

# CAXTONIAN

JOURNAL OF THE CAXTON CLUB OF CHICAGO

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## William Cullen Bryant – lawyer, poet, editor

Robert Cotner

*"These are the gardens of the Desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name –  
The Prairies"*

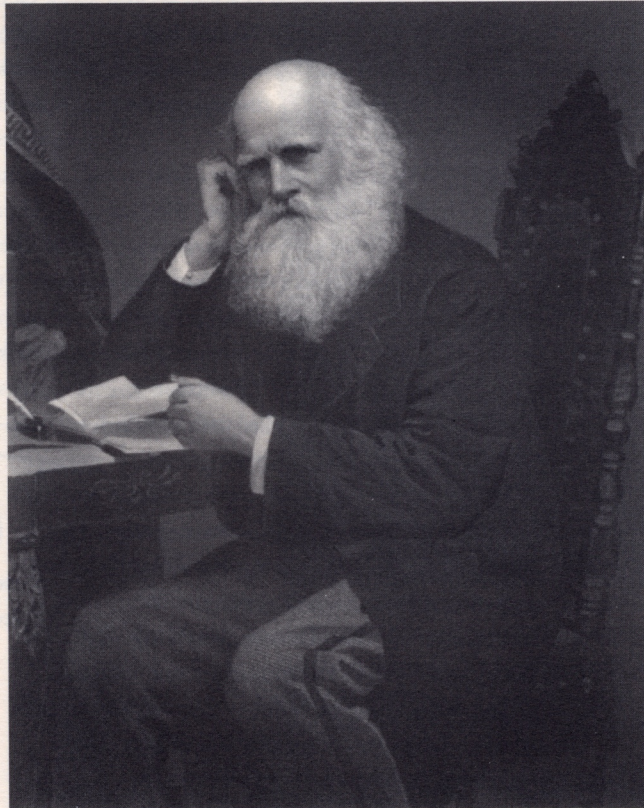
These lines from "The Prairies" by William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) were composed by the poet in 1832 on a trip to Princeton, IL. They capture the elegance of his nature poetry and mark him as an American poet, the first to capture the rare and distinct beauty of the country's natural setting.

Bryant had an auspicious beginning as a poet. At the age of 17, he wrote "Thanatopsis," the poem upon which, perhaps, his greatest fame still rests. At the age of 17, I was required to memorize the final nine lines of this poem, and it remains a part of my own poetic repertoire nearly 50 years later.

*"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."*

We recognize in this remarkable poem the influence of John Milton, William Wordsworth, and William Cowper. It was considered pagan when the poet's father, Dr. Peter Bryant, who was the poet's earliest tutor, had it published. It stands today as a poetic milestone in American letters, the harbinger of a modest, but important, collection of verse by a poet who began his professional life as a lawyer.

Bryant's medical-doctor father, unable to send his son to Harvard, had him privately tutored in Latin and Greek. The young Bryant mastered Latin grammar in eight months and read the *Colloquies* of Corderius, the New



*William Cullen Bryant*

A steelplate engraving of William Cullen Bryant, first published by Johnson Wilson & Co., New York, in volume 2 of *Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men and Women* (1873). From the collection of Robert Cotner.

Testament in Latin, all of Virgil, and the orations of Cicero. He then began an intensive study of Greek and mastered it within two months. He wrote, "I knew the Greek New Testament from end to end almost as if it had been English."

After a seven-month stay at Williams College, Bryant left in 1810 and read for the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1815. During these years, he was never far from poetry and achieved an admirable reputation in Massachusetts as an aspiring poet. An acquaintance with Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* at this time was fortuitous; it opened to an even greater extent his poetic vistas of American nature. One of his finest poems came from this period — "The Yellow Violet":

*"When beechen buds begin  
to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's  
warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest  
bell  
Peeps from last year's leaves  
below."*

Thoroughly unhappy in the practice of law, Bryant continued writing poetry, as well as essays, and published his work regularly in *The North American Review*. In 1824, he abandoned the law and, in response to his growing cosmopolitanism, he moved, not to Boston, where his literary friends and Puritan roots were, but to New York, the emerging literary center of the expanding Republic. In 1825, he became

assistant editor of a short-lived literary magazine, *The New York Review*. His depression with the failure of this venture is reflected in lines from "The Journey of Life," written at this time:

*"dim uncertain shapes that cheat the sight,  
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground."*

