



Caxtonian

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Reinhold Pabel: From German Soldier to Chicago Heights Bookman

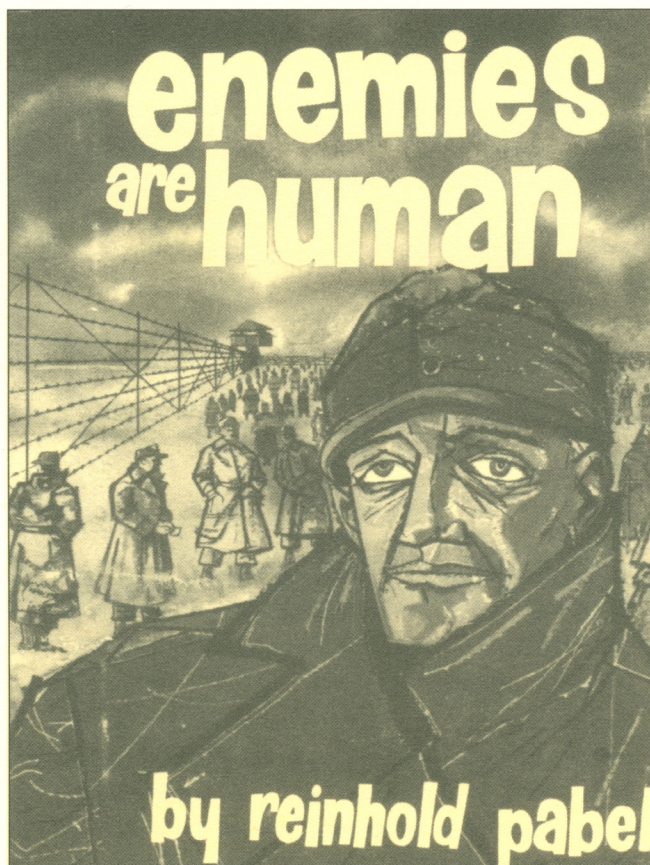
By David Meyer

Anyone browsing Chicago's used bookstores during the decades of the 1960s and '70s was likely to come across a copy of a book titled *Enemies Are Human* by Reinhold Pabel. Published by the John C. Winston Company in 1955, it was easily recognizable by a dust-jacket illustration of a miserable-looking prisoner of war in cap and threadbare overcoat. The background depicted other prisoners standing in a compound behind a barbed wire fence.

Reinhold Pabel, a student of philosophy and theology in the 1930s, was, like most ordinary German citizens, swept up by the events of his time. At the outbreak of World War II he was writing a book about the ancient monasteries on the Greek peninsula of Mount Athos, but by the time it was to be published, he was in the army in German-occupied Poland. While the Blitzkrieg campaigns of Hitler's forces were overrunning Europe, Pabel's rearguard situation allowed him time to put the finishing touches to his book. Whether or not it was ever published, he does not say. Always the student, he drifted away from his army duties as much as possible in order to observe the local culture and learn the Polish language. Eventually he fell in love with a local girl.

This idyllic situation changed when Pabel's unit was posted to the Russian front. As a common infantryman, he endured the hardships and horrors of combat as the Germans captured the city of Kiev in the Ukraine and pushed farther east until stalled by the bitter Russian winter. Pabel was wounded in an engagement with Soviet troops and spent the next four months in a hospital. In his spare, unemotional prose he described his leg wound as "quite gruesome; the sinews under my knee were all exposed so that I could lift them up and let them snap back like a rubber band."

A true scholar, he "devoted only a very little time to teasing nurses" during his recovery and



Front panel of the dust jacket for Reinhold Pabel's book. Photograph by Catherine Gass of the Newberry Library.

"spent most of it in the library, sensing an undreamed-of opportunity to analyze the Soviet approach to science and literature, as well as their educational and political methods."

He rejoined his unit in Sicily soon after Allied paratroopers had established a foothold in that country. It was clear by then that his army's mission was "a fighting retreat." Without artillery or air support, it became a matter of attrition for the Germans. Who would die next? In his journal for October 7, 1943, Pabel noted, "Only a handful left. We will probably stay in the front lines until there are no more." By October 13, when the Americans (Amis the German soldiers called them) finally overran the German defensive line, Pabel

and his comrades had not eaten for two days and were under constant air surveillance and artillery bombardment by the Allies.

In his final act as an infantryman, Pabel discovered a ditch filled with wounded U.S. troops and briefly took them as his prisoners. In his book he recreated a conversation he had had with the captured commanding officer, a Lieutenant Lindsey. The two compared reasons for having to be soldiers and Pabel began a "philosophical discourse" attempting to explain why he wasn't a Nazi. The surrounding battle soon forced him to flee, despite the Lieutenant's advice to stay where he was and become the American's prisoner. He was seriously wounded immediately after leaving and had to crawl back to safety and become their prisoner after all.

