

Aldus Society Notes

Winter 2022

Volume 22, No. 1

Live and Lively Gathering for 2021 Holiday Party



Left: Some 30 Aldus members gathered for the Holiday Dinner at Hunan Lion on December 9. Those seated at the larger table included Jan Sorensen, Pat Groseck, Emerson Gilbert, Mike Struble, Eve Catus, Don Rice, Cathy Bennett, John Bennett, Paul Watkins, Christine Hayes, and Marcia Evans.

Right: Marcia and Bill Evans, Margot and Tom Thacker, and Tony Sanfilippo sat on one side of the larger table.



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** (unless otherwise announced). Socializing at 7:00 p.m. Free parking on Jefferson or behind Thurber House and at State Auto rear parking lot (between 11th St. and Washington).*

The Aldus Society

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George Cowmeadow Bauman

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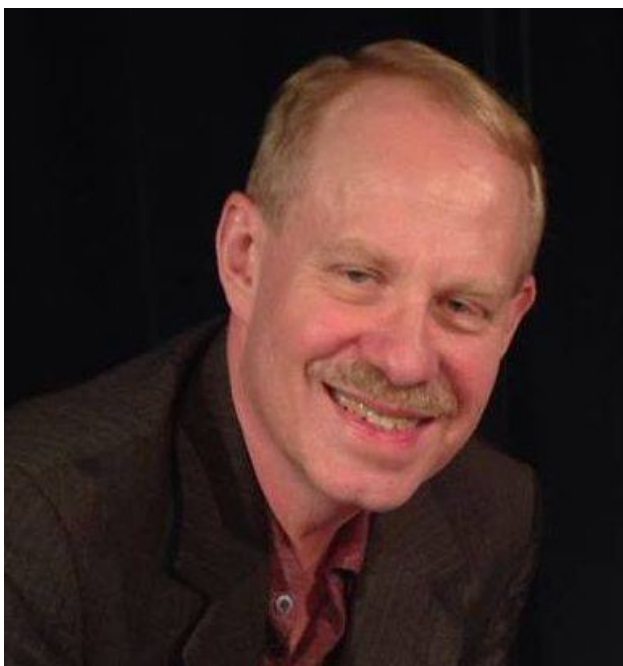


Above: Lively conversations also took place at the “overflow” table. Clockwise from front: Mary Saup, Jack Salling, Lisa Zierten, Wes Baker, Rebecca Baker, Nancy Campbell, Harry Campbell, Sam West, and Dan Jensen.



Above: Paul Watkins and Roger Jerome discussed book sales at public libraries.

**Not pictured: Lois Smith, George Cowmeadow Bauman.
Editor’s apologies if any names were left out.**



February 10, 2022 Program

David Weaver

Ohioana: Celebrating Ohio Literature

David Weaver became Executive Director of the Ohioana Library in 2013 after eight years as its first Development Director. Before that, David held senior development positions with the WOSU Stations and the Columbus Symphony Orchestra. He also served as executive director of Malabar Farm Foundation and managing director of Columbus Light Opera, which he co-founded. David is the author of *Black Diva of the Thirties: The Life of Ruby Elzy*, published in 2004 by University Press of Mississippi. He attended Ohio State University and the University of Cincinnati, majoring in voice.

March 10, 2022 Program

Jolie Braun

American Book Canvassing Samples from The Ohio State University's Rare Books & Manuscripts Library

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, canvassers traveled throughout American small towns and rural communities, selling books in places where there were limited opportunities to acquire them. The publications they peddled were designed for broad appeal, often featuring decorated bindings and lavish illustrations. The Rare Books & Manuscripts Library has more than 100 book canvassing samples—an abbreviated version shown to potential customers to pique their interest. Although these items were not intended to be saved, they can provide a fascinating window into American publishing and reading habits of the era. This talk will take a closer look at some of these items as well as related materials in the collections.

Jolie Braun is the Curator of Modern Literature and Manuscripts at The Ohio State University Libraries, where she oversees the modern literature holdings and provides special collections-based instruction. Her research interests include women publishers and booksellers, literary archives, zines, and self-publishing. Her recent writing has appeared in *American Periodicals: A Journal of History, Criticism, and Bibliography* and *Fine Books & Collections*. She can be reached at braun.338@osu.edu and found on Twitter at [@joliebraun](https://twitter.com/joliebraun).



April 14, 2022 Program
Frank Mowery
A Conservator's Journey Through History

Frank will discuss 35 years of improvements in book and paper conservation, covering a wide range of conservation issues, and finish with a presentation of some of his exquisite fine bindings.