In 1826, Bryant became a professor at the new National Academy of the Arts and Design, and shortly after this he delivered a series of lectures on "Poetry" before the Athenaeum Society in New York. His presence in New York was greatly enhanced by his well-crafted verse and prose. In 1829, after a short stint as assistant editor, he was named Editor-in-Chief





## Musings...

### CAXTONIAN

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While driving in northern Wisconsin a couple of weeks ago, I happened to see, high in the sky, a solitary Canadian goose flying southward, and my mind began to recite lines from William Cullen Bryant's "To a Waterfowl": "He who, from zone to zone, / Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, / In the long way that I must tread alone, / Will lead my steps aright." One of the poets whose verses I had to memorize in my high school American literature class nearly 50 years ago, William Cullen Bryant, throughout my life, has been just a short thought away.

I was telling this to Alan Walker, owner of the Lahaina Printsellers, Inc., Maui, Hawaii, in 1996. I had bought from him earlier a marvelous carving of "Moby Dick," by whale artist, Wick Arens, and Alan's assistant, a young man name *Bryant*, had helped prepare the carving for transporting back to the mainland. "Do you know of William Cullen Bryant?" I had asked young Bryant. "But of course," he replied with a smile, and he showed me a splendid steel engraving of the poet/editor on a shelf in the shop. On our last visit to his shop before departing what is NJC's favorite place in the world, Alan presented to us, as a going-away gift, that very engraving of Bryant, which appears on the cover of this month's *Caxtonian*. It reminds me daily from my library wall of Alan's kindness and of our kinship in things bookish and beautiful.

A couple of months ago, I stopped by one of my favorite bookshops, Bookman's Alley, in Evanston — the only shop in which I keep a "tab," a secret little expense account, of which You-Know-Who is unaware and through which I acquire you-know-what that I really can't resist.

Knowing my keen interest in Henry David Thoreau, bookshop proprietor, Roger Carlson, had squirreled away for me a little volume entitled *Bryant and Thoreau*, which I had never seen nor heard of before. It is a beauty! "Did you know that I love Bryant as well as Thoreau?" I asked Roger. "I did not, but now you have two favorites, in one book," he replied. And so I did! To link Bryant and Thoreau in this fashion is really quite appropriate. Both were artists whose favorite subject was the American landscape. Both created poetic masterpieces celebrating miniscule elements of nature, a Fringed Gentian — *Gentiana crinita*, and the delicate *Houstonia albiflora* — the tiny Bluet. And the thoughts of both men traveled philosophically toward greater truths, more important

transactions, than their elementary study of nature might at first suggest.

The book itself contains introductions by Curtis Hidden Page and F. B. Sanborn and two unpublished poems by Bryant and Thoreau. The Bryant poem is entitled "Musings," and the Thoreau poem is called "Godfrey of Boulogne." Each poem, as well as the introductory elements of the book, is a steel-engraved work of art. The paper is handmade, and the poems themselves are presented in the original handwriting of the poets as well-printed texts. The book's cover is cream-colored with some discoloration along the spine. "Bryant and Thoreau" is gold-embossed on the cover, which measures 7 1/8 by 9 3/8 inches.

Two weeks after acquiring this splendid addition to my collection, I found it listed in an east-coast rare book catalog for twice what I paid in Evanston — a fact which will make it a mite easier to discuss when You-Know-Who reads this essay.

Robert Cotner  
Editor



Engraving from Bryant and Thoreau



## Bryant

Continued from page 1

of the *New York Evening Post*, a position he held for the next half-century.

In many ways, Bryant was a pioneer in American journalism. Newspapers prior to his time were party organs. Bryant's clear ethical and social vision made him, as one biographer stated it, "one of the fathers of modern professional journalism." The *Evening Post*, under his leadership, became a "free and independent expression on all matters in which public interests were involved." His conception of his role as a newspaperman brought a "complete revolution in journalistic ideals." He became an editor "regarded as a wise and high-minded statesman who represented a middle course between the spirit of compromise and opportunism."

One of the first and finest leaders in the Abolition movement, he supported Abraham Lincoln for President in 1860 and made the *Evening Post* a beacon against slavery: "The slave interest is a spoiled child; the Federal Government is its foolishly indulgent nurse," he wrote in an editorial in 1859. He saw constitutional government as the fulfillment of humankind's highest ideal, and, his poetry, as well as his

powerful editorials, reflected his sentiments.

One such poem of the Civil War era was "Our Country's Call":

*"Our country calls; away!  
away!*

*To where the blood-stream  
blots the green.*

*Strike to defend the gentlest  
sway*

*That Time in all his  
course has seen."*

With Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, he rejoiced.

