

Caxtonian

Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

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Chicago's Studs Terkel Is Honored as a 'Son of the Century'

Studs Terkel asked me when we first met in 1988, learning I was with the Salvation Army, "Do you know Sallie Chesham?"

I didn't. She had left Chicago in 1970, after 30 years of service here, for work in New York City, and was then living in retirement with her husband Col. Howard Chesham, near Boston. Their son David, however, assistant Social Service Secretary for the Army in Chicago, was a friend of mine.

"She *is* the Salvation Army, in my mind," Studs said — "A remarkably beautiful woman, and I miss seeing her working the streets of Chicago." Sallie Chesham was more than a beautiful woman. She was one of the most creative spirits in the history of the Salvation Army in America, and her own literary career closely paralleled in time that of Studs'. Her anecdotal history of the Army's centennial in America, *Born to Battle*, has gone through five printings and is still one of the most widely read histories of the organization.

It is my association with the Salvation Army that defines my continuing relationship with Studs. He loves the Army although his own personal philosophy is a great deal different from that of the average Army officer. I have recognized a sense of pride in him over the years as he introduced me to friends of his or to his interviewees, always making certain each knew my professional connection. At the same time, I recognized a certain reticence, in that he was never quite sure just how the two of us related on matters important to him throughout his life. Our contacts are usually brief, always bookish. They often involve the signing of one or several of his books or discussing a recent interview — late in the



Studs Terkel, who has never owned an automobile — or a driver's licence, rides the bus daily with the people he has memorialized in his extensive writings. (Photo used courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.)

afternoon as we are both winding down — but through them, we have connected through a province of cordial mutuality: I believe he is the singular best spokesman for Chicago to the world; he believes I am one of the "good guys" working for one of the great organizations of the world.

He was very pleased when I took three of his books to be inscribed to the daughter and two grandchildren of Vernon Louis Parrington, the great liberal intellectual, whose life and family I have been studying for more than a decade. In fact, when he heard that the books were going to Parrington's relatives, he actually quoted from memory a couple of sentences from Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*.

At about this time, I explained to him that my own philosophy had shifted over the years, "From 'moderate radical' to 'radical moderate.'" He laughed when I told him that, and said he thought he too might now be a 'radical moderate' as well. In an interview over WFMT-FM

shortly after that, he joked with his guest that he thought he had become a "radical conservative." He laughed and retracted the thought: all of us know, of course, Studs Terkel could not be described as any sort of conservative, even a *radical* one. I think he may have been thinking of our earlier conversation and may have been aiming at "radical moderate" and missed it slightly.

Eight years ago, I was at the WFMT-FM studio on East Wacker Drive very late

in the afternoon. The office was vacant and suddenly a very tall man appeared from the hallway, with Studs behind him. Seeing me, Studs smiled brightly and said to the man, "I want you to meet my Salvation Army friend, Bob Cotner." The man was the scholar and historian Page Smith, whose latest book, *Killing the Spirit*, I had just read a review of in the *New York Times Book Review*. I told them how much I looked forward to the interview, which was to be on Smith's new book.

When Smith left the studio, Studs invited me to his office and, learning I planned to buy Smith's book, said, "Here, take my copy — save yourself some money." He handed me his copy of Smith's book. I was amazed to discover the depth and intensity of his preparation for an interview as I studied the book. The six pages before the "Contents" page were completely filled with jottings of outlines and discussion ideas he intended to pursue in the interview. The pages throughout the book were underlined and annotated, as a serious college student might detail a book he felt particularly important. On page

(See STUDS TERKEL, Page Five)

Caxtonian

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Musings...

I recently bought a slender, gray-slipcased edition of Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Astraea, The Balance of Illusions*, a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, August 14, 1850, and published at the Society's request in Boston by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.

The book had a broken spine, with fragments lying in the slipcase. The paper binding over the stiff boards was missing, and the stitching was broken. The pages, in remarkably good condition, remained uncut. A bookplate of "John Stuart Groves" is on the back of the front cover.