John Franklin Mowery trained as a fine bookbinder at the National Academy of Fine Arts, Hamburg, Germany, from 1971-75, under the instruction of Kurt Londenberg. During that time he also began training in book conservation at the National and University Library, Hamburg. In 1975, upon graduation, he was granted the title Master Bookbinder. He went on to train in Vienna, Austria for several years at the National Arts Academy in art and paper conservation, and went on to an internship at the Bibliotheca Nazionale Centrale in Florence, Italy. He returned to the States and took his first job at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, but shortly thereafter was offered the position of Head of Conservation at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, a position he held for 35 years. Upon leaving the conservation department, he spent the next couple of years as the Rare Bindings Specialist, photo documenting most of the important volumes in the collection and writing detailed aesthetic and technical descriptions as only a bookbinder could—thus establishing the Library's historic binding's database, Luna.Folger.edu.



Frank served as President of the Guild of Book Workers for 10 years and participated in numerous exhibitions displaying his Fine Bindings, most notably a one man show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1982, and numerous international exhibitions.

For more than 40 years, he has maintained a private practice. His clients include galleries, museums, libraries, dealers, and private collectors in the United States and abroad. He specializes in particularly difficult paper conservation problems such as stain reduction (mold stain, foxing, acid burn, adhesive stains, ink stains), severe paper loss, and distorted vellum documents. He built the first American Leafcaster (miniature paper making machine) used in filling in losses in paper using toned paper pulp. This has led him to teach his techniques in numerous countries around the world.

He currently lives in Venice, Florida where he still maintains a busy conservation studio, working on historical documents and rare books, but mostly fine art on paper.

May 12, 2022 Program
Jeffrey Gress
The Work of Mathias Armbruster: Research and Resources
Regarding the Study of Armbruster's Theatrical Scenic
Design Work in Columbus and the Midwest

Matthias Armbruster was a pivotal figure in the growth of theater production not only in Columbus but throughout the Midwest after the Civil War through into the early 20th Century. He and his family operated a scenic studio on the bank of the Ohio Canal and German Village. After immigrating to this country in the late 1830s he served in the military, and painted stained glass before moving to Columbus from Cincinnati. The company he founded outlasted his life as his children carried on after his death. In the 1920's the Schell family bought out the business and has run the painted background and theatrical lighting company ever since.

Jeffrey Gress is a professor at Capital University in Columbus. For 15 years he has taught courses for theater technology while researching and publishing articles about the history of scenic design through the growth in the Midwest.

Skill, Ability, and Hard Work — Thoughts on *The Code Breaker*

By Tricia Herban

I have just been wading my way through a book that has gotten much play recently—*The Code Breaker*. The title does not refer to the women in Bletchley Park who broke the German Code in World War II. It refers to unraveling the secrets of our DNA and developing a process known as CRISPR which enables human genes to actually be edited.

We have all heard of this before. Plants have been being edited for a while—that is what GMO stands for—genetically modified organism. And we are aware that countries in Europe oppose this kind of tinkering with nature. But we also know that it led to the Green Revolution that enabled the world's food supply to grow dramatically during the last century, averting famine and starvation for millions.

So fast forward to the present. Consider the recent scandal regarding college admissions. Wealthy parents paid to have a work around created to get their children admitted to colleges based on the premise that they were athletically gifted. They were admitted for their non-existent physical prowess. Two points here—money buys privilege. And schools will pay for athletic supremacy or the hope thereof by admitting otherwise poorly qualified students.

Now let's think about the Tour de France. That hubbub has subsided now, but we all recall the shock of finding out about Lance Armstrong's doping. That taking physically enhancing testosterone and other banned substances was prevalent and influenced the outcomes. Lessons here—people will do anything to win. The world wants winners. Sponsors will pay for winners. And those wanting to win will jeopardize their bodies and physical futures to gain the physical prowess necessary.

To date it has been much more acceptable to enhance productivity in plants and animals—let's not forget the hormones crammed into cattle and other species that feed us today—than in people. Now to elaborate a bit more on the technicalities. There are two ways of editing. The first affects only the particular embryo—the person that

receives it will be changed, as can be done now in cancer treatments—as is being done in creating the vaccines for COVID. The second involves editing/enhancing inheritable traits so that the recipients and their children and children's children will have the same characteristics. It is those modifications that are the most concerning.

With CRISPR, we are looking around that corner. It is now possible to edit out harmful parts of genes—genes gone rogue that cause sickle cell anemia for example. Such editing can potentially cure diseases such as sickle