With Lincoln's assassination, he grieved.

In "Abraham Lincoln" he wrote:

*"Oh, slow to smite and  
swift to spare,*

*Gentle and merciful and  
just!*

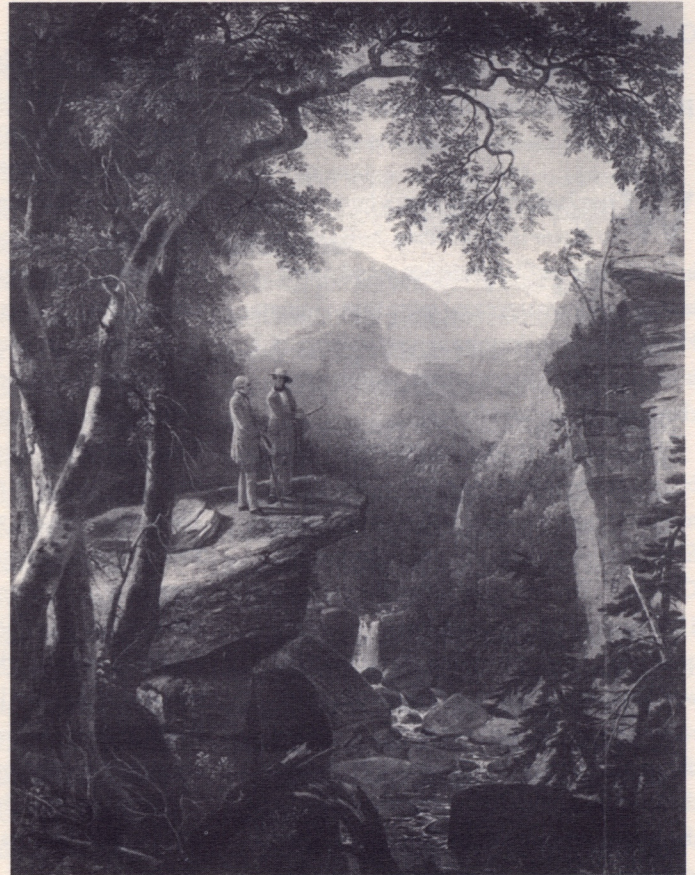
*Who, in the fear of God,  
didst bear*

*The sword of power, a  
nation's trust."*

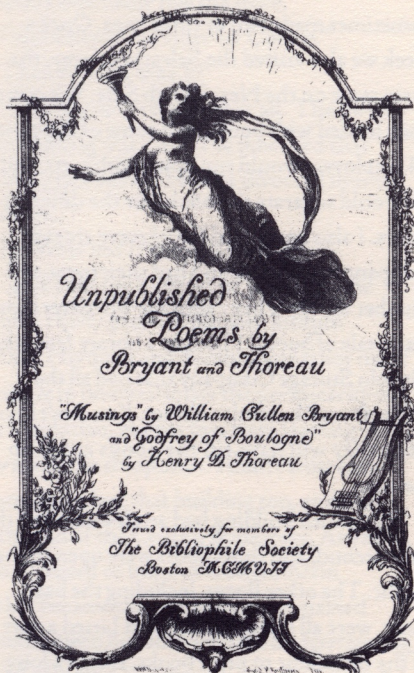
In 1864, his friends celebrated Bryant's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday at the Century Club in New York. At this occasion, attended by men and women from across America, Emerson spoke for all — of his time and ours — saying, "I found him always original — a true painter of the face of this country and of the sentiment of his own people." ❖

*Author's note:* Sources for this article are William Aspenwall Bradley, William Cullen Bryant, New York: Macmillan Co., 1926, and William Cullen Bryant, *The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant*, 2 vols., ed. Parke Godwin, New York: Russell & Russell, 1967.

*William Cullen Bryant*



William Cullen Bryant (left) and his good friend, landscape artist Thomas Cole, in the Catskill Mountains (1849), in a painting by Asher B. Durand, entitled "Kindred Spirits." In his poem, "To Cole, the Painter — Departing for Europe" (1829), Bryant had written, "Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies;/Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand/A living image of our own bright land,..."



Engraved title page of Bryant and Thoreau, one of 470 copies published by the Bibliophile Society, Boston, in 1907. From the collection of Robert Cotner.

