

Caxtonian

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July 1999

Vachel Lindsay – Illinois Poet, American Troubadour

By Robert Cotner

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931) was one of the first of the great secular evangelists who worked the highways and byways of early 20th Century America, proclaiming his own special faith in what he called the “Gospel of Beauty.”

Lindsay was born in Springfield, IL, to a medical doctor and his wife, who were of the stern Campbellite religious tradition, which had its origins in the Appalachian mountain region during the opening of the American frontier. After attending Hiram College (1897-1900), he studied art at the Chicago Art Institute and in New York (1900-1905). Lindsay began translating the stern gospel of the Campbellites into a powerful form of poetry, fusing themes from biblical, classical, and American cultural heritages. His poems were written to be spoken aloud (often with published marginal notes as to exactly how they were to be read). Lindsay performed his poems at a farmer's door, in grange halls, on college campuses, or wherever he could get an audience, for a cup of water, a meal, an overnight lodging, as he wandered the countryside from coast to coast. One of his early poems was, in fact, called “Prologue to ‘Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread’”:

*Even the shrewd and bitter,
Gnarled by the old world's greed,
Cherished the stranger softly
Seeing his utter need.
Shelter and patient hearing,
These were their gifts to him,
To the minstrel chanting, begging,
As the sunset-fire grew dim.
The rich said “You are welcome.”*



Lillian Scalza's painting of Vachel Lindsay reciting “The Chinese Nightingale.” (Courtesy of the Vachel Lindsay Association, Springfield, IL.)

His close friend, fellow-poet, and biographer, Edgar Lee Masters, wrote of him in 1935, “The truth is that Lindsay was almost cursed with restlessness, a longing and a disquietude of spirit that were to a degree pathological.” On his third extended walking trip, he traveled from Springfield, IL, to Mills College in California between May 29 through September 5, 1912. He had to borrow a pair of trousers to give a reading at the college. On a later trip to Mills College, he met a young classics teacher, Elisabeth Conner, who became his wife in 1925. They had two children, Susan and Nicholas. The family returned to live in Springfield in the family home in 1926.

It was Lindsay's life-long love of another evangelist who had established a worldwide ministry to assist the vagabond — wherever and in whatever condition he was found — that propelled Lindsay to national and international fame. That fellow-evangelist was William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army in 1865, and the poem was “General William Booth Enters Heaven.” In an autobiographical foreword, “Adventures While Singing These Songs,” in his *Collected Poems* (1923), Lindsay confessed, “When I was dead broke, and begging in Atlanta, GA, I slept for three nights in the Salvation Army quarters there. And when I passed through Newark, NJ, on another trip I slept in the Salvation Army quarters there. I could tell some fearful stories of similar experiences. I will say briefly, that I know the Salvation Army from the inside.

Certainly, at that time, the Army was struggling with what General Booth called the submerged tenth of the population. I was with the submerged.”

When General Booth died in 1912, Lindsay was on the sojourn in the West, staying, without a doubt, in Salvation Army facilities along the way. He recalled the attention paid by the world press of the General's going blind toward the end, of his death, and of the great impact he had on the “submerged tenth.” Out of his respect for the founder and for the Salvation Army itself, Lindsay wrote and began performing one of the great poems of world literature, “General William Booth Enters Heaven.”

(See LINDSAY, Page Three)

Caxtonian

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Musings...

His given name was *Bill*, but I can't for the life of me recall his surname. He was a large, ruddy-faced fellow, jovial in manner and always smiling. We first met in church in about 1959. He came up to me after the service one Sunday and said, "I've got something I think you'd like to see." I was a very young English teacher in the Ft. Recovery (OH) High School, and I assumed what he had to show me related to my teaching — but he never said for certain.

On an appointed Sunday, we drove to his farm, located west of Coldwater, OH, for one of those Sunday-farm-dinners that were still famous in the Midwest. The farm itself was well-tended and surrounded by a freshly-painted white board fence. His wife had prepared fried chicken before church, and when we entered the farmhouse, the aroma of the delicacy permeated every room.

Bill had a large white bulldog with a physique similar to his. The dog nuzzled damply around my shoes and snorted his approval of my presence. While Bill's wife made final preparations for dinner, with the assistance of my always-willing Norma, Bill showed me his library and got out the Sunday *Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette*, opened it, and informed me that he read every day's paper thoroughly — "even if it's only the headlines."

