

Aldus Society Notes

Spring 2018

Volume 18, No. 2

May 10, 2018: “Why We Collect: Leveraging Cultural Heritage Collections for Transformational Change” Presented by Damon E. Jaggars



Damon E. Jaggars

Learn about library and archival collections in academic libraries from the new Librarian at The Ohio State University. He’s worked with some of the greatest and broadest special collections in the country. Damon Jaggars will focus on using collections to spur change in the intellectual sphere.

Damon E. Jaggars assumed the post of Vice Provost and Director of University Libraries at The Ohio State University in 2016. He previously worked for libraries at

Columbia University, the University of Texas, and Iona College. His background includes service planning and assessment, collection development and management, and facilities planning and design, as well as building and managing distinctive and unique collections, and developing and overseeing information technology infrastructures within research libraries. His work has been published broadly in peer-reviewed journals and conference proceedings, and his editorial service includes board membership for portal: *Libraries & the Academy*, coeditorship of a special issue of *Evidence Based Library and Information Practice*, and a stint as editor-in-chief of the *Journal of Library Administration*. He currently serves on advisory boards for the Digital Preservation Network, SHARE, OhioLink, the Big Ten Academic Alliance, as well as on the Diversity, Inclusion, and Equity committee of the Association of Research Libraries.

June 24 Aldus Picnic Takes an International Heritage Theme



As most of us are from immigrant families, our international heritage will be the theme for the annual Aldus summer potluck event on Sunday, June 24, from 3 p.m. until 5 p.m., at the Thurber Center at 91 Jefferson Ave., Columbus.

What to Bring. Dig out your grandmother’s recipes from the old country or your favorite modern recipe that reflects

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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. Meetings are held at **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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From the President

Dear Aldines,

As we come to the end of my tenure on the board, I'd like to thank everyone who contributed precious time and resources this year to keep Aldus the robust and active membership that we enjoy.

Wes Baker is finishing a six-year term on the Board of Trustees in May. His long tenure has helped to keep a steady flow of Society experience in your Board. Wes served as Secretary and as Chair of the Nominating Committee. A special thanks to **Tom Thacker** for his time on the board as well and service as Membership Chair. I can't thank Wes and Tom enough for their commitment to Aldus!

Every month this season, **Christine Hayes** continued to feed our collective sweet tooth with her famous cookies. **Tony Clark** and **Tom Thacker** worked with our speakers to be sure they had the A/V resources they needed. **Janet Ravneberg** provided the savories and wine that we enjoyed during our pre-program social time.

The Auction Committee consisted of Pat Groseck, Doug Allinger, Mary Saup, Scott Williams, Janet Ravneberg, Genie and Jay Hoster, Alan Woods, Julie Reed, Karen Robinson, Emerson Gilbert, and Laralyn Sasaki. They did a great job coordinating the silent auction at our 2017 Holiday Dinner. Funds raised go toward things like recording our History of Text program and 30% of the funds this year went to fortify the Ravneberg fund.

Miriam Kahn builds three great newsletters a year and works hard to recruit the great stories that fill it. This year we saw articles from **Bill Rich, Jay Hoster, Marcia Evans, C. Mehrl and John M. Bennett, Roger Jerome, George Bauman, Lois Smith, Sam West, Matthew Schweitzer, Scott Williams, Don Rice, Tricia Herban, David Gold, Tony Sanfilippo, Miriam Kahn, Emerson Gilbert, and Laralyn Dearing.**

Tony Clark and his Program committee (Geoff Smith, Don Rice, Pat Groseck) have managed to plan a plethora of programs for next year. **Catherine Bennett** coordinated quarterly "Lady Aldine" luncheons during the year so we could spend even more time talking about books.

Lois Smith coordinated our field trips and **Eric Johnson** gave us a special tour of his Martin Luther exhibit at OSU. **Pat Groseck** is planning another glorious Summer Picnic with an international ancestry theme that should have us all sharing great food and family histories.

I deeply appreciate the time and effort all of you have given to keep the Aldus Society a vibrant and growing membership and a source of wonderful book-related programming in central Ohio.

Debra

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your heritage and make a potluck dish to share. Or, if your family came over on the Mayflower and ate squirrel and maize, we encourage you to adopt someone else's heritage and bring whatever is your favorite international dish to make. Just so we are not overwhelmed with too many spotted dicks, let Pat Groseck know what you plan to bring when you RSVP. Meat, soft beverages and utensils are provided. BYO adult beverages.

Name Your Dish Contest. Create a fanciful name for your potluck dish related to the literature or politics of your homeland and you may win a prize. Leah Kalasky will recruit and lead the judges.

Seeking Entertainment. Those who have a hidden talent for singing Irish ballads or Italian love songs, playing the Shofar or mandolin, knocking out a mazurka on an accordion, or other performance art skill, please let us know.

Look for more information in your e-mail box in May or contact Pat Groseck at groseck@gmail.com.



Books for the Political Season or Views of the 1859 Ohio Political Debates

By David Gold

This year is a gubernatorial election year in Ohio, and the campaign season is upon us. As of this writing, with the primary elections just a few weeks away, the nomination is still being contested in both major parties. After primary day, when the candidates have been chosen, the real fun begins.

The last time around, there wasn't much of a match. Democratic candidate Ed FitzGerald shot himself in the foot, in both feet in fact, and in so many other places that Governor Kasich did not condescend to debate the poor soul. FitzGerald won just one-third of the popular vote and carried two, two!, of the state's eighty-eight counties.

This year is likely to be different. With Kasich term-limited and President Trump creating controversy every time he talks or tweets, a serious electoral brawl seems in the offing. And a major part of that brawl will probably be one or more debates between the candidates. With any luck, the debates will be more civilized and substantive than the 2016 presidential confrontations; but for sure they will not resemble the debates of 1859, when William Dennison Jr. and Rufus P. Ranney faced off in a series of seven four-hour "joint discussions" in venues around the state.

I know quite a bit about the Dennison-Ranney debates. In fact, I recently published a book about them, *Slavery and Scandal: The Ohio Gubernatorial Debates of 1859*. As the title

indicates, the 1859 election revolved around two big issues. With the country careening toward civil war, problems related to slavery took center stage. Should the vast western territories be open to slavery? Should northern states cooperate in the enforcement of the federal Fugitive Slave Act? Questions like these had dominated the Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858, and Dennison and Ranney argued vociferously over them.

But Ohio also had a home-grown issue, the great treasury "defalcation." Successive state treasurers of both parties had diverted huge amounts of public money for the benefit of themselves and their friends. The state treasury was practically empty, and the most recent looter had absconded to Canada. Dennison and Ranney devoted much of their time to assessing blame for the scandal and proposing ways to avoid such catastrophes in the future.

I became interested in the 1859 election almost by chance. When I arrived in Ohio as a law student in 1973, Dennison and Ranney had long been obscure figures. But Ranney popped up now and then in Ohio legal and historical sources as a highly respected lawyer and judge. About eight or ten years ago, during a slow period at work, and not being a fan of computer solitaire, I decided to see what I could learn about Ranney. Quite a bit, as it turned out, enough to publish a book about him in 2017. The complete, very long

title is *The Jacksonian Conservatism of Rufus P. Ranney: The Politics and Jurisprudence of a Northern Democrat from the Age of Jackson to the Gilded Age* (Ohio University Press).

One of the things I learned was that Ranney, as the Democratic candidate for governor, engaged Dennison in those 1859 debates. Ranney was a leading Democratic politician who had run for Congress three times in the 1840s, served as a very vocal delegate to the state constitutional convention of 1850–51, and acquired a sterling reputation as a member of the Ohio Supreme Court in the 1850s. Dennison had been an important Whig and then Republican politician and attorney, but he had not been so prominently in the public eye and was not expected to hold his own against Ranney in debate.

The two camps agreed to a grueling schedule of seven debates in Tiffin, Dayton, Chillicothe, Zanesville, Cleveland, Canton, and Columbus within the space of two weeks, although the last one had to be postponed. Each debate would consist of an opening address, a reply, and a rebuttal, giving the candidates a total of two hours apiece. Dennison and Ranney alternated opening the discussions. The debates took place outdoors, before crowds of thousands, of course without microphones. Between debates the candidates gave other speeches, so that by the end of the campaign their throats were raw.

Another thing I learned, to my surprise, was that nothing had been published about the debates. Two long-ago students of rhetoric had written master's theses about them, but that was all. My biography of Ranney rectified the deficiency to some extent, but not enough. *Slavery and Scandal* provides the fullest treatment of the debates that the newspaper reports of the day make possible.

Verbatim reporting of public addresses was a recent phenomenon in 1859. Two decades earlier, Englishman Isaac Pitman had developed "phonography," a shorthand method based on phonetics. Pitman's brother Benn brought the system to Ohio around 1853, opening a school of phonography in Cincinnati, and it soon became popular among court reporters and newspaper correspondents. Robert R. Hitt, who recorded the Lincoln-Douglas debates for a Republican paper, had studied Pitman's phonography.

Recording the Lincoln-Douglas debates may have been the most prodigious feat of shorthand reporting to that time. The big Chicago papers each employed a two-man team to report the speeches. One man would furiously record the speeches in a notebook until the first train from the debate site to Chicago was ready to depart. The second man would grab the notebook, dash for the train, and transcribe the shorthand notes en route. Compositors would be waiting in Chicago to set the type. As soon as the debate was over, the shorthand reporter would catch the next train himself, transcribe the rest of his notes on board, and pass the text to the waiting compositors. A verbatim transcript of three hours of debate could appear in the papers within two days.

We have very little information about the reporting of the Dennison-Ranney debates, but that any of them, except perhaps the one in Canton, were printed truly verbatim is doubtful. I could find summaries of the Dayton, Chillicothe, and Zanesville debates but no transcripts. Different newspapers published supposedly verbatim reports of the four other meetings. However, the word count for the Canton debate far exceeds that for any of the others, double that for Columbus, even though the candidates spoke for a total of four hours on each occasion. It is probably no coincidence that the Canton debate was taken down, according to Dennison, by "one of the best reporters in the United States."

The Dennison-Ranney debates are good reading for anyone interested in Ohio history or the Civil War. To set the table for the "joint discussions," I wrote an introduction covering the issues, the candidates, and the newspaper reports; footnotes identifying individuals and events that are not known to most modern readers; and an epilogue on the results of the 1859 election and the subsequent history of gubernatorial debates in Ohio.

But there is something more to these debates. Although they took place over a century and a half ago, they have a peculiar resonance today—or maybe not so peculiar, if you believe, with William Faulkner, that "[t]he past isn't dead. It isn't even past." The overtness of the racism still shocks. But I happen now to be reading *Deep South* by Paul Theroux, and his encounters of modern southern racism show how deep-seated racism is in some parts of this country.

Over and over, Dennison attacked the Fugitive Slave Act and Ranney assailed the Republicans for fostering disrespect for the law. One argument engendered by the Fugitive Slave Act concerned the states' responsibility for enforcing federal law. Does this not sound like today's dispute over illegal aliens and sanctuary cities?

Both Dennison and Ranney had to deal with "fake news," the former, that he had threatened, if elected, to "use the bayonet" to prevent the return of fugitive slaves; the latter, that in 1850 he had publicly denounced the Fugitive Slave Act "in scathing and blistering curses" as unconstitutional. The partisan newspapers of the day, which frequently reprinted reports from other papers, managed to spread the stories far and wide without the help of the internet.

Some things never change. The old mode of political debating, however, is gone for good. It's hard to imagine a modern candidate sustaining an argument for one to two hours at a time. Wouldn't it be wonderful to follow a procession, with bands and banners, to the county fairgrounds on a balmy fall day to hear the candidates go at it in person? To hear them lay out their positions and policies in depth instead of sound bites, without personal rancor? Maybe this year, if someone suggests it, Ohio Village will host a debate extravaganza in the old style. And maybe, as Charlie Brown once said, "I'll flap my arms and fly to the moon."

Amazon's New HQ2 and Columbus

By Tony Sanfilippo

Several weekends ago I took my dog on a long walk downtown and around Franklinton and I noticed new office banners on an old retail space that used to house a graphic art supplies business on Broad at the base of the peninsula, just inside of Franklinton. [Fig 1]



Fig. 1

The banners were for the new occupants, the Tesla Foundation and the UAVSA. For the uninitiated, the Tesla Foundation is an NFP started by Tesla with an autonomous solutions mission. They were founded on the belief that there's no problem, particularly in transportation, that AI and autonomous vehicles can't solve. It is probably setting up shop here because of that recent Smart City designation and all that DOT and Vulcan funding

coming with it, combined with OSU's and Honda-Marysville's work in that area, but having the UAVSA as their neighbor struck me as noteworthy. The UAVSA is America's largest drone advocacy and lobbying organization. And those two newcomers share the building with a logistics consulting company. All three of those residents appeared to have moved in the last few months.

Meanwhile, on the OSU campus, the university has just started an analytics program, and already had one of the best logistics programs in the country. And US70 runs right through town, and US80 is less than an hour away. Those are America's transportation aorta and vena cava.

I bring all this up to point out that Columbus isn't actually a far-fetched place for Amazon to choose for its new second headquarters, affectionately known to mayors and state legislators around the country as HQ2. For Amazon's 50,000 new jobs, cities and states around the country have been prostrating themselves before Amazon in hopes of catching a ride on the coattails of one of the nation's most successful retailers and Internet businesses. And the fact that Columbus is a goldmine of autonomous transportation, logistics, and IT research is certainly a factor in our favor.