## Chronology of books by William C. Bryant 1794-1878

- The Embargo*, 1808.
- Thanatopsis*, 1817.
- Poems*, 1821.
- Poems*, 1832.
- The Fountain*, 1842.
- The White-Footed Deer*, 1844.
- Letters of a Traveller*, 1850.
- Letters of a Traveller (2<sup>nd</sup> Series)*, 1859.
- A Forest Hymn*, 1860.
- Thirty Poems*, 1864.
- Hymns*, 1869.
- Iliad* (trans.), 1870.
- Odyssey* (trans.), 1871-72.
- The Little People of the Snow*, 1873.
- Among the Trees*, 1874.
- The Flood of Years*, 1878.



# Harry Busck recalls his early years of book selling in Chicago

Carlos Martinez

## Part II of II

When I asked Harry Busck how he began his career in bookselling, he leaned back in his chair in his Oak Park home and stared into space for what seemed more than a minute. He did this often during our conversation, as if it were a habit of his; or rather, as if he were choosing his words with care.

"I first started in 1930 when Owen Davies bought the bookstore on North Clark. His mother bought the store for him. It was bought from Charles Powner, the son of the famous Charles T. Powner, who owned the store in the 1300 block of North Clark Street — I'm not quite sure of the address, but that is where it was. Well, his mother was in the business of renting books. She had a library — a lending library, on North Clark Street. So she bought the store for Owen Davies, her son. He became the youngest bookseller in Chicago. He was 17 years old. "You see, when Davies bought the store, it was a three-story building made for a bookstore. But Powner wasn't really interested. He was the son of the famous Charles T. Powner from Indiana, but he was not particularly interested in secondhand books. He was more interested in publishing."

"And how did you begin?" My question smacked of impatience, but Busck proceeded good-naturedly.

"Well, as I tried to explain, Davies took over the bookselling business on the first floor of this building in the 1300 North Clark block; but eventually he had to get out of there because he couldn't afford the rent. So he built the store at 346 North Clark. He was down there every day, working on the place. While all this was going on, I got into the book business by handling the other store on North Clark. I helped sell out all the books in the old store. I worked for about four months, and Davies noticed that I knew a lot more about books than he did. I had been a book collector since I was 14, and I was five years older than Davies. My father had a large library, mainly history — world history, all history. In my book collecting I had also gotten

to know all the early booksellers. I remember the opening of the Abraham Lincoln Bookshop, which was on Madison Street just west of LaSalle. I remember at the time I thought this was a very foolish thing to do, limiting yourself to books about Lincoln and the Civil War. Apparently, I was wrong. Ralph Newman made a tremendous success of this store in later years.

"Anyway, after Davies saw how much I knew, I was made one of the book buyers at his 346 North Clark store, and worked there until 1938. Then I and a fellow named Joseph O'Gara, who now has a store in Hyde Park, started a store at 326 South Wabash, where the rent came to \$300 a month. Lots of old buildings made it possible to open stores on a shoestring. We called it 'Busck and O'Gara.' Here's how it happened. After working for Davies I became manager of the store Jerry Nedwick had at 326 South Wabash. O'Gara was there, too, and sometimes worked for me."

"Excuse me, Mr. Busck, but rumor has it that you and Mr. O'Gara were rivals of sorts. Is this true?"

"Oh, no. That's not true. In fact, I kept his name on the store for years after he left for the army. Anyhow, Nedwick had the Wabash Avenue store for a year or so, while I stayed at his store on 16 North Dearborn, which was called the Economy Bookstore. O'Gara himself used to work for the Economy but gave up the store after a year or so. He and I then took over the vacated store at 326 South Wabash."

"Pretty confusing!"

"That's not all. We were in business for about a year, then O'Gara left. They were drafting people. I was married and he was single, and it was possible he would be called any minute to go into the army. So he got out of the business, and I agreed with him. From that time on I was the owner, but I kept the name 'O'Gara' thinking he'd come back to work there.

"He did not. You see, when he came from Scotland the first store he knew of was Woodworth's Bookstore on 57th Street, which was mainly a textbook store selling university goods, including pennants. As a boy living in Hyde Park, he always dreamt of owning it; so he went back to Hyde Park and bought a store at

53rd Kimbark and that's where he is now. Sometime after he left, I lost my lease. The owners decided to tear down the building I was in. Fortunately, at that time — about the 1940s — Nedwick's partner, Nat Cowens, broke away from Nedwick and started the Central Bookstore, right next door to the Economy, while I was still on Wabash. We had been friends when I worked for Nedwick's, and he offered me charge of all the secondhand books in the Central Bookstore.

