



Aldus Society Notes

April, 2014

Volume 14, No. 2

May 8 Meeting – Harry Campbell, OSU Conservator Presents

Harry Campbell will speak about his project treating the *Herolt's Sermones*. Recently (2011) acquired by The Ohio State University Libraries (OSUL) Rare Books and Manuscripts Department, this book of sermons is a mid-15th century bound manuscript on paper. Herolt (ca. 1386-1468) was a Dominican friar of Nuremberg, vicar of the Katharinekloster, and one of late-medieval Germany's most prolific sermon writers and preachers. In September 2011, conservators in the



OSUL Conservation Unit began treatment that included dis-binding; tape, adhesive residue, and stain removal; mending pages; re-sewing and binding in period style, as requested by the curator. The

conserved book was rebound using wooden boards and alum-tawed leather for the spine, and metal fore-edge clasps. A custom box was built to house the book and earlier binding components, some of which were from the original 15th century binding structure. Harry's talk will describe the conservation of this book and, as always, will include photos of his skilled work.

Mark your Calendar for our June 22 Summer Picnic!

Our annual Summer Picnic/Pot Luck is scheduled for Sunday, June 22. We have scheduled the event again for Thurber Center, where we hold our evening programs. We will have access to the garden and porch, but if it's blazing hot as it was last year, we will have an air-conditioned option.

New this year will be a short recognition ceremony for our faithful volunteers and board members!

The picnic will begin at 3:30 p.m. Aldus will supply the basics, such as meats, cheeses, bread, condiments, tableware, cups, and a cooler of ice. Aldus will also provide iced tea. If you wish to drink wine or other beverages, please BYOB.

What to Bring: If your last name begins with A-L, please bring a side dish of some sort. If your last name begins with M-Z, please bring a dessert.

You also might want to bring either a blanket or folding chairs so you can sit outside. Plan to park behind Thurber Center, or in the State Auto parking lot just west, across the alley, behind these facilities.

Further announcements will follow on the listserv, including a formal request for reservations so we will have enough basics on hand. If you are not on the listserv, please feel free to call Picnic Coordinator Lois Smith (614-447-1763) a few days before the event to you can learn of any last minute plans and also give her your reservation.

Aldus Society Meetings

*Regular meetings of the Aldus Society are held at 7:30 p.m.
on the second Thursday of the month between September and May.*

Thurber Center, 91 Jefferson Avenue, Columbus, Ohio

Socializing at 7:00 p.m.

Free parking behind Thurber House and at State Auto rear parking lot (between 11th St. and Washington)

The Aldus Society

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George Cowmeadow Bauman

Aldus Society Notes is published three times a year. For article ideas and submissions contact the Newsletter Editor, Miriam Kahn at mbkcons@gmail.com, mbkcons@netexp.net, or 614-239-8977.

Newsletter deadlines are August 1, December 15, and April 1.

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Note from the President

Dear Members,

Our annual Holiday Dinner has become a favorite tradition for many of us in Aldus, and this year's gathering will again be at La Scala, on Thursday, December 11. For several years Laralyn Sasaki has generously devoted much time and her great talent to the Silent Auction portion of the festivities. Many of us have gone home with treasured purchases and also with the satisfaction of supporting the Aldus speaker program and the Ravneberg Fund. Laralyn has decided to take a much deserved break from the role of Auction Chair this year, but the Show Will Go On!

We have decided to focus our efforts for 2014 on a smaller number of lots, approximately 40, but at the same time ask our member/donors to step up with items with a bit more "punch!" Our target will be items valued in the \$50 - \$100 + range and suggestions include: a special book or set of books from your collection; tickets to a special event; a basket of items on a certain theme; a work of art - or perhaps the product of a special talent or hobby. Our aim will be to maintain our previous level of fundraising, \$1,200 - \$1,500, but to simplify the process a bit and thereby allow a little more time for holiday socializing and fellowship.

Examples of items already committed include: Hart Crane's, "The Bridge," published by the Limited Editions Club; an original Bill Arter watercolor of the OSU Armory building; and a lovely set of vintage linens with a "Buckeye" theme! So, be creative—dig deep—and do it for Aldus!

Thanks in Advance! - *Ed*

Annual Meeting and Trustee Elections: May 8, 2014

Nominations for trustees to serve three-year terms on the Aldus Society Board of Trustees will be presented for election at the Aldus Society Annual Meeting to be held May 8th. Current trustees who will be nominated to serve a second three-years term include Ron Beach, Amy Bostic, and Don Rice. Craig Johnson and Helen Liebman will be nominated to serve their first three-year term.

Wes Baker, Nancy Campbell, Emerson Gilbert, Ed Hoffman, Debra Lewis, Joe Perko and Lois Smith will continue their current three-year terms as trustees through next year.

Following the Annual Meeting, the Board of Trustees, including trustees elected at the meeting, will meet to elect officers for 2014-2015.

From the Editor

Once again, we have a newsletter bursting with articles, photos, and reviews of activities since January. Thanks to all the members who contributed articles, and to Don Rice for ably copy-editing the articles within.

Inside this issue, you will read about Aldus events during the colder months. Members ventured to Ohio State University to explore bibliographical riches during First Saturdays and the Herbarium field trip, while others traveled to Canton to view the sumptuous St. Johns Bible. Seven Aldus members contributed articles with topics ranging from book collections of presidents and collectors' wonderful acquisitions to a literary jaunt to Prince Edward Island, home of Anne of Green Gables; from eccentric book dealers to books about archaeological finds.

As the weather warms up, we look toward a picnic at Thurber House where friends and bibliophiles share food, stories, and books of course. As you travel this summer to exhibits and book fairs, as you explore dusty bookstores and sparkling museums, or disappear into a good book about books and authors, consider writing a few paragraphs about your adventures to share with Aldus Members.

Happy summer, - *Miriam*

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Body copy is set in Garamond, and headlines are set in Franklin Gothic.

Winter Program Recap

Members Present featured four engaging talks by members Nancy Campbell, Amy Bostic, Bill Rich, and Susan Reed. Here are some photos taken by our intrepid photographer George Cowmeadow Bauman.



Jared Gardner regaled Aldus members with the history of early newspapers, graphic comics, and political cartoons. Most fascinating were Jared's descriptions of coffe houses in England and their Colonial and American counterpart, Taverns, in the new world.

Bob Fleck wrote about his adventures in Ohio on his blog <http://oakknollbooks.wordpress.com/2014/03/20/trip-to-ohio/>



April's meeting featured Joy Kiser to an overflow audience of members and guests. Opening her talk, Joy told the audience "I waited 17 years to tell this story in Ohio." After photos galore, Joy told us that, "This project changed my life." After the talk, members lined up to purchase books and schmooze with Joy. You can read a recent interview at <http://wcbe.org/post/ohioana-book-award-winner-tells-story-bird-family>



Buffet and Books with Susan Reed

by Marilyn Logue

On a beautiful, sunny day on Saturday, September 14th, thirteen Aldus members turned their cars off Riverside Drive and proceeded up a steep hill to arrive at Susan Reed's house. We were there to have a potluck lunch and listen to Susan tell us about her book collections. Susan mainly collects materials about United States presidents. As Susan explained to us, she



Susan at home with her books.

developed this interest when she noticed that she already had a number of such books on her shelves; therefore, she built on the small collection of materials that have grown over time.

One of the first books Susan showed us was *Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington*. It is interesting how this book came about. Martha Washington's grandson, George Washington Parke Custis (nicknamed "Washy"), was adopted at six months of age by George and Martha after Washy's father died of "camp fever" at Yorktown in 1781 at the end of the American Revolution. Even though Washington hired a private tutor to work with the boy, Washy was a lazy and indifferent student, knowing that he stood to inherit the Custis fortune. He dropped out of college after a year at Princeton, as well as leaving St. John's College at Annapolis. But as an adult, Washy built Arlington House (now the Robert E. Lee Memorial in Arlington, Virginia) and became an orator and playwright. He also wrote biographical essays about his adoptive father, which were later edited and published in 1859 by Custis' daughter, Mary Anna Custis Lee (wife of Robert E. Lee). That compilation became the *Recollections* volume. Another Washington book in Susan's collection is a 333-page biography entitled *George Washington*, written by Woodrow Wilson while he was a professor at Princeton

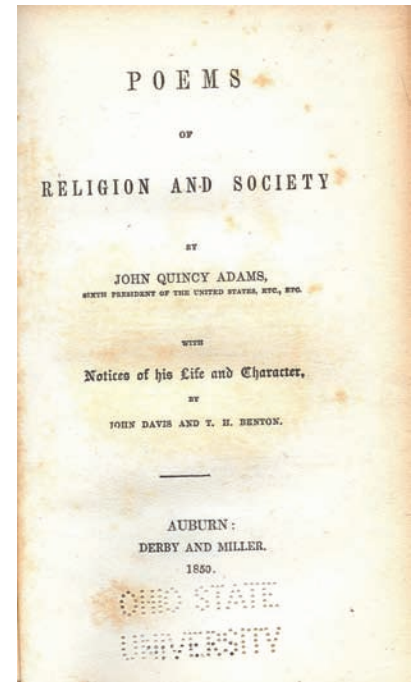
University and published in 1896. Howard Pyle, the famous American illustrator of books for young people, provided the paintings.

Siblings often wrote memoirs about their brothers or sisters. Such a volume is *The Unlocked Book; A Memoir of John Wilkes Booth: A Sister's Memoir*, written in 1874 by Booth's sister, Asia Booth Clarke. Since the book's existence was kept secret for many years, it was not published until 1938, long after Asia's death in 1888. Because of the devastating effect that John Wilkes' murder of Abraham Lincoln had on Asia's family, she and her husband, John Sleeper Clarke, moved to England, where they spent the rest of their lives. Another sibling's story on Susan's shelf is *My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt*, written by Roosevelt's sister, Corinne ("Conie") Roosevelt Robinson and published in 1924.

