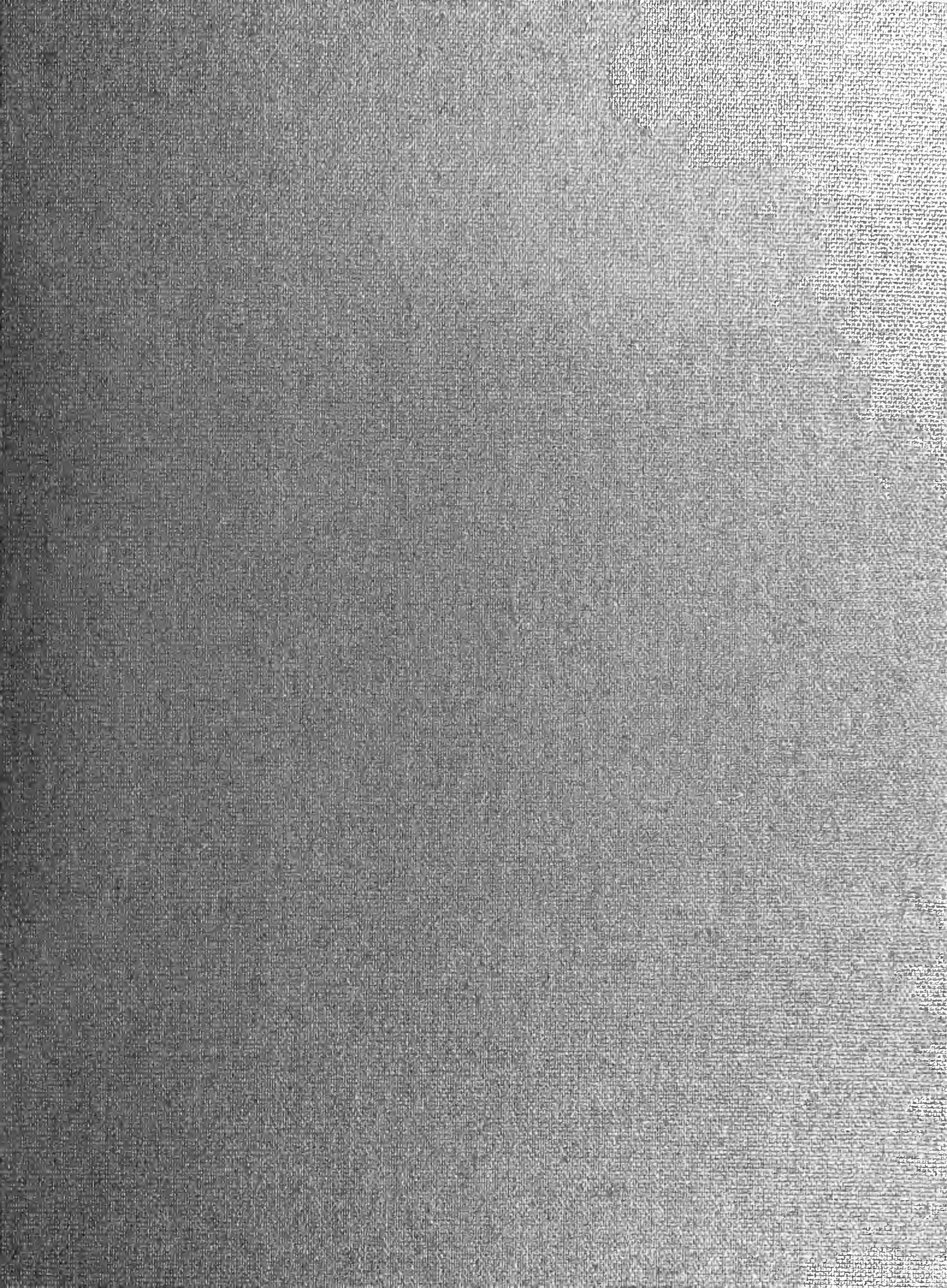

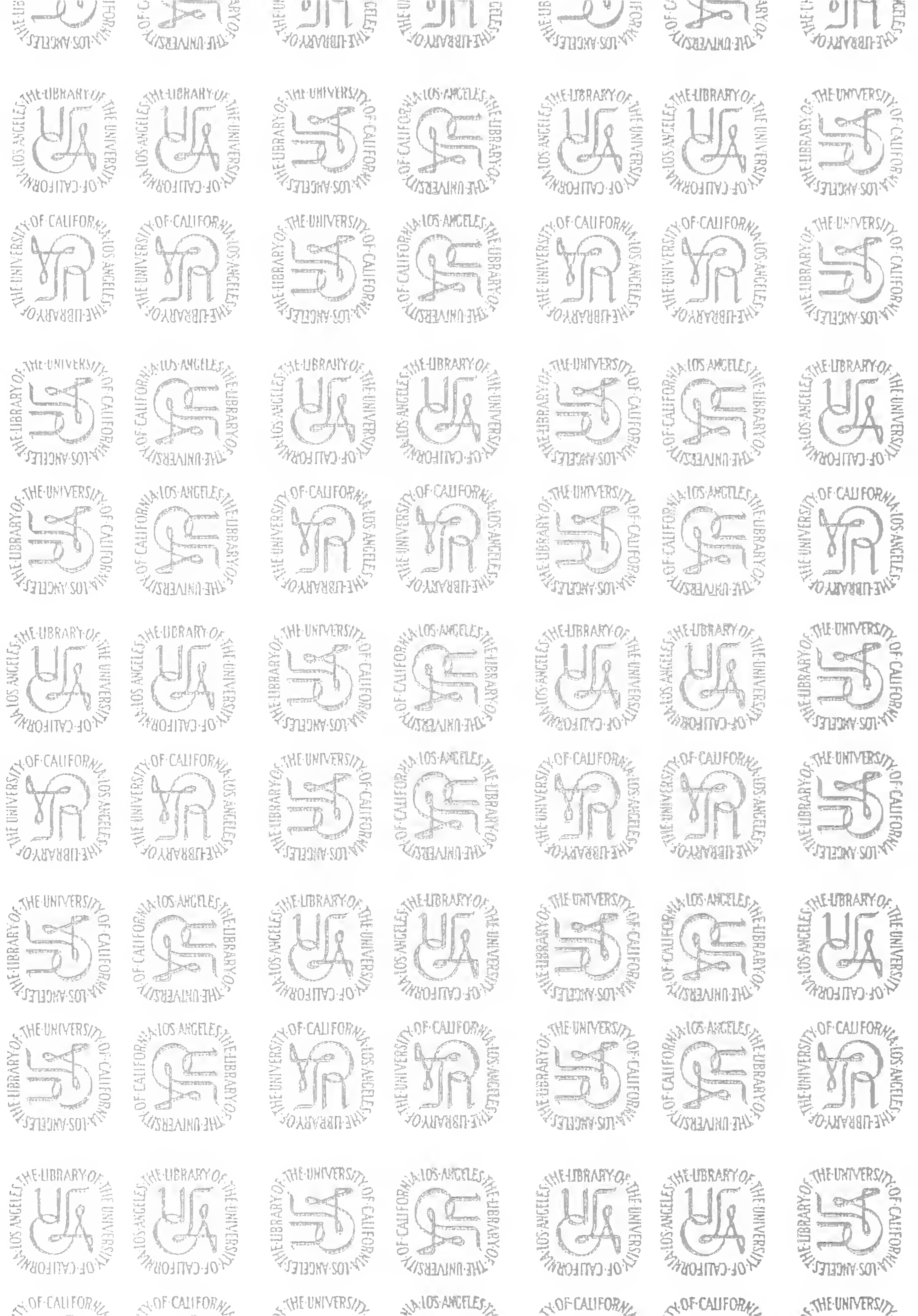

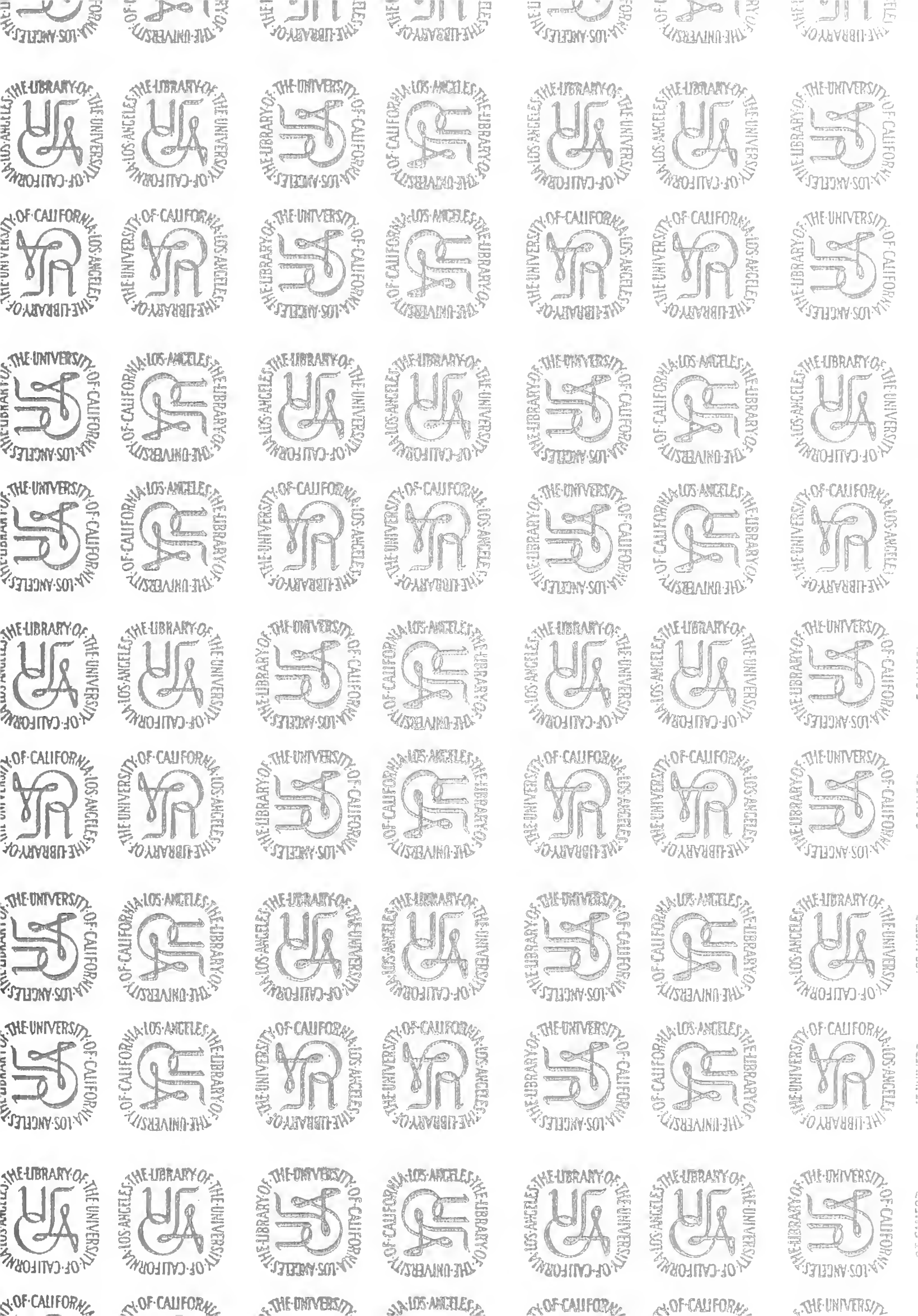
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Ward Ritchie

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A Chronological Bibliography of Books and Articles by Ward Ritchie, compiled by Elizabeth Angelico, Assistant Cataloger, William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, University of California, Los Angeles

INTRODUCTION

Harry Ward Ritchie was born in Los Angeles, California on June 15, 1905, the son of Mossom George Ritchie and Effie Palmer Ritchie. He received his early education in South Pasadena, graduating from South Pasadena High School. In 1924 he entered Occidental College. After his freshman year, he was admitted to Stanford University. Following his sophomore year at Stanford, he attended the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, but returned to Occidental College, where he received his BA degree in 1928.