After dinner we returned to the living room and continued our conversation begun over dinner. Shortly, Bill went to a closed bookcase and withdrew a book that appeared very old, judging from its worn and faded cover. He handed the book to me, and I discovered it was a *Holy Bible*, dated, as I remember, in the 1820s.

"Look inside the front cover," he told me, and I carefully opened the old book to the soiled end sheets. "Look at the top of the backside of the cover," he instructed. I could see in faint brown ink the inscription, *Jonathan Chapman*. "That's Johnny Applesseed's Bible," Bill said, with bright pride. "He was some relation to me, and I got the Bible through the family. He's buried over there in Fort Wayne, you know," he said motioning in a general northwesterly direction with his hand.

"You see" — and here he took the old book from me to illustrate — "Johnny traveled through these parts in the 1840s, and he always carried this Bible in an open pouch that he had tied to his waist." Bill held the Bible to his side, belt-high, to demonstrate. He continued, "You can see how the top edges are swollen from being rained on in his pouch." He handed the book back for me for further inspection. It was indeed a remarkable experience for me to hold the Bible purported to be Johnny Applesseed's, which he had carried on his journeys from Pennsylvania westward, so long ago.

I did not know Johnny Applesseed had died in Fort Wayne and is indeed buried just east of the Coliseum on the north side of the city. I was beginning my own journey and was just getting the feel for ideas, literature, and people. If I had been more astute, I'd have made a record of that Sunday afternoon on the western border of Ohio at midcentury and kept in contact with the people of that community. But I did not, and I wonder today where that old Bible now is.

Sometime later Norma and I did visit the gravesite of Jonathan Chapman (1774-1845) on a knoll near the St. Joseph River, along which he had walked, scattering apple seeds. And then I discovered Vachel Lindsay's remarkable suite of poems, "In Praise of Johnny Applesseed." In our own wanderings we visited Lindsay's family home in Springfield, IL, where we learned of his "Gospel of Beauty" and heard about his "tramping tours" to sow through public readings his own seeds of beauty:

*In the four-poster bed Johnny Applesseed built,
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were the quilt.
He laid him down sweetly, and slept through the night,
Like a stone washed white,
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.*

Robert Cotner
Editor

Lindsay also Extolled Johnny Appleseed of Folklore Fame

Lindsay

(Continued from Page One)

Harriet Monroe first published the poem in the fourth issue of *Poetry* (January 1913). Monroe had written to Lindsay after she read a series of his articles in *American Magazine*, asking him to submit some of his poems to her for consideration. He sent "General William Booth" and some moon poems. She paid Lindsay \$22 for the Booth poem upon publication. Monroe wrote in her autobiography, *A Poet's Life* (1938) that Lindsay was "perhaps the most gifted and original poet we ever printed."

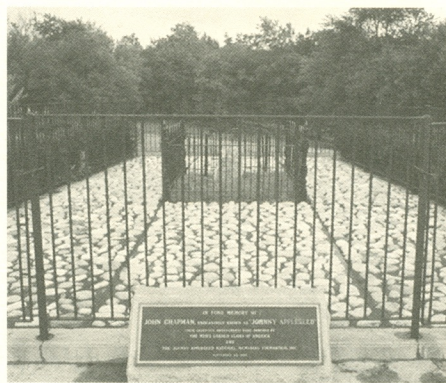
The power of "General William Booth Enters Heaven" when well performed is without equal in literature. The poem has been performed at least twice in Chicago in the last decade at Salvation Army events. As recently as June 12, 1999, the General-Elect of the Salvation Army, Englishman John Gowans, performed the poem at the Commissioning ceremony for Army cadets in the Central Territory, at the Starlighter Theater, Merrillville, IN. (See page four.) (The General-Elect, a performing musician, has made a CD of his rendition of the Lindsay poem, which is available.)

Lindsay had other favorite evangelist-types with whom he identified and about whom he wrote dramatic verses. These included William Jennings Bryan, John Brown, Edwin Booth, Abraham Lincoln, Booker T. Washington, Alexander Campbell, Daniel Boone, and Johnny Appleseed. *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* (1966) called the Johnny Appleseed suite "one of his most significant pieces." In three poems Lindsay celebrated the historic figure, Jonathan Chapman, who walked the river ways and prairies of America, planting apple orchards in the early 1800s, and became known as the mythical figure, Johnny Appleseed. Lindsay saw him as a "symbol of the restless, creative American spirit," and most certainly modeled his own life as a troubadour after him.