The book that most intrigued me, however, was

Poems of Religion and Society by John Quincy Adams, published after Adams' death in 1848 by William H. Graham and stereotyped by Baner and Palmer of 11 Spruce Street. The publisher had recently left Philadelphia to be the New York agent for *Graham's Magazine*, which had been started by his brother, George Rex Graham. While still in Philadelphia, William H. Graham had published *The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe* in 1843.

Our hostess, Susan Reed, has an 1850 reprinting of the 1848 Adams' volume that was published in Auburn, New York by Derby and Miller. It probably is pretty rare, but I was able to get a copy from the OSU Depository. It was signed on the flyleaf by a M. Sheeleigh and dated May 14, 1855. There was a surprise, however, waiting for me in this volume. Adams' poem, "A Vision," had been added at the end of the 1850 reprint, even though the 1848 Table of Contents was not altered.



Title page of *Poems of Religion and Society*.

Most of the poetry in *Poems of Religion and Society* is devotional or bible-related. The first poem is entitled “The Wants of Man” and was included by Ralph Waldo Emerson in *Parnassus*, a collection of Emerson’s favorite poems. A note accompanying the poem says that it was written when the maidens of the district wanted Adams’ autograph. To provide it, Adams composed this lovely poem, copying each stanza on a separate sheet of paper to be delivered to 25 different (probably delighted) young ladies.

Especially interesting to me is “A Vision,” a poem bound at the end of the 1850 copy of this collection of Adams’ poetry.

I consulted a book entitled *John Quincy Adams; the Critical Years, 1785-1794* by Robert A. East (1962)

to provide some background on Adams’ long poem. As East explains, the late 1700s supported the flowering of early American magazine culture, including the publication of the *Massachusetts Magazine* and the *Herald of Freedom*. There was also the *Boston Herald* and the *Essex Journal of Newburyport*. These publications encouraged anonymous writers (who used fictitious names, such as Celadon or Horatio) and collaborative contributions from the general public. It was common practice for printers to publish literary pieces and “salacious broadsides” in these early magazines along with sober, useful articles. Adams and his fellow law clerks in Newburyport had a great time contributing literary puzzles (rebuses) concerning the identity of young ladies of the area; they also wrote acrostics, where the first letters of the lines would spell out the names of local maidens. Many of their verses were sarcastic and wicked in their humor.

“A Vision” was a poem written by Adams which described eight women. These were real ladies known by Adams, but they were given fictitious names in the poem. Belinda, the second gal that Adams describes, is really Alice Tucker, daughter of the minister in Newbury. It is not a very flattering portrayal:

Belinda next advances with a stride,
A compound strange of *vanity* and *pride*.
Around her face no wanton Cupids play,
Her tawny skin defies the god of day.

Loud was her laugh, undaunted was her look,
And folly seemed to dictate what she spoke.
In vain the poet’s and musician’s art
Combined to move the passions of her heart;
Belinda’s voice like grating hinges groans,
And in harsh thunder roars a lover’s moans.

The eighth gal in the poem (named Clara) was described in glowing terms by Adams; she was probably 16-year old Mary Frazier, whom Adams had fallen in love with. John Quincy was finally persuaded to drop

Ms. Frazier after receiving a stern letter from his mother, Abigail Adams. The young Adams was in no position financially at that point to marry since he was just starting out on a dubious law career. Abigail did not feel that her son should be leading this young lady on and giving her false hopes. After that romance, John would not marry anyone until the age of 30, when he married Louisa Catherine Johnson in London, England in 1797.

Other books in Susan’s presidential collection include *Selections from the Letters, Speeches, and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln* (1911) and *The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant*, which he wrote in 1885 to provide for his family as he was dying of cancer.

This book was published by Mark Twain. Susan also has an 1828 edition of *The Life of Major General Andrew Jackson* (originally published in 1817). Additional volumes include *The Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland*, published in 1892 when he was running for re-election. The book includes a sketch of the life and public services of Adlai E. Stevenson, nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Susan has a first edition, published in 1948, of *Crusade in Europe* by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Susan’s survey of her Presidential collection reminded the Aldus members who were there that learning about our national leaders, from the first President through to the present day, provides a rich and exciting way to study our country’s history. I’m sure that is also why well-known Presidential historians, Richard Norton Smith, Doris Kearns Goodwin, and Michael Beschloss find their jobs so fascinating. We found it fascinating as Susan Reed took the time to share her presidential collection with her fellow Aldus members.



A picture of Adams that appears on the frontispiece of the book; it is engraved from a painting by A.B. Durand.

Grant's Memoirs

by George Cowmeadow Bauman

Upon his deathbed, Mark Twain was asked about what accomplishment he was most proud of.

Here was an internationally-famous man who had written some of the best and most popular books of his time and had toured the world lecturing to huge crowds. He had consorted with kings and flirted with queens and dined in the fanciest castles.

But Twain's answer reportedly was: "What I am most proud of is getting Sam Grant's memoirs published."



One day a man called to ask if we would be interested in the much-desired two-volume set of memoirs from the former general and president, published in 1886 by Charles L. Webster, who was the husband of Mark Twain's niece.

A copy of this crowning achievement was being offered to us, but was the deal going to end up a bust or a blessing? Every secondhand bookshop receives calls daily from hopeful folks with books to sell. With careful questioning we can eliminate a wasted trip for about half of the callers. Sometimes we learn to our regret that the books being offered are book-clubbed bestsellers, romance books of the monthly Harlequin kind—which sell as slowly as books on the Gerald Ford administration—or old books in such bad condition that the rotting corpses of their authors might be in better shape.

Other books which sound possible on the phone are a disappointment when we see them and their owner: "Oh! By *good* condition did you mean that they shouldn't be just readable but should actually be in one piece?!"



I told the caller with the Grant set that depending on condition – this set had a tendency for its binding to become brittle and in need of substantial repair—we would grant him an opportunity to show us his Grants. I informed him that we already owned one set, but would purchase another because of the demand for the hard-to-find title.

"This a *very* special copy of the set," he informed me in a lowered voice, as though the NSA had ears on booksellers' phones in case we had Edward Snowden

on the staff, selling un-American books such as John Stewart's *America*, Michael Moore's *Stupid White Men*, or Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth*.

"Can you tell me more about it?" I replied, wary, but curious.

"It's signed by Grant himself!" he revealed with semi-subdued avaristic glee, visions of golden Corvettes carrying thong-clad nymphets zoom-zoom-zooming across his heart's highway of riches.

Or he might have been raising funds for his daughter to attend the University of Chicago. Whatever.

I know something about the signature in that particular Grant set, so I was certain that the guy didn't know what he was talking about, but before I could comment, the dreamer continued.

"My grandfather first bought this book, and personally had President Grant sign it," he related, telling an obviously familiar family fable.

It would have been impossible for his grandfather to have had the book signed by anyone other than Ulysses the Friendly Drunken Ghost.

But I still couldn't say anything yet, for he was too amped up about his family legacy to slow down. "My grandfather passed the books and the story about the signature onto his son—my father—along with the caution that it was valuable and to hold on to the family's one treasure.

"And when my father passed the Grants on to me, he told me the family story and instructed me to save them for *my* son or until a really rainy day came along and I needed some serious money.

"And, man, do I need cash right now! Is it OK if I bring them in for you to look at? Your yellow pages ad says that you pay cash for books."

"Sure, you can bring them in," I agreed, "but one question for you first: Are you sure it isn't a facsimile signature?" certain that it was, and wanting to caution him before he came in that there was a possibility that he might have incorrect information about Grant's signature. "We've had this set before and all of them carried the facsimile."

His generations-old belief in the book's value and the trust in the signature's authenticity because his father told him so made him confident that I would be proved wrong when he brought the book to me. The family grail legend was so deeply ingrained in him that he had no doubt that he had the real thing. That's kind of

like Cubs' fans telling themselves each year as they buy season tickets to the perennial National League losers that this year could be the year.

He made an appointment to bring the set in the following day.



The next day a 30-ish man—not dressed for success—came in and asked if I were the man he'd talked to about Grant's memoirs.

I said that I was, my gut clenching. I was about to ruin a three-generations-old family legend.

He came to the counter and carefully pulled a box out of an old Lazarus Department Store shopping bag. Inside the box each dark volume was tightly enclosed in newspaper—a terrible wrap for books, as the ink tends to migrate to the covers of the book. Think of your inky fingertips after finishing the Sunday papers.

He pulled the first volume free from its sports pages and carefully, reverentially, set it on the counter between us. He said nothing and just looked down with affection at the book he'd known from birth as having been signed by President Grant for his fortunate and perceptive grandfather. Images of that special rite of passage in his family haunted me: grandfather granting the set to father who passed it on to son, along with the story of the personal favor of a presidential signature.

I let him have his moment, knowing this was tough for him, selling off the family jewels. He wasn't aware that the books were more like a nice suit than pricey jewels: attractive, but lacking the financial wherewithal to Corvette him to Bling Glory.

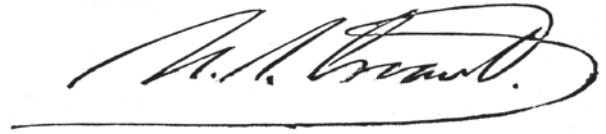
He then peeled the Sunday funnies off volume two, and set it on the first book, and slid them across the counter to me. "I know these are worth a *lot* of money, and I trust that you'll be as generous as possible with me."



I hated what I knew was coming. His golden goose was about to be cooked on the engine of that fantasy 'Vette.