Austin and Denver are favorites among most prognosticators, which isn't surprising considering how similar both are to Columbus. Both have deep pools of IT talent, are state capitals, and have impressive state universities associated with them. But like Columbus they don't have direct flights to all the places required of a company like Amazon, nor do they have great public transit. Others point to Atlanta, who may have recently hindered their chances after the state legislature recently threatened to pull Delta's HQ tax breaks when Delta cut ties with the NRA. Others wonder if Bezos' recent home purchase in DC or his purchase of the Washington Post give east coast locations like Maryland or New York better chances.

Columbus's role as a retail laboratory is surely of interest to Amazon. And we've already got a bunch of Amazon distribution centers here, and a server farm for their web services. Amazon's even invested in wind power here in Ohio.

Columbus also has a decaying but still intact elaborate rail infrastructure. Wouldn't it be interesting if Amazon found value in that? We have long served as a distribution center because of our centralized location. We weren't a cow town because we raised them here, we were a cow town because they were shipped from here. So was a good proportion of the Midwest's harvest. We were even more influential in trade and logistics when the canal systems were in place. Did you know that riverboats used to run up and down the Scioto, and that Franklinton used to be one of the busiest river ports in the country? None of that is relevant to what Amazon does, but that happened because we're so central on the continent. When you consider geography, the logistics question can take on a new variable.

When Amazon started building its campus in Seattle, it did it in a blighted part of town, in part because it was close to the center, and in part because it was cheap. Franklinton reminds me a lot of what that part of Seattle was like when Amazon first built there. And there's plenty of area to grow in Franklinton while still being downtown. And it got me to thinking about the recent announcement concerning Amazon, Chase, and Berkshire Hathaway looking at reinventing health care and at first I thought that it was completely independent of Amazon's decision on where to build their second HQ. But I've been giving it some thought, especially after reading this NYT story on the challenges they'll face going into health care: <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/01/30/upshot/can-amazon-and-friends-handle-health-care-theres-reason-for-doubt.html>.

This new initiative has the potential to work in favor of choosing Columbus for the HQ. One of the sites named in Columbus's proposal, Franklinton, has a newly vacant hospital and medical facility on it. Mount Carmel West is scheduled to begin to be torn down this summer. What if it was actually an asset? Also, as the NYT article indicates, there aren't too many successful examples of a very large employer

setting up both a self-insurance infrastructure and a medical facility for its staff and making it work successfully and efficiently, but I can think of one that actually works quite well. It's my employer. OSU gives employees the option of going outside the OSU network for services but most of us use OSU for all of our health care needs because its excellent care, and it's very affordable, and eliminates mountains of paperwork. It would certainly help to have such a system and its associated talent pool, not to mention the myriad of insurance companies already based here, and the HQ for CoverMyMeds.com, in the same place as Amazon's HQ.

We're in the heart of the country and close to a lot of major markets, including a couple of Canadian ones. We shouldn't be a long shot. Our big negative is lack of a good public transit system, but neither Denver nor Austin has anything to shout about in that category either.

We probably don't think of our city as a tech hub, but it's quickly becoming one. I don't really know if we're in contention, it just wouldn't surprise me if Amazon chose Columbus.

The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries: W. Y. Evans-Wentz and Belief in the Supernatural

By Matthew S. Schweitzer



W.Y. Evans-Wentz

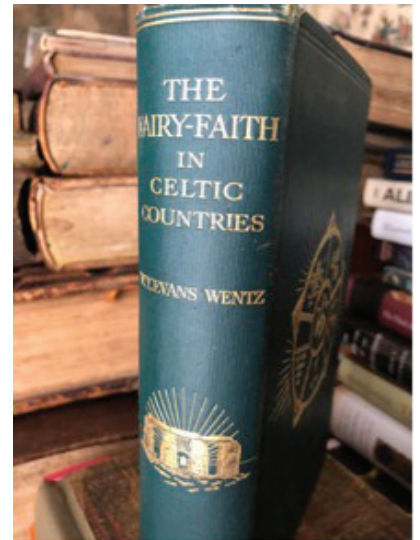
Belief in the supernatural has been prevalent throughout the entirety of human history. It has formed the basis of our religions, myths, superstitions, and general understanding of the world until relatively very recently. Even today in our modern age of science and reason, the belief in spooks, specters, and ghosts along with a litany of other mysterious beings like the Mothman, banshees, vampires, goblins, shadow people, and other denizens of the Netherworld is still surprisingly widespread. Perhaps one of the most common supernatural beings found in many ancient myths and legends of Europe and America was the fairy. Although the belief in fairies (or faeries) has diminished in our time, belief in fairy-like beings is still found if one digs a little beneath the surface. This belief was especially strong in the lands once inhabited by the ancient Celts, today the countries of Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and by virtue of migration the United States and Canada.

The first and by far most comprehensive academic study of belief in such supernatural phenomenon is *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries* by W.Y. Evans-Wentz. Published

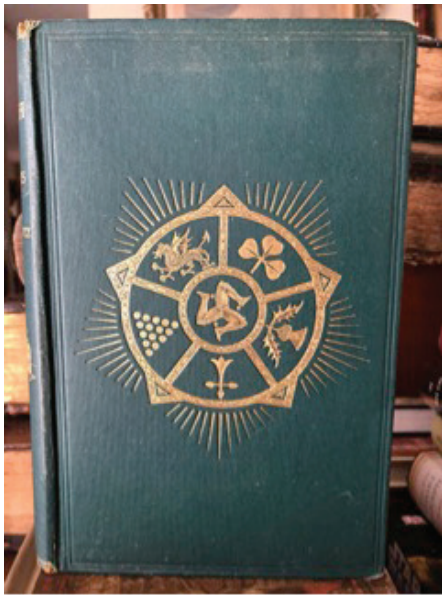
in 1911, this book was the first of its kind to do a serious investigation into the myths and legends surrounding fairy lore and folk belief in a variety of supernatural beings with the focus being on fairies and the existence of similar creatures. Evans-Wentz based the book on his earlier Oxford doctoral thesis and wanted to expand on his interest in folklore, religion,

and supernaturalism. He examined fairy belief in more detail and included a multitude of anecdotal and eyewitness accounts from across England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Brittany, and the Isle of Man. Evans-Wentz was fascinated by the subject of folklore and took an open-minded approach to the topic which gives the work an unusually sympathetic tone. It is impossible to imagine such a study being published by any respected scholar today, but Evans-Wentz's book was received very positively and it became highly influential especially with those interested in folklore, religious studies, and psychical research.

Walter Yeeling Evans-Wentz was born in 1875 in Trenton, New Jersey where he began a lifelong interest in studying folktales, mythology, superstition, and religion. He attended Stanford and later Oxford where he earned his PhD in Comparative Religion. His first book on the folklore and fairy belief in Europe was an enlargement of his work at Oxford and established him as a noted scholar and researcher on a topic that was largely scorned by his academic peers. Evans-Wentz would later go on to publish a translation of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* in 1927 which is the work for which he is best



known today. In fact, it is said that his publication of the *Book of the Dead* and several other books on Tibetan Buddhism contributed to the profound interest in Eastern religions in the West which led in part to the rise of the New Age movement decades later.



Evans-Wentz had become curious about Theosophy and the writings of the famous Russian mystic Helena Blavatsky at an early age. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, the same year as his birth, and this sparked an intense interest in occultism and religion that lasted a lifetime.

Eventually this interest led him to his research in the folklore surrounding fairies and the “Invisible World” they inhabited. Like most Theosophists, Evans-Wentz believed that there was more to our world than meets the eye. By pulling back the veil of our reality to look at what lies beyond our normal human perception, we could get a glimpse of the deeper truths hidden from our view. During his many years of travel and research, he associated with many prominent Theosophists like Annie Besant and Henry Steel Olcott, who were both extremely supportive of his work. Evans-Wentz would later also write several important and influential books on Western Esoterism and reincarnation that were the product of his Theosophical collaborations.

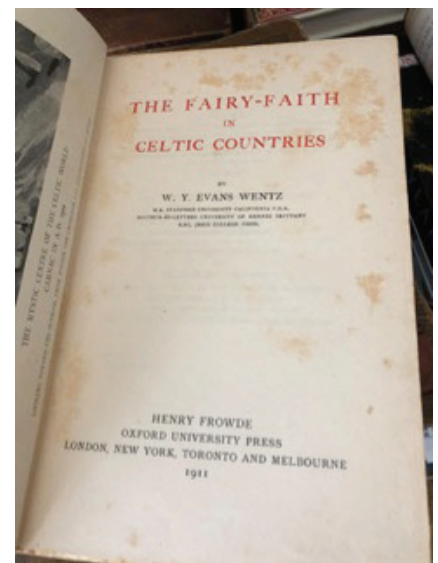
His book on the Fairy Faith remains one of his most entertaining works however. It contains an assortment of stories collected into a survey of prevailing beliefs regarding the existence of the supernatural in general and particularly involving encounters with fairies, pixies, brownies, banshees, dwarves, leprechauns, and so on. It is essentially an in-depth study of the variety of beliefs in Celtic lands in the fairy phenomenon and speculative explanations for such sightings and the persistence and commonality of those beliefs in the face of modern scientific rationalism. By comparing these folk beliefs regarding fairies with the similar myths and folk legends of other cultures, Evans-Wentz shows that belief in these spiritual entities was universal and largely consistent, making it appear to him that such tales must have had some basis in reality. He evaluated several explanations for these fairy sightings drawing on the areas of history, anthropology, and even the nascent field of psychology. Perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of the book was the conclusion, based on the apparent overwhelming

anecdotal evidence at hand regarding the existence of these creatures that fairies and other similar beings must exist. This realization helped to convince Evans-Wentz of a more profound truth that modern industrial society had cut man off from Nature and was moving quickly away from humanity’s connection with the supernatural that had existed from the dawn of time. Evans-Wentz wrote:

“The great majority of men in cities are apt to pride themselves on their own exemption from ‘superstition’ and to smile pityingly at the poor countrymen and countrywomen who believe in fairies. But when they do so they forget that, with all their own admirable progress in material invention, with all the far-reaching data of their acquired science, with all the vast extent of their commercial and economic conquests, they themselves have ceased to be natural.”

The *Fairy-Faith* went on to become an important work in the field of folklore studies and earned the author recognition from eminent scholars who praised the book despite its questionable conclusions about the existence of magical beings. The book is still read today and is eagerly discussed in Fortean circles, especially in recent years when there has been a resurgence of interest in fairy lore and the supernatural, particularly when we consider that modern UFO sightings and alien abduction. These accounts seem tantalizingly similar in detail to earlier stories of encounters with fairies and their propensity to abduct children from their beds during the night.

After 1911, Evans-Wentz’s interests shifted toward Theosophy and the Far East where he would spend years traveling throughout Asia and begin his groundbreaking work on Buddhism that would earn him lasting fame. When World War II broke out, he returned to the United States,



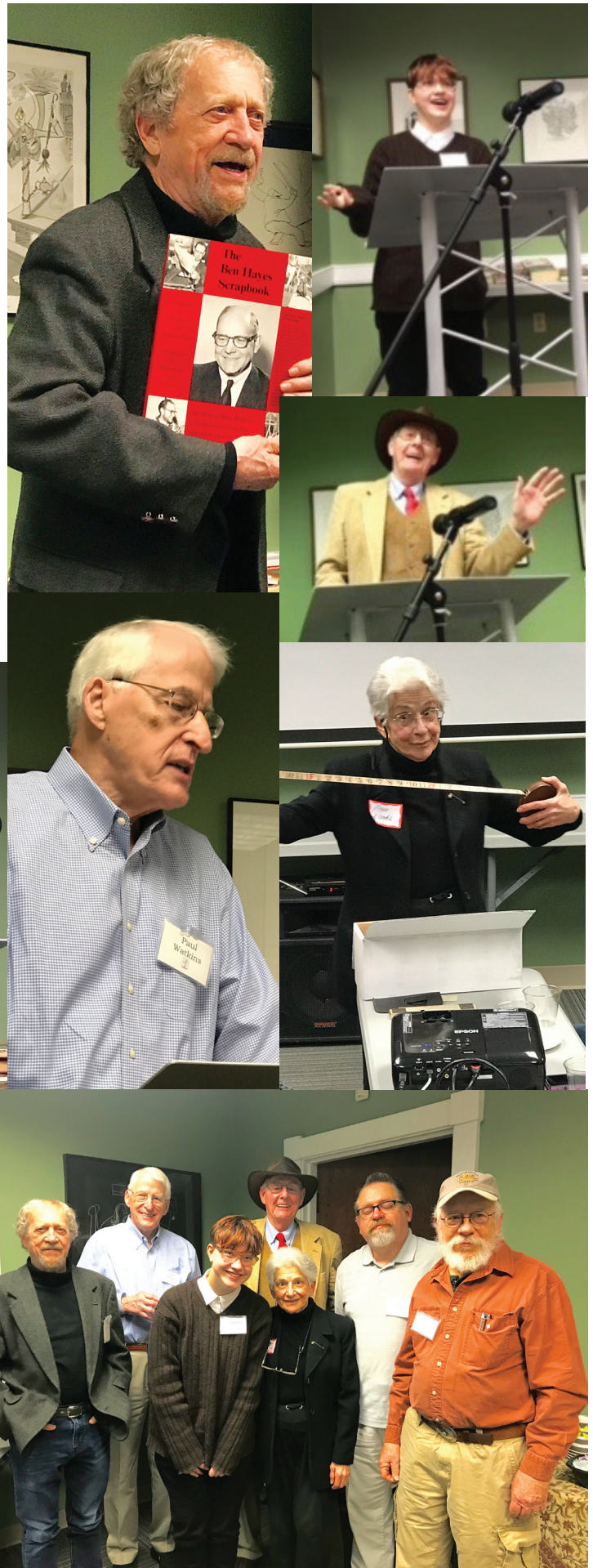
settling in San Diego where he would live out his remaining twenty-three years as a virtual hermit. He died in 1965, still bitter at the failure of society to reconcile itself with the Natural world and its invisible inhabitants. Yet his books remain popular. With the continued interest in occultism and the supernatural today, he might well have been pleased that his hope for such a reconciliation might not be in vain.

