

Of nature, books, and our inheritance of friendships

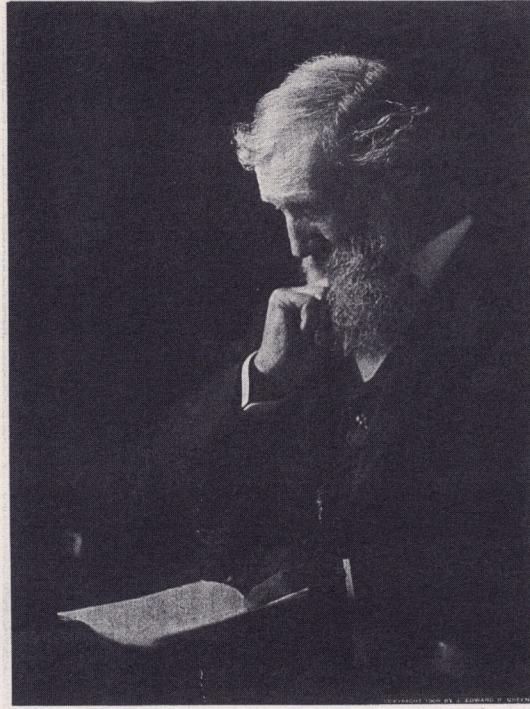
Robert Cotner

More places in California bear the name *John Muir* (1838-1914) than that of any other person. Such a tribute to this Scotsman, who, as his daughter wrote, was Scotland's gift to America,¹ is both appropriate and fitting.

It was Muir who, as an individual and the first president of the Sierra Club (from 1892 until 1914), quite literally gave us the inheritance of our National Parks. It was Muir who saved the Grand Canyon of Arizona and the giant Sequoias of California. It was Muir who, in his last major campaign, was unable to save the Hetch Hetchy Valley from flooding to create a reservoir. In his defeat, Frederick Turner observed, "we are best able to see the measure of his heroism."²

Turner elaborated on his view of Muir's heroism and on heroism in general: "To enter history, to act in our world, to attempt translation of the untranslatable: this is to accept the inevitability of defeat. And still the hero tries, must try, and so must fall."³ Walking closely in the footsteps of Emerson and Thoreau, Muir elaborated on their Transcendental ideas and made permanent so many of the pristine natural habitats of the North American continent. He led the way for later generations of naturalists, including John Burroughs, Edwin Way Teale, Loren Eiseley, and others.

Muir's willingness to act "beyond self-interest and self-preservation, to bear witness, to defend the undefended and indeed the



John Muir

Photographic portrait of John Muir in 1909, by Edward Greene. From the Francis Fisher Browne Papers of the Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used. Browne was the editor of *The Dial* from 1880 until his death in 1913.

indefensible"⁴ was the driving force of his life and his accomplishments, as Turner says so well. These qualities define his heroism, age upon age.

In 1867, when he was but 29 years old, Muir took his famed — some have called it "epic"⁵ — 1,000-mile walk from Indianapolis, IN to Cedar Key, FL in less than two months. As he walked, he studied the flora and fauna of the land in the central region of the US. His record is an important history of the ecology of a land that would so dramatically change with the coming of settlers across the mountains.

But it was his work in California, beginning in 1869, for which he is best known and which impacted so greatly other regions of America. In

the summer of 1869, carrying a copy of Emerson's *Essays*, Muir became a shepherd for an Irishman named Mr. Delaney, and herded more than 2,000 sheep up the steep slopes of the Sierra Nevada range in central California. He wrote of that experience in *My First Summer in the Sierra*. Teale observed that a great parallel exists between Muir's book and Thoreau's *Walden*. Both, he said, are "young men's books, filled with the strength and courage of youth."⁶ Muir was, however, of all the great naturalists who wrote, the "wildest, the most active, the most at home in the wilderness, the most daring, the most capable, the most self-reliant."⁷