Taking volume one out from under its companion, he carefully opened the book to the signed page.

"See, here's where Grant signed it for Grandad!" he said with pride, pointing at the signature.



He looked up at me expectantly.

I glanced away quickly, and silently walked over to the glass-fronted bookcase on our eastern wall of books. I opened the door and pulled out volume one of the Grant set we already owned—priced at \$150, and brought it back to the counter. Avoiding his eyes, I turned to the exact same page as his was opened to, and exposed the identical machine-printed facsimile signature...and the folly of his family's dream.

He looked at the twin signatures, looked up at me, and in his eyes I could see the wrecked Corvette. I don't know what his "rainy day" needs were, but if he was depending on more than \$50 to meet them, he was going to be caught out in a downpour.

I felt I had to make him certain of the impossibility of the signature, and said as gently as I could, "I'm very sorry I have to be the one to tell you this, but Grant died just before his memoirs were published, so a facsimile signature was printed in each volume one. He couldn't have signed this book. He was dead."

He stared at me for a few seconds, saying nothing. Then he packed the books back up and mumbling something that might have been "Thanks for looking at them anyway," or perhaps, "Thanks for ruining my life," and quickly left the store.

I felt wretched for what happened to his faith in the truth of what his father and grandfather had told him, for ruining his trust in the family trust, for taking away his rainy day umbrella.



Ron Ravneberg Memorial Fund

Ron Ravneberg was the beloved second president of Aldus who was responsible for much of the strong organization and support of the society in its early years. He often shared his personal collection of astronomy books and wonderful Captain Cook editions. He also represented Aldus well at FABS and became secretary of that organization. Ron was also just plain fun to be around!

The Ron Ravneberg Memorial Fund was established to fund in part the annual Ron Ravneberg Memorial Lecture held in the spring. These funds help to bring in a well known expert of special interest to the members. This year's Ron Ravneberg Memorial Lecturer was Bob Fleck of Oak Knoll Press.

Aldus uses a portion of the funds collected from the Holiday Silent Auction for this Memorial Fund. Members can also donate when you renew your annual membership.

Tribute donations can be made in honor of or in memory of someone. This year, the following tribute donations were made to the Fund:

- **Graznya Grauer (in honor of Laralyn Sasaki)**
- **Lani Heilman (in honor of Laralyn Sasaki and Paul Watkins)**

Members can make donations to the Ron Ravneberg Memorial Fund or the General Fund at any time of the year by contacting President Ed Hoffman. Your support is appreciated!

First Saturdays

The First Saturday for February 1st featured selections from the cookbook collections in the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library. A highlight of that collection is *The Works of Bartolomeo Scappi* (Opera di M. Bartolomeo Scappi, 1570), chef for Popes Pius IV and Pius V. The predominance of RBMS' cookbooks, however, focuses on historical American cookery (including manuscript receipt books) with an emphasis on Midwest foodways and ethnic cookbooks of those immigrants who mostly influenced Ohio cuisine: German, Italian and East European. Two

other areas of cookbook collecting at RBMS include fish, fowl and game (a tribute to the Ohio pioneer tradition) and community cookbooks. Ample examples of all categories were presented by Geoff Smith, Head of OSU RBMS.

Geoff also presented the March 1st program which celebrated early detective fiction. After viewing an early printing of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (certainly a mystery) and a poem, but not any poem, the first print appearance of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," guests viewed "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," also by Poe whose character, C. Augustus Dupin, is generally acknowledged as the model for the modern fictional detective. Also discussed were Katharine Anna Greene, the mother of the American detective novel, Gaston Leroux, Arthur Conan Doyle (Sherlock Holmes), Jacques Futrelle (Augustus F. S. X. Van Dusen, the Thinking Machine), John Dickson Carr (Gideon Fell), Earl Derr Biggers (Charlie Chan), Erle Stanley Gardner (Perry Mason) among the more familiar and prominent writers of the detective genre.

Herbarium Field Trip

John V. Freudenstein, Director, and Tod Stuessy, Director Emeritus, of the Ohio State University's Herbarium at the Museum of Biological Diversity, welcomed the Aldus Society to a tour of its collections and facilities on March 15, 2014. The Herbarium contains over 500,000 specimens of plants from around the world with particular emphasis on Midwest plants and an especial collection of western South American plants. Plants are identified and selected by botanists who dry and mount the specimens on paper for permanent storage that supports biological research. Dr. Freudenstein noted that there are plants specimens from the 15th century that still exist in European collections. The collecting mission of the Herbarium is supported by a research library that includes many rare books, which were enthusiastically examined by Aldus members. Thanks to Program Chair Marilyn Logue for organizing another fun and interesting field trip.

The visit and tour was followed by an ample and delicious luncheon buffet at Lavash Café in Clintonville organized by Ed Hoffman. If you have not been to the Lavash Café, you might wish to try it and experience some of the best Mediterranean and Middle Eastern (at a reasonable price) in town.



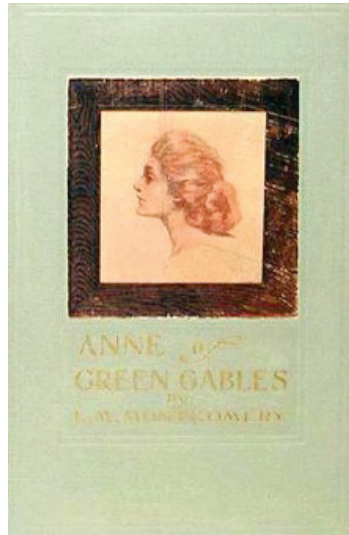
A LITERARY JAUNT LMM & PEI

by Donald Tunnicliff Rice

Lucy Maud Montgomery, author of *Anne of Green Gables*, owns Prince Edward Island in a way that no other state or province is owned by just one writer. There are other authors associated with PEI, of course, but I'll bet you can't name one. The PEI Writers' Guild has been active for years with mentorship programs, workshops,

literary awards, and so on, but no one has ever successfully challenged LMM's dominance.

I first became aware of Canada's smallest province through the father of one of my best friends. He was an accomplished artist, born and reared in Charlottetown, PEI's capital city, and as a young man in the 1920s studied art in Boston and Paris. What particularly got my attention was when he purchased a couple of lapstreak PEI sailing dinghies, such as he had messed about in as a boy, and had them shipped down from Canada. As soon as I saw them I knew



First editions (April 1908) in fine condition sell for thousands of dollars. The portrait by George Gibbs was picked up from a magazine illustration he'd done in 1905 with no thought of Anne Shirley in mind.

that one day I would visit the island.

The matter was decided for certain when, in middle age, I finally got around to reading *Anne of Green Gables*. Shortly thereafter, in the summer of 1988, I traveled by plane, bus, and ferry, eventually arriving in Charlottetown. The city has some 35,000 resident souls these days, but becomes considerably more populated during the tourist season when they are joined by a passing crowd of 900,000 visitors. Before the eight-mile Confederation Bridge opened in 1997, which connects the island with New Brunswick, one had to arrive by either air or water. Now that people can drive over, there's been a 20 percent increase in visitors.

On my second trip, I chose to fly. I hope I won't be accused of ethnic profiling, but I wasn't surprised to see a number of Japanese tourists, mostly female,

on the plane. Anne Shirley remains an extremely popular literary character in that nation. Japanese fans visit the island by the thousands. I've read that some girls even turn up with their hair dyed red and plaited into pigtails. And you can believe this or not, but there's a company in Japan that builds near replicas of Green Gables for Japanese families who dream of living in such a house.

This is but one example of Anne's continuing popularity around the world, which is not surprising for a book that has been translated into twenty languages. During my first visit I got into a barroom conversation with a young guy of Polish descent. He told me that a couple of years earlier he'd visited relatives in the old country. They'd never heard of Prince Edward Island, so he told them it was where Anne of Green Gables lived. That did the trick. Everyone knew exactly where he was from even if they couldn't find it on a map.

Tourists come for a variety of reasons, but it often has to do with the little girl who one day arrived at Green Gables, home of Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert. The aging and never-married brother and sister had come to the conclusion they needed a boy on the property to help out with chores. Things were simpler in those days (the late 1890s) and the Cuthberts ordered themselves a boy from an "orphan asylum" in Nova Scotia, much as they might have ordered a parlor organ from Sears and Roebuck. But just as Sears sometimes shipped the wrong model, so did the orphan asylum, and that's how an eleven-year-old girl arrived on their doorstep.

If your heart doesn't go out to Anne during the ride to Green Gables with Matthew from one of the island's train stations, than you must not have one. The same is true if, during that ride, Matthew Cuthbert doesn't become one of your favorite people in the world. Well,



The 1952 Swedish dust jacket. An early reader remarked, "I experienced a light that became a part of me." It has been continuously in print in Sweden since 1909.

guess what. The Cuthberts are just as soft as you are and they decide to keep this freckled, red-haired, incessantly chattering wisp of a girl. And for the next 275 pages we watch Anne grow into the charming young woman she was always intended to be.

The book was published in 1908, and Anne continued to grow for the next thirty-one years: *Anne of Avonlea* (1909), *Anne of the Island* (1915), *Anne's House of Dreams* (1917), *Rainbow Valley* (1919), *Rilla of Ingleside* (1921), *Anne of Windy Poplars* (1936), and *Anne of Ingleside* (1939). I confess that I lost interest in Anne long about 1917 when she'd become just another likable protagonist in a period novel.

Montgomery wrote a dozen more books about young people, but in spite of Anne's belief that "kindred spirits are not so scarce as I used to think," I knew they were. None of the other characters was going to hold my attention the way she did.

I've also never read any of Montgomery's 530 short stories. There are probably some gems among them, but that's a lot of mining to do on the off chance of striking it rich, particularly when there are so many other things to read.

