

# Aldus Society Notes

Spring 2007

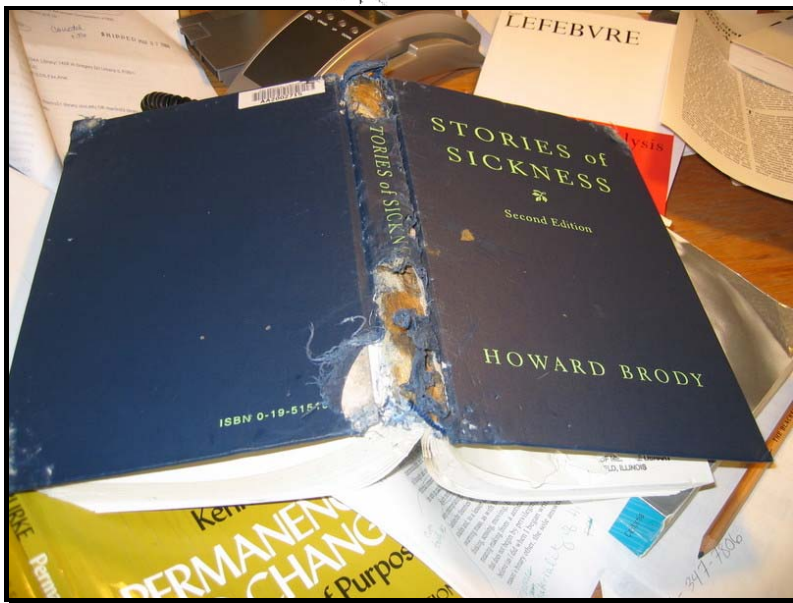
Volume 7, No. 3

## The Enemies (and Friends) of Books

For its May program, the Aldus Society will present a member's panel discussion on "The Enemies (and Friends) of Books." The panel will cover such topics as worm holing in 17<sup>th</sup> or 18<sup>th</sup> century books, water damage, red rust in leather bindings, and mildew; major insect gnawing; care and preservation of ephemera such as letters, postcards, bookmarks, photographs, etc.; basic book repair; and, ideas for storing books and material to thwart such enemies.

The panel, which will include Genie and Jay Hoster, Bill Rich and Ron Ravneberg, will be moderated by George "Egg-Timer" Bauman.

The panel is just to get things going; attendees are encouraged to bring their own books, questions, stories, problems and solutions to share.

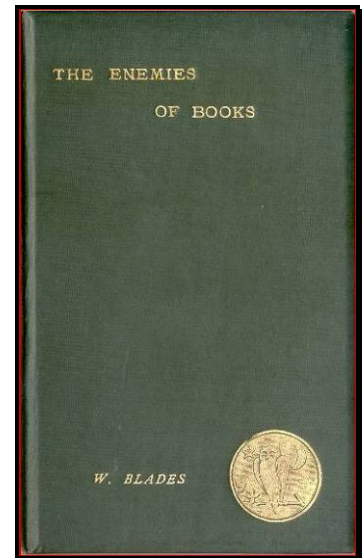


## Aldus Calendar

### May

**5 (First Saturday)** — This month the discussion will be on "Last Books" of selected authors. First Saturdays are held at 10:00 a.m. in the Reading Room for University Archives, 2700 Kenny Road.

**10 (Regular Meeting)** — Our final regular program of the season is usually a special one, and this year should be no different. We will present a members' panel discussion on "The Enemies (and Friends) of Books." The panel will cover such topics as worm holing in 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> century books, water damage, red rust in leather bindings, mildew; major insect gnawing; care and preservation of ephemera (e.g., letters, postcards, bookmarks, photographs), basic book repair, and ideas for storing books and material to thwart such enemies.



## Aldus Society Meetings

Regular meetings of the Aldus Society are held at 7:30 PM on the second Thursday of the month at

**The Thurber Center  
91 Jefferson Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio**

☞ Socializing Begins One-Half Hour Before ☞



Visit the Aldus Society web site for up-to-date information about our programs and activities, in-depth articles about many of our speakers, and links to other book related organizations.

[www.AldusSociety.com](http://www.AldusSociety.com)

## The Aldus Society

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*Aldus Society Notes* is published quarterly by the Communications Committee of The Aldus Society. If you have submissions or ideas for articles, please contact Ron Ravneberg at (614) 457-1153 or [AldusSociety@aol.com](mailto:AldusSociety@aol.com).

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## FABS: Get Involved!

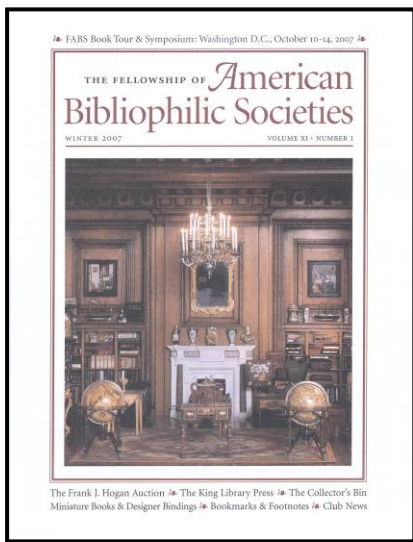
### Ron Ravneberg

One of the lesser-appreciated benefits of membership in the Aldus Society is automatic membership in the Fellowship of American Bibliophilic Societies (FABS). For most members, FABS membership is relatively meaningless, except for the excellent FABS newsletter that mysteriously arrives each September and January.

