

Minutes of the Literary Club, September 21, 2015

Just two days before the official beginning of autumn, we gathered at 500 E. Fourth to begin the 166th year of the Literary Club. President Bill Pratt welcomed 58 members and 10 guests. He announced that Robert Smith has had a conference room named for him at the UC Medical Sciences Building, that Ted Silberstein has updated his catalogue of art works in the Literary Club and will post it on our website, that Jim Murray is once again a “regular member” of the Club, that a copy of Bill Pratt’s recent book has been made a gift to the Library, and that there will soon be the election of a new member. Bill encouraged LC members to attend the pre-meeting dinners available at the University Club.

There was a standing moment of silence for recently deceased member Charles Carothers and former member Harry Horwitz.

Lew Gatch presented a framed photograph of the members in attendance at the Summer Outing.

John Tew read his paper “Orpheus is Alive,” an exploration of his reflections “on music’s role in medicine and healing throughout history.” His story goes back to the beginnings, to Apollo, the god of music, poetry, and medicine, and of other things like sunlight and poetry - a versatile god to be sure. Then came his son Orpheus, with his golden lyre, the world’s greatest musician, so great that he was followed by the beasts, and even the trees and the rivers, which changed their courses to follow him.

And so it goes: King David, The Pied Piper, Florence Nightingale, Bach, and many others - in concert, as it were, to make us better and healthier.

In John’s words:

“Music leads to group cohesion, synchronizes brain waves, and causes immediate release of chemical stimulants in the brain. Longer exposure to music and production of music provokes permanent changes in the frontal, motor, auditory cortices of the brain and the corpus callosum, the bridge between the left and right brain.”

He even played us some music and it seemed we all felt a little better for it.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, September 28, 2015

There were 58 members and 15 guests milling about as President Bill Pratt gavelled the house to order. Bill noted that Jim Murray was back after an horrific bicycle accident. He also noted that Nick Ragland's spouse would be the new president of the Cincinnati Art Museum's Board and that Polk Laffoon, our own former secretary, would be theirs. Bill reminded the group of the need to RSVP to the announcement of the Club's Anniversary Observance, October 26, and that members may not bring guests on that occasion. He reminded the group of next week's business meeting in which there will be an election for a new member.

Bill then introduced Gibby Carey for the evening's budget, the theme of which was "youthful indiscretion." Gibby first read Paul Franz's paper "Sic Transit," because Paul was (may I stick with the Latin?) *in absentia*.

What is it that makes other people's misfortunes so funny? A twenty-year-old Paul Franz bought a motorcycle, but not just any motorcycle; it was a British *Royal Enfield*. Although it looked fast, even while it was standing still, it was, in Paul's words, "a trifecta of folly," because of its "eccentricities," a nice word for oil leaks, nuts and bolts with odd and unmatching sizes, and electrical components of unmatched ineptitude. The fork was bent, the bike didn't like turning curves, the clutch didn't work, but thankfully Paul survived all that and even managed to sell it, in the end.

Jim Myers then read his untitled paper. It was precisely 1,999 words long, no more and no less.

Gibby Carey's paper, "The Hermit of Hyde Hall," is scary. It wasn't just scary to us, the audience. It's scary to Gibby, too. In the early 1940s, Gibby is sent off to a boy's camp with limited facilities but much "commitment to boys having a good time with minimum supervision." Tradition at the camp required the counselors to tell very scary stories to the boys, most of them relating to a haunted mansion visible across the lake. In college years, Gibby, now a counselor returns to the camp, visits the house and the visit is as scary as were the stories. There is even a present day sequel to the tale, in the form of recent visits, and that's scary too.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, October 5, 2015

There were 53 members and two guests present. President Bill Pratt reminded the group that prints of the group photograph from the LC outing are available from Lew Gatch. He announced also that a volume of papers from 1900-1901 is missing from the library, that the Diehl Trust had donated \$5,000 to the Club.

Sam Greengus , in “Lost and Found” using his professorial tone of voice and in his professorial deliberative pace he told us the story of the meeting between two scholarly gentlemen each of whom had discovered and translated an ancient cuneiform fragment that when fit together would reveal the location of the long lost city of Agade. One of the gentlemen was Sam himself, the other a leading expert in Hebrew, Aramaic, Babylonian, Assyrian, and Sumerian and in the civilizations and cultures of the Ancient Bible lands. Protecting the lost city from modern day barbarians is of the utmost importance, or would be if Sam’s paper weren’t a fiction, one that took me in and took a number of you in, as well, until very close to its end.

After the paper, Tom Schuck was elected to membership

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, October 12, 2015

There were 41 members and four guests. Tom Schuck was invited to sign the Constitution, which he did. President Bill Pratt announced that Phil Diller has been awarded the Humanism in Medicine award by the University of Cincinnati.

Then Emerson Knowles read his paper “I Get to Live,” about the time leading up to the end of the war with Japan. Emerson weaves together the stories of Emperor Hirohito, President Harry Truman, a Japanese Radio announcer named Morio Tateno, wondering whether he would get to live out his life, an American named Jack aboard ship, waiting for an invasion of the Japanese mainland , wondering the same thing, the developers of the atomic

bomb, Japanese officials prepared to surrender, and Japanese officers ready to fight it out until the end. I won't try to retell the story here, but Emerson tells it by paralleling moment by moment, often with great detail (such as Truman's bourbon and Hirohito's tea), telling parts of a familiar story that are often glossed over.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, October 19, 2015

Vice-President Paul Franz wielded the gavel as 52 members and 8 guests gathered. There as but one announcement, that being that twice in the past week Literary Club members had made the editorial pages of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two cellphones rang during the reading of the paper.

Richard Hague read his paper "On Beauty" – which title suggests a treatise written by Aristotle or Cicero, heady stuff indeed. But Dick Hague's concept of beauty can be summed up in three words: girls, girls, and girls. Growing up in Steubenville, Ohio, he was to learn the secrets of beauty from observation of the girls he went to school with, from the 4th or 5th grade on, and the girls he didn't get to go to school with because their ethnicity or religion took them to different schools. Here's a small sample:

Aboard the bench during a St. Peter/St. Anthony CYO basketball game, I looked up to see, passing no more than an arm's length from me, the astonishing and already legendary Carol Speaks. Black-haired, dark-eyed, but with cheeks as sweet and fair as ricotta, she held herself, in her crimson cheerleader's outfit, like a Roman empress.