Montgomery wrote everything in longhand and later retyped it for submission to publishers. Her early stories and her first novel, *Anne of Green Gables*, were retyped on an "old second-hand typewriter that never makes the capitals plain and won't print 'w' at all." So I'd pictured her in a pretty PEI house leisurely but methodically writing in a sure Spencerian hand (the Palmer method wasn't invented until she was twenty) by an open window. She'd be smiling at pleasant thoughts as a light breeze billowed the pale green muslin curtains and filled the room with the sweet fragrance of lilacs. Not even close. Lucy Maud Montgomery's life, I'm sorry to say, was not the idyllic Maritime sojourn I'd imagined. In fact, only the first two novels were written on Prince Edward Island; the remainder were written in Ontario.

There's a certain amount of *schadenfreude* one experiences discovering that someone as successful as Montgomery led a troubled life, but for me that wouldn't increase my appreciation or understanding of her work. I remember some years ago reading a review of Hershel Parker's two-volume, 1,056-page biography of Herman Melville. The reviewer mentioned Parker's

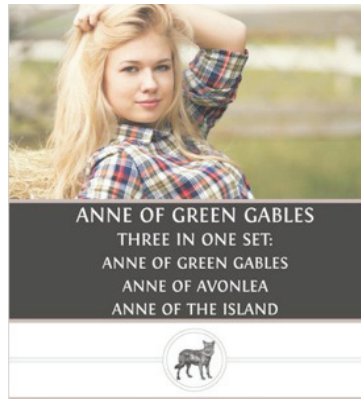
repeating a rumor that Melville once pushed his wife down the stairs. First, it was an unsubstantiated rumor, and second, what has that got to do with Ishmael, Queequeg, Starbuck, and Captain Ahab? My copy of *Moby Dick* has 507 pages. Throw in *Typee* at 286 pages and *Omoo*, 273 pages, and you have 1,066 pages. Those three books tell me all I need to know about Melville's life without being shlogged by Hershel Parker.

I will admit to enjoying some author's biographies, particularly if they led adventurous and interesting lives, no matter if there were some troubling episodes, Robert Louis Stevenson being one example. But I see

no reason for dwelling on LMM's dreary life; however, it would be unfair to her not to mention her troubled dealings with Louis Coues Page. The owner of L. C. Page and Company in Boston was a scoundrelly character but, unlike the folks at Bobbs-Merrill, MacMillan, Lothrop Lee and Shepherd, and Henry Holt, he was persuaded by his editorial staff to publish *Anne of Green Gables*. Montgomery was to get a ten percent royalty based on the wholesale price, but only after the first thousand copies were sold. The contract allowed Page to have first refusal rights under the same terms for anything else she might write for the next five years, which was extended

for five more. He pressured Montgomery to produce one book after another. Even as the profits flowed in, allowing him to indulge in slow horses and fast women, Page took his sweet time paying royalties. Montgomery finally had to sue him to get her money. Sick of the man, she accepted a settlement of \$18,000 for signing over all the rights to *Anne of Green Gables* and the early sequels. Not long after this he sold the movie rights to RKO for \$40,000. That was bad enough, but the silent movie, produced in 1920, was a travesty, turning Anne into a shotgun-wielding American. LMM did approve of the sound version in 1934, and I know she would have liked the 1985 Canadian series shown here on PBS starring Megan Follows, Colleen Dewhurst, and Richard Farnsworth.

This brings up an interesting topic, namely, who owns the rights to the book? You'll recall that Montgomery sold all rights to Page. That was in 1918, and the copyright has long since expired, so anybody can reprint it in whatever form they want, right? Apparently, because an estimated fifty million copies have been



This sexy cover stirred up some controversy when it was published in 2013. Couldn't they at least have found a redhead?

printed by many different publishers. The problem is that Anne Shirley is not only a very valuable brand, she's a large and profitable industry. That explains why some of the people who inherited a fraction of Montgomery's genes claim they also inherited all the rights to her works. They've even gone so far as to trademark the name "L. M. Montgomery." To exercise their rights they've joined with the province of Prince Edward Island to create the Anne of Green Gables Licensing Authority (AOGGLA). They make their claim to ownership in spite of the fact that Montgomery's contract with L. C. Page specifically excluded revisionary rights. Furthermore, Montgomery has been dead over seventy years, well beyond the fifty-year limit for copyrights.

To further complicate matters, Sullivan Entertainment, the producers of the 1985 television show, also claims rights to the character and have registered a trademark of Anne Shirley's image. (I suppose the Japanese girls with the red braids could be sued for trademark infringement.) Eventually Sullivan and AOGGLA became involved in a nasty lawsuit and – hey! wait a minute. I was supposed to be writing about my pleasant literary jaunt through Prince Edward Island. I guess I got wound up by the irritating behavior of profiteers fighting over the rights to a fictional little girl who went around saying such things as, "If we have friends we should look only for the best in them and give them the best that is in us, don't you think?" Let's go back to Prince Edward Island.

First of all, there are the colors: the green of the vegetation, the surprisingly bright red of the soil and the pitiless blue of the sky. If you go, be prepared to take a lot of pictures. On my first visit I went to see the musical version of *Anne of Green Gables*. The script is even soprier than the book, the sets cute, the lyrics simple, and the choreography warmed over Agnes de Mille. The show is also bright, energetic, heart-warming, beautifully produced, and guaranteed to turn even the meanest soul

into a "kindred spirit." It is in its 51st year now having beaten out *The Fantasticks* as the longest running musical ever by nine years. I skipped the show this trip and went to a new production based on *Anne of Avonlea* and *Anne of the Island*. It too was fun.

There's plenty more to do other dramatic performances, art galleries, museums, many good restaurants, and various tours. In Charlottetown there are three bookstores, two selling used books and one selling new titles. If you're looking for collectible books, especially those related to Maritime Canada, you'll have to travel to Gallery 18 in the central north coast town of New London. There are also many

places of historic interest. Charlottetown was the site of the conference in 1864 out of which grew the nation of Canada, and it has the honorific, "The Cradle of the Confederation."

All Anne Shirley fans, of course, make a point of visiting Green Gables. This is the actual house, once belonging to relatives of Montgomery's, on which she based Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert's home. Since 1985 it has been designated a National Historic Site of Canada. Parks Canada, the managing agency, has done a great job of recreating a period home. During the late 1990s, the facilities were expanded to include a barn and other outbuildings, and they add to the experience. If you still haven't had enough of Lucy Maud Montgomery there are other sites to visit on the island.

Should you ever find your way there, tack on a few extra days for a stay-over in nearby Halifax, Nova Scotia, particularly if you're traveling with kids. You'll want

to spend an afternoon in the Halifax Citadel, a military fortress first established in the middle of the city in 1749. In all those years its cannon have never been fired in anger. Halifax has a great waterfront with a first-class maritime museum, and many restaurants. There are also three established used bookstores in the city. If you're as big a cheapskate as I am you can stay in a dorm room at Dalhousie University, Lucy Maud Montgomery's *alma mater*.



PEI's photogenic north coast.



The front door of Green Gables as it appears today.

BOOK HUNTING NOTES

Collecting Firsts as They Are Published: Archaeological Discoveries of Two Early British Rulers

by Bill Rich

Collecting first publications of major archaeological discoveries has been an interest for most of my book-hunting career. One advantage of this kind of collecting is that such finds are made with increasing frequency in recent times, and definitive publications have appeared during my collecting career. Unlike collecting nineteenth-century fiction in first editions, there is no need to be a 200-year-old guy to get these archaeological firsts in fine, as published, condition.

Examples of this type of book are official site reports on two of the most major discoveries in British archaeology. One is the country house of a Roman governor of Britain in the late second century, a man who later became Emperor of Rome. The second is from more than 400 years later, and is the tomb of the Anglo-Saxon chief who was the first king to rule over all southern England.

The earlier discovery is a few miles southeast of Greater London on the banks of the Darent, a small river flowing north into the Thames. It had long been known that large Roman villas existed along the Darent every two miles or so, and some very large houses had been excavated as early as the nineteenth century. However, there was an interesting gap in this sequence in the vicinity of a famous manor house and estate, Lullingstone Castle. In 1939, local archaeologists took a look around. Near one of the gates in the decorative iron fence around the estate park, among the roots of an overturned tree, bits of red Roman roof tiles, tesserae from mosaic floors, and pottery shards were found. But this was 1939, the year WWII broke out. Any detailed investigation had to wait.

Nothing was done until 1949, when systematic excavation began, and the remains of a large Roman house with considerable outbuildings were revealed. The excavations were led by a retired colonel in the Royal Artillery who had had a distinguished career in the war and was now living in the converted carriage house on the Lullingstone estate. Geoffrey Meates was a professional, and the excavations are a model for this type of work.

The excavation extended from 1949 to 1961, a

period of almost thirteen years. The remains of an extensive mansion were uncovered. The complex was remodeled over centuries of occupation, from the first to well into the fifth century A.D. One heyday of the house was in the second century, when sumptuous bath suites, decorated plaster walls, and a decorated formal reception hall were installed. There was a period of abandonment in the third century, but in the 300s the house became even grander, with exquisite mosaic floors; occupation continued until after 400.