By September of 1945, four months after the end of the war

in Europe, Pabel was living in a prison camp near Peoria, IL, and determined to escape. Tired of enduring indignities at the hands of his captors and political pressures from fellow prisoners, he wanted only "to get away from it all." He was helped by an article in a magazine he found while working on the camp's garbage detail. "How Enemy Prisoners Are Recaptured" unintentionally explained how not to get caught. The rules were simple: escape alone, get as far away as possible as quickly as possible, don't talk to anyone unless spoken to and have a little cash. This became Pabel's escape plan. He obtained the cash, \$15, by selling his German medals and other war souvenirs to his G.I.

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Caxtonian

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Musings...

A confession: several months ago I reread a book that had been so high on my "must read" list that I had bought at least a dozen copies of it over the years to give to students and friends. The book, Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness* (1945), one of the fine studies to come out of the World War II experience, is now so remote from my vantage point that I would no longer recommend it. While there are some good sentences in the book and the metaphor expressed in the title is sound, the book espouses ideas and ideals that I have moved beyond at this time in my life.

The turning point in my thinking was occurring as early as 1978, when, sitting in church one Sunday morning, this thought came to me like a revelation: *you don't belong here any longer*. I did not get up and leave. That would have been impolite and impetuous. But these questions followed: if I didn't belong here, where did I belong? Or, more to the point, did I belong *anywhere*?

Between then and my recent negative reaction to the Niebuhr book, I have made gradual and necessary adjustments. I have relocated, spiritually speaking, and I now dwell in a place remote, sparsely populated, and, some might think, a bit stark in setting. But I am no longer stranger to my neighbors. We live quietly, at peace with one another, and balanced in our allegiance to the great universals of human life.

We hold dear what English poet A.E. Housman called the "most important truth ever uttered, and the greatest discovery ever made in the moral world...": "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life shall find it." To live by that precept, which is essentially sacred, in the modern, capitalistic, and secular society is no easy thing.

In conversation recently, a friend spoke of Martin Buber's idea, "All is Holy or not-yet Holy." I have read three of Buber's books since that conversation to find the exact statement and its context, but I have not yet found it. I have thought a great deal about the idea, for, initially, I liked it. The sentiment fit the monism at the heart of Emersonian thought, which has always been important to me. But, as I wrestled with the idea over the weeks, I came to realize that I could not accept it — I *am* a dualist. I hold that there are great, vaunting evils that can never achieve "holy" status under any circumstances. Slavery is one of those evils. The Holocaust is another. The perpetuation of ignorance among people is yet another. And the cultivation of hatred in the human heart is, perhaps, the greatest evil — the *foundational* evil.

Last week, through a review in the *New York Times Book Review* (7/31/99), I discovered a new book, the intellectual lineage of which goes directly to Niebuhr. Its author, Pulitzer Prize winning psychologist Robert Coles, in fact, studied under Niebuhr at New York's Union Theological Seminary many years ago. His latest book, *The Secular Mind* (1999), is the culmination of a line of thought that had its American origins in Vernon Louis Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* (1927) and was carried on through Niebuhr's *Children of Light...* and *The Irony of American History* (1952). Coles extends this thinking, so integral to American intellectual life, to a new generation in a book that I shall add to my "must read" list and recommend highly to friends and neighbors. Coles himself could be counted among us in our remote, sparsely-populated dwelling place, which would be much less stark for his presence. He makes us aware that we all share an unrepentant secular mind, but, as Coles concludes, "the secular mind given introspective, moral pause, its very own kind of sanctity."