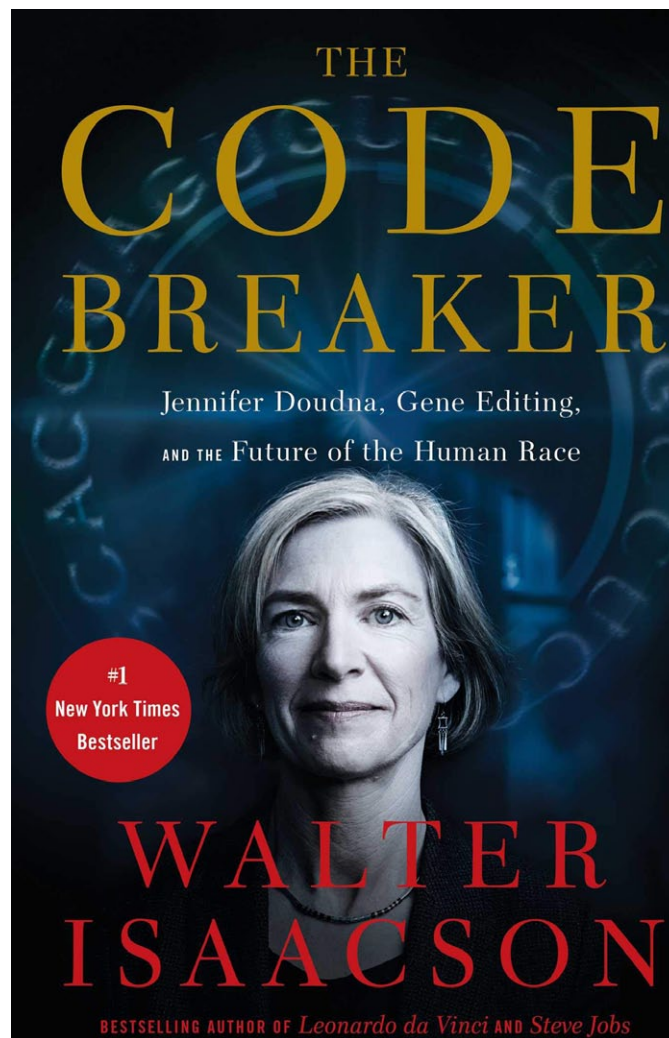
cell and Huntington's—a disease that causes protracted misery prior to inevitable death. These gene edits would appear to be entirely beneficial to humanity—enabling random people—anyone who just happens to be stricken through no fault of their own—to lead productive, rewarding lives. A benefit to themselves and to society.

Then what about mental illness, surely crippling and sometimes fatal. Then what about deafness? Would the same apply here? And if it applies to deafness, then what about greater physical strength that would enable athletes to become super stars? What about height enhancing—helping a shorter person, say a man 5 feet tall, to grow to average height? What about helping an average man to become basketball player height? What about controlling for weight or for blond hair, light skin or blue eyes?

These are bioethical questions of current significance and the present

guidelines are far from clear. There is no government guidance. The scientific community has been wrestling with these questions. But the more these technical mysteries are resolved, that the cost comes down, and that the safety—by which I mean, certainty of result—becomes more assured, the farther down this path humanity is sliding.

Lest this discussion seem entirely hypothetical, I quote from an October 24, 2021 article in our local paper. The discussion relates to creating a pig kidney that could be implanted in a human without being



rejected. “Pigs have been the most recent research focus to address the organ shortage, but among the hurdles: A sugar in pig cells, foreign to the human body, causes immediate organ rejection. The kidney for this {successful} experiment came from a gene-edited animal, engineered to eliminate that sugar and avoid an immune system attack.”

Now some further considerations about gene editing. What is truly a “good”? What about unintended consequences? What about the world that God created? Isn’t it good enough? But then why do we have brains and the ability to make discoveries—the combustion engine, penicillin, and so forth? Can we grow from accepting our limitations, or do we choose to fly to the moon, to become super men? Would that be better for society? A super race of people, primarily from the affluent classes with money to afford medical modifications much more lasting and significant than plastic surgery

I learned in a rather gentle way what I needed to know about living life, about truly living. I have to show up and I have to do the work. That is how I have the possibility of succeeding and that is how I may not only help myself, but others. That is where happiness lies for me.

Life is always going to be a “terminal disease.” We are humans. That is our blessing. We didn’t create the world and we aren’t responsible for every outcome. But there are those who can and will influence our thinking and our futures. Gene editing presents important issues to consider. And I leave you with them.

The Code Breaker: Jennifer Doudna, Gene Editing, and the Future of the Human Race by Walter Isaacson is a fascinating book. Through exhaustive research, travel to labs, and multiple interviews, the author offers a chronological tale of the evo-lution of this scientific breakthrough from Doudna’s academic study to the Nobel Prize. Personalities, academic papers, and publications flesh out the drama and a detailed section toward the book’s end presents the bioethical dilemma of these new frontiers.

Book Hunting Notes:

John Keats

By Bill Rich

Keats (1795 – 1821) is one of the greatest English lyric poets, but he was not recognized as such in his lifetime. He was a brilliant student, but, coming from modest means, he did not go to a university. Instead, he became a doctor’s apprentice (yes, ambitious modern parents, “apprentice”—being a doctor was not the high status job it has become).

Nevertheless, Keats worked as what we would call a surgical resident at a hospital. His real love, however, was his poetry. He published some of this in periodicals. In 1817, his first volume, *Poems*, was published.