One sees this wild but extraordinarily literate naturalist at his best in *My First Summer in the Sierra*. The book is a delightful daily record of his summer — from June 3 to September 22 — of 1869. He saw the vast natural setting of

the Sierras as a book and hoped, someday, to be wise enough to read with intelligence these "divine symbols crowded together on this wondrous page."⁸ He longed to become a fixture in the landscape himself: "Wish I could live, like these junipers, on sunshine and snow, and stand beside them on the shore of Lake Tenaya for a thousand years. How much I should see, and how delightful it would be!"⁹

He encompassed in his vision a remarkable wholeness in the family of nature: "Wrote to my mother and a few friends, mountain hints to



Musings...

CAXTONIAN

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It is April 3, 2001. A light snow is falling in the high Sierras of central California, the temperature is in the high-20s, and deep banks of snow lie all around. As I write, mists move in, and I have a remarkable sense of awe in the grandeur surrounding me. I stand before the oldest living object on Earth — a giant Sequoia tree called the “General Sherman,” which has lived here, 6,409 feet above sea level, for 25 centuries. It stands in a cluster of Sequoias, surrounded by pine trees, Douglas firs, and other conifers. In the mist, the trees appear as ancient sentinels to time itself.

The General Sherman stands in a region of the Sequoia National Forest named in 1875 by John Muir, the “Giant Forest.” It is in one of 75 groves of Sequoia trees in this range. The tree stands 274.4 feet tall and has a base diameter of 36.5 feet — the width of three Interstate lanes. Although more than 2,500 years old, the tree is in good health and adds to its bulk an estimated 40 cubic feet of wood each year. Extremely ragged in its upper branches from centuries of wind, snow, and ice storms, the tree has a reddish bark that is said to be two feet thick. The base of the tree is deeply grooved — I could put the edge of my hand into the grooves, and my hand would be dwarfed by the folds of the bark. I am told that the roots are shallow and spread broadly; thus, the wide base of the tree provides necessary stability.

Contemplating this magnificent tree, I realize that it was a seedling during the Roman Empire. It was 500 years old when Christ was born. It was almost 2,000 years old when Columbus landed on this continent. What is most remarkable to me, however, is the fact of its survival through the most brutal and rapacious centuries in the history of mankind — and in a land in which we have more often than not exploited rather than preserved our natural heritage. John Muir, who is credited with saving these marvelous trees and this region — as well as many other remarkable natural phenomena in America — said of the scene before me: “it seems impossible that any other forest picture in the world could rival it.”

The trees, in their massive forms, their ancient ages, and their silence, inspire a sense of the grandeur of nature rarely experienced in life. I can understand

why American Indians worshipped the trees and why almost every sensitive person standing in their presence used religious metaphors to describe them. Ralph Waldo Emerson, on his visit here in 1871, is said to have “sauntered about as if under a spell.” He cited the Old Testament in describing them: “There were giants in the Earth in those days.”

Naturalist John Burroughs described coming upon them in this mountain panorama for the first time: “Then suddenly you are on the threshold of this hall of elder gods.... All is so hushed, so friendly, yet so towering, so stupendous, so unspeakably beautiful.”

My own reaction to the giant Sequoias and their setting is to recall lines from William Cullen Bryant’s “Forest Hymn”: “The groves were God’s first temples. Ere man learned/T’o hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,/ And spread the roof over them — ere he framed the lofty vault,... in the darkling wood,/ Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,/ And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks/ And supplication.”

I make a few notes, take a few photographs, and whisper softly a few words to NJC, my companion in travel. Few of the tourists on the mountain this cold day say much at all. It is as if the place where these magnificent trees stand is sacred. The Sequoias come as close to being eternal as anything we shall ever know on Earth.

Robert Cotner
Editor



Erstwhile naturalist, sometime-botanist, and peripatetic editor Robert Cotner is photographed touring California's high Sierras in April 2001. Photo by NJC.



Map locating Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks.



The General Sherman Sequoia tree. Used through the courtesy of the National Park Service.