Surely most of us have experienced such moments. I've bowdlerized a bit, but you get the idea. Dick goes on to question what actually makes a girl

beautiful, suggesting that it isn't perfection, but something just short of that, something a little out of balance, but not too far out of balance.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, October 26, 2015

There were 69 members and five guests of the president to celebrate the 166th anniversary of the Literary Club. The shrimp and hors d'oeuvres were delicious, the meal sumptuous, with fine wine, once again supplied courtesy of George Rieveschl, who was toasted on the occasion. Harry Santen was invited by President Bill Pratt to announce a significant archeological find by member Jack Davis.

Once again there were several cellphone eruptions during the delivery of the evening's papers.

In the first paper of the evening, Bob Vitz, Club Historian asks, "Where Have all the Artists Gone?" Noting that our own sculptor, Mark Schlachter is the first artist to belong to the Literary Club in seventy some years, Bob recounts a long history of artists in the Club from its earliest days. Some of the names are well known: Farney, Duveneck Others less so: Peyton C. Wyeth, Cranch, McConkey, Beard, Baker, Tait, and others. Some were active in the Club, some not. He concludes with Paul Briol, a member since 1927 asked to resign in 1934 for failure to pay dues, the lesson of which perhaps kept other artists out, until 2012.

In his Presidential address, entitled "The Literary Club as an American Cultural Institution," Bill Pratt celebrates the longevity and evolution of the Literary Club over the ages. He recommends the Club's Library and website to sample papers written by earlier generations of literarians. He celebrates guests we have hosted: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oscar Wilde, Matthew Arnold, Mark Twain and Robert Frost. He recommends papers written by Alphonso Taft and others.

It's an exhilarating exercise, to read papers written long ago by members of this club, and to compare them with more recent ones. If you sample a few

papers at a time in our library, or on our website, it may be habit-forming, My own random sampling in the past decade has convinced me that the quality of our papers has improved over the years, maturing like good wine.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, November 2, 2015

There were 58 members and 5 guests the night before election day, and President Bill Pratt brought the house to order and delivered four announcements: that there was a recent *New York Times* article on the archeological find of the Griffin Warrior Tomb by Professor Jack Davis and company, that Dick Hague had received 1st prize in the Cincinnati Symphony Freedom Poetry Contest, concerning the gift of Harry and Ann Santen to a Learning Center at Christo Rey High School, and a Tom Cuny article in the *Inquirer* urging volunteers to assist in adoptions.

Jim Miller read his first paper "Disaster is Just Around the Corner." It is the story of cheating and conniving in financial markets over the past twenty years or so, of brilliant thieves (my word, not his) who came out on top as their clients went under, abetted by hapless legislators whom Jim likens to mesmerized bobble head dolls. To read a story like Jim's is oddly comforting for those of us who may have been too impecunious to take part fully in the disaster that was the financial meltdown.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, November 9, 2015

Seven guests and 66 members were present. There were no announcements except that there would be a Board of Management Meeting following the paper.

Jim Murray then read his paper, "The Funniest Story Ever Told," the tale of a tale (not actually a funny story) told to a running group made up of university faculty, diverse in disciplines and backgrounds, if not in race or gender, as they ran the familiar streets of Cincinnati. Marty had a story to share, invoking the "sanctity of the running group," not the seal of confession exactly, but something close thereto. The story Marty tells, interrupted by typical male banter, is of a careless evening of unprotected sex with a younger faculty member, the difficulty of getting a Plan B prescription in Cincinnati, and resort to a Planned Parenthood blockaded by protesters, for said prescription, which was eventually delivered with a wink and a bag of condoms. It was nice of him to share her pain among her colleagues that way.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, November 16, 2015

Perhaps it was the lure of Monday Night Football in Cincinnati, or the fear of parking problems attributable thereto, but there was a scant group of 36 members and one guest. Setting a record, perhaps, there were no announcements for the second week in a row.

Paul G. Sittenfeld read his paper "With Thanks to Miss Eula Johnson." Paul's story begins with his unplanned daylong stay in a Cleveland branch public library, during which he works and reads, but also watches the people around him. The day set off thoughts and memories of Libraries throughout his life, and of their importance.

Paul presents a condensed ten thousand year history of libraries, from Mesopotamia through the days of Andrew Carnegie, then of Carnegie's rise to wealth and his amazing philanthropy in building public libraries that surely nearly every one of us has memories of visiting. He then turns to his own story, his father's collecting of books, the local public library where he met the Children's Librarian, the Miss Johnson memorialized in his title, ... on through days in the Firestone Library of Princeton, his family's love of books, and his own service on the Cincinnati-Hamilton County Library Board.

Paul leaves the punch line to Mark Twain, “Outside of a dog, books are man's best friend. Inside of a dog, it is too dark to read anyway.”

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, November 23, 2015

There were 63 members and two guests. Dave Edmundson made an announcement calling for singers for the upcoming Holiday festivities.

Dale Flick read Rollin Workman’s paper “An Ingrown Web of the Living and the Dead.” It’s a ghost story of sorts, about two friends, one of whom who died in a submarine at the end of WWII in the place of the other, and who reappears later to point out the spot to his friend who would slip overboard to join his long lost crewmates on the floor of the Pacific. It’s also a bit like the long forgotten song, “I’m my own Grandpa.” Are you ready? Before he dies, Frank fathers William by Melinda. William is the narrator’s father. William is raised by Frank’s sister Dorothy until she marries John with whom she adopts William, who is then called Eric. Eric marries his adoptive sister Louise and fathers the narrator who marries Melinda’s granddaughter. I could repeat all this, for those who may be taking notes, but you may have more fun reading it and figuring it out for yourself.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, November 30, 2015

There were 64 Members and two guests present, as President Bill Pratt gathered hid unruly flock. David Edmundson again called for volunteer singers to make “joyful noise” at 2015’s Holiday gathering on December 21.

Bill Pratt then introduced John Brackett to present his cast of characters for his Budget of which the theme was “The Greatest Heist.”