Robert Cotner
Editor

The Legacy of Goethe in the 250th Year of his Birth Spans Nations and Genres

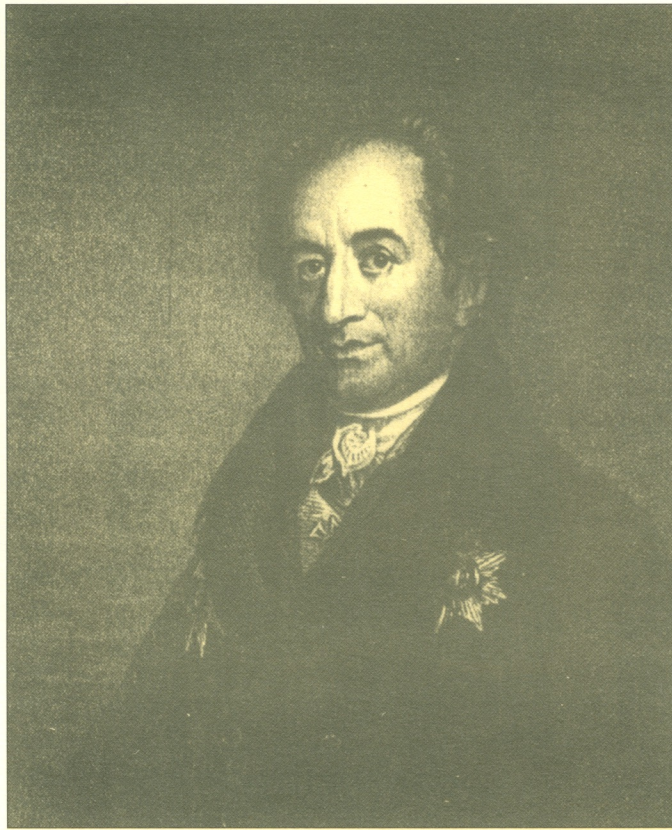
By Pierre Ferrand

Editor's Note: The New York Times (August 3, 1999) carried a page-one story on the observance of the 250th Anniversary of the Birth of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe in Weimar, Germany. The city, called "A mythical place, [Germany's] Jerusalem," by Volkhard Knigge, director of the Buchenwald memorial, was named Europe's cultural capital for 1999. Bach lived in Weimar, and Goethe and Schiller moved there, the Times reported, "to befriend each other and together ushered in the 'Golden Age' of German literature...." Caxtonian Pierre Ferrand leads all Caxtonians in a celebration of Goethe's 250th birthday with the following article.

I was doomed to be fascinated by the Faust legend. When eight years old, I trudged up to the top of the Brocken in the Harz Mountains with my mother. It wasn't on the Walpurgis Night, which precedes the first of May, but during the summer vacation of 1932. Mother was no witch but beloved by all who knew her, and I did not encounter the devil on the mountain top. Still, it was an omen.

Already an avid reader, I had come across the Faust story as retold in 1835 by Gustav Schwab, the German Thomas Bulfinch. It was based on the 1587 "Volksbuch," or chapbook. Even more than that earliest *Historia von D. Johann Fausten*, it was suited to an infantile level since it dealt chiefly with the magician's dubious practical jokes, vulgar sins, and idle curiosity. The Protestant bias of the 1587 cautionary tale, written to warn ordinary sinners, was toned down.

Neither the Schwab version nor the 16th Century *Historia* had much of the splendid spirit of defiance of Christopher Marlowe's mighty play performed in the early 1590s, the first great literary embodiment of the legend, which I studied ten years later when settled in the United States. Marlowe's Faustus, like his other heroes, desires power, honor, and, indeed godlike omnipotence, and is of a race apart from the dubious character of the chapbook or of the boastful itinerant quack, astrologer, and would-be magician of history (ca.1480-ca.1540), who attracted



Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, from a steel engraving by J. Possewhite. (Wing Collection of the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.)

casual attention from Trithemius, Luther, and Melancton.

Still, there was the omnious motif of a pact with the devil, which made it the appropriate German national legend for the first half of the 20th Century. In Paris after Hitler came to power in 1933, I was very much aware of the contemporary parallel. So were my father's friends, including Thomas Mann and his son Klaus. Thomas Mann's 1947 book about a Dr. Faustus (portrayed as a composer) was written with the Nazi regime in mind. So was Klaus Mann's remarkable novel, *Mephisto*, in which the pact with the devil is an actor's compromising with the Nazis. It became a notable movie.

Less political was my teenage enjoyment of the lush romantic music of Hector Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* (first performed in 1846). Berlioz had set it to the poetic translation of the play into French by Gerard de Nerval, which had delighted Goethe himself, though with some adaptations and additions. His Faust, indeed, signs his pact with the devil only at

the very end, in an attempt to save Margarethe. He is betrayed by Mephisto, who rides with him to Hell. As in Goethe's play, Margarethe is saved, but not by Faust or the Devil, and received into Heaven by the traditional chorus of angels.

Gerard de Nerval himself, who wrote moving accounts of his own insanity and some of the best sonnets in the French language, was one of my favorite writers as a young man. Like Berlioz, he was haunted by the Faust legend. He tried, none too successfully, in his play, *L'Imagier de Harlem*, and various essays, to give literary form to an aspect of the Faust legend not mentioned by Goethe or Marlowe. It is the claim that Faust invented printing, which is primarily due, no doubt, to the similarity between "Faust" and "Fust."