As is typical of modern archaeology, first publications took the form of papers in appropriate journals, in this case primarily in *Archaeologica Cantiana*—the journal of the Kent Archaeological Society—which has been published continuously since 1858(!). Meates did publish a popular book on the discovery (*Lullingstone Roman Villa*, William Heinemann, London, 1955) well before the excavations were completed. This book appeared before my book-collecting days began, but I found a copy in a used book store not long after publication. From this, I first learned of the villa and was fascinated. Full official publication of the site and its finds did not come until 1979 (*The Roman Villa at Lullingstone, Kent, Vol. I: The Site*) and 1987 (*The Roman Villa at Lullingstone, Kent, Vol. II: The Wall Paintings*

FIG. 1



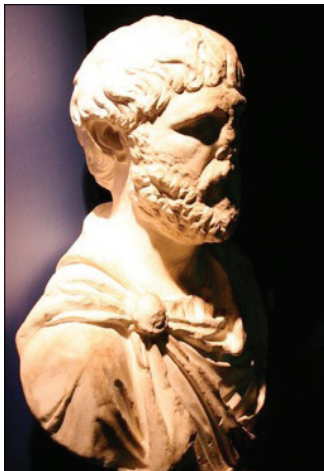
Lullingstone. The Definitive Site Publication

and Finds). These are magnificent large volumes, with extensive illustrations and colored plates (Fig.1). Col. Meates died in 1985 before publication of the last volume, although it was printed from his notes and from the contributions of many specialists involved in the analysis of the finds. These books I did manage to buy

as they were published. An interval of 38 years from the start of the excavations until the completion of formal publication is not unheard of in modern archaeology, particularly with a site as incredibly complex as Lullingstone. Long before completion of publication, some of the most notable finds formed centerpieces in the Roman rooms of the British Museum.

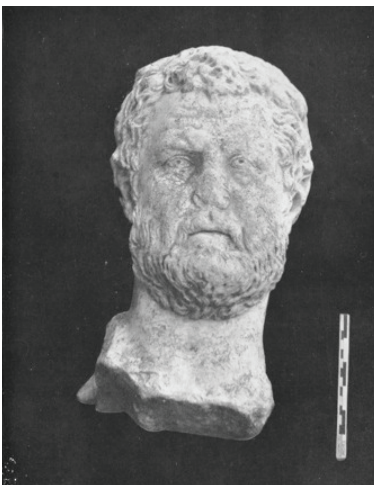
And what were these spectacular finds? Well, in the very late fourth century major rooms in the villa were remodeled to form a Christian chapel. The walls were painted with figures at prayer, and on the end wall, a very large Chi Rho, the ancient Christian symbol, together with the Greek A and Ω, the alpha and omega (Fig. 1, on the left). This is, of course, one of the earliest evidences for Christianity in Britain and fascinates

FIG. 2



Lullingstone. The Earlier Bust

FIG. 3



Lullingstone. The Later Bust. Pertinax?

existed for millennia in Western civilization, long antedating the founding of the DAR. The earlier bust (Fig. 2) was probably the founder of the family and dates

to the early second century. The second bust (Fig. 3), which had been deliberately smashed and then restored, is a generation later and in all probability represents the son or son-in-law of the founder. These images were in a place of honor during the first grand heyday of the house in the late second century, when it had to have been the residence of a very important person, indeed, in Britain. With the proximity to London, a reasonable assumption is that it was the governor's country place. But an even more telling

clue as to the

FIG. 4

proprietor's identity was the discovery of an onyx intaglio seal (Fig. 4). From the flecks of gold around its rim, it was apparently ripped from a gold signet



Lullingstone. The Seal

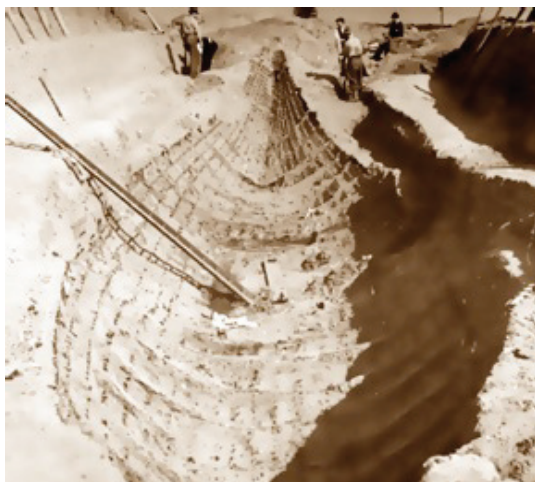
ring; the gold retained, the stone discarded. The image is of the goddess of victory, facing a "trophy" of Roman arms. Such an image was often used as a symbol of imperial power.

The evidence pointed to an owner of the villa who was an important official in Roman London, probably the governor at the end of the second century, whose home had been vandalized. And, we have a pretty good portrait in the second bust, ravaged though it was. Scholars now agree the individual in question was Publius Helvius Pertinax, governor of Britain between 185 and 186 A.D. He was faced with a mutiny of one legion in this province, which drove him from his home and ravaged and looted the place. Nevertheless, Pertinax, an experienced Roman leader, put down the rebellion with great severity and went on to become Roman Emperor for a brief three months in the near-anarchic period in Rome following the death of the great Marcus Aurelius. Pertinax was killed by the Praetorian Guard, who disliked his efforts to restore discipline and order. Other portrait busts of Pertinax survive—they certainly look like the Lullingstone bust. No wonder the expression is so grumpy, though.

The second example is the famous Sutton Hoo ship burial. Sutton Hoo is also near the bank of a small river,

the Deben which flows through Suffolk into the North Sea a hundred miles northeast of London. The site was marked by rather conspicuous grave mounds visible

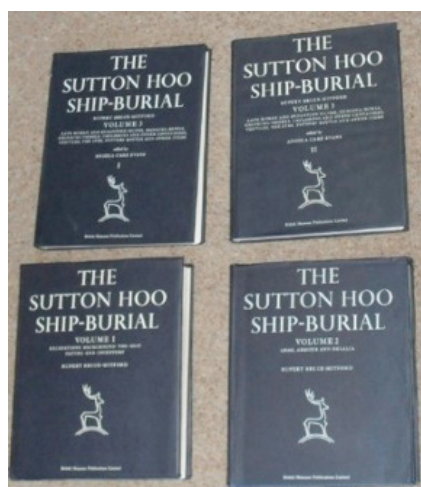
Fig. 5



Sutton Hoo. The Ship

from the river. There are remarkable parallels with the Lullingstone discovery. In 1939, local archaeologists opened the most conspicuous of the mounds, and uncovered the remains of a large ancient ship (Fig. 5). Professionals were called in, and the elaborate burial of a clearly very important person was discovered, complete with spectacular grave goods, many of jeweled gold and silver. Excavation was hurriedly completed before war broke out at the beginning of September. Nothing could be done during the war years. The discovered artifacts were stored, safe from the bombing of the Blitz, in a disused London subway tunnel. After the war, the long process of examination, analysis, and restoration of the artifacts was conducted in the laboratories of the British Museum under the direction of Rupert Bruce-Mitford, Head of the Department of British and Medieval

Fig. 6



Sutton Hoo. The Definitive Site Publication

Antiquities. During these studies, many unanswered questions arose, which led to a second re-excavation of the site in 1969-71. Finally, the definitive publication of the site appeared (*The Sutton Hoo Ship-Burial*, Vol. 1, 1975; Vol. 2, 1978; Vol.3 [in two parts], 1983, The British Museum, London). These big books I bought as they were published—and they are a delight (Fig. 6).

The books are filled with illustrations and colored plates showing beautiful things—objects that define the greatest archaeological discovery in the British Isles. A few items are shown in Figs. 7-9. The burial was recognized as of Anglo-Saxon date, and from Frankish gold coins and other evidence, dating to around 610-634 A.D. A single individual was buried in a chamber erected in the middle of the ship. Grave goods include magnificent armor, weapons, and symbols of authority. One iconic item is a parade helmet; (Fig. 7) shows an exact replica, made in the Tower of London armories, and now displayed alongside the restored original in the Anglo-Saxon rooms of the British Museum. It is the model for helmets in countless sci-fi movies and video games—Darth Vader would envy it. The jeweled sword belt, shoulder straps, and buckles of the man's outfit are wonders of Anglo-Saxon gold work. Fig. 8 shows a gold and garnet cloisonné shoulder clasp. And, finally, there are unique items. Fig. 9 is a scepter—but what a scepter. At almost three feet tall and weighing more than six pounds, this ruler certainly didn't wave it around in his hand like a modern kinklet. The central shaft is a whetstone. The bronze base is a hollowed cup, which presumably rested on the king's knee as he sat enthroned. Above the ring at the top is a gilded bronze stag, a symbol of power and majesty at the time. The whetstone shows some marks mid-shaft which suggest it was held, upright. There is nothing else like this known in history. One theory is that the whetstone was used in the scepter to symbolize the warrior-king's power to give (and sharpen!) weapons to his men.

There was no skeleton recovered in the tomb. A large burial tumulus, visible to ships going up the Deben, was erected over the ship-grave, and water collapsed the ship and rotted most organic material; however, enough phosphates and other bone chemicals were found in the right place to determine this was a tomb, not a cenotaph. And who was he? Most scholars agree that he was Raedwald, the king of the East Angles, who died around 624. He was the first king to rule over most of the other southern Anglo-Saxon kingdoms and was

given the title “Bretwalda,” or British overlord. By 624, a generation had passed since St. Augustine had come to England to convert the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. The Christianized British, such as those who presumably worshipped at Lullingstone, had long since been pushed back into the Celtic-speaking regions of western Britain. Nevertheless, the progress of conversion was still going slowly among the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. Histories note that Raedwald was actually converted, but maybe the old boy’s heart was not in it. He had erected two altars in his capital (near Sutton Hoo), one to Christ and one to Woden, perhaps on the basis that all bets on futurity better be covered. And the Sutton Hoo burial is as pagan as they come. Several subsequent excavations at Sutton Hoo (I collect these reports, too) show a large pagan grave field with many additional finds. Surrounding Raedwald’s tumulus were several rough interments, a few contemporaneous with the main burial. These were in many cases just bodies tossed into pits. And some were evidently terminated with extreme prejudice—arms and legs bound and more than one decapitated. It is suspected that our Anglo-Saxon forebears were not above a little human sacrifice—particularly if a few victims were required to speed a great chieftain on his road to Valhalla. Civilization came somewhat late to the English-speaking peoples.

