

ON GLEN DAWSON'S 90TH BIRTHDAY

Whenever two or more book collectors gather, there is usually an exchange of anecdotes about that most beloved of all the dealers. Glen Dawson, who in June of 2002 celebrates his ninetieth year on old planet earth. My favorite anecdote about Glen revolves about an ancient lady known in bookish circles as K. Gregory. She sold books out of her apartment in New York City only by appointment to select collectors. Her phone number was unlisted and she had no interest whatever in expanding her base of customers.

Once while visiting the Big Apple, I heard that she had some miniature books. After tracking her name through a 1930 telephone directory at the New York Public Library, I called and asked if I could come for a visit

Her companion answered the phone and told me, in no uncertain terms, that Miss Gregory did not receive strangers, wanted no additional customers and was totally unavailable. Sensing that the companion might be a Catholic, I told her that I was a priest. Would that help? "No," she replied, not even if you were a monsignor. How about the fact that I was a book collector? "No." Would she be influenced by knowing that I was president of the Miniature Book Society? "She has never heard of that organization" was the curt response.

In one last and desperate attempt, I said I was a friend of Glen Dawson. Without hesitation, the reply came back, "Miss Gregory will see you at 2:30 pm." I went and was able to purchase the last of the miniature books held by this remarkable lady who was then in her late 90s.

Monsignor Francis J. Weber

Hoja Volante May 2002
Zamorano Club of Los Angeles, California