Johannes Fust was the man who financed Johann Gutenberg's invention and later successfully sued him for the money and took over his business. He was clearly

the original printer's devil, but lived nearly a century earlier than the historical Faust. Still, the poet Heinrich Heine, and others, felt that there was deep significance in the identification, since printing was the "devilish" art, which, in their view, eventually killed off the medieval life-denying religious faith. Heine, who wrote an imaginative ballet libretto based on his own interpretation of the Faust legend, first published in 1851, claimed that Goethe did not really understand this, and also had no genuine feeling for the gothic horror of the pact with the devil. He also saw a remarkable parallel between the Faust legend and the legend of Don Juan which, indeed, had been stressed in *Don Juan und Faust*, the 1829 play by Christian Dietrich Grabbe, which had cleverly brought together the two famous womanizers who went to the devil.

Goethe's example had been responsible for this emphasis. He had made the Gretchen episode, which he invented, the

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Pabel

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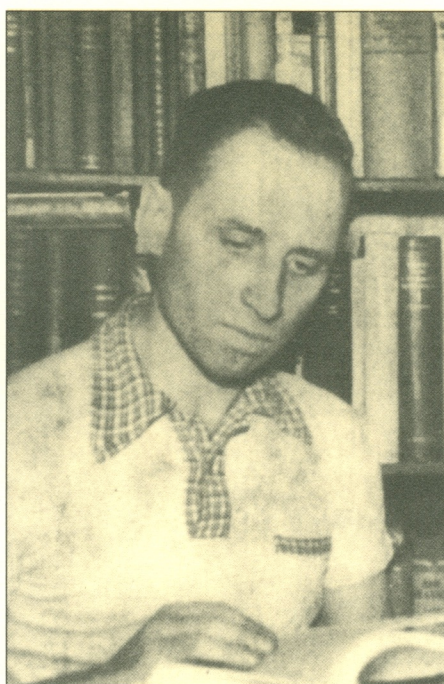
guards. Knowing English and able to pass as an American soldier — albeit in prison clothes, dyed to cover the PW marking on the seat of his pants — he hitched rides to Chicago “to mix with people in a big city and become the proverbial needle in a haystack.” His first job was as a dishwasher in a Greek restaurant. When the owner demanded his social security number, Pabel went to the Social Security Building and filled out an application using the Christian name Phil (“of Greek origin,” he explained, in an attempt to please his new employer) and the surname Brick, taken from a “Brick’s Coal” calendar which hung on the wall behind the government clerk’s counter.

Of course, freedom was not enough. “I was and would remain a stranger,” he wrote. “I did not belong. I was utterly lonesome.” He was in touch with his family in Germany but believed if he returned to them “I could only starve with them — this was 1946 — while in America I could help them. Every week I was able to send a food parcel and this made my joyless existence bearable.” His hopes of being reunited with the Ukrainian girl he had met in Poland faded away after the Communists deported her to Siberia. He finally resolved to escape his loneliness in work. He changed jobs often, sometimes having two jobs a day, each one better than the next, and by 1948 had enough money to start his own business — selling books. He called it the Chicago Book Mart.

He later took up a social life and eventually married one of his customers, a young woman of 18, who had bought science fiction books from him. In 1952 their first child, a son, was born. “But then, on March 9, 1953,” eight years after his escape, the F.B.I. caught up with him, and the “masquerade was over.”

The remainder of Pabel’s memoir concerns the publicity surrounding his arrest and deportation, his efforts to return to America, and the help he received from American citizens in order to do so. The book’s last lines express his joy on being reunited with his family in Chicago. “Then I really knew I was home. Home where I belonged.”

The book ended, but of course the story did not. When I visited Reinhold Pabel, his



Reinhold Pabel, as pictured on the back cover of his book. Photograph by Catherine Gass of the Newberry Library.

Chicago Book Mart was located in a decrepit building in downtown Chicago Heights, an hour’s drive south of the Chicago, where he had found his freedom. This was the 1960s, I was a high school and later a college student, and would drive over from Indiana with my father. Pabel was a sober-faced little man with thinning hair, who always wore a washed-out shirt that looked too small for him. He had his two young children working in the store. They were about 10 and 12 years old, both towheaded, beautiful, and lively. He had given them the tedious job of reading through the want ads in the Antiquarian Bookman, a trade journal consisting of line after line and page after page of books listed by their author, title and date. The children were supposed to identify any books listed in the ads which Pabel had on his shelves. They could then be offered to the advertisers who were seeking them. This was a boring enough job for an adult; for children it must have been torture. I noticed they spent much of their time staring out the door of the bookstore watching whatever went by. They nudged each other and giggled at every chance, until the stern look or admonition of their father sent them reading again.

If you bought \$10 worth of books from Pabel, he offered you a free copy of *Enemies*

Are Human. My father and I accumulated two or three over the summers we visited his store. I once asked him to sign a copy, and he seemed surprised and embarrassed, but he complied. He did not sign it across the title page with the usual author’s flourish, but wrote his name in the upper corner of the front flyleaf.

