

14 West 76<sup>th</sup> Street  
 New York, N.Y.,  
 August 26, 1957

Who was the greatest benefactor of mankind? Prometheus, with his gift of fire? Minerva, with her olive tree? The inventor of the wheel? The maker of songs?

All have their claims, but the true glory belongs to that immortal Anonymus who in every age and clime has quietly gone about the business of furthering man's progress. His most significant manifestation, to my mind - perhaps because of a certain affinity for scribbling - occurred when, after attempting to give enduring form to the ephemeral life about him, by scratching pictures on the walls of caves, he evolved those symbols which eventually became the alphabet.

You marvel at the physicists who split the atom which may end by splintering the universe. You praise the scientist who has conquered time and space. Yet our particular Anonymus devised magic symbols which not only made possible the splitting of infinitives - Dr. Johnson preserve us! - but also conquered infinity, eternity itself.

To Arnaldo Mondadori, high-priest of letters, the cordial wish of one of his Tugglers of the Alphabet, that he endure as long as Anonymus himself.

Frances Winwar