John Muir — a self-portrait. (From "John Muir Exhibit," Sierra Club website.)

*From garden to garden,
ridge to ridge, I drifted
enchanted, now on my knees
gazing into the face of a daisy,
now climbing again and again
among the purple and azure
flowers of the hemlocks, now
down into the treasures of the
snow, or gazing afar over domes
and peaks, lakes and woods, and
the billowy glaciated fields of the
upper Tuolumne, and trying to
sketch them. In the midst of
such beauty, pierced with its rays,
one's body is all one tingling
palate. Who wouldn't be a
mountaineer! Up here all the
world's prizes seem nothing.*

From John Muir, *My First Summer in the Sierra*.

each. They seem as near as if within voice-reach or touch. The deeper the solitude, the less the sense of loneliness, and the nearer our friends. Now bread and tea, fir bed and good-night to Carlo [his St. Bernard shepherd-ing companion], a look at the sky lilies, and death sleep until the dawn of another Sierra tomorrow."¹⁰

He had the eye of an artist and the pen of a poet. Particularly sensitive to the subtle colors of the sky, forest, and mountains, he described one scene in this fashion: "Glorious pearly cumuli tinted with purple of ineffable fineness of tone."¹¹ In another observation, he wrote, "How deeply with beauty is beauty overlaid!"¹² He created a miniature essay in a paragraph of more than a page in length around this topic sentence: "How interesting to trace the history of a single raindrop!"¹³ But it is his attention to the minutest details of the flora and fauna of the mountains that is most amazing. He names and describes hundreds of plants and animals in his sojourns, and we share our own personal affinity with nature through the genius of this master naturalist who left his gentle beneficence in books.

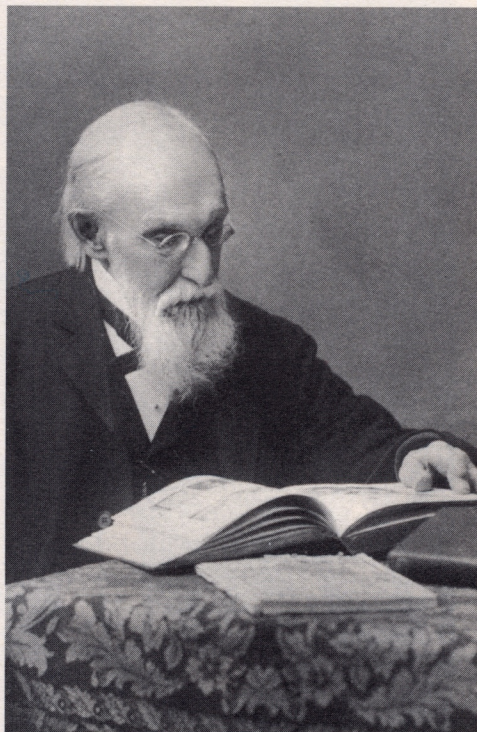
On August 2 he was sketching the North Dome in the Yosemite range when he "was suddenly, and without warning, possessed with the notion that my friend, Professor J.D. Butler, of the State University of Wisconsin, was below me in the valley." This premonition of the presence of his Greek and Latin professor, the most important influence in his college days, was so powerful that he left at once and proceeded down the mountain to the hotel in the valley. Upon arriving the next day, he found that "last evening's telepathy, transcendental revelation, or whatever else it may be called, was true." The two men had a delightful reunion in the wilderness.¹⁴

Muir's most significant visitor in the early years, however, was Ralph Waldo Emerson, in 1871. Carlos Baker's biography of Emerson gave the best detail of the arrangements of the visit of the 68-year-old Emerson to the 32-year-old Muir. Traveling by train from Boston, Emerson's party of 12 persons came to Chicago, where George Pullman arranged for



A stereograph of Teddy Roosevelt (l) and John Muir at Glacier Point in Yosemite during a camping trip in 1903. The Antiquities Act of 1906 and the creation of the National Park Service were a result of the collaboration between these two important Americans, who loved and preserved so much of America's natural heritage. (Image from "John Muir Exhibit," Sierra Club website.)