A prolific letter-writer, Lindsay corresponded with Harriet Monroe and others at *Poetry* magazine on a regular basis. His



A carved wooden statue of Johnny Appleseed in the Glenbrook Mall, three miles west of the Jonathan Chapman gravesite. The 12-foot statue was carved by the late Dean Johnson from a four-ton swamp ash log. (Used through special arrangements with Glenbrook Mall, Ft. Wayne, IN.)



The gravesite of Jonathan Chapman (1774-1845), known in American folklore as "Johnny Appleseed," on a knoll on the north side of Ft. Wayne, IN. (Photo by and from the collection of Robert Cotner).

Chronology of Books By Vachel Lindsay 1879-1931

- The Tree of Laughing Bells*, 1905.
- Rhythms to Be Traded for Bread*, 1912.
- General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems*, 1913.
- The Congo and Other Poems*, 1914.
- Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, 1914 (prose).
- A Handy Guide for Beggars*, 1916 (prose).
- The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems*, 1917.
- The Daniel Jazz*, 1920.
- The Golden Whales of California*, 1920.
- The Golden Book of Springfield*, 1920 (prose).
- Going to the Sun*, 1923.
- Collected Poems*, 1923; revised, 1925.
- The Candle in the Cabin*, 1926.
- Johnny Appleseed*, 1928.
- The Litany of Washington Street*, 1929 (political essays).
- Every Soul is a Circus*, 1929.

RC

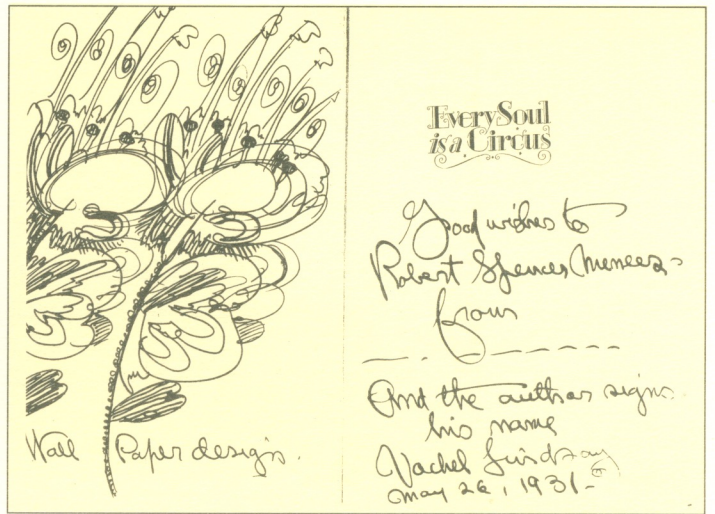
letters reveal his effervescent spirit and his flowing artistic nature. Both the Newberry Library and the University of Chicago Special Collections have a rich representation of his correspondence. His evangelistic fervor in things poetic led him to introduce to the American reading public other poets. He considered the young African American poet Langston Hughes one of the rising stars of American literature and became his friend early in Hughes' career. He introduced a fellow Springfield poet, Robert Fitzgerald, to the people of *Poetry*, and within months after the introduction. *Poetry* published his poetry. Fitzgerald achieved great fame of one of the finest, in not the best, translator of Homer's and Virgil's writings (see page 8).

The life of a creative poetic genius in America is never easy. Few poets can make a living – even today – writing and publishing poetry.

(See LINDSAY, Page Four)



Vachel and his wife Elisabeth, with their children Susan and Nicky, pose by the family home at 603 S. Fifth St., Springfield, IL (photo provided through the courtesy of the Vachel Lindsay Association, Springfield, IL).



Lindsay decorated his final book, *Every Soul is a Circus*, for Robert Spencer Menees, winner of a writing contest for the Book Club of Virginia, May 26, 1931. (From the collection of Robert Cotner.)