So what is this FABS thing, and why should it matter?

FABS is a loose affiliation of book-related organizations located throughout the United States and Canada. FABS' 32 member organizations can be found in locations from Vancouver to Florida, Boston to California. There are even seven international affiliates in far off places ranging from Europe to South Africa. All in all, FABS has over 6,000 members around the world, all of whom share the Aldus Society's love of books and the printed arts.

One of the problems with FABS is that it seems so remote. Nobody really belongs to FABS; they only belong to organizations that belong to FABS. And it's easy to assume that those organizations are just made up of a bunch of rich, stuffy white guys. So what could FABS have to do with me?



Sure, the book collecting world is predominantly white, and men outnumber women. And, let's face it, you have to be pretty well heeled to afford some of the books out there. But that perception isn't that accurate. (If you think New York's Grolier Club is male and stuffy, spend an afternoon laughing with their former President, Carolyn Smith.)

Each year, the FABS Annual Meeting is held at New York's Grolier Club on the afternoon before the opening of the New York Antiquarian Book Fair. It used to be that Geoff Smith was the only Aldus member to attend. Then I started to hang around. After another year or so, Bill Evans joined the contingent. Then Dave Reiff started attending. Now the Aldus Society is the single best represented member organization at the FABS meeting ... and none of us who goes would miss it.

Get involved with FABS. Come to New York next year. It's great fun. If you can't make it to New York, attend a meeting

of another FABS organization like the Northern Ohio Bibliophilic Society (NOBS) sometime. The trip to Akron is easy, and you'll be welcomed like a returning family member. It's no different with other FABS organizations. Suddenly all those faceless organizations become people, and you get to know the people who share your passion for books.

Plus, you never know what you'll find when you hang around book people. My daughter works for *Nation's Restaurant News* in New York City, and each year when I visit the New York Antiquarian Book Fair we spend time together. This year, she had a column due the next day and was searching for a topic. On the final day of the Fair she joined me on my wanderings among the dealers and found herself poring over the antiquarian wares of Ben Kinmont, a California bookseller who specializes in antique books on cookery and wine. After looking over several hundred years of writings about food serving regulations, demanding customers, chefs' attempts to heighten dining experiences and other contemporary themes, she had her topic. It was a comment on how little things have changed over the years and how connected today's restaurateurs are to the tavern owners, kitchen apprentices and royal chefs of the past. All because of the FABS meeting.

In the next few years, FABS will be reaching out to its member organizations to try to get more members involved. FABS will also be broadening its base to include other groups that are a bit different than the traditional book collecting groups. Miniature books, manuscripts, fine presses ... they all fit in FABS. So do you, by the way.

## Barry Moser Supports OSU Library Renovation with Don Quixote Print



Artist and author, Barry Moser has generously donated his time and talent to create a special printed edition of his image of *Don Quixote* in support of the Thompson Library Renovation.

Moser, whom Nicholas Basbanes calls “the most important book illustrator working in America today,” was hosted by the Aldus Society and the Friends of the OSU Libraries when he was a featured speaker at our 2004 *Celebration of the Book* in Columbus. It was during his visit that Barry offered to authorize an edition to help with the renovation project.

The image, which has never before been the subject of a printed edition, was released at the end of 2005 to coincide with the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the publication of the first part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha* by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. The Talfourd P. Lynn Cervantes collection in OSU’s Rare Books and Manuscripts Library is one of the world’s most significant collections of publications by Cervantes, and includes a copy of the extremely rare first 1605 Madrid printing of *Don Quixote*.

Moser’s *Don Quixote* is printed on Mohawk Letterpress Superfine, off-white, eggshell finish 80# stock. The print size is approximately 12.5” x 19” and the centered image is approximately 8” x 12.5”.

The print is be available in a signed and numbered edition of 100 prints at \$250 each. An additional 125 unsigned prints are available for \$150 each. Both versions are available exclusively through the Aldus Society and the Friends of the OSU Libraries. Proceeds from the prints will benefit the Thompson Library Renovation Campaign.

Several Aldus Society members have already added the print to their collections. If you are interested in acquiring one or more print(s), please contact the Aldus Society at (614) 457-1153 or at [AldusSociety@aol.com](mailto:AldusSociety@aol.com). You can also contact Friends of the OSU Libraries office at (614) 292-3387.



*Don Quixote de la Mancha and his faithful horse Rocinante, a limited edition print by Barry Moser, available exclusively through the Aldus Society and the Friends of the Ohio State University Libraries. All proceeds will benefit the renovation of OSU's Thompson Library.*



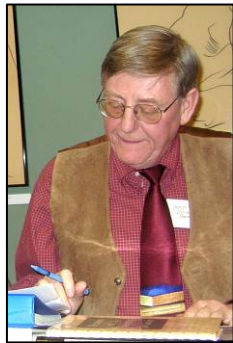
# Bookstore-ies

George Cowmeadow Bauman

## Bookstore-ing in Paris (Part 2):

This is the second part of an essay of adventures I had with the booksellers and bookshops of Paris when Linda and I vacationed there for ten sunny days last September.

