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In Memory of Mike Arnold

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In Memory of Mike Arnold
by Bob Schatz (BioMed Central)

A s I write this, I am just days away from receiving the news that Mike Arnold died. I knew Mike had been battling cancer, but the last time we talked, which was not nearly as recent as I would have liked, Mike thought he and his doctors had the upper hand on his disease. Obviously, this did not prove to be the case.

Mike and I worked together for twenty years. He started at Scholarly Book Center at about the same time I started at its sister company, Academic Book Center. When the offices merged, Mike ended up working for me as part of the national sales team. When I say “working for me” I use the term loosely. Mike was part of a sales team that knew its job well and needed very little input from me to do its work effectively. In a group of strong and capable reps, Mike was the most senior in terms of tenure and the leadership role he played. Among booksellers in general, Mike was the dean of the corps, reminding the rest of us how to effectively do our jobs, especially when it came to taking care of customers. There was, and remains, no one better in the business when it came to taking care of customers. Mike was a tough guy, but you’d never know it by his manner or his behavior. His strength, his ambition and resiliency, were hidden beneath a demeanor, great sense of humor, and true friendship.

Outside of work, during a long drive across the Midwest flatlands or at the hotel bar that evening, Mike and I would talk. Sometimes we got into a challenge, including the courage he showed when facing his cancer. Mike occasionally indulged in the former analysis of a sports team or attempts at humorous ridicule. He was as fine a man as I’ve ever known, the kind of man you hope to have in your life for many years, not one who is struck down before his time due to illness. Whether personally or professionally, all of us who knew Mike are better for the experience.

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Remembering Mike Arnold
by Barry Fast <barryfast@gmail.com>

I was in the locker room at my gym, about to change into street clothes, when I got the mail and saw in the subject line “Mike Arnold.” I know what it means, before I tap the screen, when I see an old friend’s name there. I’ve seen it twice in the past year. It’s the modern equivalent of those iconic movie scenes from last century, the telegram from the War Dept. that, with shaking hands, she refuses to open, or two full-dress soldiers ring the doorbell and the woman inside sees them through the window and collapses into her husband’s arms. I knew Mike had died before I clicked the screen, before I even knew he was sick.

Mike was a tough guy, but you’d never know it by his manner or his behavior. His strength, his ambition and resiliency, were hidden beneath a quiet reserve. Mike was all about under-stating and over-delivering. In our organization when he offered an opinion or analysis, everyone paid attention. He represented us to our customers, but just as significantly, he represented them to us. We all listened when Mike spoke and I think his customers understood that. He was both our sales rep and their advocate. If, as I believe, the bookseller and librarian were joined at the hip professionally, dependent on each other and benefited by each other’s competence, then Mike Arnold was emblematic of that concept.

Outside of work, during a long drive across the Midwest flatlands or at the hotel bar that evening, Mike and I would talk. Sometimes we got into the deeper stuff, but most of the time it was just relaxing conversation about the day we’d shared in libraries. When we talked about home and family, his love for his wife Eileen was expressed not in what he said, but what he didn’t say. The bonding technique we men tend to use is a superficial device that allows us to display our manhood while we assess the other’s fitness to join our club — or hunting party. It usually begins with a serious analysis of a sports team or attempts at humorous banter about the latest problem our wives are causing us. Mike occasionally indulged in the former because it’s inconceivable that a man who resides within a hundred miles of Chicago wouldn’t have an opinion on the Cubbies or the Sox. But Eileen was never the object of humorous ridicule. I think he loved and revered her too much to use her as a prop. Saying something demeaning about his wife, even in jest, was beneath him.

He was a dignified man, a word we hardly use anymore because there are so few of them around. I don’t mean he was pretentious or decorous — those adjectives describe the opposite of Mike. Because dignity is such a rarity we conjure up all sorts of inadequate synonyms. None work. If you didn’t know him well you’d just have to take my word on this. He had dignity, and he made all of us feel good when he was in the room. And now, sadly, he’s gone.