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## PERSONALS

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**SAIL SOUTH.** Three cruises on great new *Georgic*, England's largest cabin liner. *Georgic* to Bermuda over Lincoln's Birthday weekend, \$45 up. Sail Feb. 9. Sail Feb. 14 to the West Indies, 15 days, \$192.50 up. Sail Mar. 3, 18 days, \$225 up. I'll take care of all details. D. Porter, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Phone DIgby 4-5800.

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**GEORGE SAINTSBURY** wrote: "It needs infinite research to satisfy my ideas of thoroughness: for I have NEVER given a SECOND-HAND opinion of any thing, or book, or person." How many professors of Elizabethan literature DARE print that? George Frisbee.

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## The Fifteenth Colophon

THE Fifteenth number of the Colophon is at hand, containing as usual a varied array of matters grave and gay, set forth in equally varied typographic dress. It seems hardly necessary to repeat what has already been said often in this column as to the value and interest of this quarterly: it is to be hoped that many readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* are also readers of the Colophon.

The list of contributors to this issue includes my collaborator, John T. Winterich, who writes on the Unsubstantial Character of Fame as it has affected the life of the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," Lawrence R. Thomas, on "Long-fellow's Projected Sketch Book of New England," Josiah K. Lilly, who has an intimate account of the collection of Stephen C. Foster's music at Foster Hall; Janet Camp Buck, with the story of Rossetti and his buried poems; Stephen Vincent Benét, and an account of his first book of poems; Robert P. Eckert, Jr., with the story of James G. Percival and his library; Percy H. Muir, on Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies; and Geoffrey T. Hellman, on Book Collecting. There is a wood cut—"A Charleston Window"—by Charles W. Smith, and the cover design is by Jack Tinker.

The printers are as usual numerous and the quality of their work is pretty uniformly good. There is the usual variety in typographic treatment, but no aberrations to distract the reader.

R.

## La Reine Pedauque

AT THE SIGN OF THE QUEEN PEDAUQUE, by Anatole France. Chicago, for the Limited Editions Club. 1933.

THIS is, in many ways, as handsome an edition of Anatole France's story as one is likely to meet with. Mr. Kittredge of the Lakeside Press has used one of the most beautiful of modern types—and an appropriate one: the presswork is good, if a little sparing in impression; the pictures have been carefully printed; and the binding is attractive. If one were to quarrel with the printing, it would be on the grounds—familiar to most readers of modern fine editions—that the book is too big. The long lines of type are not too easy to follow across the meadow of the page. Save for this one adverse criticism, the book is a beautifully executed one.

The pictures by Sylvain Sauvage are more than ordinarily competent illustrations, and there are an ample number of them, twenty-two water colors. These pictures were given place in the five awards made earlier in the year by the Limited Editions Club for book illustrations, and I hope that Mr. Macy will conduct a voting contest later on to find out how his subscribers like the precedence which the judges decided upon! There can be little doubt, however, that M. Sauvage has done an excellent job. And the reproductions are very skilfully rendered in color offset.

The book will rank as one of the handsomest which the Club has issued.

R.

## Rowland E. Robinson

CENTENNIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF ROWLAND E. ROBINSON: I. *Uncle Lisha's Shop, A Danvis Pioneer*. Rutland: Tuttle Co. 1933. \$2.50.

UNDER the general editorship of Professor Llewellyn R. Perkins, of Middlebury College, there is to be issued a complete and definitive edition of the work of Rowland E. Robinson in seven volumes to sell at the modest price of two dollars and a half each. The contents will include not only Robinson's familiar stories, but some hitherto unpublished material, and reproductions of his work as a draughtsman. Each volume will have an introduction by well-known Vermonters.

Robinson's particular country was the

Champlain Valley, where he was born a hundred years ago. He undertook to portray in prose the stories of his childhood and earlier, stories which have been read and liked by innumerable Vermonters and many others. If not of the first class, his work did vivify the legends and the traditions of western Vermont. Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovell, "Ann Twine" and the rest of his characters are very real persons to readers whose memories antedate the radio and the automobile; and there are many corners of the Green Mountain state where the countryside and even the conditions of life have changed but little, and where the frontier seems still close at hand. It is the potent lure of the frontier which, I suppose, makes these stories of Robinson's good reading now.

The present volume contains two of his stories, introduced by a Foreword by Professor Pattee of Rollins College and an Introduction by Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher. There is a reproduction of a photograph of Uncle Lisha's Shop, and several of Robinson's very stiff wood engravings—Noon on the Farm, Fox Hunting in New England, Tapping the Trees, etc.

The printing is fairly well done, though one could wish that a little more style had been given this final setting. Lovers of Robinson will welcome the opportunity to obtain his work in this definitive form, and it is probable that new admirers will be attracted. It is a publishing venture well worth while.