I would never have known his personality had a warm side if I had not read his book. Neither was his great intellectual interest in life evident to my father or me. He would ask what book we sought and lead us to the section where they might be. Then he left us alone. Considering the many times we visited and the number of books we bought, it was certain he came to recognize us on sight. But he always appeared indifferent. Perhaps his American Dream had worn out by then, for sometime in the 1970s he sold his business and reportedly took his family back to Germany.

I have read his book twice in 30 years. In that time I have gone to war myself and even visited the ancient monasteries on Mount Athos in Greece, which Pabel had studied. Were Pabel still around we might have something to talk about. If nothing else, I could tell him I had read his harrowing account and admired his courage. His humanity, which was not so apparent in his bookstore, showed up in the pages of his book.

The Children of Light and The Children of Darkness

A VINDICATION OF DEMOCRACY
AND A CRITIQUE OF
ITS TRADITIONAL DEFENCE

By
Reinhold Niebuhr

NEW YORK
Charles Scribner’s Sons
1945

Title page courtesy of the Newberry Library

Rarest Club Publication Contains Piece of Caxton's Earliest Printing

By Frank J. Piehl
Caxton Club Historian

In the first 10 years of its history, The Caxton Club published a dozen books of significance about bookbinding and the history of the Midwest. The Publications Committee then engaged E. Gordon Duff, M. A. Oxon., and Sandars Reader in Bibliography in the University of Cambridge, to write its 13th book, a treatise on William Caxton, the namesake of our club. In his preface, Duff pointed out that the paucity of biographical information about Caxton had already been reported by William Blades in his great work, *The Life and Typography of William Caxton*. Duff "clarified a few errors" in the Blades' biography and "filled up omissions." Other popular biographies of Caxton have been written since the publication of Duff's book in 1905.

The great value of The Caxton Club publication to the modern collector rests in the 25 plates. They are reproduced from original pages printed by Caxton on his hand press, the first in England. The reproductions were made from rare originals in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the University Library, Cambridge, and the British Museum. The plates were beautifully executed by R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company at its Lakeside Press in Chicago.

Complete Caxtons have resided in the private libraries of only the greatest collectors. In 1914 Henry E. Huntington signed a contract with C. A. Montague Barlow, an agent of the Duke of Devonshire, to purchase the Chatsworth library, which included an immense collection of English plays and playbills, and 25 complete Caxtons from the Devonshire collection. The purchase cost Huntington \$1,000,000. More recently, when the Estelle Doheny collection was

For Wel thou dost thy self deny
That thou and I be dampned to prison
Perpetually be gayneth no ransom
We sturue as did the houndis for the bone
They taught alday and yet her part was none
Ther cam a curie while that they were so wroth
And haar adrey the bone betwix hem both
And therfore at the kyngis court my broder
Ethe may for hym self there is noth other
Loue ys thou list for I loue andy shal
Andy sothly lief broder this is al
Here in this prison moste we endure
Andy euery of us take his aventure
Gret was the stryf a longy betwix hem twey
Yf that I haue leysur for to sey
But to the effect it happed on a day
To telle it shortly as I may
A worthy duke that highte Partheus
That felo was to duke Thefeus
But of that story list me not to endite
Duke Partheus loued wel arate
Andy haue hym knowe at thes yer he per
Andy finally at the request andy praiser
Of Partheus withoute any ransom
Duke Thefeus let hym out of prison
Freely to go where hym list ouer al
In such a wyse as I you telle shal
This was the forwarde playnly to endyte
Betwix duke Thefeus andy arate

An original page from *The Canterbury Tales* (1478), printed by William Caxton. From the Earl of Ashburnham copy and the collection of Frank J. Piehl.

auctioned in 1987, a fragment of 65 leaves from *Canterbury Tales* printed by Caxton brought \$60,500, and another lot of eight leaves from the same edition brought \$33,000. A recent catalogue from Heritage Book Shop, Inc., cited two complete works. The list price for *The Book of Fayttes of Armes & of Chyvalrye*, written by Christine de Pisan, translated by Caxton himself, and printed by Caxton in 1489, was \$125,000. The list price for Higden's *Polycronicon*, printed by Caxton in 1482, was \$135,000. Even single leaves from Caxton books now command a price of \$750 to \$1,650. Such prices attest to the stature of Caxton's works to modern bibliophiles. The Caxton Club publication makes copies of his work available at a somewhat more affordable price. A copy is presently available from a New York dealer for \$600. If you might be interested, grab it, for it could very well become a story of "the one that got away."