January 11, 2018 Featured Aldus Collects

The highlight of the winter season and the coldest month of the year is Aldus Collects. This year six intrepid Aldus members spoke about their collections and reading passions. Ryan Sanfilippo talked about books from his childhood that made left him breathless and eager to read more. Paul Watkins spoke about books about Generals while John Bennett showed us his huge collection of books and materials he's written, now part of the OSU Rare Books collection. The second half of the program featured Tom Thacker's books about "Nelson Evans' Bathing Beauties," and that they were; Don Rice spoke about his encounters with famous writers using several degrees of separation. The presentations were rounded off by Ann Alaia Woods and her collection of things that measure.

What would January be with George Cowmeadow Bauman as MC for a sneak peek into our members' collections!

By the way, If you haven't participated before, now's the time to sign up for next year's program of Aldus Collects!



February Recap



Chilly February 2018 brought local OSU professor Alan B. Farmer to Aldus to talk about “Women Obstinate in Mischief”: *Commonplacing Femininity in Meisei University’s Shakespeare First Folio* (MR 774). This complex and engaging presentation entranced Aldus members with a deep dive into the marginalia in the most extensively annotated extant copy of the

Shakespeare First Folio. This was the perfect follow up to the debate about Shakespeare and the 2016 year of Shakespeare. There’s always a surprise tucked into his plays and printed works. It takes a keen eye to delve into all the mysteries.

March Recap

March 2018 was the Ravneberg Lecture. This year it featured Marcia Bartusiak who spoke about “The Day We Found the Universe.” Using wonderful illustrations and photographs, Bartusiak took Aldus members through the history of astronomical discovery of galaxies throughout the universe. The talk featured astronomers beginning in the 1740s but really featured those in the 1880s and later. Telescopes, observatories, photographs, and the stars were just some of the celestial features Aldus members learned about.



April Recap

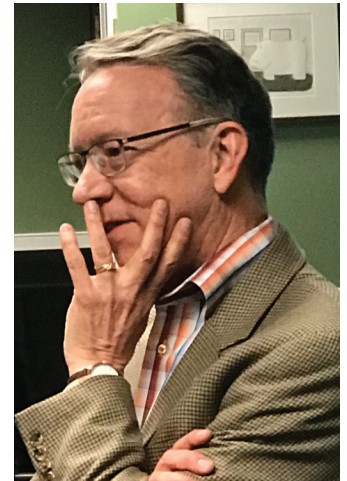
April showers bring flowers and surprises. This year, April’s speaker was Robert Cook-Deegan, MD/PhD from the Arizona State University School of the Future of Innovation in Society. If the name of the school wasn’t intriguing enough, the idea that Frankenstein was the inspiration for many of today’s technological innovations was! For the bicentennial



of the book’s publication, Cook-Deegan took Aldus members through the long history of the creation of the monster and Mary Godwin Shelley’s life. Of course the talk featured photos and images of the famous

author. Aldus members left with an appreciation for the science and technology in the book, in our future, and perhaps a desire to re-read the classic tale.

After listening to our informative and entertaining speaker on Thursday, some of us may be looking forward to seeing the film, *Mary Shelley*. General release is planned for May. Early reviews from festival screenings in the fall were not positive, but possibly the director has used the time since to recut. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T-WGaZaojFc>



Visit Thurber House!

77 Jefferson Ave., Columbus, OH 43215
Open seven days a week from 1:00-4:00 pm

Tour the house that Thurber made famous in *My Life and Hard Times*. Built in 1873, it is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Daily self-guided tours are free, and guided tours are available on Sundays for \$4.00/adults and \$2.00/students and seniors.



EVERYBODY'S GOTTA BE SOMEWHERE (Eccles)

By Roger Jerome

In my recent article, *Slainte To All of You* (*Aldus Society Notes* Vol.18 No.1), I listed the host of Irish writers I have encountered. Inevitably, I forgot a few and have since come across more – Allingham, Barrington, Coddington, Costello, Delaney, another Enright, Fahy, Flynn, Hall, Hutchinson, Kavanagh, Leonard, Lover, Lynch, another McCarthy, another McPherson, Meade, Mitchell, Morrison, Muldoon, Nicholls, Norton, another O'Brien, another O'Connor, O'Hagan, O'Leary, O'Nolan, O'Riordain, O'Toole, Owenson, Parker, another Reid, Rudkin and Todhunter... The Irish seem compelled to write. But the most unforgivable omission was a writer who, together with P.G. Wodehouse and Noel Coward, was for me part of the trio of the greatest comic writers in English in the twentieth century. Living as I do in James Thurber's home town, this is a bold claim. My mistake with the list was an inexplicable Aldine senior moment, for I had spent untold hours between 1951 and 1972 listening to and appreciating this writer's work on BBC Radio – along with hundreds of thousands of my fellow U.K. country folk. When teaching a course at Delaware University and elsewhere, entitled *Alice Greets Monty Python*, this writer was an essential link between the comic giants of the last two centuries. The course was an exploration of the 'Nonsense Tradition' of the British Isles.

The work of Terence Alan Patrick Sean Milligan (1918 – 2002) brought the clever, witty, zany but sometimes rather arch comic writing of such as Dodgson, Lear, Thackeray and Gilbert towards a contemporary, more easily accessible writer for me in the 1950s. His creations were freely acknowledged as the inspiration for Cleeve, Palin, Idle, Jones, Chapman and Gilliam, whose own work and that of those they influenced are with us today. Milligan was a sort of missing link. His work was known, if not universally liked, by everyone who wasn't asleep 24/7, in the Anglo-English-speaking world. He was a regular comic presence, a literary agent of subversion, in people's lives in the U.K., week after week, in the 1950s and beyond.



Spike portrait by Lord Snowdon



Spike's father's Sligo birthplace

cultural inheritance. Mention Spike's name to any American and the usual response is "Who?" One notable exception was Firesign Theater, who cited Milligan as their inspiration. These are often the same Yanks who enthuse about 'the British sense of humor'. Spike was the key exponent of this 'British humor' in his time. I realize I must separate the writer from the performer, but in 2001 he was voted "the U.K.'s funniest man of the Millennium" (Cleeve coming in second – Cleeve would have agreed). And yet he never made the 'popularity leap' across the Atlantic. This was true of other popular U.K. comic legends – Frank Randle, Sid Field, Max Wall, Tommy Cooper and the writer H. B. Morton ('Beachcomber'). It was the same the other way round for such as Sid Caesar, Carol Burnett, Jackie Gleason, and Johnny Carson, of whose work I, as a student and young man, was unaware. Their popularity in the U.K. now was enabled by mass media development and cable TV re-runs. My mates and I, way back, were grateful to Hollywood, letting us see the Marx Brothers, *Hellzapoppin'*, Abbot and Costello, Danny Kaye, and Mel Brooks. Of course, BBC/TV later popularized Benny Hill (one of my faves) here and many comedy series too. But the wide ocean has been a barrier to fuller Anglo-American mutual cultural experience and understanding. There'll be test on all this later.

Spike Milligan's foremost claim to fame – and the key factor in his geographically insular appeal – was as scriptwriter (and performer) of *The Goon Show*, a BBC Radio comedy program, running regularly between 1951 and 1960. Radio comedy is open to experiment and unconventionality but it used to be difficult to get across 3,000 miles of water. His two constant colleagues in the show became better known in the USA than he is – Peter Sellers, who honed his amazing comic talent and vocal genius in *The Goon Show*, and Harry Secombe, a dotty, overweight Welsh comedian with a powerful tenor singing voice, who starred on Broadway and in movies, e.g. *Oliver!*, playing Mr. Bumble. The three of them, from the original show (*Crazy People*) were cultural gods to us (I was 15 when they started) – Sellers, Secombe and Milligan

And yet Milligan – known professionally as 'Spike' Milligan – is in my experience virtually unknown by my fellow Americans. An Irishman, his writing was in his national tradition of Flann O'Brien, Beckett, Wilde, Swift and Smollett and he harked further back to the Fools in Shakespeare. He was born and brought up in India, which added another layer to his

Listen, someone's screaming in agony –
fortunately I speak it fluently.

innie: You can't shoot elephants in England
tun: No? Why Not?
innie: They're out of season

- FROM THE GOON SHOW

Old Comrades

“I’m walking backwards for Christmas,
across the Irish Sea,
I’m walking backwards for Christmas,
it’s the only thing for me.
I’ve tried walking sideways,
and walking to the front,
But people just look at me
and say it’s a publicity stunt,
I’m walking backwards for Christmas,
To prove that I love you.”

“Ying tong, ying tong, Ying tong, ying tong,
Ying tong iddle I po.
Ying tong, ying tong, Ying tong, ying tong,
Ying tong iddle I po.
Ying tong, ying tong, Ying tong, ying tong,
Ying tong iddle I po.
Ying tong, ying tong, Ying tong iddle I po,
Iddle I po,
Ying tong, ying tong, Ying tong, ying tong,
Ying tong iddle I po.
Ying tong, ying tong iddle – Ying tong iddle I po!
(raspberry sound).”

The shows abounded in catch-phrases: “Oh, goodness gracious me,”; “You silly twisted boy,”; “Needle nardle noo,”; “You can’t get the wood you know,”; “You have dedded me!”, “You dirty rotten swine, you!”, “Do you come here often? Only in the mating season.”; “I don’t wish to know that,”; “No more curried eggs for me,”; “What-what-what-what WHAT?”; “He’s fallen in the water,”; “Sapristi!”, “Don’t do that,” etc., etc. My friends and I would utter them, in the ludicrous voices of the characters, endlessly cracking each other up – outside classrooms and sometimes, to the fury of our teachers, during lessons. It was a form of anarchic anti-establishmentism. But these delights of the bankrupt, grey, austerity-ridden, foggy, rationed U.K. didn’t reach America. Even now that they have, via audio-cassette or CD, the helter-skelter verbal and situational craziness eludes, puzzles or annoys most Americans – including my eminently equable, sensible, and beloved Columbusite wife.

THE GOONS

Left to right: Ray Ellington, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan, Alan Smithee, Peter Sellers.

THE GOONS (Secombe, Milligan, Sellers) with the Telegraph (Sally Simpson, Evelyn, Major Blomfield), 1963

THE GOONS

THE GOONS (Secombe, Milligan, Sellers) with the Telegraph (Sally Simpson, Evelyn, Major Blomfield), 1963

The BBC presented ten series of *The Goon Show*, plus a final, celebratory forty-five-minute special in 1972 – a moving reunion of the talents after twelve years – “The

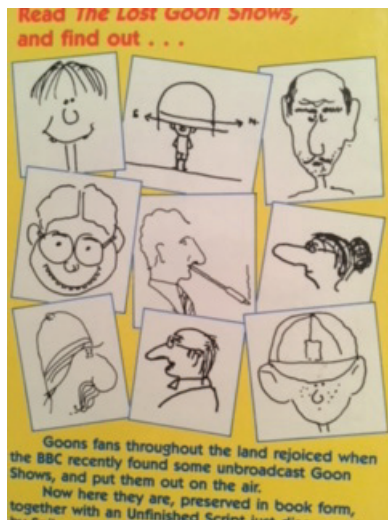
Last Goon Show of All.” Milligan had writing collaborators, who were needed when he was, at times, in hospital with mental illness. There were four Goons in the first two series, but Michael Bentine (the Goons’ Stu Sutcliffe) then dropped out, leaving the classic group of three.



The Last Goon Show in '72 Four Goons Around the Mic, Including Bentine

The recurring characters were played by Sellers and Milligan, with astonishing vocal variety, magnificent comic timing and professional teamwork. Story contexts were often military in nature and the characters would, as a matter of course, cheat each other over money. There were seven main roles, with a variety of subsidiary characters - Eccles (Milligan) was an early Goonish character, pre-dating 1951. He was an idiotic, brainless, unpredictable layabout, sounding like Disney's Goofy and with a slow cunning. Bluebottle (Sellers), nearly always greeted with applause from the studio audience, was a retarded booby, addicted to candy,

obedient to orders, speaking in a high-pitched, much-imitated voice. He declaimed his own stage directions and saw most situations as a chance to be heroic, like Hollywood icons. But he was always tricked and blown up by explosions. Henry Crun (Sellers) was a doddering old, tetchy codger, an inventor but slow and forgetful. He co-habited with Minnie Bannister (Milligan), a senile, shrill, wavery-voiced woman, a secret drinker and prone to excited rhythmic singing. Both



Sketches of Nine Characters

were rather deaf and had hysterical arguments. Major Dennis Bloodnok (Sellers), always introduced by a blaring, aggressive, military musical theme, was an assertive but cowardly, lazy British Army officer, penniless and sex-mad, always ready to cheat but, at the same time, citing military honor and customs. He was inspired by a British major whom Sellers met, during his military service. Another pairing was Grytpipe-Thynne (Sellers), a drawling, suave-voiced con-man, devoted to making money dishonestly, together with Count Jim Moriarty (Milligan) – Thynne's trusted, well organized but occasionally muddled, money-crazed French assistant. These were live radio programs, where situations can be freely imagined by listeners, and where words and sounds are more centrally important than in movies or theatre. They were subtle, noisy, intoxicating and stimulating linguistic comedy-experiences for the U.K. and the Anglo-English-speaking world in the drab 1950s. The shows were quickfire and largely unintelligible to people like my parents. Some script extracts:



Cover of Radio Times

1. SEAGOON and ECCLES, from “The Affair of the Lone Banana” (Oct.1954).

“NARRATOR – When the Englishman awoke, he found himself in a tall dark room with sideboards – it was a prison cell.