I wrote Yale University Library to see if there had been a record made of Holmes' reading of the poem. Judith Ann Schiff, Chief Research Archivist, Manuscripts and Archives at Yale, kindly send me two valuable documents. These were copies of pages from the *Yale Literary Magazine* (October 1850) and pages from an article, "Oliver Wendell Holmes Visits Yale," by Creighton Barker, published in *The Yale Journal of Biology and Medicine* (March 1935). From this material I learned that the reading was part of the 150th anniversary celebration of Yale and was given, along with an oration by John Andrews, Columbus, OH, at the College Street Church, on the evening before the Commencement exercises. "Of the oration and poem before the Phi Beta Kappa and the Commencement exercises the next day," the *Yale Literary Magazine* reported, "...with the exception of the poem, they were of the common grade of such performances. The poem, which has since been published, is in many parts beautiful, in some witty, and is generally marked with that smooth versification for which Mr. Holmes is so noted."

From the Barker article I learned that Holmes' trip to Yale in 1850 — "when he was 41 years old" — was his first visit there, even though, "on his paternal side Dr. Holmes came from a long line of Connecticut ancestry and there had been an almost exclusive Yale influence in his father's life." (See page 7.)

Barker stated that this publication of *Astraea* was "quite rare" in 1935, "although recently a number of copies have come to light, and collectors of Holmesiana have been appeased." He described the book accurately, saying, "It is a small 12mo of 39 pages, poorly bound in pale yellow boards without a backstrip, and carrying the publisher's advertisement of an illustrated edition of Longfellow's *Evangeline* on the outside back cover."

I am pleased to report that my copy of the book and its slipcase have been fully restored by Caxtonian Scott Kellar. It is beautiful!

In the spirit of the season and in keeping with our devotion to The Caxton Club, my wife Norma and I are donating the Holmes' book in its slipcase to the club for auctioning at the Holiday Revels (see page 8), with the proceeds to go to the club's Second Century Fund. We will, as well, include a copy of the Yale University documentation for the purchaser of the book.

I propose that a *Caxtonian*-sponsored book auction become a regular occurrence at the last Caxton dinner meeting each quarter: a member donates, with an account of the acquisition given for publication in advance, an item from his/her collection, the income going to the Second Century Fund. Such a gift is one way we can give back a small portion of the great value each derives from our fellowship in books and insure the long-term fiscal health of The Caxton Club, so important in the scheme of things in Chicago and beyond, it seems to me.

Robert Cotner
Editor

A Salvation Army Officer Remembers Sallie Chesham

Mrs. Col. Sallie Chesham's name — her *real* name — provides a clue to her independent spirit. She was really named *Sarah*, but while still a child, because she thought her name didn't fit, she simply remanufactured herself as "Sallie" without recourse to a formal change in the records. The question of her real name arose at the time of her marriage, but somehow she managed to skate over or around that issue so adroitly that few of her friends ever knew of her "Sarah" secret.

In her teen years, Sallie had emerged as a striking beauty: it was the sort of physical beauty that endured for decades. Years later, one of those who encountered her said she looked like a Dresden doll, a description that sums it up about as succinctly as any single phrase could. She was almost fragile in appearance — not the sort of beauty you would expect to see preaching on a street corner in a Salvation Army bonnet. But there was nothing fragile about her spirit, her personality, or her boldness in setting tough goals and then carrying them out.

Sallie Chesham had a mind of her own. When she completed her studies in 1939 at the College for Officer Training over on Brompton Ave., Chicago, she was issued a uniform for the public commissioning ceremony. It had been tailored to fit her, but because there was some suspicion that she and a few others might try to "modernize" the uniforms, they were not given out until the night before commissioning. Being clever at sewing, as she seemed to be at everything she undertook, Sallie burned the midnight oil that night. The following evening she appeared upon the platform in a somewhat restyled Salvation Army uniform.

Sallie's ability as a reporter for Army publications is a matter of record, and her books, as well as the published anthologies of her poetry, will continue to bear witness to her creativity for years to come. *Born to Battle*, her history of the Salvation Army in



Sallie Chesham wrote more than 800 feature articles and more than 15 books, including poetry, history, drama, and social criticism. She won the Chicago Poetry Award and the Chicago Publisher's Award. She was a member of the Society of Midland Authors, was named an honorary member of the London, England, Women's Press Club, and was listed in the World's Who's Who of Women and the World Who's Who of Authors. (Photo provided through the courtesy of the Salvation Army, Central Territory Archives.)