Modern discoveries in archaeology are proliferating, and modern methods reveal much that might previously have been destroyed or missed. The books detailing the discoveries, when they are finally published, are commonly extensive, beautiful color-plate volumes, and a fitting target for at least this collector. While not generally cheap, they are not at the huge prices of many another collectors’ goals, such as fiction firsts, children’s books, or many other subject areas. And they seem to show a modest appreciation. When I bought the Sutton Hoo volumes (Fig. 6), they cost a few hundred dollars. A dealer on Bookfinder.com wants over a thousand today for a set in good dust jackets. While most of the definitive publications may go into institutional libraries, if they are bought when published, the collector gets them pristine in dust jacket, without the library markings, which, if not quite the anathema that they would be in modern fiction collecting, are still very unpleasant to this book hunter. And a final advantage: The big archaeological discoveries are well-known to be such, even before definitive publication. A great bookman (John Carter) once said: “In book

collecting, it is not always the early bird that gets the worm, but knowing a worm when you find one.” The biggest worms announce themselves in archaeology book collecting.

FIG. 7



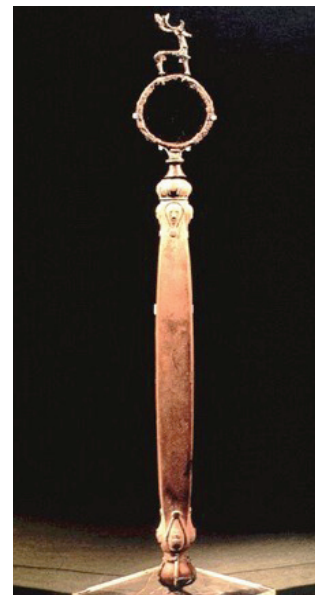
Sutton Hoo. The Helmet

FIG. 8



Sutton Hoo. Shoulder Clasp

FIG. 9



Sutton Hoo. The Scepter

St. John's Bible – Exhibit Review

Alan and Ann Woods drove up to Canton on March 1st to catch the last days of the exhibit of a large number of pages (64, on 34 folii!) of the recently completed St. John's Bible, the first handwritten bible in roughly half a millennium.

Yes, no surprise, it was breathtaking work, with lots of depth of thought behind the illustrations, and happily, a wonderful range of approaches to technique, design and layout, and use of both color and illumination. While every image had its strengths, the Woods were moved almost to tears by Suzanne Moore's sensitive treatment of the beautiful Ruth and Naomi story—the rich, warm red tones and her technique in applying them were perfectly attuned to it. And how vivid all the colors and images seem when seeing them literally “in the flesh.” It's no wonder that vellum was so highly prized for books of this magnitude from antiquity on.

Alan, as grandson and descendant of several ministers, found that the human quality of the work of Jackson and his many collaborators evoked deeply personal memories of childhood stays in family parsonages.

We had thought, after spending some hours with the bible, that we would take a turn through some other galleries at the museum, but that just didn't work. Our heads, our eyes, our thoughts, were just too filled by what we had just taken in.

The Bible is now being assembled for binding in Minnesota, where it will take its place in the liturgy of the Abbey. Find more information and lots of images at <http://www.saintjohnsbible.org>.

**Congratulations to
Bill Logue on marrying
Linda! We will miss you
when you move to Jersey.
Best wishes in the new
chapter of your
life together!**



Bookseller Extraordinary: Timothy Hawley On Collecting

by Marica Preston

Timothy Hawley is a bookseller in Louisville. Often he writes a little essay at the beginning of a list for sale. Here is his April 2014 essay:

Why?

How many times have you been asked, "Why?" Why do you collect—or otherwise acquire—books? Why? And how often do you immediately find yourself feeling defensive in giving an answer? Do you feel as though perhaps you're engaging in some unwholesome activity by buying books? Perhaps a bit odd, somewhat eccentric? A bit off-kilter? Is your buying of books a symptom of obsessive-compulsive disorder? Is there something sinister about it?

Or has the question been asked in a snide manner, along the lines of, "Say...have you read all these books?" As though your books were some sort of affectation, an accumulation of faux culture, an attempt at appearing to be something that you're not—and surely, if the books were an accurate reflection of who you are, then you would have had to have read them all; otherwise you're nothing but a poseur.

Once again, you find yourself being put on the defensive, as though you must justify your passion for books.

Well, listen up!! When someone challenges you like this, you need to challenge them right back! Don't get defensive—get assertive!

When someone asks you why you buy books, you ask them right back, "Why do you travel? Why do you go to plays, concerts, movies? Why do you play chess? Why do you watch television? Why do you go to bars, nightclubs, parties?" Ask them why they do any of the things that you are aware that they do.

When they answer—as they surely must—that they do these things because they give them pleasure, then they have given the answer to the question that they have posed to you: you buy books because it gives you pleasure. Plain and simple. You enjoy books. You almost surely like to read (when my oldest brother once snarkily asked me the "...have you read all these books?" question, my answer was swift: "Oh, God, no! That would be terrible! If I'd read all these books, then I'd have nothing new to read tonight before I go to bed. I purchased every one of these books with the intention of

reading them, and if I'm given time enough on earth, I plan on doing just that!"). You like the physicality of books. You appreciate their aesthetics. You want to have them immediately available when you decide to read one, or need to look up some bit of information contained in one of them.

And if you're an impecunious purchaser of books, like us, then you can add that the pleasure of books is far less costly than almost any other form of entertainment. You spend less on books each year than most people spend on their typical recreational pursuits—greens fees for golfers, equipment and travel for skiers, heroin for addicts...you name it. (Of course, we have the added benefit of being able to sell—often for a profit—our books after we have read them; what other recreational activity that you can think of turns a profit?)

So stand up and be proud. Say, "I'm a bibliomaniac, and I'm not taking your insults any more!!"

And by the way, the best way to avenge yourself on these dolts is to buy something from this list, don't you think?

Christine Hayes

Christine Hayes received the Carol Logue Award in December of 2013, at the Aldus Society's annual holiday dinner. The Carol Logue Award acknowledges that "the recipient has devoted time and energy (and possibly their own funds) to promote or bring to fruition a special program, idea or activity which brings Aldus members together in the spirit of biblio-fellowship." Christine has been a stalwart member of the Aldus Society and served a long term as Society Secretary and Aldus Board Member. Christine's meticulous record keeping will remain as important historical documentation of the Aldus Society archives. Also, words cannot express the delight and satisfaction that Christine's cookies and sweets have brought to Aldus members at our monthly programs.

Congratulations, Christine, from all the members of The Aldus Society!

Members News

The Aldus Society would like to welcome three new members to Aldus: Sally Farbeann, Jared Gardner and Robert Rockenfelder! All live in the Columbus area.

Sally is into 20th century fiction, rare books and bookbinding. Robert is a voracious reader. Jared enjoys early American literature, picture books, almanacs, periodicals and comics.

Antiquarian Eccentricities

by Scott Williams

We ardent book collectors frequently face ardent sellers with their own personalities and foibles. Who is more eccentric? Well, my favorite eccentric antiquarian vendor, *with apologies to our local book dealers*, happens to reside in Vermont.

I must have begun buying from New Englandiana in the 1980s. I learned then from this mail-order, used book dealer that I would have to “stand in line” to get my order filled—the more years you were a buyer, the higher your ranking. This was not a first-ordered, first-served operation. I was but a kid amongst his customers, some of them going back to 1961. Don’t try calling about your order. In fact, all phone calls were forbidden. Your order would be sent when ready. It might be delayed a couple months so that another catalog could be sent out and orders received to add to the eventual box of books shipped. Within the box shipped, inside one book, you would find your bill (to be paid by check or money order only).

Book dealer catalogs can be wonderful publications, and I certainly have my collection. But New Englandiana? Picture your typical 8x11 sheet of paper hand typed on both sides to their extreme edges in a small typeface, line after line, page after page, folded in half and taped shut with only a little area given to your mailing address and postage—even the folded address side continued with the listing of books for sale. And the postage? How I curse myself for not starting a New Englandiana stamp collection from the get-go. The catalogs and boxes always bring a smile, arriving with colorful old stamps including loads of commemorative blocks and even pre WWII issues. I wonder what kind of postal discount this dealer creates by buying out-of-date auctioned stamps? For boxes received, sometimes there’s over a square foot of tongue-licked, hand-collaged stamps. How sad today’s bar-coded shipping labels seem in comparison.

Along with eccentricity, frugality might just be a New England trait. The owner of New Englandiana practices frugality and passes it on to customers with cheap prices and sometimes obscure titles. This serves my bottom-feeder collecting habit well.

On one of my book-buying ventures to Canada, when a buck could buy a \$1.30 Canadian, I visited the

home town of New Englandiana one late afternoon. Arriving at the sole store-front used book store in downtown Bennington, I asked the owner to help me contact New Englandiana to see if I could visit. The store owner was adamant: “He’s a recluse. Doesn’t like visitors,” he said. So I moved on after finding a few good titles for my travel collection. Curiously, a recent study of U.S. personality types by region claims that New Englanders are less friendly and more temperamental than other Americans (Rentfrow, P. J. et al. 2013. Divided we stand. *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*. 105:6-996-1012). Hmmm.