SEAG. – True, true. The only other occupant was another occupant – apart from that he was the *only* other occupant. He was chained to the wall by a chain which was attached to the wall. He *appeared* to be a man of breeding and intellect.

ECC. - Hello dere.

SEAG. - I was wrong, but wait – could he be Fred Nurke? Do you recognize this banana?

ECC. - Nope – I don't think I've ever met him before.

SEAG. - Curse – then you're not Fred Nurke?

ECC. - Ohh – ain't I?

SEAG. - No.

ECC. - You mean I'm somebody else?

SEAG. - Yes.

ECC. - Ooo. (pause) Who am I?

SEAG. - What's your name?

ECC. - Eccles.

SEAG. - *That's* who you are.

ECC. - Ooooooooooooo.

2. CRUN and BANNISTER, from “The Mystery of the Fake Neddie Seagoons” (Nov.1956)

MIN - Where are you, buddy?

HEN. - I’m trapped behind the rosewood piano, Min.

MIN. - Oh-dear! Ah – which rosewood piano are you behind, Henry?

HEN. - Which? How many rosewood pianos have we got?

MIN. - I’ll count them (counts). Sixty-eight, Henry.

HEN. - That’s the one. I’m behind that one.

MIN. - Keep still! Heave!...FX – MOVING PIANO – Jangling of strings – booming vibrations – heavy bangs, thuds, etc..

MIN. - There you are. You can come out now, Henry. Ououoh!

HEN. - What’s the matter, Min?

MIN. - You’re not behind this piano, Henry.

HEN. - OH dear - you’d better find me soon.

3. BLOODNOK, NEDDIE and ABDUL, from “The Telephone” (Dec.1956)

ORCHESTRA : BLOODNOK’S RAMPANT, BLARING, MILITARY THEME.

BLOOD. - Oughgh! Aheheheheh! Oueoueggh! Aggoieigh! Aheheheh! Well, I can’t sit here all day.

ABDUL (Indian accent) - Sahib- Sahib - a Palladium-type-comic-type-gentleman has just collapsed in a heap outside.

BLOOD. - I know - I tripped over that heap myself only this morning. I’ll be glad when we’re mechanized. Now, lift up his wig and let’s have a look at him.

SEAG. - groans

BLOOD. - Steady lad! Fan him with a thermometer, and put a copy of *The Lancet* under his head.

SEAG. - groans

ABD. - Oh, goodness gracious, he is seriously unconscious, Major.

BLOOD. - No wonder - I’ll just lift that heavy wallet off him (quick counting). No wonder, there were forty pounds pressing on his chest. Now, we’ll just release the circulation in his arms with the toad treatment.

SEAG. - groans

BLOOD. - Just put this pen in his hand and run it lightly over this cheque, there –

SEAG. - Ah, oh, where am I?

BLOOD. - In the red.

SEAG. - Thank heavens - a British bank manager.

4. SEAGOON and BLUEBOTTLE, from “The Internal Mountain” (Feb.1958)

SEAG. - I’d better check that everyone has taken cover. Bluebottle?

FX - APPROACHING RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

BLUE. - I heard you call, I am coming my Captain. I

was over there, eating my jelly babies in private – you get more that way.

SEAG. - Bluebottle, run in the tunnel and see if all the men are out.

BLUE. - Your wish is my command. I will do that, Captain. I’m not afraid. I will. (pause) I say, Captain – there’s a dirty big stick of dynamite in there.

SEAG. - You’re perfectly safe – it’s a long fuse.

BLUE. - I knew it would be safe. I trust my Captain. He always tells me the truth. (pause) You are telling the truth, aren’t you?

SEAG.- Yes – off you go. FX – FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY. There he goes, brave, tall, straight as a hockey-stick and twice as thin. Even as I speak he enters the dreaded tunnel.

BLUE. - Hello? (echo) Hello, everybody. Is anybody there? Is anyone still in the tunnel? If so, you must leave. You have ten minutes before the dynamite – FX - COLOSSAL EXPLOSION-FALLING BITS, KNIFE, FORK, SPOON, MARBLES, ETC..

BLUE. - You rotten swine you! You’ve shredded my best trousers and melted my Milky Way. Ahhh!

5. BLUEBOTTLE and ECCLES, from “The Mysterious Punch Up the Conker” (Feb.1957)

BLUE. - What time is it?

ECC. - Um, just a minute. I’ve got it written down here on a piece of paper. A nice man wrote da time down for me dis morning.

BLUE. - Euh! Then why do you carry it round with you, Eccles?

ECC. - Well, um, if anyone asks me da time, I can show it to dem.

BLUE. - Wait a minute, Eccles, my good man –

ECC. - What is it, fellow?

BLUE. - It’s writted down on this piece of paper – what is eight o’clock, is writted.

ECC. - I know dat, my good fellow – dat’s right. When I asked da fellow to write it down it was eight o’clock.

BLUE. - Well...then...supposing when someone asks you the time it isn’t eight o’clock?

ECC. - Well, den, I don’t show it to dem.

BLUE. - Well...how do you know when it’s eight o’clock?

ECC. - I got it written down on a piece of paper.

BLUE. - I wish I could afford a piece of paper with the time writted on. Here, Eccles, - let me hold that piece of paper to my ear, would you? ...Here, this piece of paper ain’t going!

ECC. - What! I’ve been sold a forgery!

BLUE. - No wonder it stopped at eight o’clock. You should get one of those things my Grand-dad’s got. His firm give it to him when he retired. It’s one of them

things what it is that wakes you up at eight o'clock, boils the kettle, and pours a cup of tea.

ECC. - Oh, yeah – what's it called...

BLUE. - My Grandma!

ECC. - Ah. Here-wait a minute- how does she know when it's eight o'clock?

BLUE - She's got it written down on a piece of paper.

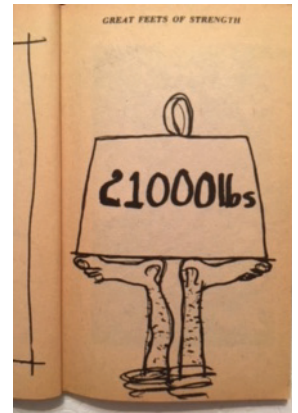
Many parts of the scripts were language games – a bit like Wittgenstein letting his hair down. My college studies in logical positivism made me see them as both fascinating and funny.

After *The Goon Show*, Milligan branched out in many directions, notably as a writer. His slim volumes were published regularly, he was prolific. *The Little Pot Boiler* (1963) had a foreword by Harry Secombe: "Spike Milligan, soldier, poet, man of letters – he has five of mine he has not answered – came up the hard way, the lift was out of action. I first met him in North Africa during the last war. I was laundering my white flag in a wadi...our friendship ripened in the warm sun...he confided to me that he had decided to become a writer...by the time the war was finished he had written over two hundred thousand words. Now came the great task of putting them together. Walls had to be taken down all over the continent and carefully re-assembled in a disused banana factory in East Finchley." The style was infectious.

A Bit of a Book or a Book of Bits (1965) was another miscellany, with cartoons and poems:

The Dreaded Tootsie-Kana

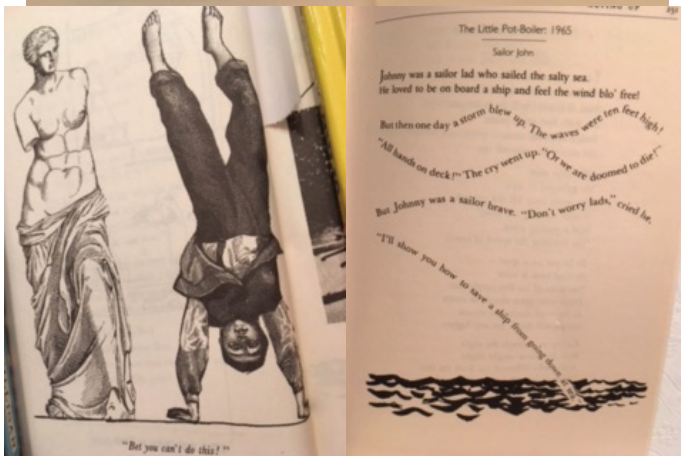
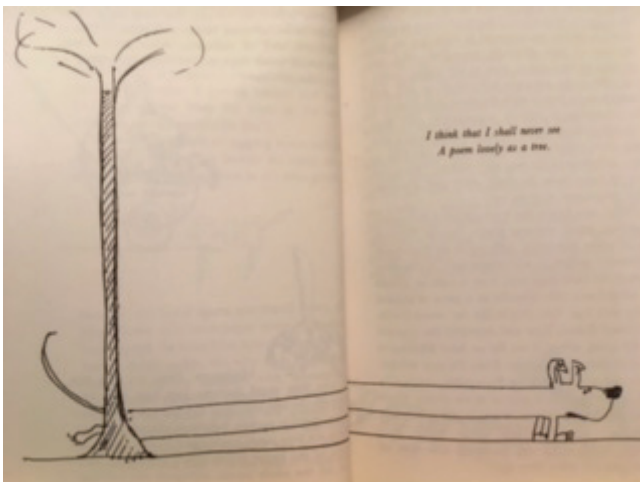
"When the Tootsie-Kana comes,
Hide yourself behind your thumbs;
Tie a dustbin on your head;
Stay indoors: go to bed.
When the Tootsie-Kana goes,
Peel an apple with your toes;
Buy a sausage; paint it red –
Tootsie-Kana falls down dead."



CHORUS:

'Twas Blollig and the Schalomey
Touves did gear and grumble in the Wardrobe, etc., etc.?"

John Lennon was producing similar material in this same period in *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works* (1964/5). Spike was a father of four, he was therefore a

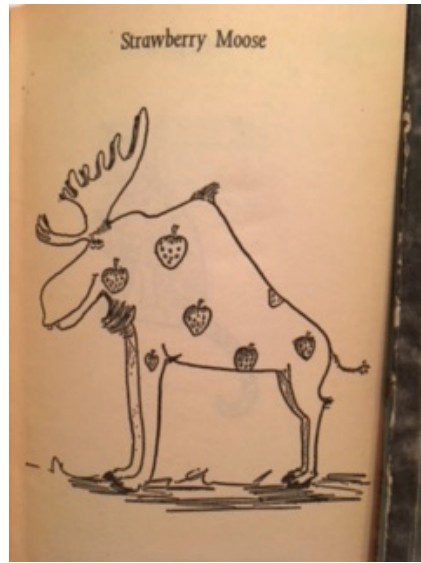


children's entertainer. His *Silly Verse For Kids* (1959) augmented the accepted mode of polite, slightly precious, upper middle-class children's classics, like *Winnie the Pooh* and *Christopher Robin*:

Rain

"There are holes in the sky
Where the rain gets in
But they're ever so small
That's why rain is thin."
Hello Mr. Python
"Hello Mr. Python
Curling round a tree;
Bet you'd like to make yourself
A dinner out of me.
Can't you change your habits
Crushing people's bones?
I wouldn't like a dinner
That emitted fearful groans."

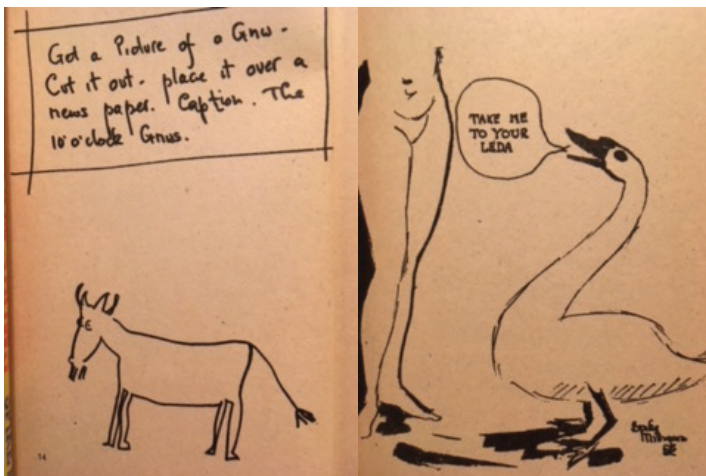
The book was also a stimulus to young people's own creativity. Milligan's work was a new, original voice in the field. As a parent and teacher, I found that kids (as well as 'children') loved the freshness and irreverence of this stuff. He produced many other small books for youngsters, e.g. *A Book of Milliganimals* (1968).



Ant and Eleph-Ant
 "Said a tiny Ant
 To the Elephant,
 'Mind how you tread in this clearing!'
 But alas! Cruel fate!
 She was crushed by the weight
 Of an elephant hard of hearing."

Wiggle-Woggle
 "The Wiggle-Woggle said,
 'When I'm standing on my head
 I can see the coast of China
 And it's very, very Red'."

The Bedside Milligan (1969) also combined words and visuals.