America, has become a significant part of the legacy she left.

But Sallie was more than a writer; never did she lead an ivory-tower existence. When her home corps (church) was left without a pastor due to an unexpected resignation, all members were invited to an emergency meeting. A representative; from divisional headquarters said there was no way a new pastor could be supplied for several months. He suggested that perhaps the time had come to close the doors of the small corps — after 70 years of serving a community that was beginning to face serious social problems.

(See SALLIE CHESHAM, Page Four)

Caxtonian Recalls A 'doll in a teacup'

Like everything else with which she was ever associated, the late Col. Sallie Chesham brought a touch of genuine feminine beauty to the Chicago contingent of the Salvation Army. Petite and blessed with finely chiseled facial features and a porcelain complexion, she radiated goodwill and happiness wherever she went. Although it's been years since I worked with her on a fund-raising project for the Army, I remain captivated by her beauty and her personality. I never think of her without recalling Rudyard Kipling's description of a young woman he once knew: "...doll in a teacup, she were."

A third generation Salvationist, Sallie spent her life serving others. Despite her impressive credentials, however, she was not always sure of her potential. Some years ago, she told an interviewer: "I'm not fooling myself. I know I lack the necessary capabilities that constitute a brilliant officer, but we can't all play 'solo,' and so perhaps in the second cornet section of His great 'service' band I can do my bit to make the heavenly march a little more melodious and so draw some of those 'little lost lambs' to Him."

We should all be so humble.

Charley Shields

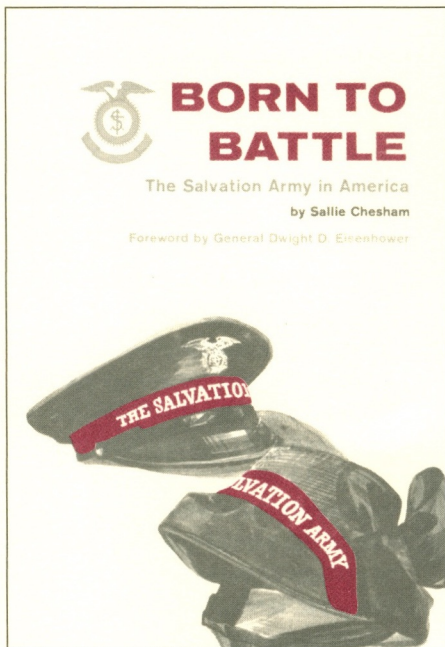
*Editor's note: Caxtonian Shields, a newspaper reporter for many newspapers in Philadelphia and Chicago — he retired four times before becoming Copy Editor of the Caxtonian — remembers fondly Sallie Chesham with whom he worked as a volunteer to raise money for the Salvation Army in the 1960s. A prized item in his own book collection is an inscribed first edition of Chesham's *Born to Battle*.*

Sallie Chesham

Sallie Chesham

(Continued from Page Three)

When others had had their say, it was Sallie who stood and delivered an electrifying speech. *Never*, she said, would she or her comrade-members give up or take the easy way out by simply transferring to another corps. Her impassioned *Never!* seemed to echo with the same resonance as the famous "Never" of Catherine Booth, when that single word became the clarion



Dustwrapper of Chesham's Born to Battle (1965), an anecdotal history of the Salvation Army's first 100 years in America, published in Chicago by Rand McNally & Co.

call that led to the founding of the Salvation Army on London's East Side in 1865.

And the corps did *not* close. After the building was torched twice, relocation became necessary. But the members, exemplifying the spirit evoked that memorable night, went on to build a corps several times as large as it had been before — and the corps is today one of the strongest in the Chicago area.