New Englandiana’s owner complained recently that his buyers were dying off! He could use more customers, he said. I have shared enough clues in this article for the reader to snail-mail a request and become a new patron. But, *caveat emptor*, you may be disappointed. Very little information is provided about a book’s condition, if at all! It may arrive with or without a dust jacket and in a condition ranging from good to fine. All the same, as any collector is wont to brag, perhaps my greatest acquisition ever, and for only ten bucks, came from none other.

New Englandiana operates as a reticent business in a world demanding 24/7 social media attention. The owner has P.O. Box 589 with a zip code of 05201. That is it. And phoning is out of the question, as noted. Yet, room is sometimes made in each catalog to communicate with his customers—very little room. This communication note is often in an even smaller typeface than the book listings so as to not take away from squeezing in a few more lines of books. Normally you get half an inch of news but sometimes a full inch. In the owner’s brief note, we usually learn about the weather in Vermont and the owner moving in and out of his unheated office as summer and winter alternate, *ad infinitum*. But on occasion, more details are provided.

In fact, when I selected from his catalogs the multi-year diary of communications shared below, I said to myself, *with apologies to our local book dealers*, Roger Harris of New Englandiana is the sanest book dealer I know! What a rarity to use a business model founded over fifty years ago that is still going strong.

Here are some excerpts from Harris’ catalogs:

List 150—mid-1990s?. Our roofing troubles culminated in our hour in small claims court with a large settlement in our favor, but the chances of collecting any is remote.

List 151. Rain, rain, rain: weeks of rain! ... We had a crew to try to get our roof functioning properly... The wallet is definitely thinner! Buy lots of books please.

List 153. Some very clever squirrels have managed to drop down from the roof and demolish one of our bird feeders... they've done some fancy dancing under the other, but it's still intact (so far).

List 154. One morning this Spring we had half a dozen tulips in a row, budded ready to pop. Two hours later we wandered out into the garden and each plant was topless! Too much for the rabbits; as far as we know the woodchucks at the end of the field have never ventured up this far. We finally decided the culprits were a pair of mallards, truants from a duck pond on the other side of town, who had been recently visiting our garden pool. We considered making duck soup. For the sake of the neighbor's garden we trapped the woodchucks and set them on fresh fields, but not before first trapping the neighbor's cat. They've forgiven us, but I don't think the cat has.

No List # (1999). BICENQUINQUAGENARY. That mouthful is what we're celebrating this year in Bennington, chartered in 1749 by the Notorious Benning Wentworth as a New Hampshire grant in disregard of New York's claim... You may have noticed there is no longer "Book Rate." We are now using Standard Mail... Consulting my well-worn dictionary I find that one definition of "standard" is "sound and usable but not of top quality." I'm willing to bet we don't see UPS and RPS calling themselves "Standard."

List 162. Using a different word processor and see I missed a lot of typos, notably NE1030 should be LIVES of the Pilgrim Fathers, not LIES! Mice seem to have invaded the house for the winter in greater numbers than usual; ladybugs are back in force... otherwise everything is quiet here.

List 167, Winter 2003. Most of the changes to keep the building inspector happy have been accomplished. The hallway is now bare of books and painted with a WHITE fire-resistant paint. I don't much care about looking like a NEW Book Store, but I guess I'll survive it.

List 168, Spring Anticipation 2003. COLD! COLD! COLD!... I have one lonely ladybug in my bedroom this winter compared to the hordes in the past and a little brown bat is somewhere in the cellar. He came up to greet me in the kitchen, but I banished him back below...hibernating somewhere in the depths.

List 174, Summer 2004. A couple days ago I got attacked by a bird while unloading my car of books. A baby robin came running along the sidewalk flapping its wings but unable to get off the ground. Its mother was swooping around and sounding off in hysterics. It finally disappeared and I safely got my books into the shop... Buying is spotty; shop business is slow, but I keep plugging along.

List 175, Autumn 2004. If the snows of winter match the wetness of summer, we'll all be buried chin high.

List 176, Winter 2005. A crucial part of my Underwood gave out, but still have supplies of oldies, I'm now billing on a Remington Rand.

List 178, Summer 2005. The Town is full of MOOSE... This popular promotion has people running around with maps and cameras in hand to admire our 57 nearly full size replicas painted by accomplished artists in all imaginable colors and designs.

List 180, Winter 2006. I've been making the rounds as weather permits, but haven't been buying very many books so far. Spring will be with us before too long and buying will pick up. Not that I'm about to run out of books but the urge is to get out and discover things new and exciting. Sometimes I find interesting things right here I buried and forgot. My use of the red ribbon for invoices was not too successful nor appreciated by everyone. It seemed such a waste to have all that long ribbon available, but never to be able to use it. I won't try it again.

List 183, Autumn 2006. We have a big mystery here. Where did my mail disappear for a month? On August 8 I received 26 book orders postmarked July 5, 6, & 7. No explanation, no apology. Although the local post office may very well be the culprit, it has been suggested that the powers in Washington could have been involved. After all, those of us booksellers who dispense information & knowledge are not their favorite people these days, much less one who supports the ACLU, opposes the war & reads "The Nation."

They are quite capable of reading the contents of letters without leaving evidence of having done so. I do know that when I submitted a series of letters to the local paper on the failure of the "War on Drugs" they wasted no time in checking on me, though I did receive a nice letter from our Senior U.S. Senator [Patrick Leahy] for showing interest in the subject. Be that as it may, I hope you people fare better ordering from this list.

List 185, Spring 2007. Please excuse my messy invoice—this typewriter and I are not compatible. Since I got it for practically nothing at a tag sale I'll do my best to subdue it.

List 209. Spring 2012. For the past 50 years I've thrown aside things I've found in and with Books. And such things do accumulate. Obviously many bookmarks but many other items people have saved for sentimental reasons and forgotten. And some for no reasonable excuse. Some of these things I will list here. From the older books came pieces of

cloth, bits & swatches from their favorite dresses and wore at the turn of the century & earlier. Item # U477: About half a pound of these, dozens of pieces as mostly they were quite small, although there are exceptions. Price: \$7.50. Item # U478. Ladies' needlework was made easy using stiff paper perforated with hundreds of tiny holes for their needles & colored yarn. Some had printed designs to follow. There are pictures, but the tendency was toward words, phrases, often religious, names, etc., usually mounted on a ribbon. Here is a box of them. Price: \$7.50. [The owner continues with listing after listing of objects, ribbons, photos, tickets, bookplates, etc., unique items or in groups, that he has found over the past 50 years in books...It was an amazing list to read!].

Ephemera List #1. Summer 2012. I was overwhelmed by the response from my recent listing of paper items, so let's try it again. I'm sorry if you missed out getting what you wanted. Perhaps you can do better this time...



The Ephrata “Martyr’s Mirror”: A Colonial American Printing Icon

by Matthew Schweitzer

My antiquarian book collecting interests are fairly varied and diverse and include both obscure religious works and American history. A recent fortuitous acquisition to my personal book collection was a perfect fit for both. This was a fantastic and impressive copy of the *Märtyrer Spiegel* or the *Martyr’s Mirror*, a large 1500 page tome printed in 1748 in the frontier settlement of Ephrata, Pennsylvania by a secluded sect of Protestant Anabaptists known as the Ephrata Cloister.

The *Martyr’s Mirror* is a massive Anabaptist martyrology, a collection of stories describing the persecution and often horrific deaths of many early Christians and Anabaptists in 16th and 17th century Europe. It has often been compared to John Foxe’s *Acts and Monuments* which was a chronicle of English Protestants killed during the early years of the Protestant Reformation and it is every bit as grisly. First published in Dutch in 1660, the *Martyr’s Mirror* had become a revered touchstone of faith and spiritual reassurance for many European Anabaptists who endured extreme hostility from Catholics and mainstream Protestants alike.

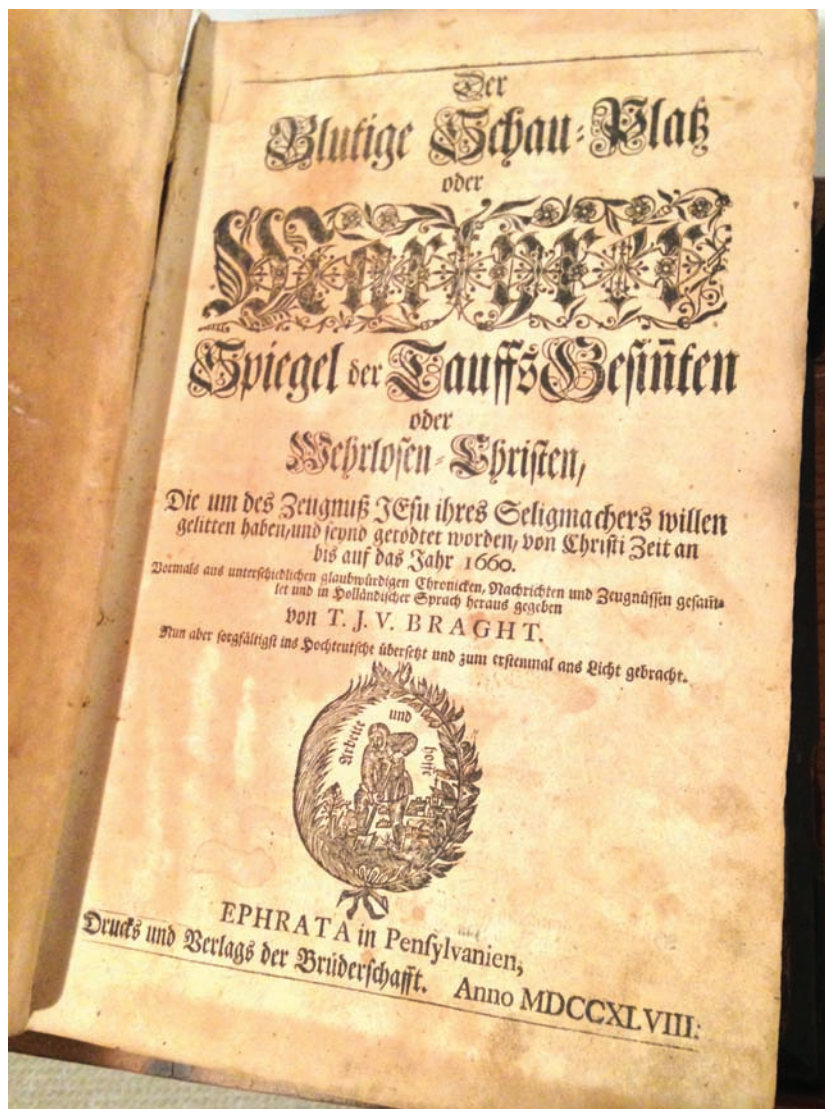
When William Penn founded the Pennsylvania colony in 1681 it opened the door to a flood of many religious reformers who came to the New World seeking

