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Lyman Newlin  
*Book Trade Counsellor*

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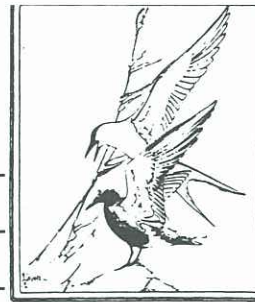
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# Papa Lyman Remembers

## Retirements at University Presses

by Lyman Newlin (Book Trade Counsellor) <broadwater@agis.ag.net>



From the fact that I wrote about a love-hate relationship with some university presses (see *ATG*, v.6, #4, p.64, "A Love/Hate Relationship") I hope my readers did not conclude that I hold grudges. Over the years I have visited a majority of university presses and have formed acquaintanceships with scores of the people who make them run. I have been on the staff of one (Rutgers) and have done consulting work for two others (California and Minnesota). As of this writing I know of ten recently listed names which will not appear in the 1997-98 *AAUP Directory*. So these changes and a couple of others more or less related will take up this column.

**George Bauer** has already departed Oklahoma where he was director for fifteen years. I never had the opportunity to accept his offer to guide me on a bass-fishing expedition on Cayuga Lake when he was assistant director of **Cornell UP**. But we had many friendly telephone conversations during my tenure at **Richard Abel & Co.** (Our son, Erik, did not get to Cornell until after George had departed for warmer waters.)

**Gerald Sussman** was marketing director at **Oxford UP** when I first met him. July 1, he will retire as a senior v.p. By mid summer Gerry and his wife will move to Albuquerque, NM, where they will be near a son who has lived there for some time. There was some mention of a more desirable climate. You'd think that 36 years at OUP would have gotten him into a New Yorker mode forever! Way to go, Gerry!

**John Moore** has given nearly thirty years to **Columbia** — first as editor and then seventeen years as president and director. He attended the **Charleston Conference** a few years ago, setting a precedent for other u.p. heads. *Publishers Weekly* for April 21 reports that John is retiring as director and I have it on good authority that he will relinquish the "president" title also. John shares, at least in part, my addiction to bow ties, but they do not offer the challenges of fine prints. He is pictured in the *PW* story with two Hogarth prints presented to him by his board of trustees at a recent farewell party. That gave me an idea: to hint that prints, especially Audubon, Catesby or Gould will be acceptable to your columnist — if and when.

**Peter Grenquist** is retiring as executive director of **Association of American University Presses**. I want to make it clear that Peter was never party to the odd-ball

treatment AAUP handed out to library book vendors in the 1960s (*ATG*, Sept. 1994, pp. 64-66). Contemporary library book vendors have held exhibits (paid for) at recent AAUP annual meetings and I have noticed names of vendors on programs! Back to Peter Grenquist. I am truly sorry we did not become acquainted during his nearly thirty years at **Prentice Hall**. In a recent reminiscing phone conversation with **Arthur Rittenberg** one-time PH sales manager and long-time affiliate of the Moseley consulting team, Art praised Grenquist's talents in his rise from v.p. of Columbia's American Assembly to important Prentice Hall jobs, until Simon & Schuster took over. One of these days I'll try to sketch vignettes of other great publishing people I know who were victims of publishing megacomglomeration.

One of the people mentioned in my "Love/Hate" column, (*ATG*, Sept. 1994) is **William "Chip" Wood**, with whom I have had a recent telephone visit after I learned that he is leaving publishing. His career started in 1953 with Radio Europe. Other early stands, which include **Oxford University Press** and paperback wholesaling, led him to the **University of Chicago Press** where he served as sales manager until the Australian National University, Canberra, called him to direct a new university press in 1968. In 1975 he started a fifteen-year career at Minnesota as an acquisitions editor. From editing he went into marketing as a publishers' sales representative from which calling he has retired recently. Chip's wife, Janice, in addition to raising a family, has worked in publishing, principally in periodicals marketing. Chip and Janice have put their Bloomington, Indiana home up for sale and are temporarily housed in their Wisconsin summer home. I doubt that Chip is really quitting for good.