Sallie had a remarkably rare gift to transform written and spoken language in the most positive social action. When already middled-aged, she led a group of youth from corps across the country in a bold enterprise in one of Chicago's toughest Near Northside neighborhoods. She founded a teen center, dubbed "The Old

"The Old Hat Coffeehouse" 1967

*O God, lead on — anyhow.
True, I cannot get the
Sights and sounds
From my mind,
The woe from my heart —
Their eagerness to crush,
The filth, the stealth,
The readiness to cheat and
Lie and steal.*

*I keep thinking of the rats,
In the corridors,
Up the stairs,
And, lion-sized,
In the lairs
Of their minds.*

*But still,
There is that begging
In their eyes,
And I surmise
They say,
As I have said,
I'm here. Inside.
Find me!
Oh, please, and tell me
"I'm worthwhile."*

*They are Yours,
And so am I;
We belong together,
Somehow —
Now.*

Sallie Chesham

From *Walking with the Wind* (1969)

Hat Coffeehouse." Her young people would share the Army's message in its typical practical way, to help people see life from a whole new perspective, and learn lessons that would last a lifetime.

It turned out to be a lot tougher than Sallie had foreseen. But she and her loyal colleagues hung in there. When, despite their efforts, some of her most difficult cases made headlines and landed in prison, she never gave up on them. Her contacts with prisoners were persistent and meaningful in some of these blighted lives. Not surprisingly, this experience brought forth yet another book, *Trouble Doesn't Happen Next Tuesday*.

All of this from a woman who was pretty as a picture, a poet who could work magic with words, and a person of faith and intellect who had a wonderful gift with people. In a remarkable way, in taking the name *Sallie*, which was the name used since World War I times to identify women officers of the Salvation Army, Sallie Chesham — consciously or unconsciously — created herself as a living symbol of the Army and fulfilled it in an imaginative manner in the minds of those who remember her and for all time through her writing.

Paul Marshall
Major (ret.)
The Salvation Army

A Chronology of Books By Sallie Chesham

1917-1990

- Creators All*. The Salvation Army, NY, 1959.
It Isn't So! The Salvation Army, NY, 1960.
The Contender. The Salvation Army, Chicago, 1961.
Plus and Minus. The Salvation Army, NY, 1963.
Born to Battle. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co., 1965.
Combat Songs of The Salvation Army. ACME Corp., 1965.
Walking with the Wind (poetry). Word Books, 1969.
Trouble Doesn't Happen Next Tuesday. Word Books, 1972.
Today is Yours (poetry). Word Books, 1972.
Combat! A New Musical Drama. The Salvation Army, Boston, 1976.
One Hand Upon Another. The Salvation Army, NY, 1978.
Peace Like a River. The Salvation Army, 1981.
Trophies: Modern Stories of Triumph over Addiction. The Salvation Army, Toronto, 1982.
Wind Chimes (poetry). The Salvation Army, Atlanta, 1983.
Preaching Ladies: An Historical Restoration of The Founding of The Salvation Army in America. The Salvation Army, NY, 1983.
Catalogue Roses (poetry). The Salvation Army, Atlanta, 1987.
The Brengle Treasury: A Patchwork Polygon. The Salvation Army, Atlanta, 1988.
Sycamore: How to Find Peace and Joy — and Keep Them! The Salvation Army, NY, 1989.

Studs Terkel

(Continued from Page One)

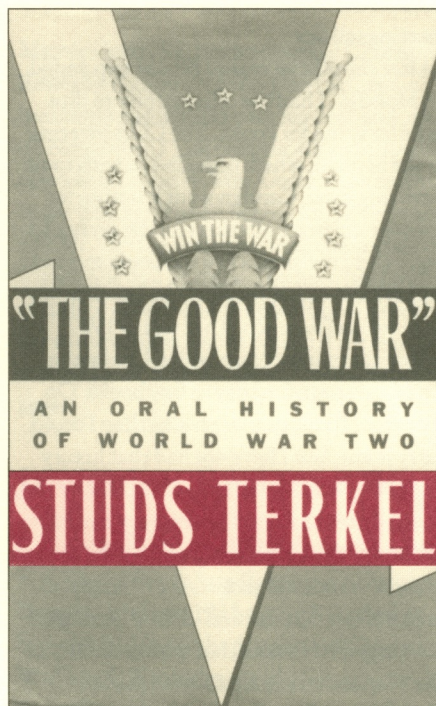
232, for example, beside Smith's sentence, "There was a marked swing of some of [Berkeley's] once-radical leaders to the right..." Studs wrote "You're full of @%&#!" (So much for being a "radical conservative" in his later years.)