freedom to practice their faith openly and safely in the welcoming wilderness of Penn’s Woods. Soon the western frontier attracted a large number of German immigrants including many Amish, Mennonites, Dunkards, and other Christians who believed in adult baptism and embraced a doctrine of pacifism and non-violence. Among these was a small group formed

in 1732 by Johann Conrad Beissel called The Brethren who formed a small settlement in Lancaster County at Ephrata. This became known as the Ephrata Cloister, a tiny hamlet of a few hundred faithfully dedicated men and women who lived an almost monastic lifestyle of hard work, rigidly enforced celibacy, non-violence, and devout religious observance. The Cloister even created their own printing shop and book bindery with which to produce religious tracts and keep the members hard at work in the service of God.

In 1745, with trouble brewing on the western frontier between England and France once again

and the Indians threatening to throw the colony into bloody turmoil, several prominent Mennonite leaders sought to undertake a grand enterprise: to publish a new edition of the *Martyr’s Mirror* in the German language to serve the Pennsylvania Anabaptist communities as a spiritual inspiration in the face of impending war. After first being rejected by their Dutch publishers, the



Mennonites turned to Conrad Beissel and The Ephrata Cloister. Beissel agreed to publish the book at no cost, using materials made on site by the Cloister itself. Everything from the paper, ink, wood and leather for the bindings were all made and constructed by the Brethren at the Cloister itself. The work of translating the book into German fell upon Peter Miller, a member of the Cloister and considered by some one of the preeminent linguists in colonial America at the time. Fifteen men, working tirelessly over a period of three years, made the book a reality. Ultimately, 1,300 copies of the *Martyr's Mirror* were completed and stockpiled for sale by 1751. At approximately 1,512 pages apiece, the Brethren had printed some 1,950,000 pages over the course of their arduous three year effort. The book would become one of the most iconic and remarkable pieces of early American printing and was one of the largest books printed in 18th century North America. Quite an impressive feat for a tiny religious sect secluded in the middle of the wilderness!

An interesting epilogue to the already fascinating story of the Ephrata *Martyr's Mirror* concerns the fate of a number of several hundred unsold copies that had remained stored in a warehouse at the Cloister at the time of the American Revolution. According to some reports, in 1778, when the Americans were on the run from British forces during the Philadelphia Campaign and supplies were running dangerously low, a contingent of Continental troops was sent to the Cloister to commandeer the unsold and unbound books to be used by the army as musket wadding. When local citizens got wind that their treasured *Martyr's Mirror*, a foundation of Christian non-violence and pacifism, was being used to make gun cartridges, they petitioned General George Washington and begged for the return of the books. Washington acquiesced on the condition that the books were paid for. This was done and approximately 150 copies were returned to their place at Ephrata and were quickly sold off, likely owing to their newfound notoriety.

Thus this monumental accomplishment of colonial book production soon became recognized as the extraordinary work that it was. The book became a prized possession for many Pennsylvania Germans of the time and forever since. A second edition was undertaken in 1814 at Lancaster by printer Joseph Ehrenfried who sadly failed to replicate the success of the first Ephrata edition and ended up bankrupt as a result of his efforts. The *Martyr's Mirror* first appeared in English in 1837 and remains in print to this day. It continues to hold

a place of prominence in the homes of many Amish and Mennonites and serves as a memorial to the many martyrs who gave their lives for their faith.

Today, many copies of the Ephrata *Martyr's Mirror* have survived. This fact likely owes itself to the renown of the book and its place in Pennsylvania history. As a physical object it is an impressive, even imposing, book. My particular copy, a heavy elephant folio, retains its original oak boards still bound in leather and armored with brass corner pieces and the remains of brass clasps. Its beautiful frontispiece shows the army of Anabaptist martyrs marching in a great procession into Heaven. Its pages are somewhat worn and obviously well read. The book includes many manuscript marginal notes and ownership inscriptions. This is obviously a book that has been loved and cared for over the past two and half centuries. With continued proper care and consideration, I hope to help preserve this iconic book for many more.

I would also like to take a moment to thank Acorn Books for making ownership of this beautiful book possible. It now holds a place of distinction in my collection.



Exhibits and Book Events in Ohio Summer 2014

May 10, 2014 – The Ohioana Book Festival 2014 is once again on the Saturday before Mother's Day. This year the festival is at Ft. Hayes from 10:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. For details see <http://www.ohioanabookfestival.org/>

June 22, 2014 - Aldus Summer Picnic is scheduled for 3:30 at the Thurber Center, rain or shine. (see details inside our newsletter)

Now through Sept 1, 2014 - The International exhibition of Sherlock Holmes just opening at COSI will run through Sept.1, 2014. There are great things for book-lovers such as pages of the Manuscript of The Hound of the Baskervilles, bound copies of Holmes stories (with the Romonoff crest) belonging to Grand Duchess Anastasia. Scott and I, the Violet Hunter, were invited to the pre-opening Media Preview and, frankly, we were blown away! It is SO worth a visit! <http://www.cosi.org/sherlock>

May 18th 2014 - July 6th 2014 - At the Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Avenue, Youngstown, OH 44505

On the 50th anniversary of Where the Wild Things Are, we invite you to take part in an exhibition of 50 works by the late, great Maurice Sendak. The artwork will be presented with heartfelt words from 50 extraordinary people, whose lives were all touched by this beloved author and illustrator...

The Maurice Sendak Memorial Exhibition is a retrospective of original works by Maurice Sendak. The collection will tour numerous museums and sites in 2013, the 50th anniversary of the publication of Where the Wild Things Are. Presidents, illustrators, friends and celebrities will share a quote about the renowned author; how he inspired them, influenced their careers and touched their lives. The quotes will be presented together with the artwork, offering viewers food for thought as well as a feast for their eyes.

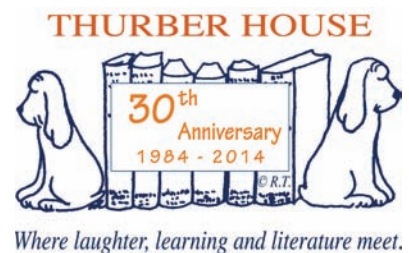
For more information check out: <http://sendakexhibition.com>



Visit Thurber House this Summer!

Thurber House is open daily from
1:00 - 4:00 p.m. for free self-guided tours,
or visit on the weekends for a guided tour!

Watch www.thurberhouse.org for the summer event calendar, including the 29th season of Summer Literary Picnics on the lawn, featuring Ohio authors, good food, good friends and good books!



Aldus Programs for 2014 - 2015

Sept. 11, 2014—Dr. Jarrod Burks of Ohio Valley Archaeology, Inc.—Jarrod will share his collection of rare books about early Ohio archaeology and tell us how they support his job as a working archaeologist today. More information about their organization is located at <http://ovacltd.com/>

Oct. 9, 2014—Nancy Down—Ms. Down is the head librarian at the Browne Popular Culture Library, Bowling Green State University <http://www2.bgsu.edu/colleges/library/pcl/>. The library houses books and magazines, vintage comic books, videos, toys, games and a wide variety of other popular-culture items that make it the largest collection of its kind in the nation. Nancy will be focusing on some of the library's interesting print collections.

Nov. 13, 2014—justAjar Design + Press—Bobby and Sara Rosenstock have landed in Marietta, OH, where they are busy designing, printing, working on their home and collecting old type from local antique shops. Sara teaches graphic design at Marietta College while Bobby runs the letterpress shop in the city. Check out their website at <http://justajar.com/>

Dec. 11, 2014—Annual Dinner and Silent Auction—Join Aldus for an auction of rare and unusual items and a scrumptious dinner at LaScala. See the President's note for more details.

Jan. 8, 2015—Aldus Collects—Aldus members share their collecting interests.

Feb. 12, 2015—Tony Clark—Tony will talk about tarot cards and reference books about them in *Tarot's Transition: Egypt to Connecticut*.

March 12, 2015—Ron Ravneberg Lecture—William Noel will speak on the Archimedes Palimpsest Project. Noel is Director of The Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts, and The Schoenberg Institute for Manuscript Studies <http://schoenberginstitute.org/> at the University of Pennsylvania. He is co-author of *The Archimedes Codex* (Philadelphia: Da Capo Press; 1st Da Capo Press Ed edition, 2007)

April 9, 2015—David Lynn—David will discuss the history, mission, and achievements of *The Kenyon Review*, one of the nation's premier literary journals. You can read articles and blog posts, or listen to podcasts from the journal at <https://www.kenyonreview.org/>

May 14, 2015—Beth Whittaker—Beth is the head of the Spencer Research Library at the University of Kansas, a rare books and manuscripts library.



The Aldus Society

www.AldusSociety.com