During our first hour in France, fighting jetlag, we had walked from our apartment near Notre Dame across the Seine to the Left Bank, trying to locate my top Parisian priority: the famous Shakespeare and Company



Crossing the Seine, we had spied a row of historic bouquinistes, the riverbank booksellers with their green-boxed book goodies along the quays of the Seine.



Detours are inevitable in this city of history and beauty and world-class attractions. We found it impossible to walk in a straight line to any guidebook destination. There were many “Let’s head down that picturesque side street,” and “That corner café sure looks inviting,” and many more exclamations which heralded a side trip.

We knew that we’d get to Shakespeare and Company, eventually, so naturally we took the detour to the beckoning bookboxes with their backs to the Seine and their fronts to a broad, shaded sidewalk lining the busy six-laned street, Quai Montebello. I was excited to be there, experiencing what for me had only been described in books and seen in photographs. Instinctively my camera came out and I began taking my own photographs of the booksellers and bookstores of Paris.



Nodding to the closest bouquiniste who was engrossed in a book at the end of his line of boxes, I noticed that most of the books were wrapped in clear thick plastic and placed on

four tiered shelves rising to the back, where the roof of the box had been propped. The plastic was protection against the street-grit from heavy traffic, 10 feet away.

These sidewalk-sellers have been known for centuries for their low prices, bargains to be had by sharp-eyed bibliophiles, up until the late twentieth century.

However, the prices I saw are not usually associated with the concept of a good deal. The cheapest books were five euros – a little over six bucks. Most were in the €20-40 range. Some collectible items sported prices of 100 euros and higher.

We browsed contentedly there in the sun along the Seine on our first Paris walk, Notre Dame on the other side of this channel of the river and Shakespeare & Company two blocks away, next on our walk. We had ten days to explore the city, and we didn’t want to be rushed.

A few bookstalls up the Seine – it was impossible to visit just one bouquiniste, I met my first bookman of the river. He was just finishing getting his bookboxes open for business; I watched with professional curiosity. What were his opening routines each day? When did customers first show up? Was he inured to conducting business across from Notre Dame along the Seine?

Letting him finish his morning chores before trying to make his acquaintance, I walked to the far end of his 24’ to begin browsing. Linda had gotten lost looking at prints and posters at the last stall.

I marveled at the plastic-coated books, and looked for one I could open. Very few of the books were in anything other than French, understandably. However, my overseas travel in non-English-speaking countries has taught me that almost every secondhand bookdealer has a few books in English somewhere. (I’ll write up the store-y of my Helsinki bookshop experience for a later issue.)

I found one – a beat-up paperback of John Grisham’s THE PARTNERS, and picked it up to check the price – 3 euros.

The alert bookseller spotted me with an English book and walked over with an animated and friendly manner, asking in decent English if I wanted books in English.

“Oui,” I replied with a smile, and a conversation between bookdealers began, just as a tourist boat – a *bateaux mouch* – slipped by on the Seine behind us, the tourguide’s French narration drifting up to street level to mingle with the traffic sounds on the other side of us.

“I am Xavier,” he said, pleased with his ability to speak English. “Je m’appelle Georges,” I replied, trying to reciprocate his linguistic respect, yet embarrassed by my high-school French.

Xavier was an unshaven, long-haired, 40-something wearing wire-rims and a jeans jacket, with an appealing manner.

I complimented him on his English. “I studied English in school and I would translate what I read into French. I practice every day with students and tourists.” He added, with a smirk, “and pretty young girls!”

He asked, “You are American? Where in America?”

When I told him Ohio, he quickly replied, “Oh, yes, I know of zees Ohio!”

“You do? How do you know this place?”

“Eet ees because of Neil Young, and hees song ‘Four Dead in Ohio’! And without pause, he asked, ‘Ees eet near Florida?’

“No,” I replied, smiling.

“Near Chicago? Los Angeles? New York?”

How do you explain locations to someone unfamiliar with the geography? You go for the rough idea, like telling Xavier that the capital of Buckeyeland was about half-way between New York and Chicago. That satisfied him, and helped him feel good about what little he did know about America. I’d be as ignorant of French geography if I hadn’t been poring over maps of France, planning our trip.

I informed him of my profession, and he lit up even more. He was pleased to have the opportunity to not only speak English but to a fellow bookseller about shared bookselling experiences.

He said that to become a bouquiniste, an application was filed with the city; the wait for a license could take up to four years. The location assigned a rookie bookie was the worst: the furthest up- or downriver from Notre Dame. As the dealer gained seniority among the bouquinistes, they could move closer to the cathedral of commerce and religion. Some booksellers were second, and even third generation bouquinistes, inheriting the location.

When I asked Xavier about how he liked being a bouquiniste, as opposed to having a normal shop, he laughed and said, “No, no. Out here I am free! No factory work. For ten years, I have been here.” He rubbed his thumb and forefinger together in the universal symbol for money, and said with a laugh, “When I make zees, I close!” I laughed with him in envious understanding.

“On rainy days, I walk around zee city and sell some books to zee bigger bookstores. Zey are my competition, because zey have low prices now, not like before when bouquinistes had zee best prices.”