First up was Joe Dehner who read “Heist Matrioshka” a complicated stock sales scam narrated by an angel. It involved a clever thief and a greedy lawyer who was reeled in by unbelievable profits to be had from investments

in unbelievable companies. The opportunities were so good that he invested not only his own money but also the escrow funds of others, earning himself three years in prison. Joe's story was so far fetched that I Googled parts of it myself, only to find that it was not far-fetched at all.

Then Bill Sena read "West Virginia Wisdom" in which a family of Hillbillies that control the town of Nitro West Virginia, make out by ignoring the necessity of paying taxes on the whiskey, coal, natural gas, paper, and even chemicals they sell. They made out "pretty good for not knowin' how to read." Zeke Jones, a member of this clan, went of to West Virginia Institute of Technology and even got himself a Ph.D. in Quantitative Analysis, which came in handy for the formation of a hedge fund, ignored by Wall Street. Ignored or not, they made a killing. "Do you have any idea how big the highly leveraged return in a small investment of \$500 million ... in a perfectly diversified, almost all in short positions in energy related stocks, commodities, and Asian currencies." Bill knows, but he's not tellin'.

Then John Brackett read "The Apotheosis of Bernie Madoff," in which John explains Bernie Madoff's obsession with becoming a god, without dying first. Madoff had got away with his 25 year, \$60 million Ponzi scheme in part by hiring dumb people and paying them so well that they wouldn't ask questions. Thus, surrounded by morons and thinking himself godlike (perhaps like some Literary Club members, John suggests) he has set out confined to his North Carolina prison to research the process by which he might really become a god. John knows all this because he found his blog, "Bernie's Limited Modified Hang-out" and then talked with Bernie via Skype. Bernie explained to John, "for twenty-five years I had it all. I lived better than a god. I lived like a king, and then I became a god. How many other people can say that? I am a god. I am beyond shame."

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, December 7, 2015

There were 64 members and 7 guests present to hear a memorial for Howard Tomb read by Bill Sena. There were no announcements.

Fran Barrett read his paper entitled “A Date,” and the date to which he referred was another December 7, that of 1941 “a date that will live in infamy.” These words were in Fran’s view “part of arguably the most important and powerful speech ever given by this president...[that] inspired and influenced [t]he American people [who] rallied behind their president and remained unified, for the most part, throughout all of World War II.”

Besides examining the life of FDR, Fran wonders about other speeches of other leaders involved in that great conflict, such as the words of Adolf Hitler, bragging of strength and at the same time suggesting that he is a peacemaker. Fran looks at Chamberlain and Churchill as well. Who could forget words such as “Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.” And there is more, lots more.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, December 14, 2015

Fifty-six members and one guest gathered to hear more promises of an upcoming Holiday Observance, and more calls for singers.

It was, indeed, beginning to feel a lot like Christmas, when Frank Mayfield broke the mood by announcing the title of his 16th paper, “Sleeping with the Nuns,” which sounded a bit like another date that would go down in infamy.

It turns out that if Frank can be said to have slept with the nuns, it is only in the same sense that one or more of you may be said to have slept with Leona Helmsley. He spent the night in the Bishop’s quarters of the Benedictine Monastery, after his last day on the Board of Thomas More College. Frank’s musings about the self-sufficiency and courage of these Benedictine nuns, from the point of view of a token protestant, lead him to thoughts of courage, in more general terms: to Martin Luther and Winston Churchill, to

holocaust survivors and Joan of Arc, and to those who fought to forge the way toward racial equality closer to home. It seems that Frank didn't get much sleep that night, but it was a night that he will long remember.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, December 21, 2015

For the last meeting of 2015 and the Club's traditional holiday gathering there were 68 members, five guests, and (depending upon how you count them) three or four musical ringers, one of whom was Christian Miller, a former Literary Club member. The music for the evening ranged from bluegrass to traditional holiday carols including a Literary Club chorus and sing-alongs by all, choreographed and directed by David Edmundson. Judging by the level of the applause, there was pleasure, all around.

President Bill Pratt announced the resignation of Associate Member Bruce Petrie.

There were thanks for Club steward, Nico Ranieri and his staff and the staff of the Queen City Club, and thanks from Nico, as well.

After the traditional meal of Turkey, dressing, and many other treats there were the traditional holiday papers, one by each of the trustees.

Ted Silberstein led off with "They Tried to Kill Us, We Won, Let's Eat; or Latkas Anyone." Preceding the celebration of Christmas by 325 years or so, Ted takes us back to the days of the Seleucid dynasty, and yet another attempt to kill off the Jews. He enumerates at least some of these attempts: Amelekites, Amorites, Assyrians, Babylonians, Canaanites, Edomites, Egyptians, Hittites, and Nazis – enough already! But what did the Jews do after surviving an attack? They ate. The really big question is what to eat: latkas or hamantash. Clearly, at least for Hannukkah, Ted prefers the Latkas. In fact, had the Literary Club tradition against readers using props not prevented it, I'm sure that he would have brought some of each to let us decide for ourselves. Maybe next year?

Jerry Kathman then read his paper "Have a Merry Winter," recounting the war on Christmas, which apparently began with a salvo from the John Birch Society in

1959, in which they announced that communists had launched a plot to “take Christ out of Christmas,” “replacing Christmas decorations with ... United Nations iconography. The society assured us this was a small piece of a larger push to stamp out religion completely and cede our national sovereignty to the United Nations.”

But not to worry, the war has been won, with fully 72% of present-day Americans believing that Christian symbols such as a nativity scene are appropriate on government property – this according to Bill O’Reilly, although other Fox News stalwarts have apparently not read the memo.

Jerry, himself, admits complicity in this shameful episode, as he urged the sale of beer, cookies, and potato chips with idyllic scenes of winter, rather than of Christmas, by, according to the media, “designing mega inoffensive festive packaging intending to be nonsectarian and develop broader consumer appeal...” All this for crass commercial benefit.

Tom Murphy then read “To Believe or Not to Believe.” (Spoiler alert: Tom reveals whether there is indeed a Santa Claus. If you still believe, you may want to retire to the Library.) Seven year-old Tom Murphy, away at Boarding school, was informed by an eight year old that Santa Clause was fictional. Although he had himself been wrestling with minor doubts about Christmas logistics, sleigh capacity, and the like, he had until this point managed to retain his belief, but no more.