The Caxton Club book was issued in an edition of 252 copies printed on American hand-made paper, and three copies on Japanese vellum. When the book was published, the Publications Committee decided that something special was in order to honor the namesake of the Club. What they did is described opposite the half-title page of some of the copies: "This is also one of one hundred and forty-eight copies into which has been incorporated a leaf from an imperfect copy of the first edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, printed by William Caxton, and formerly in Lord Ashburnham's library, having been purchased for this purpose by The Caxton Club. The copies so treated comprise the three Japanese vellum copies and one-hundred and forty-five of the American hand-made paper copies; all of the latter are for sale." The Earl of Ashburnham had owned four imperfect copies and cannibalized several to supply

deficiencies in his ex-Richard Heber copy, thereby making a remainder available to The Caxton Club.

The presence of this inserted leaf from William Caxton's *Canterbury Tales*, printed in 1478, makes this the rarest Caxton Club publication. The copies with the Caxton leaf were offered to members for \$25.00 and those without the leaf, for \$10.00. A copy with the leaf brought \$3,500 in 1993. None was found in a recent search of the offerings on the ABAA Web site. One dealer did offer a copy into which had been inserted a leaf from Higden's *Polycronicon*, printed by Caxton in 1482. The list price was \$2,000.

Early in 1999, Professor Dan Mosser, of the Department of English, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, visited the Newberry Library to examine the Caxton *Canterbury Tales* leaf in the library's

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Goethe

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centerpiece of *Faust I*, published in 1808. While affecting in its own right, it deals essentially with the seduction of an innocent maiden by a man superior in social status who abandons her in the hour of her need. This was a typical 19th Century situation, which, however heinous, hardly requires a special devil. Still, the 4,612 verses of Goethe's *Faust I* contain, in addition to this episode, scenes of great and colorful variety, as well as treasures of poetry, wit and wisdom which makes this play the most frequently quoted German work.

The special merits of *Faust I* are largely absent from Charles Gounod's opera of 1859. The German insistence to call it merely *Margarethe*, while somewhat irritating, is not totally unjustified. On the other hand, the brilliant libretto of Arrigo Boito's opera, *Mefistophele*, (1868), is much closer to the letter and spirit of Goethe. It incorporates portions of *Faust II*, and expresses a mood of defiance and revolt absent from Gounod's version. Ferruccio Busoni's fine *Dr. Faustus*, premiered (posthumously) in 1925, is not based on Goethe, but provides the most impressive aura of medieval mystery of all the operas.

Franz Liszt was haunted by the Faust theme, to which he was introduced at the age of 19 by Berlioz. Liszt identified both with Faust and with Mephisto. The most famous of his four Mephisto waltzes, his first one, was inspired by Nicholas Lenau's "poem" or rather sequence of 24 episodes on Faust, which is otherwise unremarkable. Liszt also wrote a Mephisto polka and put various Faust songs and choruses into music. His *Faust Symphony*, dedicated to Berlioz, is regarded by many as his masterpiece. It certainly is superior to Wagner's less inspired *Faust Symphony*, though Wagner's seven songs from Goethe's *Faust*, composed at the age of 19, are fairly attractive. Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann have also set songs of *Faust* to music, and there is the titanic choral version of the conclusion of *Faust II* in Gustav Mahler's *Eighth Symphony*, the *Symphony of a Thousand*.

Goethe's *Faust II*, published in 1832, after his death, is substantially less popular than the first part, though it engages its hero in more significant activity than *Faust I* and contains splendid episodes. It bewildered me as a boy, and I still can sympathize with Heine's comment about its "allegorical and labyrinthine wilderness." Among its 7,498 verses, Heine only liked the Helen of Troy scenes. Friedrich Theodor Vischer, a leading German critic, completed in 1886 a somewhat elephantine *Faust III*, a parody and satire in three acts with an epilogue, which is amusing in spots and in which he has no kind word whatever for *Faust II*. He felt that Faust was insufficiently saved at the end of Goethe's play through "the eternal feminine," though salvation by Virgin Mary of the scholar who had made a pact with the devil was already a tradition by the time of the 13th Century *Miracle De Theophile*, which I also read in the original medieval French when I was in my teens.

There are also the 17th Century Spanish versions of the pact with the devil (plays by Calderon and Mira de Amescua), not to speak of Lord Byron's *Manfred* and of the 19th Century account of Faust among the Argentine cowboys, or "gauchos," by Estanislao del Campo (1870). However, the above will be sufficient, for the time being, as a quick reference to the possibility of impressive Faustian bargains among available books, records and CDs about the subject and its many aspects, which, not by accident, are part of my own book and music collection.