the group to board a "well-stocked private Pullman car, the *Huron*,"¹⁵ and travel west. They stopped in Salt Lake City to meet Brigham Young, the Mormon president, and then went on to San Francisco, where they stayed in the



Professor J. D. Butler of the State University of Wisconsin (now University of Wisconsin, Madison) was one of John Muir's favorite professors, who visited him unexpectedly in the Sierras in 1869. Photo provided by and used through special arrangement with the University of Wisconsin-Madison Archives (Negative 25x 1952).

Occidental Hotel. Emerson spoke four times in San Francisco before departing with his group, traveling by train, wagon, and horseback into the central valley and the foothills of the Sierras. Hearing of Emerson's presence in California, Muir invited Emerson to visit him. Emerson accepted the invitation, went to the sawmill, which Muir was tending at the time, and then made a rugged but "consummately beautiful" 25-mile ride to see the giant Sequoias of the Sierras.¹⁶

Muir himself wrote of Emerson's visit: "of all men he would best interpret the sayings of these noble mountains and trees."¹⁷ Finding Emerson, "as serene as a Sequoia" Muir proposed an "immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the mountains." Emerson seemed ready to go, but members of his party, "full of indoor philosophy," Muir noted, prohibited Emerson's going, for his own health and safety. So after only five "tourist days in Yosemite he was led away." Muir proposed an overnight camping trip for Emerson, and he "consented heartily." But Emerson's companions, fearing their leader might take cold in the night air, declined on his behalf. "You don't catch colds from the night air but from houses and hotels," Muir replied, but to no avail.

Disheartened that the person who had been such great inspiration for his own work was protected by the "house habit" of his compan-



A photograph of naturalist John Burroughs (l) and John Muir among the rocks of Yosemite. Burroughs was a frequent companion with Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and Thomas Edison. Ford had built America's first recreational vehicle, in which the foursome often toured national parks. Once, in need of tires for their RV, Ford thought he would impress the dealer. He introduced himself as Henry Ford, the man who put America on wheels, Harvey Firestone as the man who invented the pneumatic tire, and Thomas Edison as the man who invented the electric light bulb. Not terribly impressed, the dealer looked at John Burroughs and asked, "And who is this? Santa Claus?" (Image from "John Muir Exhibit," Sierra Club website.)

ions, Muir watched as the group descended on horseback, leaving Muir standing at his campsite. He described his last view of the great man: "Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat and waved me a last good-bye. I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them."¹⁸

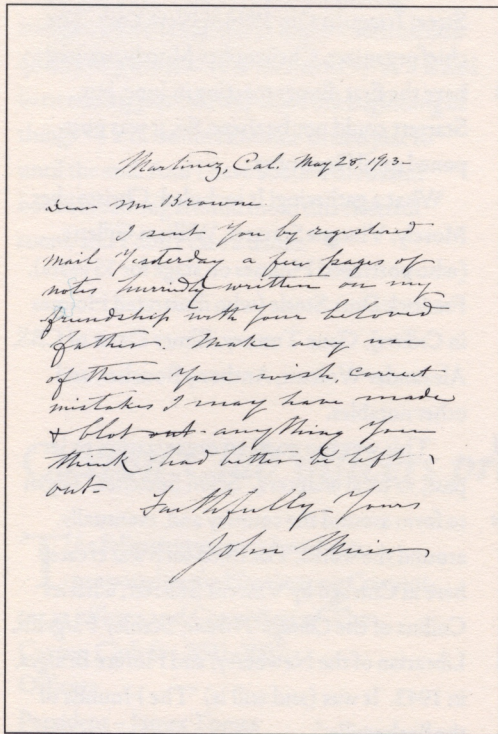
But it was Muir who assumed the mantle of leadership, who took the theories of the great Transcendentalists and put the power of legislation to them, who sang the mountains in rich, dense poetry, creating a new testament for the vast land called America. This has been the inheritance of John Muir, a legacy touching the life of every American. And through his books, he stands, like the junipers in the high Sierras he cherished, as companion and friend of all who love Creation. ❖