R.

## Hand Printed Books

BRIEF INTERLUDES. By Ralph Bradford. Washington. 1933.

THIS is a slim octavo, printed on greenish paper, and bound in matching color of linen crash, with paper labels. The typography is good but not distinguished. Ninety-seven copies have been printed by Harry Richards.

What chiefly interests me about this book, and makes it worth mentioning here, is that it was printed on a hand-press by an employee of the Government Printing Office in a style as unlike that of the G. P. O. as can well be imagined. The inane and tasteless typography of the G. P. O. will have to give way to something more in harmony with the finer traditions of printing if its workmen take up hand-press printing and go to Pittsburgh to work in the Typographic Laboratory.

AN ARRAY FOR ONE, by Kenneth White, and NO TOMORROW AND JANUARY THAW, by Eugene Armfield. New York: Jaynet and Alan Holden at the Cassowary Press. 1933.

SO far as I know, these are the first fruits of the Cassowary Press. They are thin quartos, set in Poliphilus type and printed on the hand-press. Type and composition are simple and well handled, but I would suggest to the printers that it is a mistake to use machine-made paper on a hand-press, since it is so easily possible to use dampened hand-made; also, a somewhat more decorative treatment of the page is desirable. A study of Kelmscott and Ashendene Press work, not with the idea of imitation but for an understanding of what can be done on the hand-press, would suggest ways in which the remarkable flexibility of the hand-press could be used.

R.

## ERRATUM

The editor's note accompanying the verse, "Super-Power Carl," which appeared in *The Compleat Collector* of January 13, gave the misleading impression that the poem was written anonymously. The intention was to reprint it here anonymously, but not to disguise the fact that it had previously appeared in a privately printed version, with the name of the author on the cover. To avoid further confusion, we may say that the author is Henry Davenport, formerly Assistant Professor of Art in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

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# Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Why did Old Quercus grumble and grutch? At books and telephone calls and such? Perhaps he ate and drank too much. Soft and peevish, dim of eye. He watched a thousand books go by. Worried about his waxing paunch. And then—he read of the *Bounty's* launch. Bread, two ounces; water, a gill. Blood of the sea-birds they can kill. These the rations to keep them fat. 1200 leagues they sailed on that. In storm and starving, kept afloat. Forty-one days in an open boat. There's a book for the gelatine-spined. Who sit all day on a soft behind. Frank and true and salt as sin. This Is Where the Guts Begin. So read, to cure a bilious flux. *Men Against the Sea* (2 bucks).

Mr. W. W. Norton, the sagacious publisher (but his handwriting is not as legible as the excellent books he sponsors) begins his Ten-Year-Catalogue congenially to Old Quercus by announcing *A Guide to Civilized Loafing* (by Professor Overstreet). And then immediately follows it with *The Science of Work* by Professor Viteles. Why did the usually tasteful Random House shimmy up *Ulysses* with a lot of giant initials as decoration? The book is too big for typographical gewgaws and scrimshaws. The old problem of steamer-presents arises in full force. Our friend Dr. Samuel Feigin, of the psychopathic ward at Bellevue, reports several severe cases of biblio-duplication on a recent voyage to Italy in S.S. Rex. The Dr. himself received 2 copies of *Italy on 50 Dollars*, but a fellow-passenger, Mr. Primoff, opened four Bon Voyage packages each containing *Anthony Adverse*. Another voyager had duplicates of Galsworthy's *One More River*. All was adjusted eventually by tactful swapping. Will Dr. Feigin, whose intuition as psychiatrist we greatly admire, suggest a treatment for this social problem? Speaking of shipboard reading, that bird of brightly lit nights, the Phoenix, tells us what the lady in the stateroom (Miss Claudia Morgan) is reading aloud in the play *False Dreams, Farewell*. She is said to be reading to "improve her mind," for the sake of her lover. The literature that proves too much for her is—the Diary of Samuel Pepys.

"Ayrshire Lad" writes from Winsted, Conn., to remark that Cutty Sark whiskey was named not only for the clipper ship but also for the girl's bobtail shift in Burns's poem. "A fine quality of good whiskey," says he delightfully, "also distinguished the only garment worn by the damsel who roused Tam's enthusiasm—no hang-over." But the label of that famous whiskey carries a picture of the ship—not of the shirt. The Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University remarks: "Members taking notes on lectures are asked to make as little disturbance with turning leaves and rattling paper as is note-takingly possible." E. P. writes that she is collecting the various booklets sent out on the Arts of Drinking; the high spots of her garner are *Beer in the Home*, which may be had from Colonel Jake Ruppert's brewery, N. Y., and *Notes for an Epicure* by the Libbey Glass Mfg. Co. of Toledo. She says she's looking for a choice brochure on Whiskey, which is her own specialty. With painful twinge Old Quercus considers how much free advertising he gives Merchants in Other Lines . . . but do they ever give Books a ride? One of the Mermaids has been admiring a pencil Quercus had on his desk, one of those grand thick-leaded drawing pencils (with a little thread to tease off the paper casing). A Blaisdell 616 T, to be precise. "I'm going to get one like that," she cried, "if I have to hunt all over town." We wondered why the sudden enthusiasm. "It would make a perfect eyebrow pencil," she said.