Tom’s story is of that one final Christmas and hedging his bets by keeping the secret of his disbelief from his parents and from Santa himself – since he could have been wrong. Christmas morning comes and the presents are under the tree as usual and Tom had kept the secret that many of us have been burdened with for one final year.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, January 4, 2016

There were forty-nine members and four guests present for the first meeting of 2016. President Bill Pratt announced that Arnold Schrier is now in hospice care.

Following the evening's paper Robert Burdett and Chris Milligan were elected to membership in the Club.

Bob Faaborg brought his sixth paper, "Sex and the Supremes." His story starts in 1982, with Michael Hardwick who was both swept up and apparently beat up by Atlanta police, first for public alcohol consumption and later for private sodomy. Hardwick brings suit with the help of the ACLU and gay rights groups taking his case to the Supreme Court where both his conviction and Georgia's sodomy laws were confirmed in 1986, in the now infamous case, *Bowers vs. Hardwick*.

Four years later, heavy drinking and a gay love triangle met up with similarly motivated police, this time in Texas. The cops, aided by the odd man out of this triangle, caught the other two in bed. One noticed that they were having sex, the other didn't, but by trial time they had arranged both to have seen the same thing. There was conviction, there were appeals, and surprisingly the Supreme Court overruled its very recent *Bowers vs. Hardwick* decision in *Lawrence and Garner vs. Texas*.

Bob had many on the edge of their seats, explaining the facts and the law and connecting the dots to the yet more recent *Obergefell v. Hodges*, which, he explains: "not only serves to protect the rights of gays and lesbians. It is an important part of a tapestry of cases developing the right of privacy and limiting unwarranted governmental intrusion into our lives."

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, January 11, 2016

There were 55 members and one guest as we stood for a moment of silence for Arnold Schrier.

Robert Burdett and Chris Mulligan signed the Constitution as our newest members. President, Bill Pratt, announced that the Board of Management would meet after the paper.

Finally, Jack Davis read his first paper, "An American Story," which is, as is traditional, anything but an American Story. It is a story centered on Greece and Northern Epiros, an area largely Greek speaking and still claimed in part by

Greece, but by wisdom of the United Nations, now Albanian. In 1991, Jack's "gang of five," not politicians but Archaeologists had come to Greece to dig.

It is the story of Yanni, a young Albanian, living in Greece, Bill an American living there too, and Jack's gang of five, an unlikely group to be involved in dangerous cross-border shenanigans aimed at renewing Yanni's expired Albanian passport and visa, and in securing a wife for Bill, from among Yanni's sisters.

At the risk of spoiling the tale for you, it all ends happily. Yanni's back in Greece. Bill and his wife are in America, and Jack is often in Cincinnati, that is when he isn't back in Greece, still digging.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, January 18, 2016

There were 56 members and four guests on this evening, as President Bill Pratt called the meeting to order. Bill reminded members that copies of two items were available: an inventory of the Club's many art works, and a Brochure prepared by Jerry Kathman for the Club Open House event.

John Bracket was congratulated on the publication of his second novel, Skintight.

Ted Striker then read his paper, "You Won't Feel a Thing" which is a brief history of anaesthesia. In fact, it was very brief – a little more than half the length of most papers, leaving time for a question and answer session at the end. Ted's account reaches back as far as 2250 BCE and the use of henbane seed and gum mastic to relieve pain. He moves on through Civil War times, ether, and nitrous oxide, and through hard fought battles over who had discovered what.

And Ted then moves on with a look at modern anaesthesiological management, surgical and post-surgical practice, pain relief that we have all seen or needed but probably knew little about. The Q&A session was lively, as apparently Ted had hit on a topic of great interest. Time ran out before the questions did.

Not for the first time, during our light after-meeting repast, I was approached by one of our more senior, respected, and conservative members who has from time to time objected to violations of tradition, like debates and question and answer periods. His words were probably not exactly these, "It's your job to see that this never happens again." But you get the idea.

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, January 25, 2016

The meeting was opened with 59 members and four guests in attendance. President Bill Pratt announced that Robert Smith has been honored with the *Business Courier's* 2016 Health Care Heroes Lifetime Achievement Award. He also announced that on Friday, January 29th Richard Hague would read his long poem "Where Drunk Men Go" accompanied by the music of Michael Henson, at the Thomas More College Theater. There was a further announcement concerning a ten-year-old bottle of very good scotch, presented to the club by Bill Burleigh.

The Evening's budget was a three-paper set, on the theme "Choosing a career."

The Set began with Phil Diller whose eventual choice of medicine was at least third on a list that included professional basketball. Sadly, the hoped-for growth spurt never came. There is the inevitable story about the bad knee (how many times have we heard that one?), but it was clearly the verticality challenge that drove him in the direction of science. Then there was the lure of biomedical research, and finally a dose of serendipity in the library that lured him to medicine, and our own Robert Smith drawing Phil to the University of Cincinnati.

Then it was Fred McGavran's turn to describe his descent into law. While the law may be blind, Fred isn't. Allow me to allow Fred to speak for himself:

It's not my fault I was a lawyer. I was not called to the bar.... I drifted into the law, like a small boat that sets out upon a great sea, only to drift into an inlet and be drawn into a canal too narrow to turn back.

Or,

...law is not rational in its origins or development or practice. It proceeds from a problem being brought to the attention of someone who can't ignore it any longer, such as a judge or a tyrant or a first sergeant, and the deeply held bias of the human race to only think a problem through once.

All this may be unfair to the Law, but I had the advantage of being seated behind a number of prominent attorneys in our midst, and there was a lot more nodding than fist shaking.

Finally, Bill Pratt wrote of the making of an English professor. “Was it inevitable? I don’t know. Was it destiny? I hope so. All I know for certain is that at a crucial point in my life I became an English professor”

Bill’s family was in the shoe business, which perhaps helps to explain his affinity for feet: iambs, dactyls, spondees and the like. Although professional sports were not apparently on his agenda, he did play high school football. But while Bill was in high school, it was Shakespeare that caught his attention, and, in spite of late WWII flight training and the career opportunities that this might have opened, it was great literature (Poe, Kipling, Faulkner, Pound, T.S. Elliot, and countless others) that really captivated him. He went on to study at Oklahoma, Vanderbilt, and in Scotland, went to school with James Dickey and later came to meet Faulkner. It was a career that seemed “meant to be.”