Milliganimak

"Take Me To Your Leda"

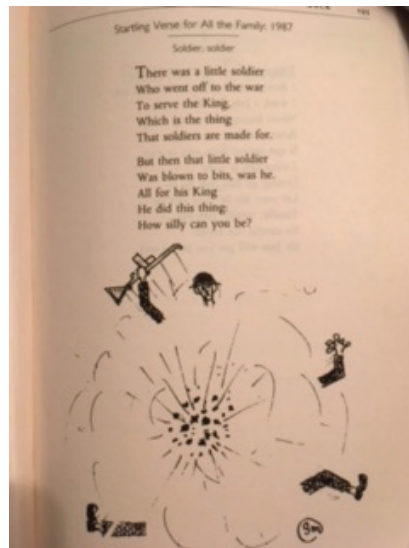
I have met Americans who've read Spike's war memoirs. There were six books (1971 – 1986), including *Rommel: Gunner Who?* (1971) and *Monty: His Part in my Victory* (1976). These

were an impolite record of a real soldier's direct experience, using direct lower and middle-class vernacular:

"September 3rd 1939. The last minutes of peace ticking away. Father and I were watching Mother digging our air-raid shelter. "She's a great little woman" said Father. "And getting smaller all the time" I added. Two minutes later, a man called Chamberlain who did Prime Minister impressions spoke on the wireless; he said "As from eleven o'clock we are at war with Germany" (I loved the WE). "War?" said Mother, "It must have been something we said," said Father. (from *Adolf Hitler: My Part in His Downfall*, 1971). And:



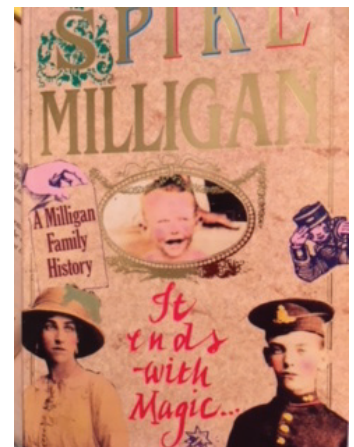
"Bombardier Millington?" "That's almost me," I said. "You are to be discharged tomorrow." ... He made me sign a piece of paper that in as many words said "We have tried to kill this man but failed." I started a series of farewells and looked deeply into the eyes of all the nurses with a look that said quite positively, "You're lucky I never screwed



Poem "Soldier, Soldier"

you" and they looked back with a smile that said "When you've been promoted to Captain, knock three times." (from *Mussolini: His Part in My Downfall*, 1978).

Spike added a seventh memoir, *Peace Work* (1991), which took him into Civvy Street and to the point where he first met Sellers. He had also produced his own family history, *It Ends With Magic* (1990).



The *101 Best and Only Limericks of Spike Milligan* was published in 1982:

There was a young man of Ealing
Who decided to walk on the ceiling
He stood in the hall
And walked up the wall,
Ended up on his back face-down kneeling.

He wrote – “I dedicate this book to my last book *Indefinite Articles and Scunthorpe*, which didn’t do very well. I also dedicate it to Harry Secombe’s suit which has been under great pressure for the last three years. Harry Secombe is now appearing at the Odeon at Kuala Lumpur which is a pity because it has been closed for the twenty years. How did he get a knighthood when I’ve only just been made a mister?”

A man who went up to heaven
Arrived there at ten-past eleven.
When he knocked on the gate
Peter said, ‘sorry, mate,
We’re closed till tomorrow at seven.’ ”

Milligan wrote three novels. The first was *Puckoon* (1963), in which comic characters are involved in The Troubles on the Irish border. The second was *The Looney* (1984), where Mike Looney, a London working man, goes back to Ireland, on a hunch that he is descended from the rightful kings of Ireland: “Looney sat in a pub sipping the night-black Guinness. “Is anybody sitting here?” said Jasper McQuonk, pointing to an empty chair. “For God’s sake, man” said Looney “You can see there’s nobody sittin’ dere.” “Oh yes” said Jasper, “I could see dere was nobody sittin’ dere, but I thought I would get a second opinion.” Jasper slowly sat down. “Slawnchegewa” he said and sipped another decimal profit into the Guinness family coffers. Ireland was a land of liquid shareholders, the only dividend was getting pissed. Approaching was Terence Joyce, sixty-two, flowing white hair, a white beard and a pound of dandruff to match – Joyce, ex-Abbey actor and a postal correspondence philosopher... “There’s an oldddd Irish saying, he said...lingered a moment and then said ‘ I can’t quite think of it at the moment...’ ”*Murphy* (which I haven’t read) appeared in 2000.

In his mid-seventies, he embarked on another literary genre – writing full-length parodies of famous books. The classics were re-told hilariously. He began with *The Big One – The Old Testament, according to Spike Milligan* (1993):

“In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth. And darkness was upon the face of the deep; this was due to a malfunction at Lots Road Power Station. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light, but Eastern Electricity Board said He would have to wait until Thursday to be connected. And God saw the light and it was good; He saw the quarterly bill and that was not good.”

The success of this small book led to others, five more

between 1996 and 2000. Aldines should appreciate this extract from *Frankenstein, according to Spike Milligan* (1997): “You must create a female for me – I need a shag – with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being. This you alone can do; and I demand it of you as a right which you must not refuse to

concede. And have you got a fag?” “I do refuse it,” I replied, “and no torture shall ever extort a consent or a cigarette from me.” “You are in the wrong,” replied the monster, “and, instead of threatening, I am content to reason with you. I am malicious because I am miserable. Not only that, I am gasping for a f*g and a f*ck.”

Milligan’s ear was impeccable.

Post Goons, showbiz claimed much of Spike’s time, as a writer and performer for TV, e.g. *Telegoons*, with puppets (1963/4) and *Q 7* (1969). He starred in the movie *Treasure Island*, W C 2

(1961). As a stage actor, he would subvert plays like *The Bedsitting Room* (1962) and *Oblomov* (1964) with his anarchic ad libs and improvisations. His fellow actors had to fend for themselves. As a stand-up solo comic performer, he sold out wherever he was booked in the U.K., Ireland, New Zealand, and Australia. It’s



Son of Fred, with Sellers

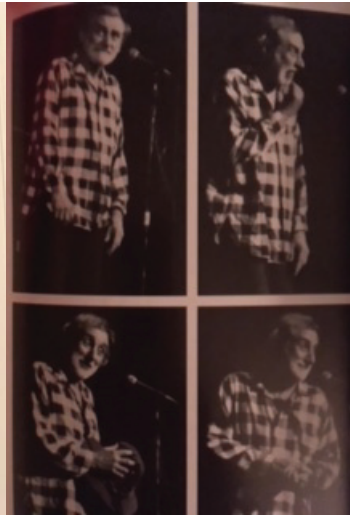
moving to consider that when the Monty Python team were filming *The Life of Brian* (1979) in Tunisia, they discovered that their idol – Milligan – was vacationing nearby. They wrote him into the script. His character was trampled by the mob. He may have felt this to be symbolic of his career. He usually felt hard-done-by by the powers that employed him. However, in this case, he had appeared in a movie once voted as the fifth greatest



British film of all time. The line of heredity of British Nonsense – in which the quirks, complexities, delights and contradictions of language are central – was continued in a movie to be enjoyed and argued about forever.

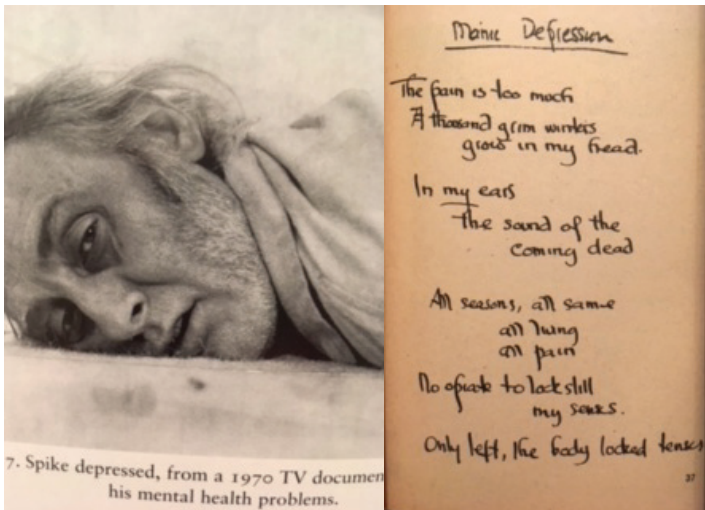


Long John Silver



Spike As a Stand Up Comic

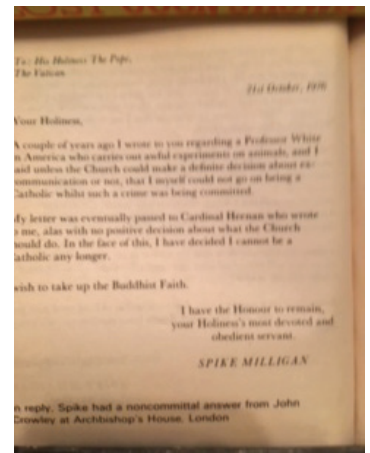
Like many geniuses, Spike would descend into clinical depression, even insanity. He spent several spells as a mental patient and co-wrote *Depression and How To Survive It* (1969) with Dr. Anthony Clare.



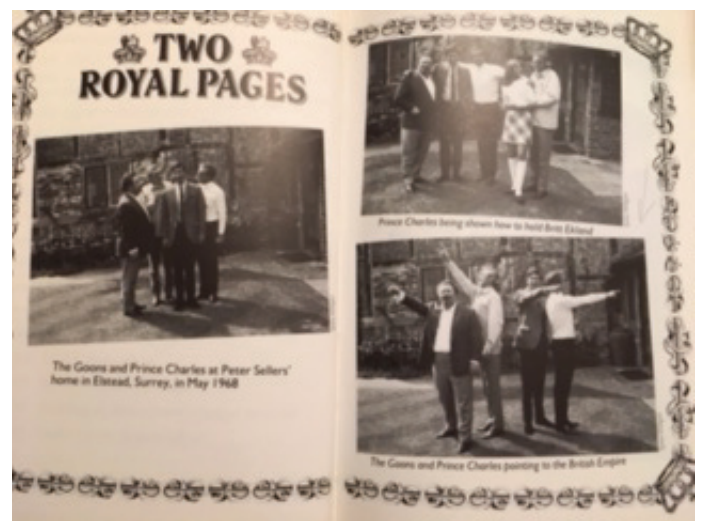
He was a tireless campaigner for social issues, e.g. vegetarianism, nuclear disarmament and family planning. Strictly raised as a Roman Catholic, he would take his views and activism to the top, writing countless letters to people in power about prison conditions, buildings preservation, endangered species, inefficient telephones, dog defecation, etc. He wrote to Prime Minister Wilson in 1969, complaining about a leaky ballpoint pen. As Secombe said, he was a man of letters. What he expressed in them came from what some have called a deep psychological rage. Work colleagues found him...

er...difficult to deal with (huge understatement). He was often impossible in cooperative enterprises. Comedy usually has a nasty edge.

Surprisingly, the Royal Family seemed to adore him, especially Prince Charles, who wrote to Spike from his teenage years on. Princess Margaret, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne were also big fans. Milligan was knighted in 2001.



Spike's Letter to the Pope



Sir Spike was an incredible artist, absurdly talented. Admired by so many in the U.K., he died on 27 February 2002 (it feels eerie writing these words at about the same time of the year). *The Daily Mirror*, a popular tabloid, put him on its front page. He once wrote "I don't mind dying, I just don't want to be there when it happens." He rode the exponential growth in the mass media – his output and range far surpassing Wodehouse and Coward. He was part of a seismic cultural shift in the UK in the 1950s, breaking class barriers in the arts. Milligan was the Nation's Jester – Goon but not forgotten.



Spike with Prince Charles

Books for further reading:

Spike Milligan – The Biography, Humphrey Carpenter, Coronet Books, 2004.

Spike – An Intimate Memoir, Norma Farnes (his agent), Harper Perennial, 2004.

The Essential Spike Milligan, compiled by Alexander Games, Fourth Estate, 2003.

Field of Nonsense, Elizabeth Sewell, Chatto & Windus, 1952.

Spike Milligan – His Part in Our Lives, compiled by Maxine Ventham, Robson Books, 2004.

N.B. In several collections of nonsense poetry published during Spike's lifetime, he was not represented. This would have raised his ire. The only one I have, containing three of his small poems, is *The Penguin Book of Nonsense Verse* (1994), selected and illustrated by Quentin Blake.



Stuart Rose's Library

By Bill Rich

The Aldus Society has a book auction in conjunction with its annual Christmas dinner every December. This Christmas, an unusual item was an opportunity to visit Stuart Rose's library at his home in Dayton, for up to four members who would be successful bidders; the proceeds to go to the Aldus Society.

A group of 4 Aldines, of which I was one, formed a consortium to bid. We were rather aging bibliophiles who are long-time friends. Amazingly, we were the high bidders.

We drove to Dayton this Feb. 5, where we were kindly received by Stuart, and treated to a beautiful lunch at J. Alexander's Restaurant. Stuart then led us to his home, where his wife Mimi made us welcome.

We were then taken to the library, which is in two large, magnificent paneled rooms, with all four walls containing glass-fronted bookcases extending to the ceilings. There is a very large library table in the center of each room. Stuart bade us welcome, and encouraged us to open any case, and take out any book and examine it at pleasure. He stood by to answer any questions we may have had – and we had many.

What can be said about this magnificent collection? At the present, it is one of the greatest private book collections in the world, and is still growing. To quote Samuel Johnson, "Here were riches beyond the dreams of avarice."

The collection is all-encompassing. Perhaps the earliest item is an Egyptian *Book of the Dead* from Ptolemaic Egypt – this unrolled, and displayed in a lighted case. There are manuscript books, and great books from the earliest days of printing. For example, several "Aldines," first printed editions of the Greek and Roman classics, from the press of the great Italian Renaissance printer. And "Caxtons," books printed by the first English printer.