It is Studs' thoroughness as an intellectual that drives the quality of his interviews. He is as well prepared as those whom he interviews. Whether its music, theater, literature, politics, or world affairs, Terkel the interviewer is always at the top of his form in his gravel-voiced fashion, exchanging ideas, developing thought processes, and extending conversations into new domains for consideration.

When his program aired over WFMT-FM at 5:30 p.m. — rather than the current unearthly hour of 10:30 p.m., when all reasonable people are in bed — it was the perfect conclusion of my day, to listen to him as I drove home. Once several years ago a good friend, Dr. John Waller, was visiting me for a day from Washington, DC. It was one of those magnificent autumn days in Chicago when the sky was azure-clear, the leaves on the trees brilliant, and the city vibrant. Lunch at the University Club had run late in the afternoon as we lingered over coffee in discussion and dialog. John and I left the University Club and walked down Monroe to LaSalle where I had parked. I was going to drive him to his son's home near Wrigley Field. We tossed our top coats in the rear seat and got in the car. I said, "I've got a treat for you!" dialing 98.7 on the FM dial and Studs' program. We headed north on Clark talking softly as we listened to a program on jazz that Studs offered that particular day. John often reminds me of that brilliant autumn day in Chicago and its most pleasant finale with Studs Terkel as our companion.

In 1991 I found, after a long search, a fine copy (with dust wrapper), of Studs' first book, *Giants of Jazz*, which completed my Terkel collection, and I called him to tell him I just bought a book with a photo of him with *black* hair.

"What'd you pay for it?" he asked.



Dustwrapper of Terkel's 1984 Pulitzer-prize-winning book, *The Good War*, an oral history of World War II.

"Forty dollars," I answered.

"That book sold for \$5 in 1957," he laughed. He inscribed it, as he has all of his books, including two containing his fine introductory essays, Nelson Algren's *Chicago on the Make* (1983) and the 50th Anniversary edition of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* (1989) — and the Page Smith book he had given me.

At the age of 85 Studs seems to be bringing things to a pleasant denouement. His 12th book has been published, and, like a good soldier, he is trooping about the country to speak and sign copies of a most appropriately titled *My American Century*. And collect awards. He was in Washington recently to receive the National Medal of Humanities, the nation's highest humanities award, from President Clinton. As I write, he is in New York, where he was born Louis Terkel in 1912, to receive the National Book Foundation Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters. These are added to previous awards, which include membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters (1997) and the Pulitzer Prize for *The Good War* (1985).

What Studs Terkel has done better than

any writer before him is give voice to *demos*, the common people, through his books. In so doing, he has refined oral history to its highest level, and we have in his written work the story not only of one man but of all working people of this grand nation. Robert Coles said in the foreword to Studs' latest book, "How lucky, then, for all of us, that Studs Terkel has been with us these many years."

There is an expression I often hear Salvation Army officers use, which seems appropriate in a very special way: We are blessed! — by Studs Terkel, by his work, and by his life among us these many years.

Robert Cotner

A Chronology of Books By Studs Terkel

b. 1912

- Giants of Jazz*. Thomas Y. Crowell, 1957.
Division Street: America. Pantheon, 1967.
Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression. Pantheon, 1970.
Working. Pantheon, 1974.
Talking to Myself: A Memoir of My Times. Pantheon, 1977.
American Dreams: Lost & Found. Pantheon, 1980.
The Good War: An Oral History of World War Two. Pantheon, 1984.
Chicago. Pantheon, 1986.
The Great Divide: Second Thoughts on the American Dream. Pantheon, 1988.
Race: How Blacks & Whites Feel About the American Obsession. The New Press, 1992.
Coming of Age. The New Press, 1995.
My American Century. The New Press, 1997.

A Letter from Evanston...

Ed Quattrocchi Responds To Caxtonian & Other Matters

(Part One)

I started this letter on July 4, and here it is July 12. My original intention was easy enough — to write a brief account of our recent trip to San Francisco and enclose a few pieces relating to Caxton Club affairs that I may have sent you before. But the letter grew out of all bounds. I began sequentially describing some of our experiences on our trip and then realized that not much of it is pertinent to the reason I was writing the letter in the first place. I am now forced to revise it, but rather than taking the extra time to decide what to cut and what to include, I am rearranging it in journalistic style, leading off with the most pertinent to our mutual interest and trailing off with an account of some personal experiences and remembrances. You may skip through the personal storytelling with your usual editorial expertise.