Shaking his head again, he said, “Zees business of books, it is zee dice,” gesturing as though rolling dice. “But I like it very much.”

To illustrate my agreement with his sentiment, I quoted author Will Y. Darling from *The Bankrupt Bookseller*,

*“I savor every hour of every day the good fortune that made me a bookseller. It might have made me anything, but it could not have made me happier.”*

As we talked enthusiastically, his eyes kept flicking to his bookbox browsers, and apologetically said, “I must be looking always at zee people. Many books are stolen if we do not watch them.”

I asked him what authors he liked to read, and with his joyful spirit, he proclaimed, “I prefer Henry Miller!”

I wondered aloud where he got the books he sold.

“People stop in cars to sell me books. Other drivers are not happy when zey stop in zee lane of traffic to bring me books, so I must make decisions quickly.” Multiply the selling-books stops at Xavier’s stall by the 300 bouquinistes and you get an idea as to how curbside bookdeals can complicate traffic patterns.

Finally I was ready to move on, and told him I was on my way to Shakespeare and Company.

“Do you know George Whitman of Shakespeare and Company? He is very kind. He gave me egg to eat. Not just me, everyone!” (I was soon to know firsthand of Whitman’s generosity.)

Xavier continued, “He knows James Joyce! And hees sister – Whitman’s, not Joyce’s – how you say, takes over zee shop.”

I knew he was referring to Whitman’s daughter Sylvia now running Shakespeare and Company, not his sister, but this was no time to correct Xavier’s misinformation. And there was more to come: “George Whitman is grandson of Walt Whitman!” (Whitman is well aware of this false rumor, I learned, and does little to squelch it.)

Xavier patiently posed for several pictures, but they showed a serious man, not the smiling bookseller who had been kind to converse with me.



“Maybe we see each other again!” he exclaimed, as we shook hands and said “Au revoir.”

I walked several yards away to a green bench where I could make some journal notes about this enjoyable encounter with a bouquiniste.



Minutes later I heard my name being called, “Georges! Monsieur! Georges!”

Xavier was walking quickly my way, happily holding up a book. He’d found an English-language copy of the culinary classic, *The Fanny Farmer Cookbook* among his dusty, plasticized books.

I didn’t want the cookbook, knowing I had two copies back at Acorn, and not wanting to pack home such a thick, heavy book.

Yet he was so pleased with himself that I couldn’t help but ask how much it was. 10 Euros I was told – about \$12.

“But you are my distinguished professional colleague, and eet ees possible to give ten-percent discount.”

I bought it for its intrinsic value – a vacation souvenir of the best kind, one from connecting with another person in another culture.

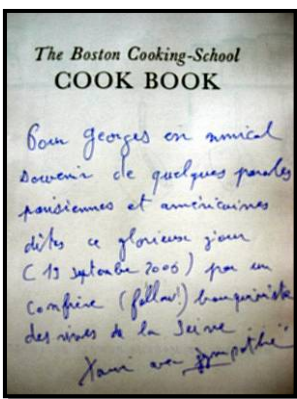
After the commercial transaction concluded, I surprised him by asking him for a favor: Would he inscribe the book I’d just bought, as it was going into my personal collection.

“Yes,” he replied shaking my hand, “It ees possible, but why do you want me to write in your book?” Obviously the autograph hounds and paparazzi had yet to sweep down the tree-shaded sidewalks of the Seine, collecting booksellers’ signatures and pictures.

In simple terms, I tried to explain my love of bookstores and bookselling, and how I collected bookstore photographs and experiences when I travel.

He stared at me through his glasses, then shook his head as he held out his hand for the book to sign, surely thinking how weird this American was.

He wrote: “Pour Georges en souvenir de quelques paroles parisiennes et Americains dits a glorieuse jour (19 Septembre 2006) pour un confrere (fellow!) bouquiniste des rives de la Seine. Xavier”



We thanked each other profusely once more, and again I walked away, far away so I would not be tempted by the offer of any other book.

Three weeks later, when it came time to pack for the return to America, I agonized about the bulk and weight of the now-special cookbook. There was just no way to take it home, but I didn’t want to lose that

inscription on the half-title page.

So I carefully cut out the desired page, inserted it into a special copy of Sylvia Beach’s Shakespeare and Company, and left the near-intact Fanny Farmer in the apartment for the next residents to use, unaware of its special story. Come to

think of it, I should have written a note explaining how it arrived at #14 Chanoinesse.



Part three will be in the next issue, and the legendary George Whitman of Shakespeare and Company makes an appearance.