Respectfully Submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, February 1, 2016

There were 58 members and 6 guests present when President Bill Pratt gaveled us to order. There were no announcements and part of the Business meeting which was to follow the paper was presented beforehand, as President Pratt recognized Gibby Carey who said that he wished to quash the pernicious rumor that a Literary Club paper may not be on the subject of a member’s profession.

Richard Hunt then read his paper “A Man for All the Write Reasons,” a paper (irony is always around the corner) about publishing. It is the story of how Ian Ballentine brought the mass-market paperback to America, enriching us all eventually with high quality but low cost books. Ballentine was the son of an artist and an author-anarchist, but perhaps more importantly the nephew of a Random House editor with an impressive list of authors under contract. Moving from importing Penguin paperbacks, to publishing cheap editions for the military in WWII, he moves on to Bantam Books with authors like Mark twain, Steinbeck, and Zane Grey, good books for a quarter rather than \$2.00 each.

In the Business meeting, after reading the minutes, Jim Myers gave the group a “heads up” on a project that he will be proposing, to scan the early (pre 1992) papers and to make these available on the website. The basic cost of the scanning of microform versions will be about \$4,000, but there will be significant additional

costs. The proposal will go to the Board on February 8 and, if approved there, will come to the members for approval in March, since the expenditure would require use of funds now in the Endowment.

Then, although Tony Covatta agreed with Gibby's point concerning the freedom to write about one's profession, he stressed that the papers, nevertheless, need to contain something beyond the literal and prosaic four corners of their author's desk. He expressed concern for the loss of the Clubs traditions that are carried in the Vice-President's Book and the Concordance. He asked the Board to work on preserving the corporate memory of the Club. It was noted that the Vice-President's Book is still in use and that a copy of the Concordance is presented to each new member.

Treasurer Bill Sena gave a very upbeat report on the financial condition of the Club and reported that Tom Bennett had been appointed Assistant treasurer and will henceforth be collecting monies and paying bills for the club. Bill announced that he will not run for the Treasurer's spot in May, but will support Mr. Bennett for that office. See attached resolution.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers

Attachment:

CERTIFICATE

I, James N. Myers, Secretary of The Literary Club, an Ohio non-profit corporation, certify that at a regular meeting of February 1, 2016, a quorum being present, the members approved the following resolutions:

Resolved that The Literary Club elect Thomas R. Bennett, who resides at 215 North Fort Thomas Ave, Fort Thomas, KY 41075, as its Assistant Treasurer, to serve in that position until his successor is duly elected and qualified; and further

Resolved that William T. Sena, Sr. and Thomas R. Bennett are each authorized individually to conduct banking transactions on behalf of The Literary Club, including to write and sign checks and other such documents regarding accounts at or with PNC Bank, N.A., including specifically checking account number 40-0294-1742.



James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, February 8, 2016

There were 57 members and two guests. President Bill Pratt announced there are two significant exhibits of etchings, one at the Cincinnati Art Museum, the other at the Taft, being etchings from the collection of Sally Wadsworth. There was to be a Board of Management meeting after the paper.

Jim Myers read his paper “De Amicitia,” a paper about some old friends of his. It was 5,556 words long, his exact target.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, February 15, 2016

Fifty-three members and three guests came to order at President Bill Pratt’s urging Bill announced the presence on the Club website of photographs by Anderson Cobb taken at the Holiday Observance. Anderson will be photographing future events, as well, and these will likewise be posted on the website under the title “Events.”

Bob Dorsey read his thirteenth paper, entitled “G.” Bob’s paper, which focuses on the letter G, provides us with a neologism for the “gratuitous gleaning of fact from fiction, garnished with a measure of embellishment.” Most of us might have thought that there was already a perfectly good word for that, being “politics,” but Bob has chosen to call it “grythology.” He gives us a bit of Greek mythology, or grythology if you will, the letter gamma and a touch of linguistics, some family history with a “g” focus, stories of the Holy Grail, Grailville, Ohio, and finally Rabbi Nelson Gluck, college president, archaeologist and more importantly a literarian who, in fact, made a gift in 1950 of the real holy Grail, unbeknownst to any of us, to the Literary Club – and there it sits on our mantle piece. Bob gave us enough uses of the letter “g” to satisfy even the most rabid scrabble player among us.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, February 22, 2016

There were fifty-five members and seven guests, some of whom were introduced with great detail as to their innumerable accomplishments and their astounding virtue, perhaps signaling a new tradition for our ordinarily hide-bound Club. We were gathered by President Bill Pratt to hear Joe Moran's sixth paper.

Announcements were few: concerning several exhibits of art, at the Taft Museum, the Cincinnati Art Museum, and the former meeting rooms of the Literary Club.

Joe Moran's paper, entitled "Continuing the Tradition" extolled the virtues of gun collectors, gun collections, gun shows, and straight shooters (courtesy of the NRA), and betrayed his fear that the numbers of each of these seem to be shrinking in our otherwise distracted 21st Century America. He set out to persuade us that "there are many gun and hunting shows that ... are respectable and that are important for our culture...., and that antique firearms collectors are the most knowledgeable of all antique collectors," taking us on a trip to numerous gun and ammunition shows, shows of hand carved and hand painted decoys, some of which have increased in value to unheard of heights, and to a duck hunt by the Maryland Shore. When is the last time we heard a concern expressed for the dwindling influence of the NRA?

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, February 29, 2016

There were 51 members and 6 guests gathered at the Club. Guests were introduced and Mike Kremzar read a Memorial for Arnie Schreier. President Bill Pratt announced again the exhibition Daubigny's "Studio Boat: Life on the Seine," a series of Daubigny's etchings on loan from the collection of Sallie R. Wadsworth, and attested to the high quality of the main exhibit of the paintings of Daubigny and others as well.

Ted Silberstein announced a new and improved version of the inventory of 107 items on view at the Literary Club. The inventory is available for use as a self-guided tour and will be posted on the Club website.