This book is now tremendously rare. I have not seen a copy in any of the search engines I use. I suspect all copies are in public institutions; perhaps a few in the vaults of some happy zillionaires. Keats was an admirer of Chapman’s early 17th century translation of Homer. In the book appeared the sonnet, “On First Looking Into Chapman’s Homer.” The last verses have stayed with me:

“Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
Look’d at each other with a wild surmise –
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

Keat’s next book, *Endymion*, was published the next year. It is a more common book, and has come to be revered in later years. My copy (Figs.1 and 2) is in a fine late 19th Cent. full blue morroco and gold binding by

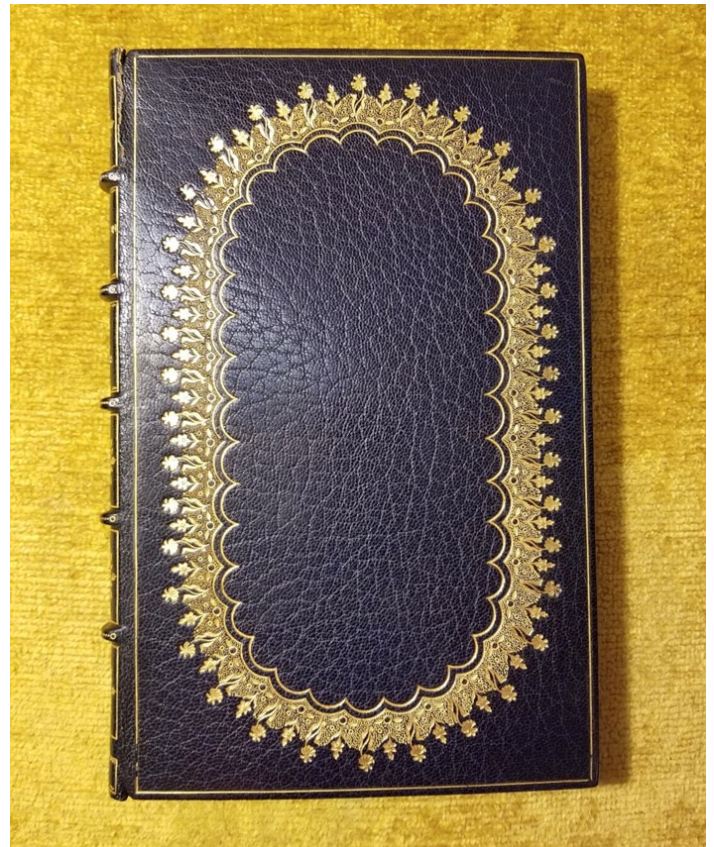


Fig. 1 *Endymion*

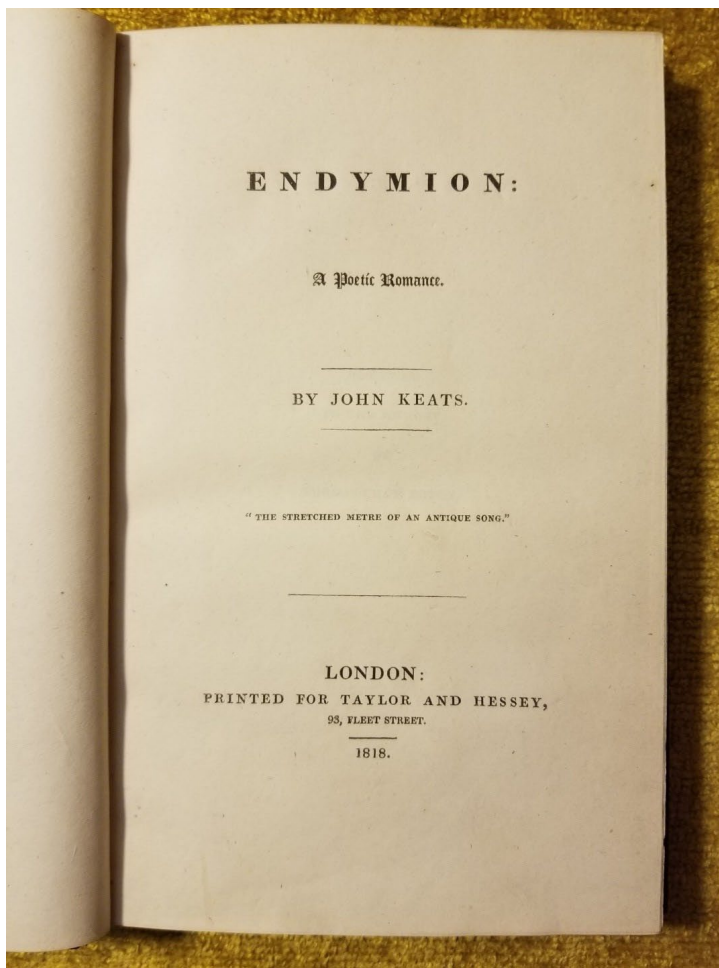


Fig. 2 *Endymion* Title Page

Zaehnsdorf, one of the great London binders of the time. This would have astonished Keats. It has some of the most memorable lines of his poetry:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
Breathing."