"I was made the book buyer at the Central, and remained in that position until 1961. We were entirely different from other bookstores: the Central purchased entire collections of books from every library in the north and west suburbs, excepting Evanston. Nat Collins covered every library on the North Shore. I purchased all the books on the west, not including Oak Park. I bought from Forest Park, Elmhurst, LaGrange, Hinsdale, Western Spring, Geneva. We had access to all the duplicate books purchased or given to these libraries, literally thousands and thousands of books a year. The best sources were the Winnetka and Lake Forest libraries. I would go there with a helper and load up the car, and we sometimes made two or three trips. Once a week we also visited the Salvation Army, the main store on the Near North Side. We came back loaded with books, and some of the store's 14 employees would run down with carts, and we would separate the books for the different floors. I also had a card file of every storage company in Chicago, and had their name and number on file. They called me whenever there was a sale of books. I bought a library from the Lincoln Storage Company that had all the books from Roosevelt's library. You don't know what they will have till the books come up for sale.

"The south building had an elevator, and the first, second, and third floors were open to the public. The other floors, including the basement, were all storage space, and I used a part of the fifth floor to price books. It had a long table, 20-foot long, stacked with reference books. For all this, the rent was \$2,500 a month, heat excluded."





Harry Busck in Jerry Nedwick's bookstore in 1934.

"No. I opened a store at 17 South Wells. I took the first floor and the basement of the Linne Building, Harry Busck, Bookseller, I called it."

"How did you stock it?"

"I took thousands of books from the Central when it had its going-out-of-business sale. It sold its remaining stock at half-price, and those it could not sell, it gave away. In fact, I eventually had to take many thousand of books to the dump, where a bookseller from down south — Mississippi, perhaps — loaded then on his truck. I had six people help me load and move a big truck full of books for

the Wells store. We eventually had 40,000 to 60,000 books there, and ran out of space. At Wells, for awhile, I had the largest bookstore in Chicago. The Linne Building was a landmark with marble floors and bronze railings. Bronze, mind you. By then I had been living in Oak Park some 10 years. My daughter, who was then the biggest property owner in Oak Park, helped me by storing many books in the basements of some of her buildings. We eventually had another 40,000 books in storage in basements throughout Oak Park. I was also selling books from my home, and was pricing books for a guy named Newman — not Ralph G. Newman, mind you — at the old A1 Book-store on Washington, between State and Dear-born. He had been in business for 50 years, and I was surprised to learn that he was having a hard time when he took over the huge store where the A1 was located. I taught him a lot, and he managed to survive.

"I eventually closed out at Wells, and around 1977 I took an empty store in Oak Park, at 808 Harrison, where the Old Bookseller, run by Brian Burhoe and [Caxtonian] Charlie Shields, is now located. The idea was to open one day a week, on Saturday, and sell some of the 40,000 books I had stored in Oak Park basements. Everybody

said I wouldn't last six months, but I had a lot of old Chicago customers who came every weekend and helped me stay open. I had a tableful of books outside as in the Central days. It brought a few Oak Parkers — Oak Park is a lousy book town. But to my old customers it was good for the memories."

It was getting late, and like any good bibliophile I was anxious to see Harry's books before leaving. I was now staring at the shelves in his living room and sighted a *Wizard of Oz* first, a Hemingway first, and a large aggregation of fine bindings. Harry could sense my interest. I tacitly pulled out a book from my portfolio — a dustjacketed copy of Frank Swinnerton's *The Bookman's London* — and held it out to him. "Have you seen this?" I asked.

He took the book and examined the table of contents, the copyright page, and some of the pictures inside. "Yes, I think I have. In fact, I have read one of his books. I can't remember it..."

"There's a list of Swinnerton's books facing the title page."

"Ah, yes. Here it is. Let's see ...but of course! *His Autobiography!* Of all things to forget!"

"He's not very popular now, but I enjoy reading about bookmen." I waited for my hint to sink in, and when it failed, blurted out a "May I see your books?"

"Why, certainly. Here or in the basement?"

"You have books in the basement?"

"Yes. Mostly bibliography and bookstore reference books, but there are some first editions."

"Then why not start there?"

We wound our way down the staircase into a dark but airy chamber lined with bookcases surrounding a wash basin and Mrs. Busck's laundering equipment. In the middle there was a small table with a roll of wrapping paper on a metal spool. There were cabinets with little drawers containing sales records, and rows upon rows of all kinds of good books.