**Frank B. Ware**, Ph.D., is abandoning his thirty-five year position as sales manager of **Wayne State University Press**. I'm sure he has no close runner up for second place for university press marketing longevity. He has never satisfactorily answered my question as to what a Ph.D. degree has done to further his profession as a sales manager. I certainly do know it has been no hindrance. On my first visit to Wayne State in 1969, "Mike" (his nickname) introduced me to one Lester Gruber, proprietor of "London Chop House & The Caucus Club", the watering hole of choice for Detroit's literati. I still keep near at hand Mr. Gruber's *Itinerary of Taste: A Guide to Restaurants Abroad*, with his

autograph. I reckon I've eaten in a half dozen of his recommendations in Europe and have never been disappointed. Believe it or not I had a cousin whose name was also **Frank B. Ware**. No traceable relationship has been established but we've had a few imaginary investigative sessions dealing with if, when and where a common ancestor existed.

**Horace Coward** was one of the first u.p. sales managers to call on me after I became publisher liaison for **Richard Abel & Co** in 1966. He is retiring July first after a career of bookselling which started fifty years ago as a sales representative for **Doubleday**, then with **Scribners** and a couple of short runs with other publishers before going to **Yale University Press** where he spent twelve years as sales manager. After Yale he worked with **Richard Abel & Co.** as liaison for a projected scholarly reprint enterprise which never materialized due to the company's transfer to Blackwell, Oxford. In 1977 he founded **University Marketing Group** which represents several university presses in the New England and Mid Atlantic areas. Horace lays claim to the unique experience of having attended both the first ABA annual meeting which had publishers' exhibits (1946 in New York) and the last (1996 in Chicago), Book Expo America having taken over the exhibits for ABA in 1997. University Marketing Group, however, will continue operating with **Mary Mellow** who has been in sales and marketing management for Princeton, New England and Cornell. Mary will have as her partner, **David K. Brown**, formerly marketing director at New Mexico.

**Michael R. Romano**, proprietor of **Red Barn Booksellers** is retiring as a university press marketer — his stable has recently included **Penn State**, **Pittsburgh**, **New York-Albany**, **Hawaii**, **Nebraska**, **New Mexico**, **New England** and others. Mike's background has been in sales for **Dover**, **Harcourt Brace**, **Viking** and **Cornell University Press**. After leaving Cornell as its sales manager, Mike formed Red Barn to represent publishers in Hawaii and Australia. Mike will continue to operate Red Barn as a bookdealer specializing in out of print books in literature and natural history. Mike has had a sideline career as a chef who has catered special functions for prominent people and institutions. He says he doesn't cook much any more. But if you want a real Cordon-Bleu type dinner, I'd recommend you get in touch with him (phone number on request).

continued on page 88



**Search for a Short Stack**  
from page 87

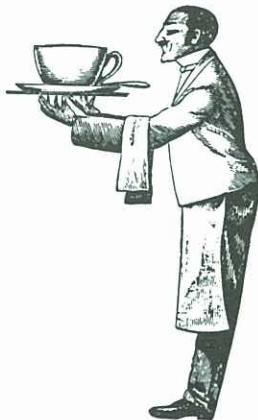
ticket without too much interruption to her singing. But, back to the food report. Humus, fresh vegetables and pita bread with a proper bar makes for a most pleasant change. Several whiskeys later your reporter is bundled into a taxi and taken off to an Italian restaurant. Ten of us wait together huddled near the dessert trolley watching as more and more of the luscious items are finished off by the other diners. We finally sit, order, wait and consume delicious pasta. Very jolly company so we don't notice — too much — that dessert is now down to two choices.

February 16: Danish and coffee with **Chadwyck Healey** is nearly a private affair as there are very few people out so early. Mountains of bagels, Frisbee-size Danish pastries and giant muffins the size of a small cake, bear down on us as we reach for the tea and coffee.

A useful discussion under our belts (rather than a hoard of muffins), we head again for the **Tabard Inn** where we arrive in good time for brunch (and a very important meeting). The Elvis coat lady is still at home and we are forced to sort out our coats for ourselves but otherwise, the service and quality of food is as it was the night before. No pancakes but the French toast with giant sweet strawberries and hot syrup keep Liz happy while I choose scrambled eggs and a selection of miniature muffins the size of pin cushions. Yum.