End notes:

- 1 Shirley Sargent, *John Muir in Yosemite*, Yosemite, CA: Flying Spur Press. 1971, p. 7.
- 2 Frederick Turner, "Foreword," *John Muir, My First Summer in the Sierra*, San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1988, p. xvi.
- 3 Turner, p. xvi.
- 4 Turner, p. xvii.
- 5 John Earl, *John Muir's Longest Walk*, Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Co., 1975, p. 9.
- 6 Edwin Way Teale, ed., *John Muir, The Wilderness World of John Muir*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1982, p.106.
- 7 Teale, p. xi.
- 8 Muir, *My First Summer in the Sierra*, p. 104.
- 9 Muir, p. 115.
- 10 Muir, p. 93.
- 11 Muir, p.142.
- 12 Muir, p. 89.
- 13 Muir, p. 87.
- 14 Muir, pp. 124-135. In a chapter entitled, "A Strange Experience," Muir details this meeting with Prof. Butler.
- 15 Carlos Baker, *Emerson Among the Eccentrics*, New York: Viking, 1996, p. 488.
- 16 Baker, pp. 490-491.
- 17 Muir, "Emerson at Yosemite," Teale, p.162.
- 18 Muir, "Emerson at Yosemite," Teale, p. 165. This essay was first published in *Our National Parks*.

A chronology of books by John Muir (1838-1914)

- Picturesque California and the Region West of the Rocky Mountains, from Alaska to Mexico*, 1888-1890. Complete text of Muir's writings in this book he edited.
- The Mountains of California*, 1894.
- Our National Parks*, 1901.
- Strickeen*, 1909 (longer version) and 1915 (shorter version).
- My First Summer in the Sierra*, 1911.
- Edward Henry Harriman*, 1911.
- The Yosemite*, 1912.
- The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, 1913.
- Letters to a Friend*, 1915.
- Travels in Alaska*, 1915.
- A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf*, 1916.
- The Cruise of the Corwin*, 1917.
- Steep Trails*, 1919.



Letter from Muir to Waldo R. Browne, May 28, 1913. From the Francis Fisher Browne Papers, Newberry Library, through whose courtesy it is used.

Vincent Starrett — A Chicago man of letters

Robert Mangler

Charles Vincent Emerson Starrett was born on October 26, 1876, in Toronto, Canada. At first, the child was believed to have been born dead and was wrapped in that day's edition of the *Toronto Star*. In a short time, however, the baby began to cry and was quickly retrieved. Starrett told his fellow reporters that he had appeared "in print" at a much earlier age than any of them.

When he was 10, the family moved to Chicago, but he would go back to Toronto in the summer to visit with family. On one of these excursions, in his grandfather's book shop, he discovered a book of short stories. One of these stories was "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," by A. Conan Doyle. He became a dedicated Sherlockian for the rest of his life.

(This is said to be Doyle's favorite short story also.)

Starrett went to John Marshall High School, but left two months short of graduation, because he and a friend wanted to "go off and see the world." They got as far as St. Louis. So he had to go to work. He wanted to be a writer and thought the newspaper business was a good place to start.

There were seven daily newspapers in Chicago in 1906, but only the *Inter-Ocean* would hire him because he had no experience. Another cub reporter hired at the *Inter-Ocean* at the time was Ring Lardner. But after a year, Starrett moved to the *Daily News*. At the *News*, he met people like Eugene Field, Westbrook Pegler, Sr., and, later, Ben Hecht and Charles Mac Arthur. He met the real Walter Burns and the others on whom the *Front Page* was based. Starrett once told me that the story was very close to the truth.

