

**In Celebration of WAML's 20th Anniversary
by "R. W-Shakespeare"
aka Ron Whistance-Smith**

Friends, Librarians, Cartographers

Lend me your ears

I come here to praise WAML

Not to criticize it

The maps men make live after them

The best are oft treated and con serv ed.

Jul. Caesar.

So let it be with WAML. The noble Stanley

Hath told you WAML was ambitious.

If it were so, it was in a just cause

And joyfully hath WAML accomplished it.

Jul. Caesar.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other people

Think of this organization: but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as this fair group.

Jul. Caesar.

(One score years ago did this group form.)

So we grew together,

Like to an organic union, seeming parted,

But yet an union in partition;

Many lovely collections moulded of one subject;

Many lovely people, bonded by a common interest.

Midsummer Nights D.

For to be or not to be is hardly the question,

Whether tis nobler to our minds to suffer

The ignorance of the masses to maps

Or to take arms against this sea of troubles

And by education end them? To popularize:

To show the advantages.

Hamlet.

The quality of maps is not strained,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,

They cascade forth from GPO, from Canada Map

Office,

from GEOCENTER, Pacific Travellers Supply, and on,

Upon the users and the libraries: they are twice blessed.

They blesseth those who loan and those who borrow:

Merchant of Venice.

If maps be the food of love, draw on:

Give me excess of them, that surfeiting,

Our collections might ever grow, and live.

O! they come to my eye like the sweet view
When puffy clouds shimmer on a shining sea,
Swelling then calmly dissipāing.

Twelfth Night.

The man that hath not the love of maps in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet lines,

Is fit only for computers, plotters, and discs;

The notions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice.

(We honour too, past presidents)

Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O! that their estates, degrees and offices

Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.

How many then should uncover that stand silent;

How many command rather than be commanded:

How much higher would we then reach

Into the darkness of ignorance; and how much

knowledge

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of our clients

To be new varnish'd.

Merchant of Venice.

(I long to hear those words from my friends)

Come and take choice of all my library,

And so enhance thy joy.

Titus Andronicus.

We do smile our faces into more lines than are in

the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.

Twelfth Night.

Our revels are now ended. These our maps

As I foretold you, contain all visions and

Are neatly stored for future reference:

And like the basic fabric of these visions,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which we inherit by purchase and deposit'ry

Form such a highly coloured pageant, glowing,

that we must always be new drawers gathering.

We hold such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little

lives

Are rounded in that service which we provide.

Timon of Athens.

R. W-Shakespeare (9/11/87)