Upon our return from San Francisco on July 1, the July *Caxtonian* was here for me to enjoy as a little dessert after feasting in California. As usual I read it from cover to cover with great delight. I was particularly pleased that you focused much of the content on women, and I especially enjoyed Peg Sullivan's and Charles Shields' articles on the Lindburghs. And, of course, your "Musings" explains a lot about your wide familiarity with literary sources. Your confession of your insatiable addiction to reading has baited me to feed that habit in what follows. I recount below some of the highlights of our trip to the Bay Area, along with some other items I have been intending to send you for a couple of months.

Coincidentally, it was because of Caxtonian Peg Sullivan's recommending me to the Committee on Accreditation of the American Library Association that we were in San Francisco during its annual convention. It was quite an event. I hadn't realized that the ALA was such a mammoth organization. The whole city was overrun with librarians, with an almost equal number of gay and lesbian visitors who descended on the fair city for the annual Gay Pride Day parade down Market Street, which lasted about eight hours. I

missed most of it, because we were in meetings all day.

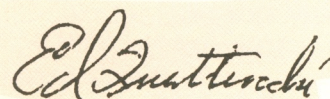
After the official reason for our trip ended on Monday, I had the opportunity to do a little foraging for books. The COA meeting broke at noon, which provided us with some browsing time. Carolyn went scouting for appropriate peace offerings for the grandchildren, and I revisited a few old bookstores in which I remember reveling the last time we were in San Francisco. That was in 1987, before the market crash, when I had some walking-around money to buy books. On that visit, I bought more books than I could carry home, but I have not had that luxury since.

This time I hesitated in exposing myself to the temptation of roaming around the shelves of those wonderful shops. As a Chicagoan, proud of our rich cultural life and heritage, I am chagrined to note that within the city of San Francisco there are 21 Antiquarian Booksellers, not to mention numerous others in the surrounding Bay Area. In one building alone, at 49 Geary Street, there are five fine dealers. I was not looking for anything in particular and knew that I would be tempted to buy something even if I could not afford it. I circled the block a couple of times before I gave in to the temptation to go in. I reminded myself of the fellow described by Socrates in the *Republic* in his explanation of how the *Thumos*, or the spirited part of the soul, works. That is, the part that hangs in the balance between reason and appetite. The fellow walked by some dead bodies of soldiers killed in battle. His reason told him not to look at them, but his appetite won out, and he devoured the sight, knowing how wrong he was.

I could not resist the cravings of my bibliophilic appetite, so I ventured into the first store, the Brick Row Book Shop, which I had visited in 1987. I perused the books with fond memories of my visit to the same store in a different location 10 years ago. I coveted many of the beckoning titles on the neatly arranged shelves but staved off my ardent desire for want of ready cash. I especially liked a 1776 edition of the *Complete Works of Nicholas Rowe*. I am interested in this three-volume work because it contains Rowe's play, "Jane Shore," in which John Crosby plays a significant part.

As you know, Crosby is famous for having built Crosby Hall in London, later owned by King Richard III, and Thomas More, and the inspiration for the design of Cathedral Hall in the University Club here in Chicago. As you will remember, I wrote a piece about it for the *Caxtonian* [September 1994] and made a presentation to the Friday luncheon group a couple of years ago. I didn't buy Rowe's *Works* but probably will the next time I have a big day in the cattle market. After all, John Crosby was a commodity trader, and I think he would urge me on. And now here in Cyberspace it is harder than before to leave a book behind in a shop. But the Brick Row Book Shop has a Web page, and I can order the book with a flick of my mouse!

To Be Continued



Editor's note: This is the first in series of pieces selected from a 22-page epistle to Caxtonian editor, Robert Cotner, in which a rich selection of important issues are presented, all worthy of consideration.