## Book Hunting Notes

Bill Rich

### Nineteenth Century Pulp Fiction

Collecting 19<sup>th</sup> Century literature in first editions has been a hobby of many years. Early on, I found pleasure in collecting first American printings of some famous English and European authors – these tended to be less expensive than the true firsts, and in the case of the Europeans, are translated into English, the only language I can read comfortably. Another major advantage was that finds could be made in most second hand book stores in the U.S. Those days are mostly gone forever – the first American printings of all the 19<sup>th</sup> Century biggies now are avidly sought, and can no longer be found for a pittance in a country book store. Two extreme examples of this are culled from Internet catalogs just today: Heritage Books in Los Angeles can provide us with the first American edition of Jane Austen’s *Sense and Sensibility*, 2 volumes, Philadelphia, 1833, in the original drab boards, repaired, still a “very good” copy, for a mere \$9,500. For an even more pricey item, Peter Stern in Boston can provide the first American edition of Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus*, 2 vols., published in Philadelphia in the same year as the *Sense and Sensibility*, 1833, and also in original “muslin backed boards, with paper labels.” This one can be yours for only \$35,000. The publisher in both cases was Carey and Lea of the City of Brotherly Love – which love was not extended to Jane or Mary or to their heirs – both books are shameless piracies, typical of those pre-copyright days. Now, Heritage and Peter Stern are top-of-the-market dealers, arguably the leading folks in LA and Boston, respectively, and no one ever accused them of letting books go cheaply. And it is true, that even at these prices the current costs of the true first London editions make them look a relative bargain. Specifically, even the second London edition of *Sense and Sensibility* will cost you \$17,500 from Heritage, although, admittedly, it is also in original boards and is in “as near fine condition as one could possibly wish for.” Interestingly, the true first of *Frankenstein* is also currently available, from Peter Stern, at \$175,000 and, while not in original boards, it is in “contemporary calf with morocco spine labels.” Shipping cost is \$5 on books ordered from Peter Stern, but I suspect they might pick up the postage in this case.





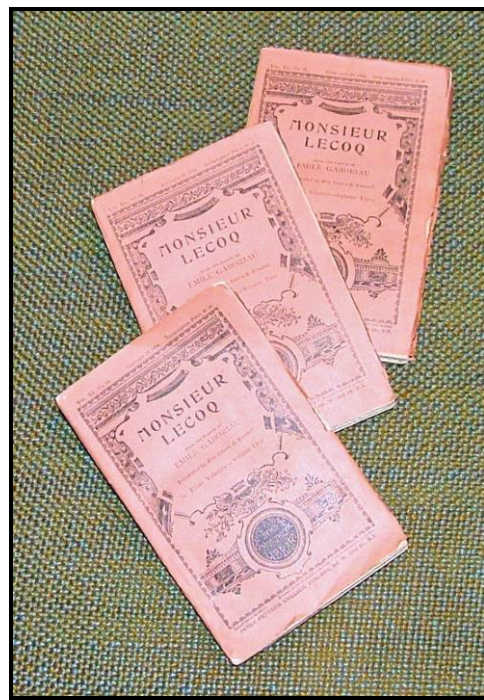


**Emile Gaboriau, "Monsieur Lecoq," N. Y., 1894**

The French writer Emile Gaboriau (1835-1873) created the character of Lecoq, a police detective of uncanny deductive abilities. He is able to deduce a culprit's background and habits from the slightest examination of his person. In this, he is a true predecessor of Sherlock Holmes and of the legion of detective stories that are read to this day. *Monsieur Lecoq*, first published in France in 1869, is perhaps the most celebrated of Gaboriau's several novels dealing with the detective. The novel was soon translated into many world languages. Throughout the 19<sup>th</sup> century, few if any of these editions were accorded the dignity of being published in hard covers, as far as I know. They were very much the literature of the moment, bought to pass time on a train trip, for instance – the airport books of the century before last. The 3-volume copy shown below was found in a Columbus bookshop, and, like the Trollope, in almost pristine condition. The pink of the wrappers is notoriously subject to fading, usually changing to light brown in a short time when exposed to sunlight. Again, the bright color of the wrappers and the fine condition must mean that these copies were stored away a short time after publication, and not much read. This edition was published by "Peter Fenelon Collier" in New York. Each part was issued semi-monthly, the first being dated January 13, 1894, the others bearing dates at two-week intervals. Dating these parts to the exact day is typical of this form of publication, which could be mailed as "second-class matter" by the post office – I suspect they had to be dated, often to the day, to qualify for this newspaper rate. The dates can be misleading – other fiction of this genre will carry such exact dates on the wrappers, but will contain ads dated years later. Publishers evidently wouldn't bother to reset the wrappers when reprinting this stuff, but the ads, then as now, had to be current. In the present example, the ads tend to confirm those on the wrappers – these are the first printings, so to speak. For example, the ad for "Burnett's Flavoring Extracts" pridefully reproduces testimonial letters from restaurateurs at the famous Chicago Columbian Exposition and World's Fair of 1893. All letters are dated to months immediately preceding publication, and, to a man, these purveyors of course swear by Burnett's flavorings. The other ads have a charming period feel. "Scott's Emulsion," for example, promises to achieve the exact opposite of what most modern advertising of the type offers. Scott's will make slim ladies fat: "Angular women are angular because they are thin. Cover their bones with solid flesh and angles give way to curves of beauty." Well, the Rubenesque look was popular in the gay nineties – and achievable, evidently, from an "emulsion" which the ad says is primarily cod liver oil.