The collection is also strong in English and American



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June 13

Anietra Hamper
*Secret Columbus: A Guide to the
Weird, Wonderful, and Obscure*

June 27

Karen Harper
The It Girls

July 11

Celebrating the Harlem
Renaissance with Poet
Scott Woods

July 25

Jessica Strawser
Not That I Could Tell

August 8

Dan Gearino
*Comic Shop: The Retail Mavericks
Who Gave Us a New Geek Culture*

August 22

An Evening in Appalachia
with Michael Henson and
Kari Gunter-Seymour
Maggie Boylan and Serving

literature. I first heard of Stuart Rose when he bought all four of the Shakespeare folios in one lot at auction. This, of course, made headlines in the book collecting world. It was a pleasure to examine these once again.

The 19th Century literature collection caught my attention, as a modest collector of such material. But here was a collection to shame any current rival. For example, Melville's *Moby Dick* was first published in England as *The Whale* in 3 volumes, the "three-decker" form standard for new novels. This is now a great rarity. But here it was, in the original cloth binding. My hands trembled while looking at it. And here, of course, were the Dickens first editions in the original paper-covered parts, but each part looking like it was published yesterday. Then I saw some of the same novels in contemporary 19th Century bindings, a much easier and cheaper first edition form for collectors. But I should have known upon opening each, there was an inscription from Dickens to a friend. These were "presentation" Dickens, and beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

I looked at some of the science. Here were first editions of Copernicus, Galileo, and the whole pantheon of Western science. Darwin's *Origin of Species*, (1859), was in a near-perfect original cloth binding.

Someday, perhaps, there will be a complete catalog of this great collection. But now, it is still growing. Stuart noted that some of the books are double-stacked! But, a third library room, larger than the first two, is about to be constructed. And the collector is very active. Good wishes and God bless to him.

Tour of the Columbus College of Art and Design Packard Library

By Emerson Gilbert

Lois Smith led the January Aldus tour of the Columbus College of Art and Design (CCAD) Packard Library followed by lunch at the nearby Grass Skirt Tiki Room.

CCAD, one of the country's oldest and "most prestigious" art and design schools, was formed in 1879, as the "Columbus Art School."

Leah Kalasky was unable to participate but made arrangements for Aldus members to attend the day's presentation featuring highlights from the CCAD Rare Book Collection of over 700 rare books and periodicals dating from the late 17th century. The rare books collection has "particularly strong holdings in printmaking, book arts, architecture, interior design, patter and ornament, and the history of costume." Geoff Smith enjoyed looking at the rare books [Fig. 1].

Seven items on display included *Groot Schilderboek*, a Dutch manual on the art of painting, drawing and engraving (CCAD's edition was dated 1740) [Fig 2]; *The Costume of Great Britain* by William Henry Payne, etcher and landscape painter, published 1804; and Dame Elisabeth Frink's *Etchings Illustrating Chaucer's 'Canterbury tales'* 1972.



**Fig. 1 -
Geoffrey Smith, PhD**

**Fig. 2 - Lois Smith holding
a Eugene Grasset (Swiss,
1841-1917) print (thanks to
Christine Mannix)**

If you missed the tour and want to see the items listed above among other amazing art books including miniatures [Fig. 3] and sculptures featuring books [Fig. 4], the Packard Library is open to the public for in-library reading and research.



**Fig. 3 - Miniature Books
created by Christine
Mannix, MLIS (Packard
Library at CCAD)**

**Fig. 4 - Kathy Bennett
with the "graveyard" of
*Encyclopædia Britannica*s**

Following the library tour, it was an easy walk to the Grass Skirt Tiki Room which features a variety of rum drinks, Hawaiian dishes and food with an island flair [Fig. 5].



**Fig. 5 - Lunch
at the Grass
Skirt Tiki Room
one block west
of the library
(Bennetts,
Smiths, and
Gilberts)**

Bookin' Out the Storm:

A Bookstore-y

By George Cowmeadow Bauman

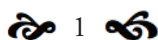
Though the Acorn Bookshop is no more, I have a cornucopia of store-ies of those glorious days of bookselling along West Fifth Avenue in the Grandview area, 1992-2018.

Acorn not only survived, but we thrived! The “literary equivalent of *Cheers*” will live on in our memories, as well as be invoked from time to time in my bookstore-ies. And I suspect that I will get around to organizing and developing all my notes from the closing weeks and write a story or two about the final days of Acorn, such as “How to Sell 10,000 Books in a Day.”

But for now, here's a store-y from September of '17.



Florida's Hurricane Irma blew three booklovers into the Acorn Bookshop last fall. Here are their stories.



When Geoff Gundling moved to Florida several years ago, it was a sad day for our bookstore. He was a longtime seller to us of brand-new collectible books. He'd done very well with what we paid him for them, and we'd done very well selling his signed/limited editions of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror books, which he received from subscriptions to publishers' limited edition clubs. He kept his favorites and sold us the rest.

Stephen King. Ray Bradbury. Ursula Le Guin. Neil Gaiman. All signed and limited. And many more such collectible authors. We bought and sold them all.

Weirdly, Geoff occasionally bought back books which he'd originally sold to us—and at our retail price! He paid for those books with credit from the fresh batch he was always bringing in. He isn't the only person to buy back books they sold to us. Kam Little, a teacher of gifted middle-schoolers, has been doing that with Young Adult books for years. On some visits to *sell* us books, he'll also negotiate to *buy* a book or two back from us. He and Geoff were afflicted with serious seller's remorse. Of course we were only too happy to accommodate them.

No one's replaced Geoff and his regular deliveries of great SF/Horror books. Jack-in-the-Back and I often reminisced about how we loved seeing him walk in with his

four large canvas bags, stuffed with collectible goodies. Pay Day for him, Book Day for us.

He called from Florida in September to say that with Hurricane Irma about to make a direct hit, a Category 5 storm with winds up to 185 MPH. “I just might let the wind blow me north to Columbus and sell some books to you.”

A few days later, we were happy bookers to have Geoff ring our door's bells—just about the time his home in Naples was getting seriously slammed.

“Nothin' I can do about it,” he shrugged, “so I thought I'd come here and do business with you, though my boss isn't happy that I fled from the storm. I'm an IT programmer for a nationwide company, so just because there's a storm messin' with our Florida headquarters, doesn't mean we don't have to keep all the other offices functioning. He was very reluctant to let any of us leave. He's a mean man generally; I've had problems with him before. I had to use several vacation days to drive up here, *even though I might not have been able to get to the office because of roads being impassable!*”

He sighed, then added, “But he pays so much, I guess I have to put up with him.”

For two days Jack researched Geoff's five boxes of Sci-Fi, Fantasy, and Horror offerings; we paid him \$1000, thankful for his contributions once again to our success.

As he left, he told us, “I'm stayin' with a friend until the storm has finished having its way with Naples. I'll go back as soon as I can so I don't use up too many vacation days.”

He shook his head and asked, “Why don't Florida businesses have Hurricane Days like schools up here have Snow Days?!”



A friendly, grizzled guy who said he was a retired Florida lawyer shopped around, upstairs and down, eventually bringing over a large stack of books, which jump-starts our booksellers' hearts even as we're playing it cool on the surface, chatting and ringing him up.

“I'm lucky to be up north this weekend,” he said, “instead of back home in Tampa,” which looked like it was going to get hit hard, according to the National Hurricane Center—which was busier than a rat and a cat zipped into a suitcase together.

“I bought tickets four months ago to come to Columbus for my class reunion,” he offered. “Otherwise I'd be stuck in Florida. But when I left on Thursday, I seriously thought that perhaps the house wouldn't be there when I got back. That's a strange feeling, to know that everything in our home could be gone, blown away by that hurricane, much like how the (Caribbean) islands got wiped out yesterday. But we were urged to evacuate, and I had no reason to go to a shelter down there when I had tickets for up here, so...” and he drifted

off in thought. His cell rang, and he took it outside.

Booksellers often get moments to practice our patience. As customers reconsider their purchase while still standing at the counter, or turn to someone for money, or try to find a spouse, or find a credit card that won't be declined like the first one, we get to stand there with the transaction half-complete, half rung up. Perhaps someone else would be in line wanting to check out, and they'd wait along with us for the customer to conclude their purchase. We would listen to CD music on our stereo, eavesdrop on customers' conversations, or consider the evening's appetizers for the coming book club. Or hum the *Jeopardy!* theme song. In this case, since he had left the building, we voided the transaction and let the others pay and leave.

"My house is OK!" the Florida lawyer exclaimed as he strode back in, needing to celebrate and share the good news, even with us strangers. Those of us in the register area cheered his announcement.

"That call was my neighbor who had promised to let me know how things went. My house was spared, though some neighbors' houses were damaged by trees. One family had three cars destroyed by falling branches. There's a lot of debris in my yard," he said, "but that's nothing compared to what it could have been. Oh, I'm so thankful!"

Much relieved, he said that he used this reunion up north as an excuse to go bookstore-bopping. "I've been to bookstores in Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, and I'll tell you, even though I bought books in each of them, this bookstore beats them all for inventory and being organized."

We thanked him, and asked if he'd seen the basement books. Down he zipped. His final tally was \$92; he rejected a bag for his books, choosing to "just throw them in the trunk with the others."

He paused at the side door, where so many great quips have been made by departing customers, and said, "This storm has sure been good to me book-wise!"

Another customer overheard him talking about the hurricane, and she said to us, "Have you heard that the Hemingway cats are all OK? You know, those six-toed cats in Key West?"

As a cat person, that greatly pleased me. The Hemingway cats had been the topic of several worried conversations since the storms were predicted to hit the Keys hard.

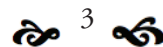
But that was about the only bit of good news coming out of the storm-wrecked Keys.

Our departing customer stepped back to the counter and resumed our conversation. "Tampa got relatively lucky. Apparently we missed the biggest damage. But it's coming to wipe out the rest of Florida. It's a tough environment down there, being so close to sea level.

"Ohio is relatively safe from natural disasters. Though there are occasional tornadoes." He paused, then continued. "My parents were in Xenia when the killer tornado hit back in 1974. The city looked like it had been bombed. Our house lost part of its roof to the wind, and rain soaked through to a couple

of rooms, but we were able to repair the place, unlike some of our neighbors, whose houses were ruined."

Looking around once last time, he said, "I'm glad the storm down there blew me into this bookstore up here."



Our third refugee was a pleasant-looking 60-ish guy in a faded aloha shirt who came to the counter after browsing a bit, having declined our offer to assist him. As he set down his books to buy, he announced with a smile, "I'm a hurricane refugee!"

"I'm from Miami, and Hurricane Irma has destroyed some Caribbean islands and is slamming into Florida at the Keys and will move right up the peninsula. I'm sure glad I'm here in Columbus!"

I told him, "You are a real novelty factor up here, being an escapee. But once you get home, *everyone* will be telling their 'What I did during Hurricane Irma' stories."

We asked him how he was able to get out of Florida, for from what we've seen on the news, and in texts from my anxious cousin Marge in Bradenton, all flights on all airlines were totally booked, and the airports were becoming refuge shelters of people waiting to catch a plane out to anywhere. Reminded me of how Linda and I fled Arctic Circle Finland in '98, running from the omnipresent thick swarms of blood-sucking mosquitos, which were so aggressive that we called the tiny Finnish airport and asked for the very next plane flying to Europe—*anywhere* in Europe! True story, though it sounds like a script from a horror movie.

Our customer replied, "Thankfully, we bought our tickets months ago, for we're in town for my niece's wedding here, a great coincidence. Otherwise I'd be desperate and struggling to get out of southern Florida like everybody else."

He pushed his two hardbacks across the counter to Christine, and as he looked around wistfully, he declared, "I wish we had a bookstore like this in Miami. I'd be in there every day."

As she rang up his two Aviation titles, he said, "When I was young, my family had a bookstore." That got my attention.

"Where was it?" I asked, endlessly curious about bookstores.

"In Auckland," he replied, then added, "New Zealand," as though we Midwesterners were geography-challenged and wouldn't know where Auckland was.

"We had it for four or five years."

He signed the charge-card slip, and as I bagged his books, he said, "My parents were a war-bride couple."

"Oh, yeah?" I asked, sensing a story in the making.

"Yeah, my father was in the Navy during World War Two, and was on one of the ships that was sunk at

Guadalcanal, the *Atlanta*. He was badly injured in the attack, so they put him on a hospital ship and sent him to a hospital in Auckland. My mother nursed him back to health, and they fell in love and got married.” (Didn’t Hemingway already write this story?!)

As an aside, he said, “The American sailors in Auckland preyed on the young local New Zealand girls... and the girls loved it!”

Getting back to his story, he related, “As soon as the war was over, my mother caught the first flight carrying civilians out of New Zealand, on Pan Am, and flew to New York on her own, though she was just 19 or 20, to reunite with my father. She knew no one else in the States, so it was a really bold thing for her to do, very adventurous.”

He smirked, raised his eyebrows and said, “Maybe I was the reason for that flight!” We chuckled appreciatively, to keep him going.

“I’m guessing that she and my dad had corresponded and decided that they’d get married when she arrived. And that’s what they did.

“As improbable as it sounds, they told me that somehow they got in contact with the pilot of the plane that flew her from her home country to the US, so that the Pan Am captain could use his authority to marry them!”

The refugee from wild weather scooped up his books and put them under his arm, but continued with the story.

“They settled in New York for a while, but later they went back to live near her folks in Auckland. That’s where they opened their bookstore; I can remember hanging around it when I was a kid. It was a young reader’s paradise!