Which brings us to the second installment of W. S. H.'s *Review of Jackets*, begun last week. Chapter 2 herewith: Publishers sometimes find it expedient to have a book's jacket ready well in advance of the book itself, especially in important cases. It might well happen that a book-traveller in California could be showing a striking jacket to an admiring customer while the author is still struggling with his closing chapters. This function of the jacket—acting as an eloquent

advance emissary—is one of much significance and convenience. One very eloquent example to make its public appearance in April is *On Our Way*, by Franklin D. Roosevelt (John Day). This is a strong, plain layout in three bands of color. The title is black lettering on red; at bottom, author's name in white on blue; center, a paragraph of the author's in quotes headed "The First Year." Another good John Day jacket will appear on a March book—*Do We Want Fascism?* Colors, red, white, and black; a well drawn fasces and swastika balancing the built-up lettering. Here the artist (Maurer), because of the heraldic simplicity of his arrangement, is able to fill the cover completely with no appearance of crowding.

The cover of *Gentlemen—The Regiment!* (Harper) should invite curiosity as to what all the toasting is about; and within a baroque border a gathering of red-coated officers at table, glasses well raised, graphically emphasize the title of the book.

Mr. Knopf has rightly imagined that the jackets on the drinking-guides which have made their appearance since the dawn burst are not going to stand up well under the strain to which they may be subjected. He has bound *Jack's Manual* in a water-proof or alcohol-proof material, appropriately printed. No further covering is needed.

The correct use of type is well illustrated in the cover of *Lenin* (Harcourt, Brace), the five letters of the title covering the spine in vertical fashion. The cover is just as effective, the sort of jacket one could spot at a distance—a good test. The jacket for *Twice Shy* quite overshoots its mark in its decorative attempt, achieving only the effect of making the title impossible to read without long contemplation. Lack of consideration for clarity spoiled here an otherwise attractive idea.

*The State versus Elinor Norton* (Farrar & Rinehart) will make its appearance with a dignified cover of medallion motif; this jacket will have tactile appeal as well, the frames and lettering having been subject to *gaufage*. And the same publishers, feeling perhaps that one of their Spring 1933 novels had not received the attention it deserved, have decided to dress it up in a new coat by John Alan Maxwell, the heroic figure of the hero dominating the cover with sky, sea, land, and episodes filling in the background. Anthony Adverse!

I can't help it, but there is another passion-jacket I should like to comment upon—*Passion's Pilgrims* (Knopf). At first glance it seemed pleasing, but I find it won't stand much looking at. We owe so great a debt to Mr. Knopf in the matter of book design generally that I almost hesitate to remark that a design we recognize as "modern" is beginning to seem dated.

This little discussion is, I hope, merely introductory. I have not seen more than a small fraction of the Spring jackets—many are not yet ready. I should like later to discuss more examples more briefly; not only those I like but a few I think should have stayed plain paper. I should like also to ask why there are in America no book-posters deserving of the name. And I don't mean a book-jacket enlarged, mounted on a card. That is not a poster.

We already have a reply to W. S. H.'s first chapter on jackets, printed last week. Barrows Mussey of Portland writes:

In your piece about jackets, I see you express the hope that the wretched things are an American invention, but fear that credit must go to England because of books issued by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Evidently in the strain of a week's blowing for Trade Winds you have forgotten or overlooked the origin of O., McI. & Co. Osgood is none other than our old friend, James R. Osgood, once of Fields, Osgood & Co. of Boston, who was sent to London by the Harpers. McIlvaine was a Princeton '85 man, also a Harper product. McIlvaine, a bright young manufacturing man, would probably have been responsible for the jackets. So home talent beats the Brit-ishers coming and going!

We have long looked forward to the *reductio ad absurdum* of best-seller lists. The *Jacksonville Sunday Times-Union*, brought in by our travelling spy, obliges by listing "The American Procession," by Agnes Rogers and S. V. Benét." The Atlanta bookstores, as reported in the *New York Times* of January 22, did even better by including Sinclair Lewis's *Work of Art* as a best-seller three days before the book was published.



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