Lindsay

(Continued from Page Three)

When Monroe invited Lindsay to perform his poetry at a major Chicago literary event, *Poetry's* banquet at the Cliff Dwellers Club on March 1, 1914, honoring William Butler Yeats. Lindsay had to borrow money from Monroe for his carfare between Springfield and Chicago in order to give a spellbinding performance of "General William Booth" and perform his first public recital of "The Congo."

Throughout his life, Lindsay had to depend upon some form of "begging" to make ends meet. But, as Monroe wrote, the "income was so sadly insufficient to support a family, and the endless recitals became a task beyond his nervous strength." In exhaustion and frustration at not being able to complete to his liking a poem about Lincoln's teacher, Mentor Graham, Lindsay drank a glass of Lysol at midnight on December 9, 1931, bringing to an end one of the most remarkable poetic careers in American letters.

English poet John Masefield wrote of Lindsay: "It has been possible to say of every other American poet of this day that he was kindred to some American or English poet; but no one knows the parentage of Lindsay. He sings America, but not in the White-man's key; he turns sometimes to gnomish and mystical chants,

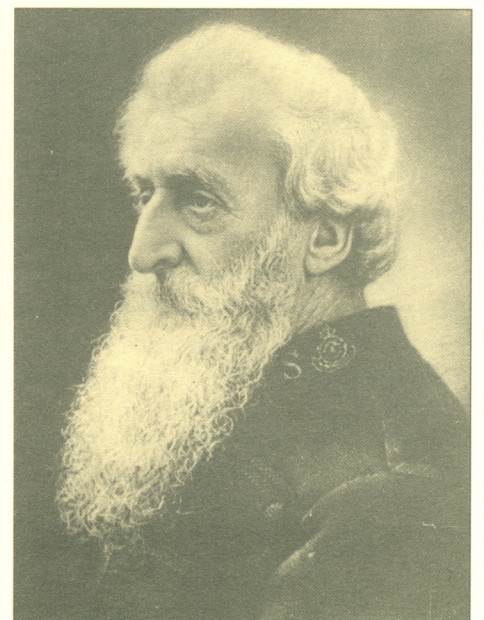
An inscription (right) by William Booth, October 29, 1890, from a presentation copy of a first edition of Booth's famous and important book, *In Darkest England and the Way Out* (1890). (From the collection of Abel Berland.)

but they are aloft in a different space from that which Emerson's muse visited....He sings of America as lustily as Whitman did, but it is a different America, and a more refined liberty...his utterance has been transmuted by the strange genius which is his, which speaks not its sources and inspirations, but Lindsay himself."

With love
and faith
and hope
William Booth
October 29, 90



General-Elect John Gowans, June 12, 1999. (Photo provided through the courtesy of The Salvation Army Central Territory Headquarters.)



General William Booth, 1829-1912. (Photo used through the courtesy of The Salvation Army, Metropolitan Division Archives.)



General William Booth died on August 22, 1912. His funeral was held on August 29 at Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington. The heart of London stood still for nearly four hours as the procession of 7,000 mourners, including 40 bands, wended its five-mile path behind the cortege through more than 200,000 people along the pathway of the procession. More than 10,000 people were at the church door for the ceremony, attended by the Acting Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Krill, and Queen Alexandra. More than 65,000 people had passed the bier, and the Mayor of South Shields called Booth the "Archbishop of the World." A memorial service for Gen. Booth was held at Orchestra Hall in Chicago on September 1. Lindsay's "General William Booth" poem, published in England shortly after it was published in America, was received with great enthusiasm for this celebrated leader of the Salvation Army. The remarkable photograph above was taken August 29, as the cortege passed the cameraman on its route through London to the cemetery. (Used through the courtesy of the Salvation Army Central Territory Museum.)

A Review**Art Historian Richard Love Pens Tribute to Carl Peters**

Carl W. Peters, American Scene Painter from Rochester to Rockport. Richard H. Love. Rochester: University of Rochester Press, 1999. \$75.

by Robert Cotner

Caxtonian Richard H. Love's latest book, *Carl W. Peters, American Scene Painter from Rochester to Rockport*, is not so much an interpretive biography of one of America's finest artists as it is an history of American art in which Carl Peters is placed within appropriate historic perspective, cultural milieu, and artistic company.