“Eventually they moved to the States, where I grew up, and I’ve been a bookstore-lover ever since.”



He headed toward our side door, and called back over the display of Hemingway and Diana Gabaldon, “After my niece’s wedding, we’re supposed to fly home.”

He paused, then concluded, “But we don’t know if we’re even going to have a home in Miami to go back to!” and out the door he went, one of our hurricane refugees.

“What’s in a bookstore is not only books on shelves, but also the stories of those who enter...”

Lynne Tillman in Bookstore: *The Life and Times of Jeannette Watson and Books & Co* (1999)

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Bibliography and Bibliographic Descriptions – 101 Series Part 2

By Miriam Kahn

Do you ever wonder about all the terms that book dealers and auction catalogs use? What does it mean when a book is described as a first edition, second impression? How do you know if the book you own is the same as what is described in a library or auction catalog? These questions and more are part of bibliography, that is describing the book.

Let’s start with the term “bibliography.” We all recognize that term as the list of books and articles found at the end of a written piece. The list contains materials consulted by an author, or seemingly relevant to the topic. Bibliography can also be a list of books and articles, and now websites and blogs, about a specific topic. For example, a bibliography of the writings of Edgar Allen Poe, books about the Spanish American War, or the Spanish Flu of 1918.

These bibliographies are defined as enumerative in Terry Belanger’s fundamental article “Descriptive Bibliography?” originally published in *Book Collecting: A Modern Guide* edited by Jean Peters (New York and London: R. R. Bowker, 1977, pages 97-101) and found online at <https://bibsocamer.org/publications/bibliography-defined/>.

So why would you use an enumerative bibliography? To identify the editions and impressions that make up the work of an author, topic, or publisher or even printer. You could build your collection using these bibliographies to compile a COMPLETE collection of whatever you want. The bibliographies help you identify what you might be missing or confirm that you have completed your collection. For example, if you are collecting books by James Fenimore Cooper, a bibliography of his works is essential. You might want a bibliography of all the writings of Cooper including his articles, short stories, and reviews, or maybe just the first printings. A comprehensive bibliography will include a biography of Cooper, a listing of books and articles about him and reviews of his books. With luck, the bibliography will include a printing history of all of Cooper’s books or at least the first editions, and information about the libraries and archives that hold his papers. Here’s an example of an online exhibit of James Fenimore Cooper’s works including a bibliography: <http://www.americanantiquarian.org/JFCooper/>. Topic specific auction catalogs serve the same purpose. Collectors can use the auction catalog as a bibliography to check their holdings against those sold by the auction house.

While these simple bibliographies are lists collectors may want, an analytic, descriptive bibliography is the key to identifying what is in your hand.

The second category of bibliography Belanger describes, most important for our purposes, is Analytic Bibliography,

specifically Descriptive Bibliography. These bibliographies are used to identify specific qualities, characteristics, or idiosyncrasies of copies or editions. Analytic, descriptive bibliographies contain cryptic formulae that describe volume size (FORMAT), number of sheets or pages and their arrangement (COLLATION), types of paper and bindings, and sometimes the institutions that own the books (their holdings) [See Fig. 5 below for a visual example]. How do you learn about the terms in descriptive bibliographies, decipher the descriptions, and even construct your own descriptions of your collections?

Let's start with the key terms used in Descriptive Bibliography. They are: EDITION, IMPRESSION, ISSUE, and STATE. It is essential to use these terms properly when describing a copy or printing of a book you are looking at or considering purchasing.

In essence, the four key terms used in descriptive bibliographies are:

- **EDITION:** all copies made from the same type setting no matter when. In other words, as long as the layout of typeface hasn't changed, it's the same Edition.
- **IMPRESSION:** each run of the type setting or edition. That means, every time the printer makes another set of copies from the same layout of type, it's another impression.
- **ISSUE:** relates to the information on the title page that is the publisher or bookseller and the place where published or sold. You can have the same edition printed in NYC and London but they are different issues. Harry Potter books printed in the UK and the US could be an example of different issues, except that the titles, spelling, and vocabulary differ for each country's output, which probably makes them UK and US editions rather than issues.
- **STATE:** relates to any changes in the text, particularly fixing typos. Many collectors want the first state, which is often riddled with typos and odd layout. The final state is the last fix of 'errors' or the most perfected copy of the text.

Of course, Terry Belanger describes these terms more fully in his short, informative article.

Now that we've covered the key terms, it's time to turn our attention to books that teach you about specific identifying information that's used to describe a book in a library or auction catalog, those mysterious terms such as FORMAT and COLLATION.

There are three books that, following in the footsteps of W.W. Greg, Pollard, and other pioneers of bibliography, when used together, teach you about the terminology used to further describe books and editions. These books are:

- Ronald B. McKerrrow, *An Introduction to Bibliography for Literary Students* with an introduction by David McKitterick (St. Paul's Bibliographies and Oak Knoll Press, 1994, originally published 1927) [Fig. 1]. In this essential work, McKerrrow introduces students to "the most elementary facts of the mechanical side of book-production" [xiii],

teaching readers to painstakingly analyze and describe the printed book, specifically how "authors' manuscripts

were turned into printed books" [xv]. Beginners and textual scholars will find this well-thought out book informative and instructional. Running headers provide detailed descriptions of the contents of each page. If you want to learn how to deconstruct a book to describe its parts, McKerrrow's foundational work is the place to start.

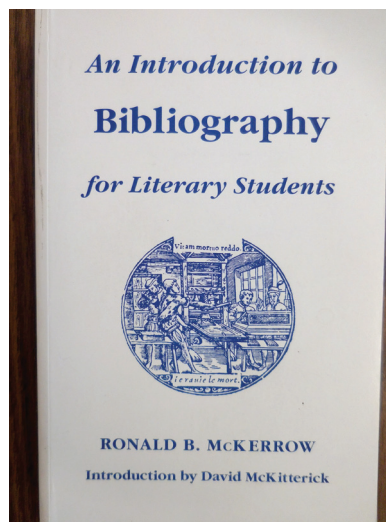


Fig. 1

- Fredson Bowers, *Principles of Bibliographical Description* (St. Paul's Bibliographies, 1986, originally published 1949) [Fig. 2]. Bowers teaches bibliophiles and literary scholars how to construct an exact description of printed books from the hand-press period to the modern printed text. He standardized the system whereby parts of a book and the whole are analyzed and described drawing from traditions established in Britain and now in the United States. Extensive and detailed, this book can be consulted

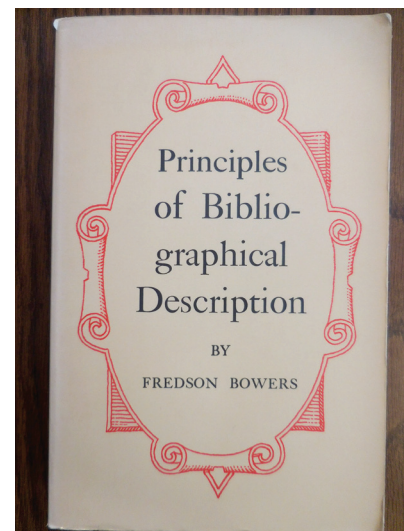


Fig. 2

for specific instructions on how to describe various pieces and parts of books. While not for the absolute beginner, Bowers provides plenty of examples for parsing bibliographic descriptions of printed works for collectors and special collections librarians alike.

- Philip Gaskell, *A New Introduction to Bibliography: The Classic Manual of Bibliography* (St. Paul's Bibliographies and Oak Knoll Press, 1995, originally published by Oxford University Press, 1972) [Fig. 3]. Gaskell continues the challenging work of McKerrrow,

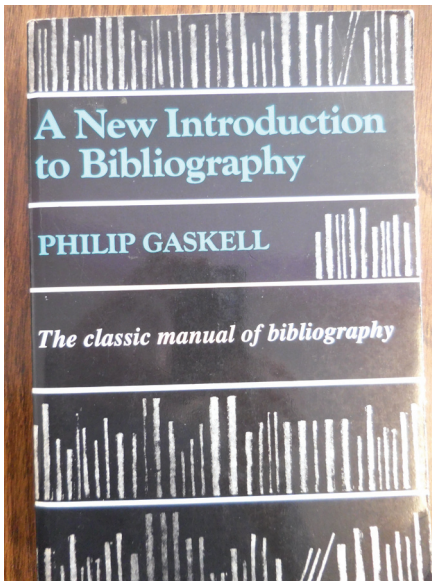


Fig. 3

of the book, the printing and production of books, and plenty of examples of texts for the student and scholar to learn from.

Two key terms or items in bibliographies that you will encounter are FORMAT and COLLATION. Together they describe how the book looks or is put together. There are two basic components to description; FORMAT (folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, etc.) is the way and number of times the printed sheet is folded so the page numbers fall in the correct order; and COLLATION, descriptions of how the pages are sewn together or the number of pages in each gathering (folded section). An example from one of the bibliography manuals, showing the collation formula is found

in Roy Stokes, *Esdaille's Manual of Bibliography*, Edited by Stephen R. Almagno 6th Ed. (Lanham, MD: The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 2001, p364) [Fig. 4 and 5].

This paragraph is an excellent example of what a catalogue record could contain. It begins with the format "Folio," denoting size or the way the sheets of paper are

in the machine press period of printed books. This work focuses on printing technology, nineteenth and twentieth century book production, and expands the field with scholarship and studies produced since 1927. Unlike McKerrow and Bowers, the text is full of illustrations and drawings of parts

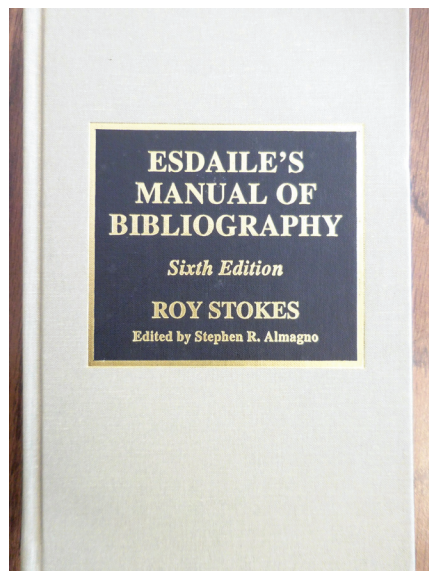


Fig. 4

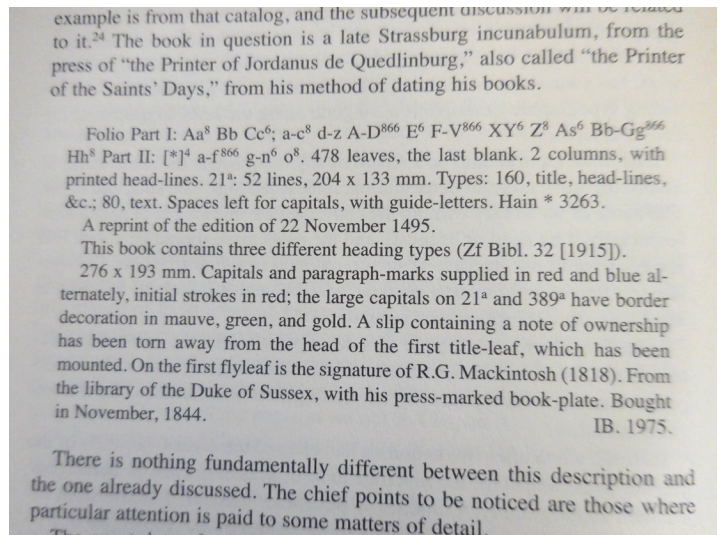


Fig. 5

folded, that is "in half." The collation formula begins Aa⁸ which tells the reader there are 8 leaves or 16 pages in this quire or gathering. The entire record describes how the book is put together, what it looks like, and even some information about provenance or prior ownership.

What else do we find in a descriptive bibliography? Holdings, appearance (or binding), provenance (who owned it or its history), and sometimes a reference to how the bibliographer identified the item, for example, was it written about in another bibliography or a publishing history. In addition to the example in figure five above, here's an example from *A Bibliography of the Writings of Hugh Henry Brackenridge Prior to 1825*, Compiled by Charles F. Heartman (NY: Burt Franklin, 1968) [Fig. 6 and 7].

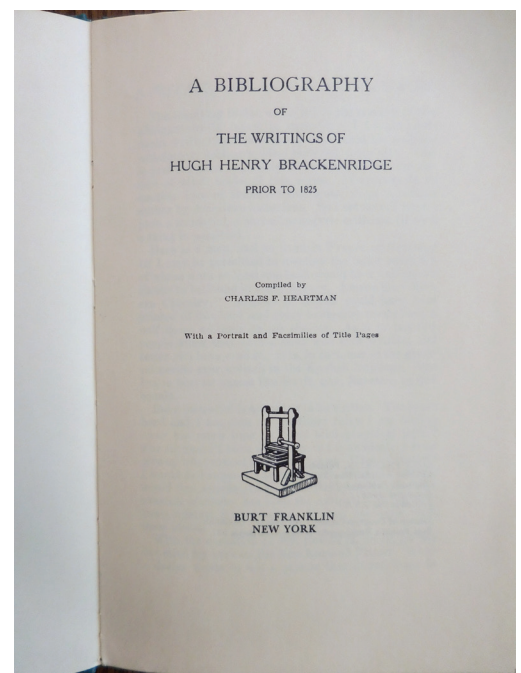


Fig. 6

In figure 7, you'll see not only a transcription of the title page and a brief list of libraries that own the book, but a description of the book. The third paragraph of the description includes citations from catalogues and bibliographies like Sabin and Thompson where this particular edition is mentioned. We'll be covering bibliographic catalogues which are used as reference tools in a future column. You can also find examples of collation statements in Bowers and, of course, in many library, dealer, and auction catalogs of rare and not so rare books.