Then, Tom Murphy brought his budget, which began with Joe Dehner's paper "The Eagle and the Elephant," launching a modern day sequel to Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, in which sequel Bill Sena and then Tom Murphy venture into Thailand. Joe's observations of Thai history and culture are many and interesting. For example, he compares our political systems, as follows:

Consider Monarchy. To Americans it paints Thailand as a quaint, archaic backwater, lacking the glory of two legislative chambers from two political parties ever able to pursue the public good rather than personal power, a dignified election process that inevitably secures our wisest president, and a Supreme Court deciding 5 to 4, or perhaps now 4 to 4, the clear and obvious meaning of a written constitution. Thailand has so far to go before it reaches the apex of democracy as perfected in the USA.

He writes of business practices and corruption, which according to Joe "has its principles." Thus, he sets the stage for Bill and Tom.

Bill Sena in his untitled paper relates his trip to Thailand to evaluate a Thai Company located in a remote village, involved in the business of kick-boxing or as it is more properly called there Muey Thai, a national sport. The venture is a school of Muey Thai, catering to students from the world over, men and women.

Quoting Bill:

A valuation? My assignment was impossible. There were serious problems in this little business. I took over as chairman, and when I brought in an audit team, the manager quit, I brought in counsel and new interim management. Then tried to figure out how to save this fascinating little company.

... senior management was lousy, chicanerous, and corrupt, we were running out of money, and the local government was all over us on various violations.

Sounds like a dream job, really

But Bill found a savior in the person of a Thai business man with some energy, enthusiasm, and some money to invest, and the school is now thriving.

So where does Tom Murphy come in?

Tom's paper, entitled "Risky Business" begins with two stories of the dangers of business travel to exotic places, while he and his father were in the scrap business. In the first of these, Tom's father has to buy his way out of major trouble in Nigeria. In the second, Tom is almost stuck with eight freight containers of scrap copper, in Hong Cong. It all works out.

The next bit of risky business Tom writes of is his trip to Thailand in which he joins Bill Sena in reviewing the portability and viability of the kick-boxing school business. He describes a match between two women, one of whom was "Ana MacSweeney, a short pale twenty something woman from Manchester, England with a tattoo of a pair of scissors cutting a heart.... The bout was aggressive, but respectful Quickly thrown punches to the face and kicks to legs landed sure and accurate. Ana won by TKO. The two fighters bowed to each other and embraced. Both smiled. "

Will Murphy invest in the Muey Thai business? Will Murphy and Sena disappear into the heart of darkness, never to emerge again? Or will we all soon be investing in the most successful sports craze since the hoola hoop? Stay tuned.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, March 7, 2016

There were 56 Members and 4 guests. There were no announcements and Bill Burleigh read his paper "Prescriptiveness Prescribed."

I rarely do commercials, but I must say that if you didn't hear Bill's paper and haven't read it, you are missing a rare treat. Using the background of tutoring his grandchildren in the art of writing, Bill tackles head on the conflict between prescriptive and descriptive linguistics. Is it enough to have a pretty good idea of what a writer means or is it important to know precisely what he or she means, and what he or she doesn't mean, as well?

Let me give you an excerpt or two. On the issue of the Oxford comma: "The question involves whether to insert a comma before "and" in a series of three or more things. Omitting the serial comma can lead to mischief, as in the following –

‘On stage, the country-western singer was joined by his two ex-wives, Kris Kristofferson and Waylon Jennings’ Or, ‘This book is dedicated to my parents, Ayn Rand and God.’”

Then on the subject of dangling words and phrases, ““Born at the age of 43, the baby was a great comfort to Mrs. Wooster.”

Well, you get the idea.

After the paper, there was a business meeting and minutes were read and corrected.

Jim Myers proposed the members’ approval of a project for the scanning of Literary Club papers heretofore unavailable in electronic format, and posting these papers on the Club's website. He predicted that the cost of the project could approach \$20,000 over several years, requiring membership approval if funds were to come from the Endowment. Lew Gatch objected to the project, arguing the right to privacy of previous club members and possible copyright issues. It was agreed that the Endowment would lend to the project such funds as may be needed up to the \$20,000 limit, \$7,000 already having been pledged by members. It was further agreed that the Club’s legal counsel will be consulted on the issues raised by Mr. Gatch, prior to posting on the website.

In addition to the above, there was much lively discussion pro and con, including concern that the printing of annual volumes continue apace.

Alter Peerless was elected to membership.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, March 14, 2016

There were 49 members and 7 guests present to hear the paper by Richard Gass.

But before that, it was announced that Richard Lauf has distributed the paper assignments for our next year. There were remarks critical of the distribution by email, rather than the more traditional mail notification. Lauf responded that it had

been some time, perhaps years, since these announcements went by surface mail, but that the complaints would receive consideration.

The honorable, Honorary Member Robert Smith, perhaps anticipating the Feast of St. Patrick, complimented the president on the choice of green for the Club's front door.

Alter Peerless signed the Constitution.

In *Sappho and Baking Soda*, Richard Gass relates the story of a hiking trip to the Canadian Rockies. His body ravaged by signs of advancing old age, Richard has returned for a trip of easy hikes that most of us would find merely impossible. Ninety-degree temperatures, mosquitoes and horseflies the size of bumblebees, and lurking grizzly bears – what could be nicer? Richard tells of a hike punctuated by the rescue of a snarling dog name Sappho, long lost in the wilderness, an attack of killer chipmunks, the accidental discharge of powerful anti-bear spray and its painful consequence, alleviated in part with a paste of baking soda. Had Richard carried chipmunk spray rather than bear spray, he might have had a better day. Richard concludes with a brief allusion to a later trip to Glacier National Park with more bear spray and an actual grizzly bear, leaving us on the edges of our seats – many rooting for Richard, a few perhaps for the bear.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, March 21, 2016

It was a light news day, there being only one announcement about an op-ed piece by Joe Tomain, as 56 members and 4 guests gathered to hear Robert Olson's first paper, *The Scales of Justice*, in which he proposes an addition to the traditional law school curriculum of a course entitled "Law and Opera, or the Scales of Justice."

Part one of the paper dealt with familiar operas in which one finds legal issues, like contract or incest, in the *Marriage of Figero*, or bigamy in *Madama Butterfly*. The *Walkure* and *Billy Budd* examine alienation of affection and respect for the law itself. Part two covers a new opera, *Scalia/Ginsburg*, which is "essentially a non-stop series of inside law jokes and inside opera jokes, with several aria tunes being lifted from various grand operas." In part three, Bob proposes an opera based on

the the Bendix/Martin Marietta takeover battle of 1982, of which he presents much of the nitty-gritty, perhaps even a little too much of the nitty-gritty to make it seem that he finally considers it a good candidate to be immortalized in song.