The book itself is nothing short of monumental. It is 927 pages in length, contains in excess of 300 illustrations — more than 100 in full color — and weighs a full five pounds. In preparation more than five years, the Peters study is the first comprehensive look at the American scene painter. It begins with his early days in Rochester, NY, and progresses to his present posthumous place in American art as one of most the respected and appreciated artists of the 20th Century.

Art historian, entrepreneur, and galleryist, Richard Love is a consummate scholar and cultural commentator as well as an art historian. He traces Peters' growth from a landscape painter focusing on the Genesee wilderness of New York, against the backgrounds of both European and American artists working in the Eastern United States. He moves from the general to the particular in his analysis of European, American, New York, and Rochester-specific artists, who progressed from academic-controlled art traditions toward new motifs as rebel artists willing to "make great sacrifices for change." This is, it seems to me, the great strength of this book — but it may make some in today's academic communities uncomfortable. It is, however, thoroughly appropriate that a definitive study of Peters, as this book is, represents, in effect, what Peters the artist did in American art. Taking what was close to him and studying it thoroughly, Peters revealed in his art

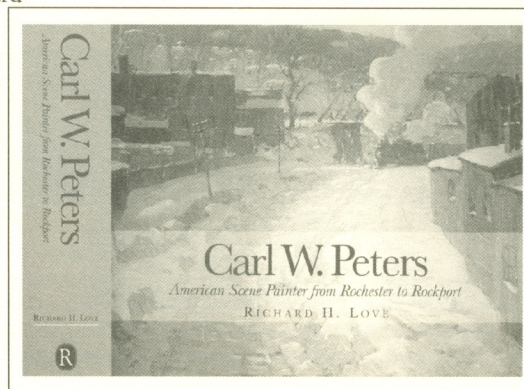
the various subtleties that light and shadow, clouds and sunlight, summer and winter brought to a scene.

The rich cultural texture of this book may best be illustrated by the fact that not until page 243 does the first Carl Peters' oil painting appear. The untitled painting (1915), which Love calls "Cowboy Riding a Horse," shows genuine gifts in the use of color and in the sense of movement while revealing, Love comments, a struggle in draftsmanship.

The general-to-specific approach of Love throughout the book relates the events and issues of Peters' times directly to his own life. We see, for example, young Peters going off to France during World War I, where he created early pen-and-ink drawings of scenes and events in Europe. After the war, his study under John F. Carlson provided the final impetus, through a new way of viewing the use of light, for Peters' own coming of age as an American oil painter of the first order.

Love's extraordinary grasp of the American artistic and cultural events enriches in a marvelous way the story of Peters' life and art. We see illustrated throughout the book — to the final chapters — works by other artists, which illuminate and highlight the differences in technique, color, design, and movement that make Peters so distinct as an American artist.

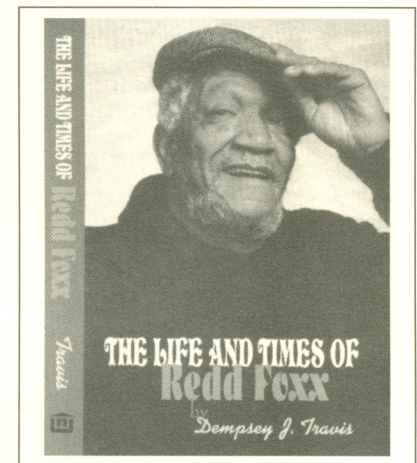
In short, this is a remarkable book — beautiful in design, dense in delineation of all aspects of American culture, and rich in expression. This will long be the guide in American scholarship to Carl W. Peters, his life and work as an American scene painter.

A Review**The Uses of Laughter — A View of Redd Foxx**

The Life and Times of Redd Foxx. Dempsey Travis. Chicago: Urban Research Press, Inc. 1999. \$23.75.

by Robert Cotner

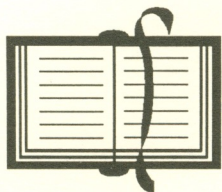
Cultural historian, Zora Neale Hurston, wrote in her studies of African American culture that laughter was an important means of communication in the Black community. Humor then became the vehicle carrying laughter beyond what words or deeds themselves could do. Caxtonian Dempsey J. Travis understands that well. He also understands that laughter is a mask — for anger and fear — and a confederate — for making it through the day, or lifetime.