Caxton Club Books Prove an Investment

In the late 1930s, when the Great Depression discouraged the sale of Caxton Club publications, the secretary of The Caxton Club issued a printed notice to Caxtonians, announcing that copies of 17 titles were still in stock and available for purchase at reduced prices. The oldest, *The French Bookbinders of the Eighteenth Century*, published in 1904, could be had for \$9.00, as compared to the publication price of \$18.00. This book now sells for over \$400 in the antiquarian market. The last book on the list, published in 1937, Stefan Zweig's *The Old-Book Peddler and Other Tales*, was still selling at the publication price of only \$2.00. It now sells for \$100, if you can find a copy. Bibliophiles in the club should take heed and realize that only eight of the club's publications remain in stock. Better buy them before they also can only be had on the inflated antiquarian market!

Frank Pichl
Caxton Historian

Holmes' *Astraea* Recalls Father's Legacy in Georgia

*Say, shall I trust these trembling lips to tell
The fireside tale that memory knows so well?
How, in the days of Freedom's dread
campaign,
A home-bred schoolboy left his village plain,
Slow faring southward, till his wearied feet
Pressed the worn threshold of this fair
retreat...*

Oliver Wendell Holmes
From *Astraea*, 1850.



Amid loblolly pines in coastal Midway, GA, this New England-style Congregational Church still stands, built in 1792, the fourth edifice since the founding in 1754 of St. John's Parish (now Liberty County). The previous church was burned by the British in the Revolutionary War. From 1785 until 1792, Oliver Wendell Holmes' father, Abiel, fresh from graduation at Yale College, was pastor here. St. John's Parish produced a large number of national leaders, including senators, governors, cabinet members, foreign ministers, and five leaders in Georgia, whose names are memorialized in counties of that state: Baker, Gwinnett, Hall, Screven, and Stewart. Abiel Holmes left Midway in 1792 to become pastor of the First Congregational Church in Cambridge, MA, where Oliver Wendell was born in 1809 — in time to be part of the Transcendental Renaissance in New England. For a history of the Midway parish, see Robert M. Myers, ed., *The Children of Pride*, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1972. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner.)

*R. H. Dana, Jr.
From his old friend and
schoolmate
O. W. Holmes.*

Holmes' inscription and signature to R. H. Dana, Jr. in a first edition of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Company, 1859, a recent acquisition of the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.

Mamie Gertz Dies

Mamie Gertz, 82, beloved wife of Caxtonian Elmer Gertz and a regular guest at Caxton luncheons and dinners with her husband, died on November 15, of complications following open-heart surgery. Mrs. Gertz was a teacher in the Chicago Public School for 32 years and was Mr. Gertz's constant companion and best friend. She will be missed by him, her family, and all of us who had the pleasure of knowing her as a vivacious, warm person. Our thoughts and prayers attend the family in this difficult time.

RC

Invitation Designer Dies

C. Prentiss Smith (b. 1910), a member of the R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company's Design Department from 1935 until 1973, died in September. Under the direction of Caxtonian William A. Kittredge, head of design at R.R. Donnelley, Mr. Smith designed many Caxton Club invitations and keepsakes and worked closely with Bruce Rogers on the design of the Caxton Club publication, *John McCutcheon's Book* (1948).

Recently Mr. Smith donated his personal papers to the R.R. Donnelley Archives, a rich collection of materials documenting the work of R.R. Donnelley's Design Department.

Mr. Smith had retired to Carterville, IL, where he continued to design and to print on a 1937 handpress. He is survived by his wife Neva, their son, Dr. Sidney Smith, and several grandchildren.

Kim Coventry

A Postcard on Maugham

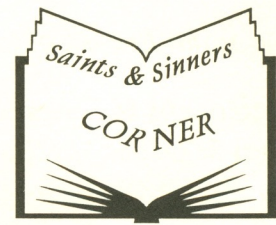
Dear Karen Skubish,

It was thoughtful and kind of you to send Garson the excellent September 1997 issue of *The Caxton Club* journal. We both enjoyed every word about WSM [W. S. Maugham].

We were in Chicago for four months this last year. I was filming "Home Alone 3." I wish we had known you then — I hope on our next visit we can meet.

I am writing this card, but of course it comes to you from Garson who will sign it below as I do with gratitude.

Garson
Karen Skubish



Caxtonians **John McKinven** and **Jay Marshall** will appear on "History of Magic," to be broadcast on the Arts & Entertainment (A&E) channel, December 7, 1997. Check the local listing for the exact time. The program is a two-part series and will air on both December 7 and 9.