Minutes of the Literary Club, March 28, 2016

There were 49 members and 6 guests present to hear the gavel of President Bill Pratt who announced that the first meeting of April will compete with the Reds opening day and the NCAA Men's Basketball final game, but nevertheless there will be an election for three potential new members. Bill announced Ted Silberstein's gift of the Time Magazine issue with Nelson Glueck on the cover. Dale Flick offered extra copies of Literary club publications covering the years 1849-1949 and 1849-1974. Then Paul Franz brought the Budget.

Richard Lauf led off, announcing the theme of the budget with his title "Surprise, Surprise, Surprise." Rich's surprise in the workplace related to the way the U.S. army manages the supplies for daily life of soldiers, like toilet paper and floor wax. It turns out that there is a barter system among supply sergeants,

We had a wizened old supply sergeant who could get anything you needed. he spent the bulk of his day on the phone with other supply sergeants, primarily arranging barter, sometimes three or four-way barter, to get what should have been standard supply items. I learned that his stash of the best items in this barter economy made it easier to get what we needed.

The lesson in all this was "the ability of humans to beat any system designed by other humans was almost stunning in its scope and scale."

Tom Cuny's story, entitled "Mingo County 1968" concerns a clash of labor unions when a wildcat strike by mineworkers was not honored by AFL-CIO members of which Tom, on summer vacation from college, was one.

After the consumption of what I assume to have been a fair amount of 3.2% beer at one of the local beer joints, four of the striking miners decided to present a more persuasive argument to their brethren in the AFL-CIO. The logistics for their plan consisted of two cars, two shotguns, and a dozen or so shotgun shells loaded with birdshot.

There was some shooting and some other moderately violent activity. But in the

end, because it was Mingo County and because no one had been badly hurt, the legal consequences were limited to forced, shuffling apologies from the miscreants.

Paul Franz's paper was entitled "My Buckeye State." Paul had graduated from law school and had taken a job with international giant Proctor and Gamble, with the expectation of landing a position in some romantic European locale. But it was not to be, Besides it's better known consumer products, P&G had industrial divisions, producing tank cars full of fat based chemicals, cotton seed oils, and cellulose for paper making. This stuff wasn't made or sold in Europe, but in the deep rural south where he would meet characters like Ronnie.

Fred Brett, the Radar O'Reilly of the Foley Mill, told me in a pre-visit phone call that local counsel Ronnie was "a big man." Any question whether this was metaphor was resolved on being introduced to Ronnie. He was an enormous man, and the roundest human being I've ever seen. Of course, to meet the lawyer from the headquarters, he had to wear a suit, even on a muggy north-Florida September day. Sweat poured from him. I thought the man was melting.

Paul didn't hunt, fish, or follow SEC football, but fortunately he drank beer, so he fit in well enough. But then, "'Cue the banjos. I'm going to die. They'll never find my body.' I sat in the car. Two shots cracked behind it. Since none was at me, I figured getting out could be safe."

Turned out it was just a rattlesnake, a former rattlesnake actually.

Respectfully submitted,
James N. Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, April 4, 2016

Fifty members and six guests ignored the inconvenience of the Reds' Opening Day and the temptation of the NCAA Basketball final game to hear Peter Strange's first Literary Club paper. There were no announcements.

Peter's paper was entitled "Free Range Children; Growing up Beyond the Fences." By 21st Century standards, Peter Strange's parents clearly belong in jail. Turning two 15 year-old boys loose in a canoe on the Kentucky River, for a couple of

weeks of unsupervised adventure, just isn't done any more. The boys differed one from the other in a number of respects, like their approach to food (bring it or catch it), showers (take them or don't), and mosquito repellent (chemical or natural). There were many adventures, all well told.

Among the lessons the boys learned were how to get a free lunch from a farm wife and how close to a snapping turtle it is safe to place your hand.

The paper's second part was a reflection on family and child-rearing, labor practices, BB guns, relatives who were smart but not quite right in the head, and "the fine line between adventures and abuse." Not to worry, surely the statute of limitations has run out.

After the paper, and the reading of the Minutes for March, Gifford Blaylock, Doug Maundrell, and Michael Meyer were elected to the Club.

Minutes of the Literary Club, April 11, 2016

There were fifty members and seven guests. There were no announcements.

Gifford Blaylock, Doug Maundrell, and Michael Meyer signed the constitution. Then Kingston Fletcher read his paper "It Isn't Over 'til it's Over."

In the 19th Century, with the British clearly the monarchs of the sea, there was a friendly competition among yachtsmen and a culture of betting on the outcome of sailing races that drew the attention of even upstart American sailors who harbored the hope of someday surpassing the Brits.

By 1850, after a number of moderately successful cross-Atlantic forays for the purpose of taking on the British, Kingston's hero, John Cox Stevens decides to build the America, a racing yacht that would make history and begin the competition that is the America's Cup.

...her shape was a radical departure from the traditional lines favored in England. Seen from above her forward area looked like a huge arrowhead. Her beam, which is the maximum width, was well aft. Instead of the usual centerboard of the New York yachts, America had a deep, angled keel. Mounting the hull were two steeply canted masts. The sails were made of cotton, which held its shape much better than the traditional English flax. America was a big boat (102 ft. overall with over 5,000 sq. ft. of sail).

She won an informal race and was invited in 1851 to a race around the Isle of Wight, the prize for which would be an urn. The America sailed so fast, that she was, after the race, searched for a propeller. The cup, donated to the New York Yacht Club in 1857, is now a perpetual challenge cup between yacht clubs around the world.

Kingston recounts, blow-by-blow, America's Cup races and anticipates the 2017 challenge to be held in Bermuda.

Minutes of the Literary Club, April 18, 2016

There were forty-eight members and three guests present to hear Bill Baechtold's first paper, "The Shack." Bill remembers precisely the day in 1959 when he first rode his bike to Losantiville Country Club to apply for a job as a caddy. There are days like that for each of us, when something really important in our lives occurs. For Bill, it was becoming a caddy, learning his way around the caddy shack and the golf course. He describes in great detail the shack itself and the traditions and the status of the caddies themselves. He treasures the great golfers he caddied for: Jack Nicklaus, David Reichart, remembering precisely how much Dave paid him for 18 holes.