Nevertheless, Keats apologized for his immaturity in spite of the exquisite beauty of these lines. In a preface, he pleaded for mercy: "Leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object." This was asking for it.

In response, the work was promptly ravaged by the critics. Chief among these was the *Quarterly Review*, edited by J. G. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law. Lockhart was the arbiter of literary excellence at the time. When I lived in Western New York state, it was easy to take drives through the Finger Lakes region, where there were many rather junky "antique" shops, which generally had a few shelves of old books. On the shelves of one such, I found a book in crumbling original calf, published in New York City in 1819. This was the first American edition of the

Quarterly Review, appearing the same year as the London first, and evidently an effort to spread literary taste among the dirty-fingered former colonials. This wreck I bought for under \$10 (Figs. 3 and 4).

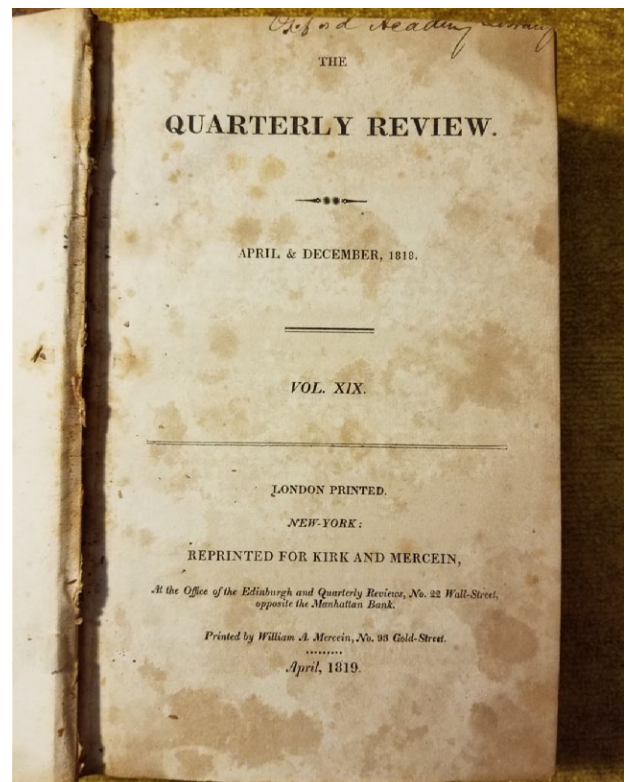


Fig. 3 *Quarterly Review* Title Page

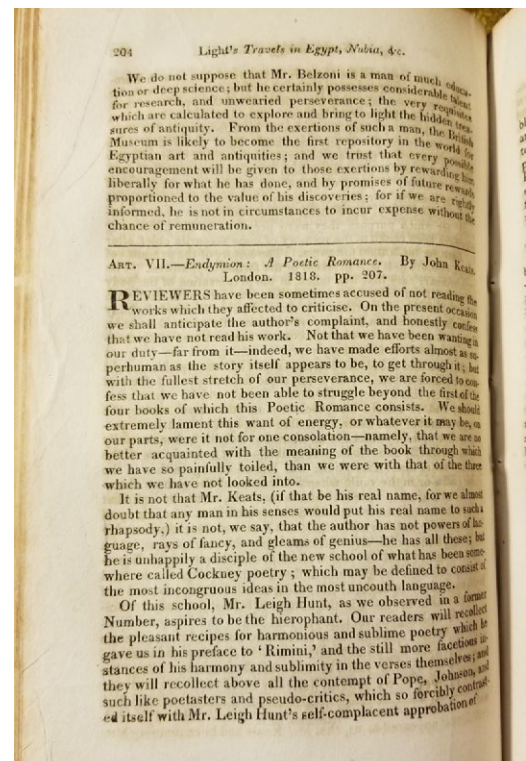


Fig. 4 *Quarterly Review* Beginning of *Endymion* Review

I quote from the opening of Lockhart's review of *Endymion*:

"Reviewrs have been sometimes accused of not reading the works which they affected to criticize. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work. Not that we have been wanting in our duty—far from it—indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself appears to be, to get through it; but with the fullest stretch of our perserverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy, or whatever it may be, on our parts, were it not for one consolation – that we are no better acquainted of the book through which we have so painfully toiled, than we were with that of the three which we have not looked into."

It is not that Mr. Keats, (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a Rhapsody)"

So, with scorn and ridicule, Lockhart put down a sensitive young poet, one of the greatest in English literature. Keats, now dying of tuberculosis, had moved to Rome to avoid another English winter; he went with his friend, the artist Severan, who nursed him. They rented rooms in a house on the Spanish steps; this apartment is maintained as a shrine by contributions from all over the English-speaking world. It was here that Keats died. He is buried in the Protestant Cemetary in Rome. In accordance with his wishes there is inscribed on his grave:

"Here lies one whose name was written on water."