Now, I have seen dealers advertise this edition of *Monsieur Lecoq* as the first American edition, but I deeply doubt it. The *National Union Catalog* lists three American printings with dates preceding this one. There is a "Munro Seaside Library, N.Y." in 1879 (Munro, again – he did a lot of these pulps); an "Estes and Lauriat, Boston" in 1880, and a "Lov-

ell's Library, N.Y." in 1883. The NUC entries offer testimony to the rarity of these pulps. While all are indicated as being held by the Library of Congress, the only other repository listed (for the Munro and Estes and Lauriat editions) is the Philadelphia Public Library. A quick check of the Library of Congress Online Catalog, however, seems to show that they only retain the Estes and Lauriat printing at the present time. The Ohio State University "Early Paperback Collection" does have a copy of a Munro Seaside Library printing but the earliest date on this one is 1883, and the ads in it are dated as late as 1904. So, while there may be earlier printings (or were), I think I will "cleave to that which is good," and hold on to this copy.



**Fergus Hume, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Chicago, 1888**

*The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* was the best-selling mystery novel of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, bar none, not even those of Conan Doyle. It was the first effort of a young lawyer from New Zealand, who was trying to break into a career as a writer for the theaters in Melbourne, Australia in the 1880s. By his own account, it was written as a "thriller" to get his name before the theater managers. The opening scene is a grabber: A cabbie picks up two fares on the streets of downtown Melbourne. They are gentlemen in evening dress, and he is instructed by one as to the destination – the other gent is clearly the worse for booze. On arrival at the destination, the drunken man is alone in the cab – stone dead, and, it turns out, murdered by chloroform suffocation.

The novel was published in the usual paperback format in Melbourne in 1886, and quickly became the sensation for which young Fergus Hume hoped. The first printing of 5,000 copies was sold out in within weeks, and 30,000 more copies were printed and sold in Australia within a year of publication. It is further testimony to the ephemeral nature

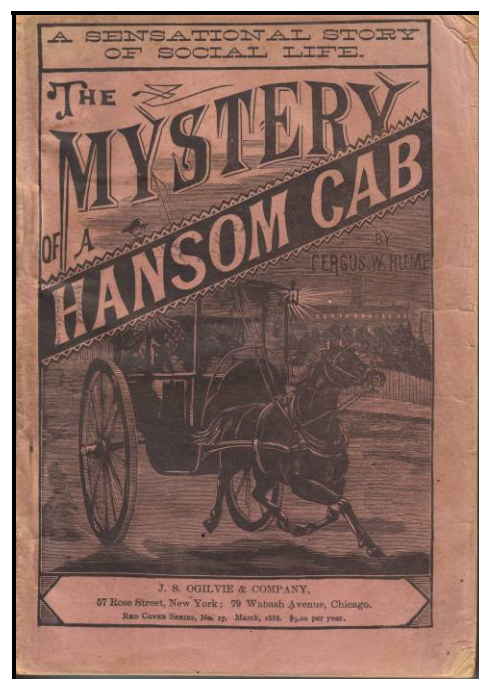


of these paperbacks that only two copies of the first printing are known to exist today; they are both in the Australian National Library. Fergus then made the mistake of his life, and sold all further rights to the novel to a publishing syndicate, the “Hansom Cab Publishing Co.,” for a paltry £50. This group set up business in London, and proceeded to grind out copies in both England and America. The front wrapper of the English copies appears almost identical to the Australian publication. They both depict the hansom cab crossing the city at night, with the novel’s title splashed diagonally across the upper part. The name “Hansom Cab Publishing Co.” replaces the name of the Australian publisher in a cartouche at the bottom. Copies of the early English printings (1887) are also rare and sought after today.

Publication in the U.S. presented additional difficulties for the syndicate. They had bought rights from Fergus Hume, but there was no real copyright protection in this country. They appear to have authorized publication by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., in Chicago, but there were almost immediate American piracies. George Munro of New York, again, evidently hustled into print in his Seaside Library. The earliest date on any American printing that I can find notice of is 1888. Shown below is a copy bought from Hoffman’s Bookshop here in Columbus. This does appear to be the first American edition, published by Ogilvie & Co. in 1888, as indicated on the wrapper. The wood engraving on the wrapper appears to be identical to that on the Australian and English editions, as near as I can judge from photos; this might be expected if the American edition was authorized by the syndicate. Only the blurb at the top is changed, from “A Sensational Melbourne Novel” in the Australian and English printings to “A Sensational Story of Social Life.” And, the cartouche at the bottom has the American publisher. Condition of this one is at least very good; ads in the back dated 1888 suggest it is the first printing.

It is interesting that I can only find the barest traces of this printing in standard bibliographical sources. Recourse was made again to the OSU Library (a great university library in one’s home town is a delightful thing, for sure). There is no listing in the National Union Catalog. The earliest listing there is the Geo. Munro printing, which is stated to be the first American edition. Yet my Ogilvie printing does have an 1888 copyright notice, reflecting, presumably, the best (and fruitless) efforts of the syndicate to secure some U.S. protection. But, judging from the NUC, no copy remains in the Library of Congress, and the “Bibliography of American Imprints to 1901” has no listing. Final recourse to the *Title Bibliography of English Language Fiction in the Library of Congress Through 1950* turned up a trace, although the book has vanished. This *Title Bibliography* reproduces card catalog entries from the LOC. There is a card listing for this book, but written across it, in the hand of some anonymous LOC cataloger, is “withdrawn from shelves. Ret. to copyright off.” I have subsequently found that more than one Library of Congress director had decreed a cleaning of the shelves, ruling that to retain every piece of useless pulp fiction, for ex-

ample, was not in the mission statement. So, evidently, the *Mystery of a Hansom Cab* is lost to the nation, despite its latter day extreme celebrity. And, indeed, this printing seems rare indeed. I can find no book auction record of this edition, and the *Bookman’s Price Index* only lists one copy for sale (in 1995) – but I learn from Ed Hoffman that this is the copy I have. At the bottom line is the question – where are the other copies? The book collector, with some heart palpitations, raises the possibility – is this a unique copy? I would like to know the answer. If anyone reading this knows of others, I would be greatly interested – but please, break it to me gently.