Information Sought on Illinois Iron Hand Presses

Anyone owning or having information about the location of an iron hand press (horizontal platen press) in Illinois, please contact Pamela Barrie, 5419 S. Greenwood, Chicago, IL 60615. She is assisting John Horn of Little Rock, AR, in his continuing work to complete an Iron Hand Press Census for the United States. Any information on Paul Shniedewend and Co., The Challenge Machinery Co., or their predecessor firm of

Caxton

(Continued from Page Five)

copy. Professor Mosser is preparing a catalog of the manuscripts and incunabulum editions of *The Canterbury Tales*. As part of this study, he is examining all of the extant copies of the leaves from Caxton's *Canterbury Tales* as well as complete copies. Caxtonian Paul Gehl arranged for a temporary loan of a second copy from Frank Piehl's collection. After the examination, the Caxton Historian uncovered a record of the sale of the copies in the Caxton Club Archives. Sale to the members began at the Annual Meeting in January 1905. The first copy was consigned to Frederick W. Gookin, a founding member of the Club and a distinguished collector. He was elected to honorary membership in 1933. The subscription list is a veritable *Who's Who* of Chicago collectors, including Edward E. Ayer, Thomas E. Donnelley, James W. Ellsworth, Charles F. Gunther, Ernest Hertzberg, Walter M. Hill, Charles L. Hutchinson, Martin A. Ryerson, John A. Spoor, and John H. Wrenn. Copies went to non-resident members from Boston and New York to New Orleans and Portland. The last copy was sold on March 7, 1907, to Robert Todd Lincoln, the former president's son, and a member of the Club since 1900.

Caxtonians who would like to experience the pleasure of seeing an original Caxton publication intact are encouraged to visit the Newberry Library, where Paul Gehl will bring one from the vault for your examination. Or if you'll settle for the Caxton leaf, visit Frank Piehl in Naperville, where you can also browse in his library and examine his complete collection of Caxton Club publications.

Shniedewend and Lee, would also be welcome, especially from original brochures or catalogues.



From The Boston Type Foundry, 1878.

Grant to Preserve a Chicago and National Treasure

By Alice Schreyer

The University of Chicago Library has received a grant from the Save America's Treasures program to restore and preserve the library's *Poetry* magazine collection. First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton announced the library's receipt of the \$125,508 award, which is part of an initiative to preserve nationally significant intellectual and cultural artifacts and historic structures and sites.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, was founded in Chicago by Harriet Monroe in 1912. Taking Whitman's line, "To have great poets there must be great audiences too" as the motto for her magazine, Monroe sought to create an audience for modern poetry and introduce readers to new writers and ideas. By insisting on paying all contributors and

establishing an annual prize, *Poetry* magazine raised the visibility and status of poetry. The journal transformed the way that poetry and poets are recognized and read worldwide, and it continues to flourish as a major cultural influence.

The archive contains 120,000 pages of original manuscripts, authors' letters and editorial files of *Poetry* from the first half of the magazine's existence. Included in the collection are the original manuscripts of T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and Carl Sandburg's "The Windy City," as well as letters from Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, Langston Hughes, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and Ernest Hemingway. The correspondence reveals the role played by American editors in shaping the career of major 20th Century writers.

The grant will be used to repair and rehouse the fragile originals and to microfilm the entire archives. Written between 1912 and 1961 on acidic paper, the documents were threatened by paper deterioration and damage caused by frequent use. The preservation process will allow for safe future use of the collection. Once filmed, the documents will be available for use worldwide. Funding from the award also will support digitization of the first decade of the published journal, which will be freely available on the World Wide Web.

Poetry magazine was founded with support from a group of private "guarantors," Chicago philanthropists who pledged \$50 a year for five years to assure the magazine's financial stability. It is a cultural treasure in which Chicagoans take particular, and justifiable, pride. This award, based on recognition of national significance, provides an opportunity to insure that future generations will have access to these remarkable artifacts.



Caxtonian and Councilor William Drendel has been named director of the Chicago Book & Paper Center at Columbia College. The center, which a number of Caxtonians have had a hand in creating and developing over the years, will be moving Labor Day weekend to the Ludington Building at 11th St. and Wabash, Chicago.

Caxtonian Elmer Gertz was honored on July 23 by the Chicago Bar Association with the presentation of the Vanguard Award. The award, established by the Chicago Bar Association, the Cook County Bar Association, the Hispanic Lawyers Association of Illinois, and the Asian American Bar Association, honors those lawyers who have made a contribution to increasing and advancing diversity in the legal profession. Gertz was given the award for his tireless work for civil rights and his personal assistance of minority lawyers in Chicago and Illinois.

Caxtonian Charley Shields suffered a stroke on August 6. He was hospitalized in Joliet for a week and then taken to a rehabilitation center. He would appreciate cards at 142 Utah St., Frankfort, IL 60423.