I thank two close friends in making this article: Prof Igor Adamovich, who took the pictures, and gave immense help with the computer setup; and the eagle-eyed Prof. Geoff Smith, who spotted the microcopic binder's ticket of Joseph Zaehnsdorf on the morocco turn-down inside the front cover.

A Pretty Funny Day

A Bookstore-y from the Archives of the Acorn Bookshop

By George Cowmeadow Bauman

When we opened our used-books bookshop each morning, we never knew what the day was going to be like, a benign mystery. Anyone who deals with the public faces the same situation. It could be a fairly quiet day, or things could get hopping and weird. We might see a pleasant regular or three, and/or perhaps someone on our List of Crazies might bedevil us, and/or someone new might wander in.

I won't say we've seen it all, but have *you* ever had a Haitian voodoo queen drop into a crouch inside your bookstore, arms extended, and fingers splayed out to you while intensely placing a curse on you and your shop because you didn't have the map she wanted? I have.

From what I've seen from my perspective behind the counter, a bookstore brings out not only the sedate, purposeful browsers, the wide-eyed and wondering wanderers among our 80,000 volumes on two floors, but also the wild and wacky as well.

Visitors might be taciturn, or we might get so many quirky/humorous/outrageous comments that I kept jumping to my laptop to record it all, while shaking my head. But admittedly, most days were mild and mellow.

One of the first browsers on a sunny late-spring morning was a woman who, from the look of her clothing, was not a resident of the semi-upscale communities the shop was located between—Upper

Arlington and Grandview Heights.

She'd been browsing for about a half-hour when she came to the counter with two \$1 books from the Clearance table.

I announced the with-tax total of \$2.12.

"Oh!" she responded, despondently, looking at the two one-dollar bills in her hand. I have just the two dollars." And she was spending it on books.

I loved her priorities.

Wanting to ease her mind, I joked, "You just won Acorn's Tuesday lottery! No tax on Clearance books!" A bookseller should do his best to not get between a reader and her books.

She smiled, knowing full well what I was doing. "Thanks."

Then she added, as she gathered herself to leave, placing her new books into an orange oversized purse, "If I won the real lottery, I would come here and buy a library!"

Coming in soon after that was an older Asian-American man who visits about once a year in search of books on technology and inventions.

He was excited when he saw me. "George, do you remember me, Tim Ricard?"

"Of course I do, Tim!", reaching out to shake his hand. He's an inventor who does like to talk, and talk, and talk, about his patents. Not many of our yearly regulars are

memorable enough to earn a name-recall.

Today he spent at least 10 minutes describing his latest: a toilet device which makes it possible to step on a foot pedal to automatically raise and lower the toilet seat without having to touch it with hands.

"And it flushes, too! I put all my engineering and mathematics into this, and it is wonderful! And affordable, too! Under a hundred dollars!"

He spoke much more about the technology of the invention, and it really does sound viable. Some of us men dislike reaching down and lifting the unsanitized toilet seat to pee, and not all men put the lid down afterwards. Now, just a quick step on a convenient pedal, and the lid raises or lowers and the toilet flushes on cue.

I asked about interested companies. He lowered his voice, as though four-flusher spies might be lurking in the Espionage section. "I am discussing this with American Standard and Kohler."

He went on in a very enthusiastic way, and eventually said he wanted to go back to the office and discuss something about a French book with Jack-in-the-back, our Internet sales manager. As I passed by the office door a few minutes later to zap my Earl Grey, Tom was telling Jack about his fantastic (his word) new invention.

"See, you step on it like this, then the seat either rises or lowers for your sanitary convenience!"

It sounded like a sales pitch at a crappers' convention

Those first two customers' comments kept me smiling for an hour or so as I processed books I'd bought at a house in Grandview the previous week. There was a lot of good literary fiction to clean, price, and shelve. Not much traffic interrupted me, which is sometimes a curse, but today was a blessing so I could clear an aisle of those boxes. What did slow me down, a bookdealer's daily dilemma, is becoming engrossed in an incoming title or two, perhaps setting one aside to take home and check out. Every time a fresh batch of books came in, and I was pressed for time, I had to mutter to the new, tempting stock, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Not sure those authors would appreciate being called the devil.

Eventually a 60-ish guy in a driving cap came in, and instead of heading to the books, came right to the counter. He asked, "I have a dilemma: do I fix my teeth or go to Spain to visit my son?"

Huh?! What did that have to do with being in the Acorn Bookshop, and why was he asking *me*?

Before I could recover, he continued, "The last time I was in Spain I got hooked on bullfighting! I love the drama and spectacle, couldn't get enough of it. My son quickly got tired of taking me to bull-rings.