"I wonder what one has to do to succeed in book selling today," I asked half-enviously.

"Well, a lot of the younger people in the business today seem to be going about it the wrong way. They want two or three books at relatively high prices to resell at higher prices.

See BUSCK, page 6

"Man, you cannot get storefront space for that much in the Loop today! I'd be surprised if you didn't eventually buy the store."

"I was offered the store by Cowen."

"Then you did take it?"

"No. I was not interested at all. The owner of the building was a nut. He inherited that building years before. He was divorced four or five times..."

"But what has this to do with it?"

"...and each time lost some property," he finished. Harry gazed at me with infinite patience. His quiet and humble demeanor made it possible to underestimate the perspicacity of an octogenarian, but his wits were starting to show their true sharpness. "I didn't trust him. Eventually he lost that building too, and that was the end of the Central Bookstore. Anyhow, when I refused to buy out Cowen, Alvin Wecker became the new owner. I remained because Cowen had sold with the understanding that I'd stay on if Wecker bought the Central. I stayed at the Central until it went in 1964."

"And then you moved your business near home?"



## Bookman's Alley — good taste and fine books

Kenneth Houston Paterson

Bookman's Alley is to be found just off Sherman Ave. in downtown Evanston, IL. It should come as no surprise to find it is indeed located in an alley. The first time I entered the shop, I experienced emotions that in many ways were child-like. The bookstore reminded me of caves I had explored as a child. Not the dank, dark caves of Victorian children's stories, but the warm, dry, sheltering caves that have provided the traveler haven down through the years. As befits the best of caves, this one sheltering books and book-lovers has several rooms, one haphazardly opening up into another.

Apart from books, well organized by categories, artifacts abound. In one corner a cowboy's saddle with a lariat. Models of sailing ships abound. An old printing press, possibly the first one in Evanston, sits in the center of a section of books on printing, typography, and design. Native American artifacts are casually scattered about another room: rugs, buckskin clothing, and necklaces. On the walls, there are autographed photographs of famous literary figures. You won't see a computer anywhere here although one is discretely hidden in a small back office.

Better, you will find Roger Carlson sitting at the entrance of the store, at a well-worn, old desk on an equally well-worn, old chair. Roger's comfort is enhanced as he sits on a bedraggled sheepskin, looking for all the world like a middle-aged Viking, handsome, tall, gray-haired, and healthy-cheeked. Roger is of Scandinavian descent. Maybe it is Roger's karma to love and protect books, a readily accepted penance for possibly some distant Viking ancestor's desecration of Medieval church libraries along the coasts of old Europe. Roger came to the book-business by way of a high-stressed life in the corporate world. He has been into books now for 23 years. We wish him many more! ❖



Roger Carlson of Bookman's Alley. Photo by Kenneth Paterson.

### Busck

Continued from page 5

Others have tried to copy my Harrison store, and did not last. A lot of them are in the mail order business. You can't just buy a few select books, you have to have a lot of those \$5 and \$10 books that the general book buyer can pay for. I don't see how you can have a store without them. Also, to select books you have to know your potential clientele. Younger people almost never buy books. I have had only one high school student buy at my store, a girl who picked out one of the Great Books she was required to read at Oak Park-River Forest High School. Her teachers were not much better: only three have come to my store. On the other hand, dealers come often. I had 37 dealers who were regular customers at my Harrison store. University people also buy books, like that Northwestern professor who edited the works of Melville. [He spoke of Caxtonian Harry Hayford. ed.] He came one day and bought 30, maybe 40 books."

"I think I know why the younger generation shuns bookstores. Many of these authors you have here are associated with imperialist Europe. Some, in fact, were out-and-out jingoists..."

"Like Kipling, eh? 'The sun never sets on the British Empire,' that sort of thing?"

"Exactly. People see Europeans — especially the British — as class conscious."

"What's wrong with that?"

His reply shocked me. Harry's collection made me suspect that he was an Anglophile, and I knew

the Anglophile's reverence for class distinctions; but I was unprepared for such bluntness.

"Why, Mr. Busck, it's undemocratic."

"No one's more democratic than the British. But they respect high position. There's nothing wrong with that."

"Oh, sure. One would expect social climbers to do that. Like Kennedy, who is said to have married Jackie Bouvier because she was a blue blood..."

"Exactly. Kennedy married partly for that reason. His father was different, though. He was the worst fellow you could meet. When he was Roosevelt's ambassador, he went to England and was received in state. In spite of that, he refused to bow to the queen."