In 1912, he got the opportunity to interview Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He wanted to talk about Sherlock Holmes, and Doyle wanted to talk about Spiritualism. They compromised — half and half. In 1914, he went to the Washington, DC bureau. He liked to see Walter Johnson pitch for the Senators baseball team and go book hunting with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt. (Of course, FDR was a Sherlock Holmes fan, too.)

In 1916, he was sent to cover the war against Pancho Villa in Mexico. As a war correspondent, he spent much of the time in the Cantina with

Jack London and Richard Harding Davis. Since things were too quiet, they paid some of the soldiers to stage a battle. There was one casualty at the battle of Xochimilco — Starrett was hit by a stray bullet in the leg. "OUR CORRESPONDENT WOUNDED!!" the headlines screamed.

By 1917, he had some of his short stories published in *Colliers* and *The Smart Set*, edited by H. L. Mencken, decided to try to be a writer full time, and left the newspaper.

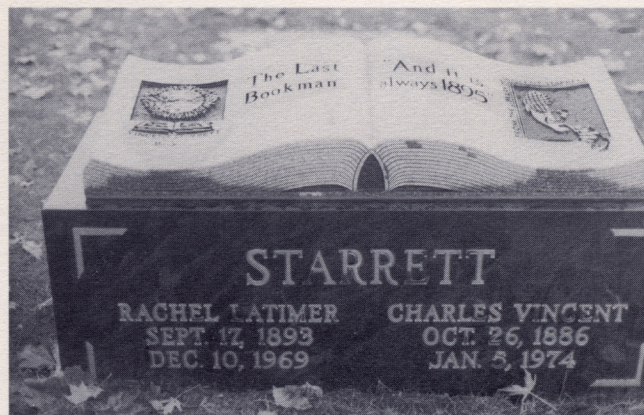
He wrote his first book of poetry, *Estrays*, published in 1918, a short story, "The Escape of Alice," and a critical study, "Arthur Machen: Novelist of Ecstasy and Sin," also in 1918. In 1920, he wrote "Ambrose Bierce," and for Sherlockians, the finest pastiche ever written, "The Unique Hamlet." This he sent to Conan Doyle, who wrote back to say he liked it very much, and his mother liked it too!

During the 1920s, he authored five more books of poetry. Carl Sandburg wrote to Starrett at one point about his poetry, "Put some guts into it, Vincent." He also edited *Poetry* magazine for a time and another literary magazine from 1922 to 1924. This high school drop-out also taught at the Medill School of Journalism.

During the 1920s, he wrote many mystery short stories — one collection *The Blue Door*, published for the Crime Club, and two collections of Jimmie Lavender stories. His Jimmie Lavender, a Chicago private detective, was named for a Chicago Cubs pitcher.

His first two novels were *Seaports in the Moon* (1928) and *Murder on 'B' Deck* (1929). Other novels were *Dead Man Inside* (1931); *The Great Hotel Murder* (1935); *Midnight and Percy Jones* (1936); and *The Laughing Buddha*, (1937) (revised and reissued as *Murder in Peking* (1946).

In the 1920s, he wrote bibliographies of Arthur Machen, Stephen Crane and Ambrose Bierce. He also produced eight collections of poems. His essays and articles, which were



Starrett's grave marker in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. Photo by Robert Mangler.

collected in over a dozen books, range in topics from book collecting to Sherlock Holmes to memorable meals. One collection of his columns, *Book Column*, was published by The Caxton Club in 1958. His weekly column "Books Alive," appeared in the *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books* from 1940 to 1966.

He edited books on mystery stories, spy stories, and, of course, Sherlock Holmes. He was the key to the beginning of the "Baker Street Irregulars" in 1934 in New York. The chief organizer, Christopher Morely, wanted to have the first dinner meeting in June, but Starrett could not be there. So, it was postponed until December.

What a gathering! It included: Christopher Morely, Vincent Starrett, William Gillette (who portrayed Holmes on stage for 35 years), Fredrick Dorr Steele (who illustrated Holmes in *Colliers*), Gene Tunney, Elmer Davis of CBS, Alexander Wolcott, Anthony Boucher, and other notables.