Caxtonians **Elmer Gertz** and **Robert Cotner** spoke to members of the Chicago Literary Club. On October 27, Gertz spoke on "The Best Is Yet to Be," and on November 3, Cotner read a paper, "Vernon Louis Parrington: Main Currents in One Man's Life." Caxtonian John Notz is past president of the Literary Club, which began its 124th year this fall.

Caxton Historian **Frank J. Piehl** spoke to members of the Board of Directors of the Eugene Field House and St. Louis Toy Museum on September 29. His topic, "Eugene Field II, Forger Extraordinaire," was an expanded version of his presentation at the Caxton luncheon in September 1996.

Historian **Piehl** writes that the processing of the club's papers at the Newberry Library is nearing completion. As of Halloween, 45 archival boxes have been filled with sorted records. After completing work on the papers, the club's publications will be reorganized. Caxtonians are reminded to submit photographs of themselves to Dan Crawford at the Newberry for inclusion in the archives.

Caxtonian **Richard Love** has completed work on his biographical and critical study of American artist Carl Peters. The 700-page book, titled *Peters: On the Regionalist Road from Rochester to Rockport*, is being published by the University of Rochester Press and will be available in late 1998.

Book Marks

Luncheon Programs

Your Special Luncheon Invitation...

Date: December 12, 1997

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: Peggy Sullivan

Our resident storyteller, Peggy Sullivan, will return to our luncheon program with a whole collection of stories and monologues, selected especially for the Holiday Season and representing a variety of cultures and traditions.

Those who heard her last year will remember the great delight she brought in her masterful way of telling stories — and they will not want to miss this year's special offering.

She has a doctoral degree from the University of Chicago and has been head of the Library Science program at Dominican University, River Forest, IL. In addition, she was both president and executive director of the American Library Association. From her own rich background as a librarian and bibliophile, Sullivan will entertain and delight listeners.

This noon luncheon is your personal opportunity to enter the Holiday Season from a multi-cultural vantagepoint. Join Caxtonians and their friends in this special event of the Season.

*Edward Quattrocchi
Leonard Freedman
Co-Chairs*

All luncheon and dinner 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. Dinner meetings begin with spirits, 5 p.m., dinner 6 p.m., lecture, 7 p.m. 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. Members planning to attend luncheons or dinners must make advance reservations by phoning the Caxton number, 312/255-3710. Luncheon for members and guests, \$20. Dinner, for members and guests \$35.

Dinner Programs

Your Special Dinner Invitation...

Date: December 17, 1997

Place: Belmont Yacht Club

Speaker: James Finn Garner

The Holiday Revels will begin with "The Caxtonian Capers," a program of magic by three of our nationally-known, Caxtonian magicians. Jay Marshall, John McKinven, and John Railing will entertain us with their slight-of-hand magic, which they promise will highlight the magic of the Holiday Season for us.

Then James Finn Garner, author of a remarkably successful series of books, will bring laughter and insight as he shares from his writings. These included his much-hailed *Politically Correct Bedtime Stories*, *Once Upon a More Enlightened Time*, and *Politically Correct Holiday Stories*. His most recent book, *Apocalypse Wow! A Memoir for the End of Time*, is a comic examination of pre-millennial hysteria and gullibility.

A native of Detroit, Garner landed a position as an editorial writer with the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers. Fearing he would go mad if he continued to write about the income capitalization approach to property value, he took lessons in improvisational and terrorized comedy clubs in Chicago for many years. His books have sold in the millions of copies, and he has been on the *New York Times* Best Seller list for more than 64 weeks. His fiction and satire have appeared in *Playboy*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Chicago Magazine*, *TV Guide*, the *Chicago Tribune Magazine*, and the *Chicago Reader*. He promises to bring us laughing into the Holiday Season.

And finally, you will have a chance to bid on Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Astraea*, *The Balance of Illusion* (see page 2). In short, Holiday Revels, 1997, promises something for everyone, and we hope you'll join us at the Belmont Yacht Club, Belmont at Lake Shore Drive, for the *best* party of the Holiday Season.

Internet users may communicate with The Caxton Club at the following address: <http://www.caxtonclub.org>

*C. Fred Kittle
Vice President and
Program Chair*