"Can you blame him? He was an American..."

"But he was an ambassador, and a good ambassador abides by the customs of the country he visits."

I turned to look at the books. Here were volumes to satisfy every interest and passion, from luxurious calf-bound histories, to little bouquins in limited editions.

I spotted a couple of books by Van Allen Bradley, aptly enough his two *Gold in Your Attic* collectors' handbooks, and promptly blurted an unashamed "I sure would like to have those!" Harry smiled. "You can have them for five bucks each." I was taken aback by such generosity — the two books bring as much as \$80 today.

"I-I will take them!"

"Would you like me to wrap them for you?"

"If you please."

He picked them off the shelves, walked to the small table where the wrapping paper was kept, and Harry Busck, elder statesman of Chicago bookselling, late of Harry Busck, Bookseller, Busck and O'Gara, the Central, the Economy, and Nedwick's, wrapped up another sale. ❖

*Editor's note: Since this article was written in 1994, Mr. Busck has died. Part One appeared in the October 2000 Caxtonian. Mr. Martinez is a high school teacher and runs his own bookshop.*



# Caxtonians will speak on Mark Twain book at Washington Library Center

Special to the *Caxtonian*

Caxtonians Bob McCamant and Martha Chiplis will give a talk December 3 at 2 pm on the 9th floor of the Chicago Public Library's Harold Washington Center, 400 S. State St. The program is one of several being held in conjunction with "Paper and Press: Prints from the Special Collections and Preservation Division," a show on display at the library through February 18.

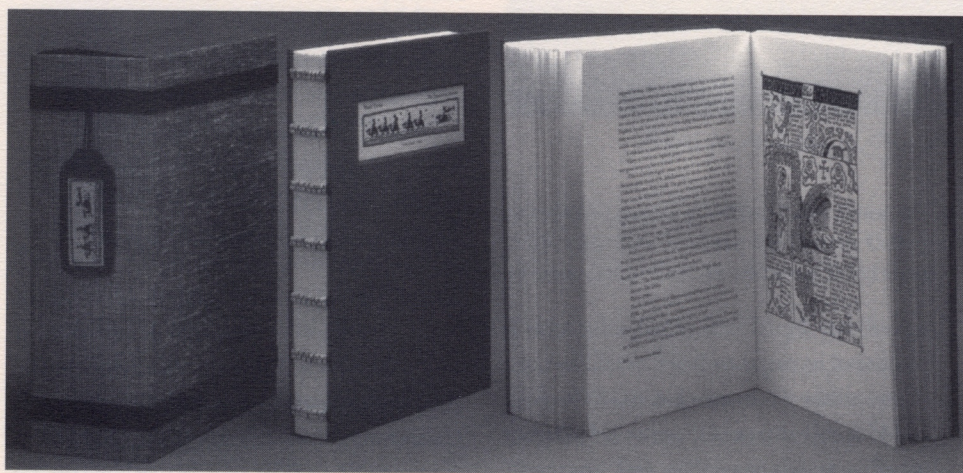
McCamant and Chiplis will speak about their production of Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad* for Sherwin Beach Press. The book, which they worked on for more than four years, was illustrated by Heather McAdams and bound by Trisha Hammer. McAdams and Hammer will also speak.

*The Innocents Abroad* was set in hot metal and printed by hand. The paper is mouldmade Johannot, imported from France. Hammer's

binding is an unusual non-adhesive form with exposed spine sewing, housed in a black-and-white linen wrapper intended to suggest a portmanteau.

The exhibit, which is on display at the library's Harold Washington Center 9th Floor Exhibition Hall, features prints and books from the Special Collections and Preservation Division. This division was formed in 1975 as the repository for rare books and artwork held by the Chicago Public Library. It provides examples illustrating various printmaking processes: etching, lithography, letterpress, and others.

Also upcoming, on Saturday, January 6, at 10 am, Caxtonian Greg Prickman, Elizabeth Holland, and Sophia Jordan of the library staff will discuss the collection and its conservation efforts. ❖



The Sherwin Beach Press edition of Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad* is 445-text pages, plus 20 pages of illustrations, in two volumes. It comes with a hard-case wrapper with black leather straps over brass studs, visually and structurally suggesting a portmanteau. For her illustrations, Heather McAdams returned to the places Twain had visited more than 120 years earlier. Twain's description: "There were shapely arches, built wholly of thighbones; there were startling pyramids, built wholly of grinning skulls ...on the wall were elaborate frescoes whose curving vines were made of knotted human vertebrae..."