Non-Resident Caxtonian Ralph Carreno, who recently moved with his wife Susan, to Massachusetts, has had major heart surgery recently. He would appreciate hearing from his Caxton friends at P.O. Box 294, Hanover, MA 02339-0294.

Former Caxtonian Stuart Murphy was featured in the *Chicago Tribune* (August 2, Tempo Section, pp. 1, 4) for his sudden fame as a writer of children's math books and as a lecturer. Murphy has written in the last three years 24 books. He has three more due off the press, and he has plans for an additional 18 books.

Calendar of Events



✓ **Beautiful Soup: Lewis Carroll in the Ryerson & Burnham Libraries**, August 2 through October 24, Art Institute of Chicago, Adam St. & Michigan Ave. For information phone 312/443-3600.

✓ **Magic Paper/Magic Book**, a juried show of work by members of the Guild of Book Workers and the Friends of Dard Hunter, will run until November 7, at the Harold Washington Library Center, Chicago Public Library, 400 S. State St. For information phone 312/431-8612.

Compiled by Barbara Lazarus Metz

Editors's Note: Any book-related event relevant to Chicago area book lovers may be listed in "The Calendar of Events." Please send prospective listings to Barbara Lazarus Metz by phone at 312/431-8612, mail at 1420 W. Irving Park Rd., Chicago, IL 60613, or e-mail at b-lazarus@nwu.edu.



Logo developed by James Thurber, courtesy of Poetry

Book Marks

Luncheon Programs

Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .

Date: October 8, 1999

Place: Mid-Day Club

Speaker: Charles L. Miner

"The Joys of Book Collecting and Some People I Have Met Along the Way"

Caxtonian Charles Miner will share with members and guests "The Joys of Book Collecting and Some People I Have Met Along the Way," at the October luncheon.

A member of the club since 1987, Charles was a Councilor and the Secretary-Treasure of the club through the club's Centennial in 1995. He will speak at the luncheon about how he got started in book collecting. It all began, he recalls, with one author, George Ade, still one of his favorites. His collecting subsequently developed into collecting a second author, Ben Hecht — and as collecting tends to go — expanded into the collection of a *category*. His chosen category that grew from in his initial collections is "Chicagiana, Chicago's favorite presses, and books published in Chicago."

He will also tell about some of the people he has met along the way — and some of his favorite finds. One of the fascinating facts about Charles Miner and his association with The Caxton Club: he learned about the club when he bought a copy for his collection of the club's 1941 publication, *Stories of the Streets and of the Town* by George Ade.

Caxtonians will want to hear the unique story of one member's relationship to books, to the people of books, and to the club itself. Join us for fellowship and lunch. Make this occasion a celebration of your own joy in the collecting of books.

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 at 5 p.m., dinner at 6 p.m., lecture at 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 \$6. 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: September 15, 1999

Place: Executive Dining Room, 57th Floor

Speaker: David George Vaisey

"Four Centuries of Collecting: The Bodleian Library of Oxford and its Treasures"

The Bodleian Library at Oxford University is one of the oldest libraries in Europe. In England it is second in size only to the British Library. The Bodleian has a continuous history from 1602. Built on the site of the first university library, which was founded by Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, in about 1320. Benefactors of this early library included Henry IV, Prince Henry, the future Henry V, and his brothers Thomas, John, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.

In 1598 Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1613), academic and diplomat, decided to restore the old library, which, by then, was in very poor shape. In his own words:

"I concluded at the last, to set up my Staff at the Librarie dore in Oxon; being throughly persuaded, that in my solitude, and surcease from the Commonwealth affayer, I coulde not busie myselfe to better purpose, that by redusing the place (which then in every part lay ruined and wast) to the publike use of Students."

We are fortunate to have as our September speaker, David George Vaisey, C.B.E., M.A., F.S.A., FRHist., Bodley's Librarian Emeritus, and Bodleian Library Keeper of the University Archives, Oxford University. David Vaisey's association with the Bodley Library began in 1959, and continues to the present day. He received the honor, *Commander of the British Empire*, from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in 1996. In 1989 he was appointed by His Majesty King Juan Carlos of Spain, *Ecomienda of the Order of Isabel la Catolica*.

David Vaisey has had an extraordinary career with one of the world's great libraries, where collections of more than four centuries of civilization's heritage in literature and letters are cherished. He will begin the 104th year of The Caxton Club in Chicago at our September dinner meeting. You will want to welcome David Vaisey to Chicago and Midwestern America as you join your friends at this important event. Please note that we will meet in the Executive Dining Room of the First National Bank, which is on the 57th Floor — rather than our usual meeting place on the 56th Floor.

Kenneth H. Paterson
Vice President and
Program Chair