"My son's a fencer," he added, trying to talk around the piece of our free caramel he was trying to chew with his obviously problematic teeth. Brown drool leaked out of the corner of his mouth.

"He married a Spanish woman—she's a cellist in the Madrid symphony. Now he teaches there—English and fencing. And I'm invited to visit any time I can make it. But with these teeth, it's either fix 'em or head across the pond for more bullfights! Gotta get me one of them matador capes! And I'll wear it in here to show it off

to you!"

Then, apropos of nothing, he concluded, "I have this 1920's (sic) cell phone. No messages. I call people, people call me."

Finally he got to his point. "Do you have any books on bullfighting?"

We did, and I led him to the small selection back in Sports.

I got busy then and didn't see him again. He must have left when I was working with another man at the counter.

This next guy had come up to pay for a couple of books on World War II, a popular section. He was wearing a matching camo jacket and cargo pants, with a similarly-themed ball cap featuring "Viet Nam Veteran" in gold stitching.

While my colleague Christine was running his credit card, he spied my wife Linda's new book on display, *Pretty/Funny: Women Comedians and Body Politics*. Linda is a professor at The Ohio State University. She's taught there for 30 years, specializing in classes on gender studies, film, addiction, and American popular culture. At that time she'd been working on women stand-up comedians.



Women
Comedians
and
Body
Politics



PRETTY / FUNNY
LINDA
MIZEJEWSKI

It was such a pleasure to sell her books at my bookshop. Her last book, *Hardboiled and Highheeled: The Woman Detective in Popular Culture*, was the store's bestseller, and on permanent display on the counter by

the side door. You don't normally think of secondhand bookshops having such a thing as a bestseller, though of course we did sell a lot of copies of high school reading assignments such as *Catcher in the Rye*, *The Great Gatsby*, and *1984*. But of non-required titles, Linda was the champ. It made me very proud of her. My wife, a bestselling author...at least in our little corner of the world.

So this guy who had spied her book asked me, "What's that book, *Pretty/Funny*?"

Surprised that he'd noticed it, considering the way he was dressed and what he was buying, I told him that it was my wife's new book on women in comedy, and handed it to him.

He glanced at the cover featuring photos of popular comedians Tina Fey, Kathy Griffin, and Wanda Sykes, and said, "I'll take it." He never even opened the book and turned the pages, never checked out the table of contents. He was buying it on the title alone.

Pleased to be selling her book, but wanting to caution him, I said, "It's a new book, not used, and it's twenty-eight dollars."

"That's OK," and he again handed his charge card to Christine, who herself was about to become the new bestselling book queen at Acorn for the book she wrote with Doug Motz, *Lost Restaurants of Columbus*.

"Would you like to have the author inscribe that to you?" Even as I was asking him, I did an inward giggle and shake of the head thinking of him shelving an inscribed copy of *Pretty Funny* next to his just-purchased copy of Ambrose's history of D-Day.

"Well, actually it's for my daughter," he replied. A-ha!

Then with a sense of fatherly pride, he drew himself up and said, "She's got an internship at Second City Comedy Club in Chicago, and she's going to be tutored by the coach who worked with Tina Fey, so this book really works out well. It'll make a great gift to her. I never know what to get her."

"Linda could inscribe it to your daughter..."

"That would be great; she'd really like that."

"I'll have it back here on Friday," I informed him.

And I did. Linda was thrilled that the first copy of her book sold was to a young woman who wanted to follow in the footsteps of the women Lin had written about. The author inked a sweet inscription, encouraging the young woman.

Pretty/Funny is on its way to becoming another Acorn bestseller!

It was indeed a pretty funny day in the Acorn Bookshop.

Women Aldines Monthly Gatherings

Since the Spring of 2020, shortly after the pandemic began, women members of the Aldus Society have been meeting outdoors on a monthly basis. In 2020, the meet-ups lasted until November. In 2021, after vaccinations became available, meet-ups moved indoors in late April, then outdoors when weather permitted, and back indoors as the temperatures cooled. There are about 15 "regulars" with monthly attendance usually at 8 members and guests. All women members are welcome to come to the next meet-up on Jan. 22nd.

Members attending the meet-up on August 28, 2021, included Tricia Herban, Pat Groseck, Cathy Bennett, Brenda Allinger, and Christine Hayes. Photo by Nancy Campbell.



From the Aldus Archives: Don Rice's Clerihew Contest (Abridged)

(Originally Printed in the January 2015 Aldus Newsletter (Volume 15, Number 1))

In the August issue of *Aldus Society Notes*, I announced the Aldus Society Clerihew Contest. Clerihews, in case you don't know, are a form of poetry invented by E. C. Bentley, the mystery writer. I challenged Aldines to follow this form and submit their own clerihews. The winning entry would receive a copy of *The Complete Clerihews of E. Clerihew Bentley*. The creator of that clerihew is **Eric Jul**:

Pablo Diego Jose Franscico de Paula Juan
Nepomuceno Maria de los Remedios Cipriano
del la Santisima Trinidad Martyr Patricio Clito
Ruiz y Picasso
Had one heck of a name, mucho mas-o!
All of this, yet he used but a fraction,
Thus beginning a life of abstraction!