## Saints & Sinners Corner



**Caxton Club President Frederick Kittle** has been named Life Trustee of the Newberry Library's Board of Trustees of the Newberry Library. Dr. Kittle's Doyle Family Collection has been donated to the Newberry, where it will be an extraordinary addition to the library's important scholarly and cultural collections.

**Eric Gill & the Guild of St. Dominic conference**, hosted by the Art, Art History & Design Department, Notre Dame University, will be held November 17-19, 2000, on the South Bend campus. For information, telephone John Sherman at 209-631-7175, or email him at [sherman.1@nd.edu](mailto:sherman.1@nd.edu).

**The Midwest Bookhunters Fall Book Fair** is set for November 5, 2000, 10 am to 5 pm, at the Student and Administration Center, William Rainey Harper College, 1200 W. Algonquin Rd., Palatine, IL. For information telephone 773-989-2200.

**Caxtonian Editor Robert Cotner** has resigned as Director of Development for the Salvation Army Metropolitan Division, a position he has held since 1988. He will continue working with the Army, as the director of a \$50 million capital campaign, which will provide several new facilities in Chicago. Beginning February 1, 2001, he will have a new office and associated phone and fax numbers, which will be published at that time.

**Caxtonians have responded** with more than 38 donations of books — to date — for auction at the club's November dinner meeting. Items range from art books, literature and childrens' books, to signed editions. The proceeds from the auction will go toward the Caxton Club's Second Century Fund. There's still a need for more books to support this worthy cause. Call Dan Crawford with your donation at 312-225-3501.



# Bookmarks...

## Dinner Program

November 15, 2000

Susan Hanes

*In search of Wilkie Collins*

Our own Caxtonian friend and club Secretary Susan Hanes, who has been pursuing the elusive and inimitable Wilkie Collins for many years, will give the current status of her research. You will remember that she wrote a delightful article for the *Caxtonian* (February 1999) on Wilkie Collins..

In her illustrated presentation, she will tell tales of Collins and his two companions, Caroline and Martha. You will learn of his relationship with Charles Dickens and other writers. She will describe North Foreland Lighthouse and will retrace Rosanna's steps through the foggy "melancholy plantation" toward the shivering stand in *The Moonstone*. And she will take us to the secluded gravestone at Kensal Green Cemetery, where Collins and his companion Caroline are buried.

Recently Susan spent three weeks traveling the English countryside in further pursuit of Mr. Collins and his literary life. You will hear of these most recent experiences from a person devoted to books and literature. She will, as well, read to us from some of Collins' best fiction, and we will get to know him in a more intimate way.

Susan, a director of the River Forest Public Library, River Forest, IL, comes to international travel from her earliest day. Her father was U.S. Ambassador to many countries around the world, and Susan spent her early years overseas with her family. We are delighted she arrived and stayed in Chicago, and we welcome her to the November dinner meeting, when we shall have our annual book auction. All are urged to donate a book and to join Caxtonians and friends as we travel the English countryside in search of Wilkie Collins.

Jim Tomes

*Vice President and Program Chair*

## Luncheon Program

November 10, 2000

Jeffrey Garrett

*Bibliophiles with an attitude*

Using many illustrations and drawing on years of archival research, librarian Jeffrey Garrett will discuss one of the greatest book migrations of Western history. The end of the monastic book culture in Europe was not gradual and peaceful, but sudden and, often, violent. At a time when the monasteries of France, southern Germany, and the Hapsburg Empire were experiencing a "lente Blutezeit," a last flowering, the forces of Enlightenment and Revolution plotted and then carried out their liquidation.

What became of these libraries in the years between 1763 and 1815? What other libraries were discovered and rescued from dismal monastic vaults? What were the consequences of the great "Klosterström" for the library landscape of Central Europe? For the practice of librarianship? What treasures were lost?

Jeffrey Garrett is the bibliographer for Western languages at Northwestern University Library. Join us as we, in hearty Caxtonian fashion, welcome him to our luncheon.

Edward Quattrocchi & Leonard Freedman  
Co-Chairs

All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56<sup>th</sup> floor of BankOne, BankOne Plaza, Madison & Clark, Chicago. Luncheon and discussion, 12:30pm. Dinner meetings begin with spirits at 5pm, dinner at 6pm, lecture at 7pm. BankOne's parking garage, 40 S. Clark Street, offers a special parking rate after 5pm 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 \$10. 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, \$40.