Our first evening reception is in the **Swann House**, a late 19th-century private home now used for receptions or B & B accommodation. In order to distinguish it from the other homes, a large array of white paper bags with burning candles have been arranged along the driveway

and up the outside stairway. Inside we can see more candles and masses of people at the window, talking and eating (we are only 10 minutes "late" to this reception but it looks like it must have been going for hours). The taxi driver, as all those in Washington D.C. likes to drive us into the front door so we fall into the hands of our hosts — rather than into the hands of some criminal gang. A very narrow semi-circular drive and a steep staircase forces us to walk a few feet in the open air. Just as well we are outside because we nearly blow up the place. As Liz opens the door to get out she knocks over one of the lovely paper bags, which, surprisingly enough, begins to burn. Having noticed that our taxi was not in peak condition, Liz, thinks there just might be the danger of a fire. Using her body and her voice, most effectively, she manages to get the driver to pull away from the fire. But he doesn't go far (2 feet) and when he opens his door to find out what it is all about he starts another fire. By now, Liz and I are standing on the steps waiting for the explosion. People run out of the house, the fire is put out and we try to walk casually




into the house. We steer clear of the candles on every shelf and mantelpiece and try to enjoy the fresh vegetables, the circulating trays of tempura, prawns, kebabs and other freshly cooked hors-d'oeuvres. The final room we visit has tiers of chocolate-covered strawberries, lovely cakes yet another bar.

Still worried about the quantity of candles in the house, we finally decide to leave and head off to our next reception. Even though we are nearly 20 minutes "late" to this second reception, there is no one here but the view of the Capitol is lovely and there are plenty of comfortable chairs. We ignore the table covered in smoked salmon, ham, cheeses and vegetables but we do occasionally accept the offerings from yet more circulating trays. We are saving ourselves for dinner!

Soon after, we are picked up by our host for the evening and driven to the next state for a real home cooked meal. Melt-in-the-mouth roast lamb, new potatoes and vegetables is followed by apple pie and ice cream. Plus we get to visit a real American home with cathedral ceilings, lots of windows and at least one more bathroom than bedroom.

February 17: A business breakfast — hillocks of bagels, mounds of muffins (as big as ever) and lots of fresh fruit. A speech as well.

Lunch (can you believe we are still eating?!) is more than just a delicious Cobb salad, it is also a new experience. We eat on a lagoon with the sound of waterfalls mingled with the keys of a piano which floats on its own lagoon. Very soothing.

Dinner is at yet another Italian restaurant. Service is pretty poor but the food is fine. Was it pizza or was it pasta? Faint memories of large olives, or were they leftover giant muffins? I think we just might take a break from eating... 


**Papa Lyman Remembers**  
from page 83

**Miller Williams** is the only university press director who has had the distinction of being Inaugural Poet. He is the only one of the retirees I'm writing about in this column whom I have never met. By the same token he is the only one I have ever seen on television, when along with 240 million others, I watched the Inaugural ceremony on January 20, 1997. I feel that I know him now after a pleasant telephone conversation. Miller Williams began his publishing career with **Harcourt Brace** as a college traveler back in 1950. College travelers not only sought text manuscripts — they called on professors in an effort to effect class adoptions of books already published by their houses. Mr. Williams has combined teaching English and creative writing at U.S. and Latin American colleges as well as maintaining his interest in publishing which extended

from **Louisiana State** to **Arkansas** where he has been director since 1980. After his retirement July 1, he will continue to teach one course at the University of Arkansas and will devote more time to writing books of his own rather than publishing those of others.

I will miss a fine contact at the **Association of American University Presses** with the departure of **Chris Terry** as marketing manager of the central office. I could always count on receiving the current edition of the **AAUP Directory** as soon as it was published and I could always call him for information about meetings, personnel and other u.p. newsworthy items. Chris is now in the journals end of **Elsevier** where he will be working with the distinguished **Charleston Conference** speaker and attendee, **John Tagler**.

Mention of the word "columnist" causes me to express my deep sorrow at the passing of **Mike Royko**. The **Chicago Tribune** obituary posted on the Internet

consists of seven pages. There is little praise that I can add to all which has already appeared. I'll be hard put to find suggestions of answers to nuisance telephone calls or to turn for political advice with **Slats Grobnik** gone. You were the best, Mike! 

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