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## Of Shock-Absorbing Dust Jackets, Miscellaneous Blubs, and Other Weighty Subjects

Genie Hoster

You can’t make this stuff up. The following book descriptions have recently appeared in internet used book listings, and are reproduced here exactly as they appear on the web, spellings, punctuation, and all!

*The dust jacket has done its job – absorbing the jolts and stresses of a books life thus protecting the book itself. DJ is mostly intact though frayed around the edges with several short tears, punctures and chips. If it was only 20 years old I’d still call the book very good, but the DJ would be only Fair.*

*Softcover. Creasing to covers with clear celfane wrapping on covers peeling.*

*This book has problems! The pages are okay to read... The boards and spine have a uniform amount of mildewing and light wear.*

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! \*DILLOBOOKS\* Best Little Bookhouse in Texas!

...traces of wear only else clean and unmarked with bright white pages and very secure binding, book close itself very easily.

This volume is ex-lib and is in excitingly terrible shape ... meaning, that the condition IS the book. It is raggedy, threads dangling, taped, page 33 was ripped out and replaced with a tipped-in xerox copy ... it's wonderful. This is THE copy you'd take to a Tom Wolfe book signing. Seriously! Buy this copy.

Bantam. Published: 1983. Mass Market Pap.Rei Mv Tie. 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed! Acceptable readable copy with more than average wear and all pages plus cover present. Could include bent and torn pages, marks on cover and text pages, torn dust jacket and some spine separation. Price or other sticker on cover. Cover/spine has minor creases and/or small tears. Some discoloration/sunfade of cover/spine. Cover has some wear on edges.

But this is a HUGE book 220 cm high, much, much higher than I am, and almost as wide.

Wiley, 1982. Laminated Pictorial Boards. Book Condition: Poor to Fair. a very good copy with all pages present tightly bound copy. price sticker on the front cover.

Jacket blubs are laid in.

(I guess we have been drinking gin in the bath): "Clean & Tight Pictures"

1996. Paperback. Book Condition: New. 18510lb.

\$\$\$ BY NOW. \$\$\$ SUPERB BOOK IN OVERALL VERY GOOD condition, A minus TO A PLUS IN SHAPE, No writings or Name on THE FIRST PAGE. The book is in excellent condition as well as the Cover it is excellent ##### NO HIGHLIGHTS, no UNDERLINING, THIS IS AN EXCELLENT DOLLAR VALUE, WILL SHIP ASAP, BUY NOW. No mold, must or dust, no food or drink stains either, pages CLEAN, CLEAN, CLEAN : ) THE CONDITION OF THIS BOOK IS very good to excellent!!!! GIFT QUALITY, bye now!!! The recipient of this GIFT quality book won't be disappointed.

This book is in Like New condition, it has never been read, just sitting in a box.

VG WITH JACKET. SMALL TOWN LIBRARY. 5 CHECK-OUTS

Free bookmark with purchase !

Ten Speed Press, 1977. Hard Cover. Book Condition: Good. First Edition. Some wear to edges and some food on edges.

NOT SIGNED BY THE AUTHOR\*, VG/VG, dustwrapper (price-clipped) [0575037334] (\*The previous owner, having introduced the author as the speaker at a meeting of the Johnson Society in Lichfield, I asked him to sign this copy but, because it was Saturday and he said he regarded such a task as work, the request was refused.).



## Notes from Paris

George Cowmeadow Bauman

These are quotes from *Book Hunter In Paris*, 1893, by Octave Uzanne.