His paper is introduced with a description of Mary Queen of Scots, whose love of golf was such that she braved criticism for playing just a day or two after her husband's death. Well, to be fair, it seemed she liked the game more than she liked the husband. It ends with a description of the Evans Scholarship program, which has sent thousands of caddies to colleges across the country.

Minutes of the Literary Club, April 25, 2016

Fifty-five members and eleven guests were on hand as the gavel fell. There were no announcements, but President Bill Pratt presented a Library of America edition of the essays of Emerson to the Librarian, for the Club library, in commemoration of Emerson's visit to the Literary Club, before all but a few of us had joined.

Ed Burdell's budget began with an untitled paper read by Joseph Tomain.

"It seemed like a good idea at the time." It's a theme familiar and chilling. In the late 15th Century Lorenzo Medici lay dying and by his side was the monk, Savonarola, whom it had seemed a good idea to ally himself with, in the treacherous world of European politics of that era. Joe describes the times and the cast of characters: Medici, Borgia, King Charles marching into Italy to reclaim Naples. The Medici fortune was being misspent and overspent. It was a terrible mess and, clearly, a savior was needed to make Florence great again. And that is what Savonarola set out to do, with infinite self-confidence. Some may see parallels intended here with our own times. Some members even suspect that Fra Marco, Fra Ted, and even Fra Donald might have foreshadowed 21st Century figures, but I don't think so. Joe's not that kind of guy.

Ed Burdell's paper, entitled "It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time," recounts the evolution of a very good idea, the Federal Communications Act of 1934.

It was intended to bring some order to the fast growing telephone industry and spur economic growth by extending telephone service to the entire nation. It set as a goal the establishment of universal coverage at a reasonable cost for, "...everyone everywhere"

With the breakup of the telephone monopoly in the 1980s, the law has been amended and re-amended, and the FCC now subsidizes schools, libraries, health centers, and families. Ed traces the resulting programs that have expanded as many government programs do, with political splash-back that blames often the wrong president with the creation of other presidents. He leaves it for us to decide, "So what's your call? Still a good idea or Whiskey Tango Foxtrot?"

As a former Latin teacher, I must comment on Ed's Latin translation of "Whiskey Tango Foxtrot." The word *Irrumare* is so graphic that my Unabridged *Oxford Latin Dictionary* declines to define it in English. Who says we're stuffy and uptight?

Respectfully Submitted
James N Myers, Secretary

Minutes of the Literary Club, May 2, 2016

There were 43 members and no guests. President Bill Pratt announced that Joe Dehner had published an article in Business Today. Then Rick Kesterman read his paper "Sketches above the Clouds." NEED SUMMARY/REVIEW HERE.

Minutes of the Literary Club, May 9, 2016

There were 51 members and one guest. Ted Silberstein read his paper

Minutes of the Literary Club for May 16, 2016, President William Pratt called 57 members and 2 guests to order.

Among the announcements was news that Jerry Kathman had been elevated to director emeritus at the Cincinnati Art Museum, James Myers has resigned and David Edmundson will fill in as secretary for the remainder of this year, elections will be held the following Monday, and the spring outing is to be at Harry Santen's farm in Clermont County. Discussion regarding the elections and transportation to the outing followed; bus or busses will depart the Queen City Club parking lot at 4 PM on the afternoon of the event.

Harry Santen brought fiction loosely resembling Samson and Delilah set in some of his favorite places. The places were Harbor Springs and the inland waterway in Michigan, the Cincinnati Tri-State in the era of Prohibition, and Ohio's Clermont County. The title character, John Ingersoll, played the part of Samson, blessed not so much by righteous strength but by good looks and lots of money. Nicole played Delilah but instead of silver, her deceptions earned her a position at the FBI and the approbation of her handler, a handsome young agent who taught and recruited at her law school. The random yet sexually charged chance connection between Ingersoll and Nicole led the FBI, using Nicole's Intel, to unravel the mystery of who John Ingersoll was and how he managed to live so well on a cash basis. As it happened, Ingersoll was actually Genovese, and his income came from Clermont County pot distribution rather than the manufacture of fine Swiss time pieces. Ingersoll/Genovese avoided capture but lost his wealth so that he lived on monthly checks from other Genoveses. And what became of our lovely Nicole and her professor/recruiter/handler? Harry leaves that to our imaginations or perhaps to another paper.

Minutes of the Literary Club, May 23, 2016. President William Pratt welcomed 1 guest and 62 members.

Events, Ernie Eynon told us in "Two Plus," have beginnings, durations and ends. Stories, however, may have conclusions, but don't really end; they endure in some fashion and come to have lives of their own. So it is with the story of his family, begun with his childhood in an eastern Ohio town surrounded by extended family and, at least in Ernie's case, shielded from death, even that of grandparents. The older generation passes away, but the family goes on, and this story went on to Ernie's children and their children. With obvious emotion Ernie related the stories of three grandchildren, each of whom had life-threatening medical problems, from Down syndrome complicated with a heart defect, to leukemia, to sudden, unexplained physical collapse. Each event came to a conclusion, but the impacts and the meanings for his family and perhaps for us as well, endure. The third story, of Jeremy, his collapse as an adolescent, the

sacrifices his family made to deal as well as could be with this new reality, and Jeremy's recovery after a group prayer, seemed to be the story that continued most powerfully for Ernie. In each case life was affirmed and, strengthened, the family endured.

Elections followed the paper with these results:

President, Paul Franz; Vice-president, Tom Murphy; Trustee, Steve Strauss; Clerk, Rich Lauf; Treasurer, Tom Bennett; and Secretary, Richard Hunt. The following appointments were also announced - Tony Covatta, Bob Vitz, and Eugene Rutz will remain as Parliamentarian, Historian, and Webmaster, respectively. Mike Kremzar will succeed long-time Conservator Ed Burdell; Rick Kesterman will take over the duties of Librarian after many years' service from Dale Flick; and Joe Dehner will join Ed Silberstein in the management of the club's art collection.

Feeling that the Literary Club would continue under reasonably sound management, the members retired to a long-delayed supper.

Respectfully submitted, David Edmundson, Secretary pro tem