This was too good an organization to let pass, so local chapters, "Scion Societies," began to form around the country and, eventually, around the world. The third such was created here in Chicago by Vincent Starrett, Charles Collins of the *Chicago Tribune*, Stanley Pargellis, Librarian of the Newberry, and Horace Bridges, in 1943. It was (and still is) "The Hounds of the Baskerville."

Although he had been a reporter, war correspondent, poet, novelist, short story writer,

See STARRETT, page 7

Exhibition requires Caxtonians' involvement

Kim Coventry

anthologist, biographer, and literary critic, he thought of himself as a "Bookman."

His colleagues held him in great esteem. When he was awarded the first Grand Master Award by the Mystery Writers of America in 1958, Ellery Queen said, "...an essayist and columnist who has made a fine art of writing about books and bookmen; as an explorer in bibliography and a discoverer in book collecting; as a sherlockophile and connoisseur without peer - as, indeed, the noblest gentleman and scholar in our ranks."

Like so many great men, when he died in 1974, he was without funds. A friend paid for his funeral. His grave in Graceland next to that of his wife Ray remained unmarked until many of his friends and fans joined together in 1986, his centennial year, to erect a suitable headstone. Some \$7,000 was raised in three-and-a-half months, and the headstone was dedicated on his 100th birthday, October 26, 1986. The last words should be Starrett's: "What would we do without books — old books. It is raining tonight, a bit beastly and coldly — with an odd quality of permanence in its sound — as if it had been raining just this way since the beginning of things — and would continue to rain just so until the end. And I have about a thousand books breathing around me in this cheerful room, and I don't care a damn." ❖

Caxton Club officers proposed

The following persons have been proposed by the Nominating Committee as officers and Councilors of The Caxton Club for 2001-2002.

Officers

President - James Tomes

Vice President/Program Chair - Peggy Sullivan

Secretary - Susan Hanes

Treasurer - Dan Crawford

The Exhibitions Committee of The Caxton Club is currently organizing an exhibit of small press books that will focus on approximately 20 leading Chicago-area private presses active between World War I and World War II. In anticipation, the committee is asking members to check their collections for books published by these presses listed below. The exhibition is tentatively scheduled at Columbia College Book and Paper Center in late 2002 or early 2003. Plans for the exhibition also include the publication of a catalogue to be produced by the Publications Committee.

One goal of the exhibition is to borrow as many books from Caxton Club members as possible. Given the small runs of these presses, many will be difficult to locate. If members have books by these presses in their collection and they are willing to lend them to the exhibition, the committee would like to hear from members by July 1, 2001.

Small presses to be included in the upcoming exhibition:

Alderbrink Press (1899-1945), Ralph Fletcher Seymour

Private Press of Will Ransom (1903-1925), Will Ransom.

Fraroran Press (c. 1929), Francis Rose Ransom. Trovillion Private Press (1908-1958), Hal and Violet Trovillion.

Steen Hinrichsen (1922-1924), Steen Hinrichsen.

Council Class of 2004

William Drendle

Lynn Martin

Robert McCamant

Charles Minor

Susan Rossen

The Nominating Committee was composed of Steve Masello, Chair, Jim Tomes, and Lynn Martin. ❖

Department of Printing Arts, School of the Art Institute of Chicago (1924-?).
Holiday Press (1926-1942), William A. Kittredge and R.R. Donnelley Staff.
Hogarth Press (c. 1928), Franklin J. Meine.
Pony Barn Press (1928-1947), Edward Martin Moore.
Poetry Press (c. 1936), Curtis Rodgers.
Broadside Press (1930-1939), Philip Reed.
Monastery Hill Press (1939-?), Philip Reed.
Printing Office of Philip Reed (1946-?).
Press of October House (1948 ?), Philip Reed.
Black Cat Press (1932-?), Norman W. Forgue.
Norman Press (1939-?), Norman W. Forgue.
Normandie House (1937-1943), Norman W. Forgue.
At The Sign of The Gargoyle (1943- ?), Norman W. Forgue.
Pochahontas Press (1937-1950), Suzette Hamill [Zurcher].