After studying one or all of the books about descriptive bibliography, you'll never look at a book the same way again. You'll be looking at the binding, the paper, and collation, and for the little clues that differentiate one edition or issue from another. Whether you are a completist or a casual acquirer, you'll be able to talk to other collectors about the scope and quality of your collection.

Our next column will provide information about staying current in the world of books and book collecting. We'll look at various publications, listservs, and websites.

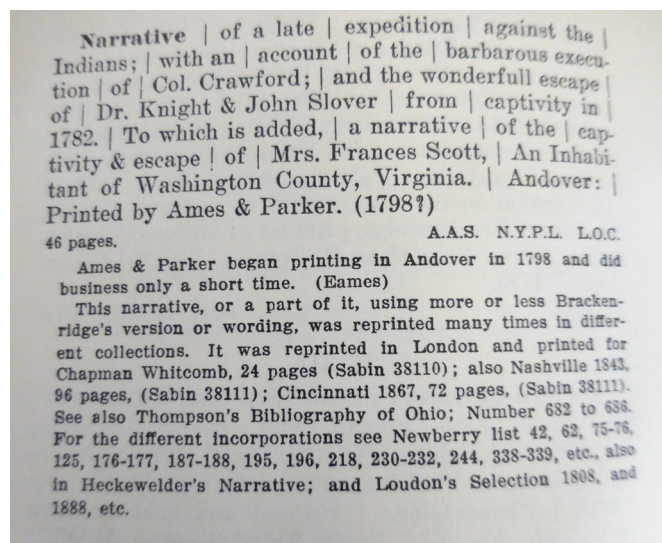


Fig. 7

Book Hunting 36 - Collecting History: The Luminous Prose of Winston Churchill

By Bill Rich

I like history and when I find first editions (or first editions of translations) in casual book hunting, I buy them. There are many collectors of Churchill and Churchilliana in the U.S., Britain, and the British Commonwealth – he was, of course, enormously admired. I am not one of these. But I quickly bought two of his works in first edition when opportunity presented. These were his *The Second World War* and *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*.

The six volumes of *The Second World War* were first published in England by Cassell & Co. in the years from 1948 to 1954 (Fig. 1). Here is a history of the greatest war in history by one of the leading participants, a man of tremendous moral and physical courage, great intelligence and energy – a savior of Western Civilization. It is as if the great historians of antiquity, Herodotus, Thucydides, and the rest, were major leaders and active participants in the great fights of long ago.

I bought the copies shown in Fig. 1 from Sotheran's Book Shop in London in 1978. Sotheran's is an upscale shop in the London West End, not far from Piccadilly Circus. I suspect that in those days they always kept a copy of these volumes on the shelves, catering to the tourist trade, Americans and others. The books are in very fine condition, in fine dust jackets. Forty years ago I paid the equivalent of \$35 for them. Copies in this condition now sell for ten to twenty times this price. Back then, I, wanting instant gratification as always, had them wrapped and took them as carry-on baggage on the plane back to New York, and a massive weight to lug they were.

I have read these books more than once. Let me give a few favorite passages:

In Vol. 1, *The Gathering Storm*, Churchill describes the events leading up to the war. In 1938, Joachim von

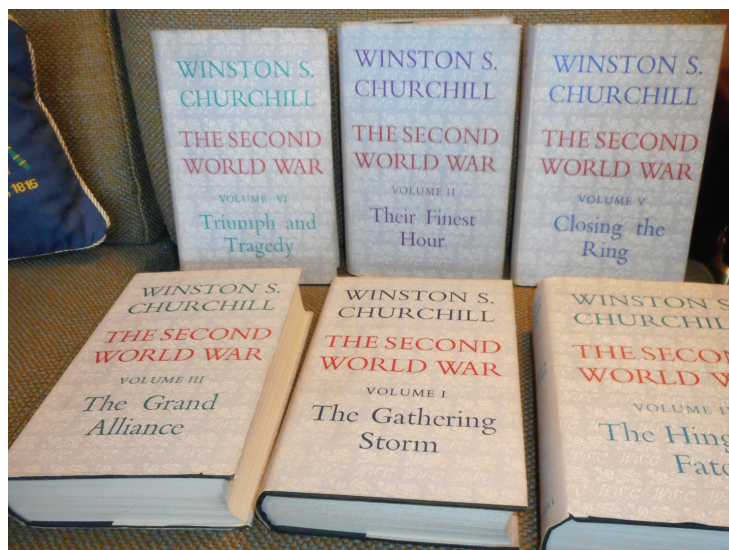


Fig. 1 - *The Second World War*. 1st ed., fine in dust jackets.

Ribbentrop was the German ambassador to England. In March, he was recalled to be the German foreign minister. Before he left England, the prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, gave a farewell luncheon at 10 Downing St. for the von Ribbentrops, husband and wife. The Churchills were invited, and sat next to the von Ribbentrops. During the lunch, a message was brought to Chamberlain and he seemed preoccupied. This was the message that the Nazis had just moved into Austria. A signal was evidently given to Mrs. Chamberlain, and they rose, attempting to end the luncheon. But the von Ribbentrops, clearly aware of what was going on, tried to prolong the luncheon, engaging the prime minister in conversation and stopping him from going to the War Office. Finally, the Churchills left, leaving the von Ribbentrops still there with their delaying tactics. Churchill's comment at the end of this account is, I think, a masterpiece of succinct irony:

"This was the last time I saw Herr von Ribbentrop before he was hanged."

In Vol. 2, *Their Finest Hour*, Churchill recounts how he became prime minister and led Britain when she stood alone against Nazi Germany after the fall of France. Essentially, absolute power had been given him to conduct the war by Parliament and the Cabinet. Churchill's father had been a younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, the greatest nobleman in the land; Churchill had been born in Blenheim Palace. As C. P. Snow noted, Churchill was the last great aristocrat to truly rule England (this despite his reputation as a child of the House of Commons).

And, also in Vol. 2, is the speech given to the House of Commons on June 4, 1940, when the French resistance had collapsed. The peroration in this speech will not be forgotten as long as Western democracy lasts:

"We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

Finally, Vol. 4, *The Hinge of Fate*, describes events after the United States had come into the war. Most gratifying to any American is Churchill's summing up of the greatest American naval victories in history, when, in June 1941, only six months after Pearl Harbor, the United States ripped the heart out of the Japanese navy, destroying their four big aircraft carriers which had participated in the Pearl Harbor attack at the battles of Coral Sea and Midway:

"The annals of war at sea present no more intense, heart-shaking shock than these two

battles, in which the qualities of the United States Navy and Air Force and of the American race shone forth in splendour. ... As the Japanese fleet withdrew to their far-off home ports their commanders knew...that their aircraft-carrier strength was irretrievably broken."

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples, also published by Cassell & Co., appeared in four volumes, from 1956 to 1958. Churchill had begun writing these books before World War II, but was interrupted. He served a second term as prime minister, ending in 1955. Churchill then returned to these books, he was already eighty-two.

I bought my set (Fig.2) from Ed Hoffmann here in Columbus. As can be seen, these are also fine in dust jackets. I give two favorite quotes from this work:



**Fig. 2 - *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*.
1st ed., fine in dust jackets.**

From Vol. 1, *The Birth of Britain*, he described the Viking raids on England. He describes the Viking ships in detail:

"[This was] the vessel which, in many different sizes, bore the Vikings to the plunder of the civilized world – to the assault of Constantinople, to the siege of Paris, to the foundation of Dublin, and the discovery of America. Its picture rises before us vivid and bright: the finely carved, dragon-shaped prow; the high, curving stern; the long row of shields, black and yellow alternately, ranged along the sides; the gleam of steel; the scent of murder."

Churchill was under no illusions about the gentle natures of our Nordic forebears.

In Vol. 3, *The Age of Revolution*, is another eloquent passage comforting to American readers. He describes the siege of Boston by the American revolutionaries in 1775. The

Americans were entrenched on the hill above the town. The British held the town with some of the best regulars in the British army, while the Americans were mere militia.

[The British army] “had acquired a hard contempt for the colonials in earlier wars. [They] decided to make a frontal attack upon the hill, so that all Boston, crowded in its windows and upon its roofs, should witness the spectacle of British soldiers marching steadily in line to storm the rebel entrenchments.

“On the hot afternoon ... [General] Howe ... supervised the landing of about three thousand British regulars. He drew up his men and made them a speech. ‘You must drive these farmers from the hill or it will be impossible for us to remain in Boston. But I shall not desire any of you to advance a single step beyond where I am at the head of your line.’ In three lines the redcoats moved slowly towards the summit of Breed’s Hill. There was silence. The whole of Boston was looking on. At a hundred yards from the trenches there was still not a sound in front. But at fifty yards a hail of buck-shot and bullets from ancient hunting guns smote the attackers. There was shouting and curses. ‘Are the Yankees cowards?’ was hurled from the breastworks of

the trenches. Howe, his white silk breeches splashed with blood, rallied his men, but they were scattered by another volley and driven to their boats. Howe’s reputation was at stake and he realized that ammunition was running short on the hill-top. At the third rush, this time in column, the regulars drove the farmers from their line. It was now evening. The village of Charleston, on the Boston side of the peninsula, was in flames. Over a thousand Englishmen had fallen on the slopes. Of the three thousand farmers who had held the crest a sixth were killed or wounded. Throughout the night carriages and chaises bore the British casualties into Boston.”

If this isn’t historical writing of the first order, this collector doesn’t know what is. Churchill lived until he was ninety, and held his seat in the House of Commons almost to the end. He had had more than one stroke, and slowed down, coming less frequently into the House. The story is told of one of his last appearances there, taking his seat on the front benches, when he was noted by two young members sitting behind the great man. “Look,” said one, “It’s Churchill.” “Yes,” said the other. He’s so old, and they say he’s failing badly”. At this point, Churchill turned his head and said, “Yes, and they also say he’s grown very deaf!”

Editor’s Words

During the lazy days of summer, I hope you’ll be entertained and intrigued by the various short and longer pieces in the newsletter. George Cowmeadow Bauman brings us his recent Book Store-y adventures and observations. I hear he has many more store-ies about book selling to entertain us. Bill Rich shares his 36th book hunting adventure about acquiring and reading his favorite Winston Churchill series. Matt Schweitzer provides a glimpse into Fairy Stories. On the humorous side, Roger Jerome shares his knowledge of Irish authors and their comedic charms. That article is full of photos, as per usual. New member, David Gold, writes about his newest book on the 1859 Ohio Gubernatorial debates and how he found the materials. Tony Sanfilippo’s intriguing article features the benefits of having Amazon’s second Headquarters (HQ) here in Columbus. If Tony’s wish comes true, it’s bound to bring in more book lovers and collectors.

Two short articles feature field trips. Aldus members were treated to a tour of CCAD ably reported on by Emerson Gilbert. A very lucky foursome traveled to Dayton to have lunch with Stuart Rose and view incredible collection which Bill Rich describes with, dare I say, jealousy.

Don Rice poses a challenge to members. Take a look at his article on Gentleman’s and Lady’s Libraries and submit your recommendations. I’m already thinking of mine!

Finally, you’ll find the next installment of books about books. I’d love some suggestions about future topics.

Thanks to Don Rice for copy editing the articles and for all the authors who contributed to this fine issue of the newsletter.

As always, we are looking for articles, long and short, reviews of books and reading or collecting adventures. The next deadline is August 1st.

Happy reading,

Miriam Kahn, Editor

The Lady's and Gentleman's Library

By Donald Tunnicliff Rice

Nineteenth-century book reviewers regularly insisted that this or that book should definitely be on the shelves of every "gentleman's library." I first came across the term when reading Charles Brooks's *A Thread of English Road*. He insisted that Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne* was "undeniably a book without which no gentleman's library is complete."

A gentleman's library. I liked the sound of that and immediately applied it to my own collection of books notwithstanding the fact that every time I'm called a gentleman, the word is preceded by a verbal pause, as in "This, uh, gentleman wonders if there are any free samples."

Reviewers were equally adamant that certain books should be on the shelves of every "lady's library;" however, they were never the same books. Recommendations for men included books on game management and for women on tatting. This dichotomy reflected the thinking of the day, in spite of the fact that interesting people of both genders collected many of the same books.

Our kind editor, Miriam, has given me permission to poll the membership with this question. Which TWO NON-FICTION TITLES among those on your own shelves do you believe should be in every lady's or gentleman's personal library? Think science, history, sociology, philosophy, and biography. Look among your travel guides, instruction manuals, and self-help books (well, maybe not self-help books). What book of quotations, specialized dictionary, photo collection, or cookbook do you think everyone ought to own?

These needn't be two of your favorite books, but titles you think essential to a well-tempered collection. Try to avoid the obvious (*Walden*) and the highly specialized (*Excavating on Hirta*, 1986-90). Select titles that might surprise us, yet make us say, "Of course. I should have thought of that."

The hardest part is going to be limiting yourself to just two titles from among the two score you could easily recommend. Choose the two that you think no one else will name. In case you're wondering, here are my choices:

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas by Gertrude Stein

A Field Guide to the Birds East of the Rockies by Roger Tory Peterson

Send your recommendations (with your names included) to me at donrice@core.com with LIBRARY in the subject line. And remember, ONLY TWO NON-FICTION TITLES. Please send only title and author, no publication data.

The lady's and gentleman's library that we jointly compile will be printed in the next issue, with credit to all contributors.