Other clerihews included...

Debra Jul:

Debra's Member Directory
has broken her reverie
It's missing the members
who've joined since September.

Rebecca Rolfe
Died of fever and cough
She was famous for rescuing John Smith
Though the Pocohontas story was later
proved myth.

Helen Liebman:

Ray Charles
Hated quarrels.
He succeeded in reaching his goal:
To be known as The Genius of Soul.

Ted Cruz
Makes news.
He does it not by chanting
But only through his ranting.

Marilyn Logue:

Henry David Thoreau
Preferred not to put on a show.
He was extremely fond
Of his little cabin on Walden Pond.

Laura Masonbrink:

Laura Elizabeth Masonbrink
Scrubbed everything but the kitchen sink.
But where do guests always go?
The room with food, wouldn't you know.

Alan Woods:

Christine Hayes Ramona Moon
Her art car makes strong folks swoon
But at Aldus her scrumptious cookies
Turn everyone into ravenous rookies.

Laralyn Sasaki Dearing
Ran auctions without fearing
But mounds of books galore
Sent her screaming out the door.

Helen Liebman
Has no need for yuan
As Logan Elm's general factotum
She only needs to quote 'em.

Jay and Genie Hoster
Never went near Gloucester
Books are their passion, not lobster
They need a shelf, not a defroster.

The Campbells, Harry and Nancy
Live simply, nothing fancy
Their library's fame is quite deserved
All their books are well preserved.

Mr. Emerson ("le suave") Gilbert
Could well have been the dashing flirt,
But being of a serious turn,
Statehouse news his passions earned.

Book collector Marcia Preston
Finds small presses to invest in,
Fine bound editions, treasures pure,
Yet it's she that's the treasure, sure.

Our dear Marcia Preston
Her laurels won't rest on—
There's a mission with each fine-print edition—
Keeping hands in the book-making tradition.

Printer Tauber, whom we know as Bob
Brought class to OSU in his job
His livres d'artists of design rare and wry
'Tis no surprise demand outpaced supply.

Our members Alan and Ann Alaia Woods
Collect rare pop-ups and invent vegan foods
The first delight both hearts and eyes
The second elicit blissful sighs.

Smart and savvy Helen Liebman
Any binding at all indeed can
Sew up faster than a flash
And do it, too, with great panache.

George Cowmeadow Bauman
Isn't some ordinary ploughman
He grows great readers in his store
planting literary gems galore.

Marilyn Logue
Never goes rogue
She keeps us all steady
When books make us heady.

The Hoffmans, Tina and Ed
Fill book burners with dread
They never find books that they fear
Bibliophy is their chosen sphere.

Marcia Preston
Doesn't get much restin'
She's too busy collecting books
To recline decoratively in nooks.

Ann Alaia Woods:

What escaped the wise Aldus Manutius
Was that his fame would spawn a group of us
By friendship, good will and fine books
moonstruck—
(Not to mention the glow of a 4-Buck Chuck).

If it weren't for Aldus Manutius
We would nearly all of us be brut-eous
'Twas from his skill and sympatico
We now all read the dictionario.

Aldus Manutius and Francisco Griffo
Lived lives notorious but all too brief, oh,
But still we sing their wondrous legacy
Each time we gather the Aldus Society.

Goeffrey Smith,
Man of kin and kith—
Never let a rare book go by
That didn't catch his watchful eye.

Ron Ravneberg
Knew little of explorer Byrd,
But of Captain Cook he knew
More than any of us do.

To Ed Hoffman
We take our hats off, man,
He's smart and swave, and knows his books
—even has a modicum of looks.

George Cowmeadow Bauman
Is the consummate show man.
A 4-buck Chuck, he's made us sure,
Is actually a fine liquor.

Grazyna Grauer
Makes of Life an open flower

A sentiment that's truly wise—
Unless the bee's between your eyes.

Warm-hearted Wes Boomgaarden
Was not one to dishearten,
But he's done just that
By leaving us flat.

Helen Liebman
May be a fair liebchen,
But she is no whim
When the binding is limp.

Bob "the boss" Tauber
Lets Max cook the auber-
gene, but when it's kozo
He's the know-so.

Donald Tunnicliff Rice
Rarely ponders a riff twice,
Rather, to avoid the blues
He composes clerihews.

Gentleman Paul Watkins
Bears some likeness to bodkins:
He's long, thin, and cool—but with grit,
A stiletto, his wit.

Those who know Clara Ireland
Know well that she's no firebrand,
Yet who's to say what guile
Lies behind that cheeky smile?

Do you suppose Kassie Rose
Really, really, knows
She has read more novels than
There are afghans in Afghanistan?

