.

Peggy Sullivan
Dean, Graduate School of Library Science
Dominican University
River Forest, IL

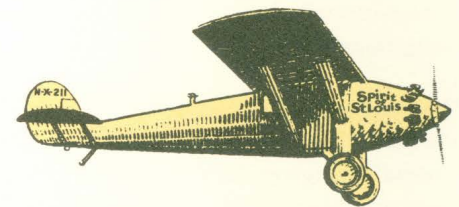


Illustration from *Lindbergh Alone* by Brendan Gill.

you don't offer him in the library!" But my life-long appreciation for this dear lady and what she meant to me overruled. I thanked her, bid her good night, and walked down the creaking steps and out into the late summer night toward home.

Robert Cotner

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.

The luncheon programs will resume in September. Thank you for your attendance and support this past year.

Ed Quattrocchi
Leonard Freedman

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

"When we start at the center of ourselves, we discover something worthwhile extending toward the periphery of the circle. We find again some of the joy in the now, some of the peace in the here, some of the love in me and thee which go to make up the kingdom of heaven on earth."

From Gift from the Sea
Anne Morrow Lindbergh

The Caxton Club on The Web

Internet users may communicate with The Caxton Club at the following address:

<http://www.caxtonclub.org>

Webmaster of the Caxton website is Caxtonian Paul Baker.

Lindbergh First Editions

Books by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

- North to the Orient*, 1935.
Listen! the Wind, 1938.
The Wave of the Future: A Confession of Faith, 1940.
Gift from the Sea, 1955.
The Unicorn and Other Poems 1935-1955, 1956.
Dearly Beloved: A Theme and Variations, 1962.
Earth Shine, 1969.
The Flower and the Nettle, 1970.
Bring Me a Unicorn: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1922-1928, 1972.
Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1929-1932, 1973.
Locked Rooms and Open Doors: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1933-1935, 1974.
War Within and Without: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1939-1944, 1980 (after a limited first edition, privately printed).

Peggy Sullivan

Books by Charles Lindbergh

- We*, 1927.
Culture of Organs, 1938.
Of Flight and Life, 1948.
The Spirit of St. Louis, 1953.
The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh, 1970.
Boyhood on the Upper Mississippi, 1972.
Banana River, 1976.
Autobiography of Values, 1978.

RC

Dinner Programs

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

There will be no dinner program in July. We will resume the program in August. Thank you for your attendance and support this past year.

Karen Skubish

Advance reservations, which are absolutely necessary, may be made by phoning the Caxton office at 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

Caxtonian Distributed To Area School Children

Copies of the current issue of the *Caxtonian*, which focuses on reading, will be distributed children in the summer reading program at the Thurgood Marshall branch of the Chicago Public Library. It will also be distributed in two area schools named for Honorary Caxton Club members. The schools are John T. McCutcheon Elementary in Chicago and Gwendolyn Brooks Elementary in Aurora.



The Caxton Club
60 West Walton Street
Chicago, IL 60610