And so did his old friend, the late Redd Foxx who, denied equality as a youth, found his superiority in making people of all kinds laugh at his quick wit and his colorful (often blue) language. One of the ironies of this book is that, funny as he was, Redd Foxx began and ended his life in two distinct sorts of misery. The first was not of his making: he grew up in an America so void of equality — and it grieves me to write of it — that he and his friends, who included Duke Ellington, Lena Horne, Della Reese, Sammy Davis, Jr., Louis Armstrong, and Travis himself had to use the kitchen entrances for their performances and separate bathroom facilities. The final was of his

(See FOXX, Page Seven)

Calendar of Events



✓ **“Magic Paper/Magic Book: Friends of Dard Hunter & Guild of Book Workers”** on exhibition through November 7, in the Main Exhibition Hall, Lower Level, Harold Washington Library Center of the Chicago Public Library, 400 S. State St. For information phone the Book and Paper Arts at 312/431-8612.

✓ **“Five Decades in Print: Ed Colker,”** Columbia College Chicago Center for Book and Paper, 218 S. Wabash Ave, 7th Floor, Chicago, presents a selection of Limited Edition works organized by the University of Arizona Museum of Art, Tucson. Opening reception July 2, 5 - 7 p.m. For information phone 312/431-8612.

✓ **“Art Shay: The Time of My Life,”** Stephen Daiter Gallery, 311 W. Superior St., #404, presents a photographic exhibition by former *Life* magazine photographer, Art Shay, through July 24. For information, phone 312/787-3350.

Compiled by Barbara Lazarus Metz

Editors's Note: The "Calendar of Events" is a regular monthly feature of the Caxtonian. Any book-related event relevant to Chicago area book lovers may be listed. Please send prospective listings to Barbara Lazarus Metz by phone at 312/431-8612, or by mail at 1420 W. Irving ParRd., Chicago, IL 60613, or e-mail at b-lazarmetz@nwu.edu

Welcome, New Members

John Greer Allen

Nominated by Gwin Kolb
Seconded by Jane Rosenthal and Alice Schreyer

Mary Jane Anderson

Nominated by Peggy Sullivan
Seconded by Sharon Hogan and Barbara Ballanger

Peter-John Byrnes

Nominated by John Chalmers
Seconded by J. Ingrid Lesley

Jay Marshall, Legendary Proprietor, Magician, and Ventriloquist, Honored

Writing in the *Chicago Sun-Times* (May 30, 1999), Miriam Di Nunzio featured Caxtonian Jay Marshall and his magic shop at 5082 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago. “To this day,” she wrote, “it is known ‘round the world as one of the best places for professional — and budding — magicians to shop for books, props, instructions, vintage memorabilia, videos, and all sorts of magic gizmos and gadgets.”

Marshall won the “World’s Greatest Magician Award” at the 1999 Battle of Magicians in Canton, OH. He holds the record for the number of appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show in the earlier days of television. And he has entertained audiences in Radio City Music Hall in New York, as well as in the Palladium in London.

Di Nunzio reminded readers of Marshall’s charm, his “wonderful sense of humor and joyous tales of magic’s vivid past and thriving present.” Caxtonians know these things, for he has entertained at the past Holiday Revels and demonstrated his mastery and wit in a magical way.

Kathryn and Howard Clark

Nominated by Ken Paterson
Seconded by Hayward Blake

Pierre Ferrand

Nominated by Evelyn J. Lampe
Seconded by Robert Cotner

Barbara J. Ford

Nominated by David Easterbrook
Seconded by J. Ingrid Lesley

Bernice Gallagher

Nominated by Kim Coventry
Seconded by Eugene Hotchkiss

Jean Johnson

Nominated by Robert Karrow
Seconded by C. Frederick Kittle

Barbara Jones

Nominated by D. W. Krummel
Seconded by Peggy Sullivan

Susan Keig

Nominated by Bruce Beck
Seconded by Hayward Blake

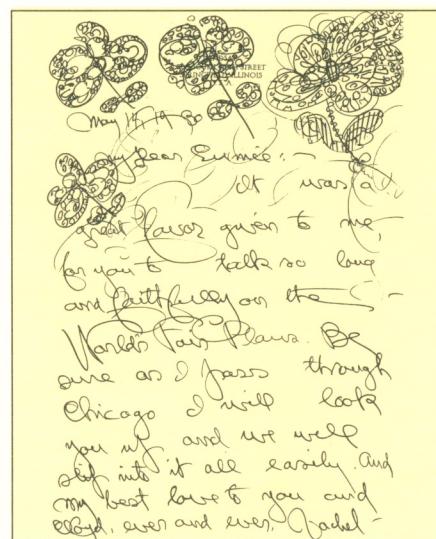
Foxx

(Continued from Page Six)

making: having amassed a fortune and all that goes with it, he failed to bring the right people to his staff, and he lost most of it before he died.