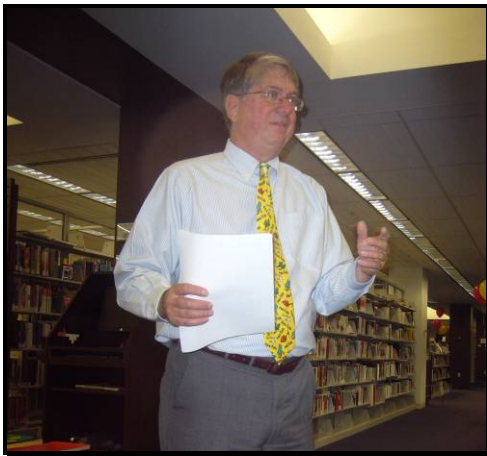
- By listening to booksellers and book-hunters one can gather not only enough for a book, but for whole library on *Bouquinomaniana*.
- It will be the only work on the quays of Paris book-stalls which in a light and airy manner will sketch the men of interest of five or six generations.
- It was the beginning of the seventeenth century that the Pont Neuf began to be devoted to the sale of small wares. On this famous Pont Neuf, among beggars, montebanks, street singers, pickpockets, idlers of quality, poets and ruffians, dealers in books and sellers of azettes had taken their places not far from the ballad-mongers. In those little shops of the Pont Neuf a brisk trade was done in pamphlets, little books, old books and new.
- The outdoor trade in books became even exceedingly lucrative, for it evoked the jealousy of the large Paris booksellers. (About a law passed in 1619 to favor the bookstores, not the book quays.)
- At the beginning of the eighteenth century the secondhand bookseller inundated Paris.
- About the bookstall keepers, he wrote, "Undoubtedly originals are not wanting in a profession which, like that of cab-driver, old clo' man, publican, and lodging-house-keeper, is one of the five or six most open refuges for those with whom nothing succeeds."
- The ranks are not usually recruited from college graduates.
- The book-hunter who hugs under his arm a book recently acquired experiences the ecstasy and pride of possession.
- To set out a stall well is psychology in action – nothing less.
- More and more it is becoming the custom for the bibliophile to hunt at home, and there, by the fire-side, run through the catalogues of the booksellers.



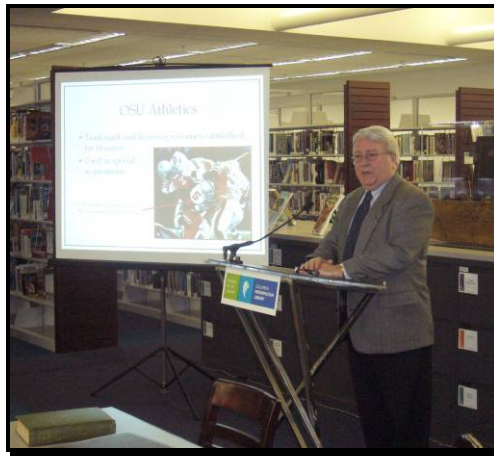


# Columbus Metropolitan Library Celebrates 100 Years

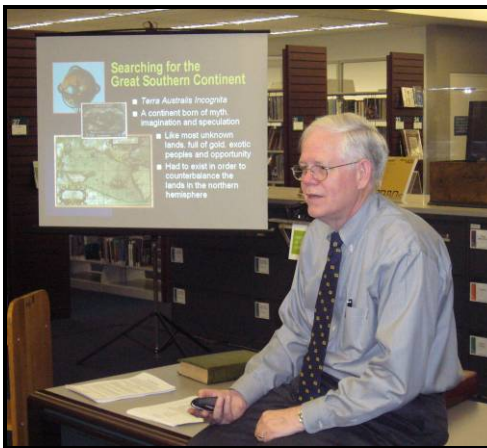
The month of April was filled with festivities, events and recognition for the Columbus Metropolitan Library's celebration of the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of its Main Library building. Saturday, April 28<sup>th</sup> marked the high point with the Centennial Celebration. The Aldus Society was pleased to be a part of the programming and presented several talks and a book appraisal clinic. In addition, other members of the Aldus Society could be found participating in activities throughout the building, either as individuals or as part of other groups. Here are a few images from the event.



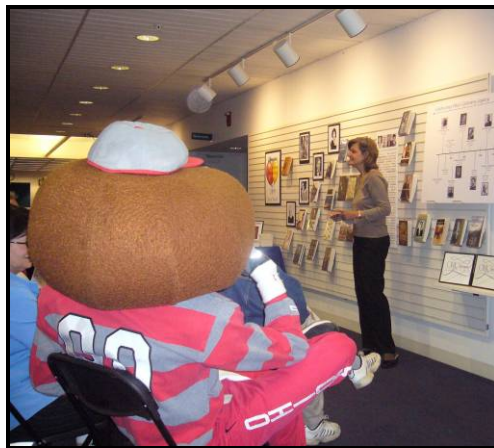
*Jay Hoster puts a local spin on the affair with his stories about collecting James Thurber.*



*Geoff Smith takes his turn at describing what makes some books collectible.*



*Ron Ravneberg takes us further afield with his tales of Collecting Captain Cook*



*Kassie Rose enthralls Brutus Buckeye with her presentation about Ohio authors.*



*Jay and Genie Hoster help another curious bibliophile discover whether a long-treasured tome is an "Antiques Roadshow" treasure.*



## The Aldus Society

P.O. Box 1150

Worthington, Ohio 43085-1150

[WWW.ALDUSOCIETY.COM](http://WWW.ALDUSOCIETY.COM)

## OSU Library Renovation Underway

Well, it's finally happening; the Thompson Library renovation at the Ohio State University is really underway. If you don't believe it, just take a look at the picture on the left below. One of the great changes being made is the restoration of the Grand Reference Hall to its original configuration (see the image on the right). Past renovations had chopped it into two floors, added false ceilings and placed bookshelves in front of the windows.

Those days are gone. There's much work to be done (re-opening isn't scheduled until Summer 2009), but at least the project is underway. Look for a year of book- and library-related events following the re-opening, including a major Celebration of the Book co-hosted by the Aldus Society.



*Credit: David Jay Lee, Acock Associates.*



*Credit: George Acock, Acock Associates.*