In addition, the committee is looking for information on and examples of the work of the following presses:

Apprentice House

L. Frank Baum

Black Rose Press

William Sayles Doan

George Domke

Driftwood Press (or the Press of the Houseboat Driftwood)

Old Tower Press

Water Tower Press

A. D. Weinthrop

Windfall Press

Wisteria Cottage Press

For further information or to let the committee know that members are willing to participate by lending books from their collection, please contact Kim Coventry, Chair of the Exhibitions Committee, by phone at 773/ 871-7204 or by e-mail at coventryk@aol.com. ❖

Bookmarks...

Dinner Program

May 16, 2001

Dan Stashower

Spittoons and spiritualism: Conan Doyle in America

Chicago is one of the great centers for Arthur Conan Doyle interest: we have the fine Kittle Doyle Family Collection at the Newberry Library. We have scores of Baker Street Irregular meetings each month, and a Caxtonian Vincent Starrett wrote the poem which closes the Sherlockian meetings around the world. So it is not surprising that this month's dinner program will feature a nationally-known Doyle specialist, Dan Stashower.

Stashower is the author of the popular biography, *Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle*, which recently won the Edgar Award for biography. He is recipient, as well, of the Raymond Chandler Fulbright Fellowship in Detective and Crime Fiction Writing. In addition to his non-fiction writing, Stashower is a novelist in his own right, having written several mystery novels, the most recent of which is *The Floating Lady Murder*, a tale featuring Harry Houdini.

A graduate of Northwestern University with a Masters Degree from Columbia University, he has been a freelance writer for the past 16 years. He lives in Bethesda, MD with his wife and daughter.

The hardcover edition of the *Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle* has just been republished in paperback. These will be available for sale and autographing by the speaker both before and after the dinner lecture.

Jim Tomes

Vice President and Program Chair

Council notes — April

Finances are on budget for present activities: 85% of members have paid dues. Development Committee has planned a major silent and live auction for the Holiday Revels with a short speech afterwards. Publications Committee announced that the Wing book will be published this Fall. The Caxton Club website has about 2,000 hits daily! Two new members approved: Dorothy Anderson and Michael Thompson. Congratulations and welcome!

Member Junie Sinson has suggested that The Caxton Club work together with a local English professor to submit a name for Nobel Literature Prize annually. FABS has inquired whether The Caxton Club would be interested in sponsoring a meeting in Chicago. ❖

C. Frederick Kittle, President

Luncheon Program

May 11, 2001

Dorothy Sinson

More about Pearl Buck

Caxtonian Dorothy Sinson, who gave us an excellent and much acclaimed article on Nobel Laureate Pearl S. Buck in the April issue of the *Caxtonian*, will continue the story of this remarkable American and distinguished woman. She will continue the story of Buck, the brilliant novelist who, more than any other American, opened China to the Western world. She will continue the saga of her rise to the highest ranks of *literati* — to be America's first woman Nobel Laureate in 1938. And she will detail the wars in which she engaged on behalf of women, children, and people of Asian descent.

Dorothy Sinson, in her own way, is a person distinguished by a wide range of pursuits and achievements. After graduating from Beloit College, she taught English for nearly a decade. She then opened an antique business, which gave her the opportunity to know the material culture of America in a special way. Finally, she moved into the real estate business and was a broker for almost two decades.

Her current interests engage her in travel with Caxtonian husband Junie Sinson, and in their mutual love of literature — especially literature with worldwide perspectives. She will exhibit for our perusal manuscripts, books, and ephemera from her extensive collection of Pearl Buck materials.

This is a program you will thoroughly enjoy, as Dorothy brings you both the special flavor of the Orient as well as ideas that reveal this ancient and unique culture.

All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th 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.

Edward Quattrocchi & Leonard Freedman
Co-Chairs