The strength of this biography is its intimacy between the author and Jon Elroy Sanford, who became to his public, Redd Foxx, one of the century’s great comedians, whom most of us came to know as Fred Sanford through the situation comedy, *Sanford and Son*. Another of the ironies of the story is that Redd Foxx takes the name of his brother, Fred Sanford, in the 1970s TV series and ends his life best known to his public as who he really was, Mr. Sanford.

This little book is a guided tour — with wonderful photographs on almost every page — through the Black entertainment world by one who was there. As one of the few surviving artists of the era and himself a musician who could hold his own with some of the best, Travis gives special insight into the time before the Civil Rights Act and into the tremendously gifted people who found their own dignity among themselves, and in the strength of laughter.



Lindsay embellished with flowers a letter to Eunice Tietjen of Poetry in 1930. (From Tietjen Collection of the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.)

Book Marks

Luncheon Programs

*Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .
Luncheon meetings resume in September*

LINDSAY
603 SOUTH FIFTH STREET
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
U. S. A.

September 10, 1930
My dear Morton Zaubel: -
First let
me say I am still grateful
for our big day in
Chicago -
The object of this note
is to make you acquainted
with a Springfield poet
of great distinction -
Robert Fitzgerald
He may not be able
to call before Christmas

Dinner Programs

*Your Special Dinner Invitation. . .
Dinner meetings resume in August*

LINDSAY
603 SOUTH FIFTH STREET
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
U. S. A.

but I hope he submits
manuscripts to you at
once.
He is one of a very merry
group here who drop
in often. Please come
down to Springfield and
meet them one and all,
my old time.
Most fraternally
Vachel Lindsay
I have urged Mrs. Lindsay
to add a word.

In September 1930, Lindsay wrote Morton Zaubel of Poetry, introducing him to a fellow poet and Springfield friend, Robert Fitzgerald (1910-1985). Fitzgerald would be published by Poetry in August 1931, and he became a frequent contributor to the magazine. His translation of Homer is considered one of the great poetic, as well as linguistic, achievements in world literature. In the Poetry (October 1982), Fitzgerald gave a fond tribute to Lindsay, "A Springfield Memoir." Fitzgerald wrote that he had a special entrée to Lindsay: "My Uncle Art had been a friend of Vachel since boyhood and made an appearance in his Bryan poem: 'Tom Dines and Art Fitzgerald and the gangs/that they could get - I can hear them yelling yet -'" While serving as Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress in 1985, Fitzgerald died of a heart attack. (Letter from the Zaubel Collection of the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.)

William Caxton's *Canterbury Tales* Sold

A first edition of *The Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer, printed by William Caxton, sold at auction at Christie's in London for 4.6 million pounds (\$7.5 million). The book, one of a dozen surviving copies of the first major work of English literature printed in England, was bought by Sir Paul Getty. The purchase price far exceeded the estimate of 500,000 to 700,000 pounds.

The book was printed by William Caxton in 1476 or 1477 at his shop near Westminster Abbey in London. This copy had been a part of a large collection started in the 15th Century by Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and held at the Wentworth Woodhouse near Rotherham in South Yorkshire. It is perhaps the

finest known example, lacking only two or three sheets, including the title page.

Bidding on the Caxton Chaucer opened at 300,000 pounds and quickly passed the estimate to reach four million pounds. There were three bidders competing, including one by telephone. The final bid of 4.6 million pounds was entered on Getty's behalf by a representative of the London booksellers Maggs Brothers. Sir Paul Getty is the son of J. Paul Getty, the oil magnet and founder of the Getty Museum in Los Angeles, CA. He is a prominent collector with a famous private library in Buckinghamshire, England.

*From American Bookman, August 3, 1998.
(Thanks to Leonard Freeman for this notice.)*