Ward Ritchie early developed a keen interest in fine printing and the art of book production; however, at the time of his graduation from college he decided on a career in law. Accordingly, he matriculated at the University of Southern California's School of Law in the summer of 1928. It took him less than a year to discover that he was not suited for the law, and he withdrew from the school, pondering the future course of his life. It was during this brief interlude that he discovered The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson on sale in the book department of Robinson's Los Angeles Department Store. As Ritchie began to absorb the mood and feelings of Cobden-Sanderson, the great nineteenth century English bookbinder who had given up law at age forty to pursue a career in the art of the book, he was intrigued by the philosophy of independent creativity which permeated this work. There and then he decided to follow a career in the graphic arts.

Initially, Ritchie sought advice on obtaining training in bookbinding. At the Huntington Library he was told that there was no place on the West Coast where one could learn the craft; in fact, there was little hand binding done in the United States. Next he broached the subject of printing and was told that the best printers on the Pacific Coast were John Henry Nash and the Grabhorn Brothers in San Francisco. With advice from these San Francisco printers and encouragement from Jake Zeitlin, a Los Angeles bookseller, and Bruce McCallister, the premier printer in Los Angeles, he decided to study printing at the Los Angeles Trade Technical School. During 1928 and 1929, Ritchie pursued courses at the school, learning the rudiments of printing, and there he was strongly encouraged by his immediate tutor and confidant, James Hallack.

The printing equipment of the L.A. Trade Technical School and Ritchie's own press, installed in a rented studio at Clyde Browne's Abbey San Encino in Highland Park, provided the resources for his first series of printing endeavors. These were small booklets of poems by Carl Sandburg, Archibald MacLeish, Léonie Adams, Robinson Jeffers and several others. Most of them were little more than pamphlets that could be printed easily in a session or two. Ritchie considered them great fun, yet a true source of creative satisfaction.

Meanwhile, he started work at Vroman's Bookstore in Pasadena and continued there until late spring of 1930. In his spare time he worked with his press and read widely in the

history of printing and the work of contemporary European and American printers. It was during this interlude that he became particularly interested in the work of the Paris printer and book designer, François-Louis Schmied. He had read Schmied in the Fleuron. His books were described as the books of the future. This appealed to Ritchie, and he set his heart on studying with Schmied at his Paris atelier. The chance came when his aunt in Michigan wrote to his mother that she was joining a European tour and desired her company. His mother easily persuaded him to join them, so he obtained a leave of absence from Vroman's Bookstore and set out for Europe with his mother and aunt early in June of 1930.

When the tour returned to Paris after its round of Europe, Ritchie decided to remain. He had a letter of introduction to François-Louis Schmied and was determined to realize this ambition to become an apprentice at his atelier. This was not as easy as he had supposed, but he succeeded and soon found himself working at a variety of tasks, ranging from cutting woodblocks and pulling the handpress to teaching English to Schmied's daughter and helping bottle the autumn wine.

Unquestionably Ritchie's Paris experiences at Atelier Schmied strongly influenced the development of the Ward Ritchie Press, established in 1932. This eventually evolved into the commercial printing firm of Anderson, Ritchie & Simon.

This manuscript, a transcription of tape recordings made by the UCLA Oral History Program with Ward Ritchie, is an account in

his own words of the development of these enterprises and of the state of fine printing and publishing in Southern California.

Records relating to this series of interviews are located in the office of the UCLA Oral History Program.

INTERVIEW HISTORY

INTERVIEWER: Elizabeth I. Dixon, Oral History Program, UCLA. Age 45. B.A., International Relations, USC; M.L.S., Library Service, UCLA.

TIME AND SETTING OF INTERVIEW:

<u>Place</u>: Ward Ritchie's home, 751 Linda Vista Avenue, Pasadena, California.

<u>Dates</u>: January 17, 1964 to February 21, 1966.

<u>Time of day, length of sessions and total number of recording hours</u>: Recording sessions lasted from three to four hours, with an average of two hours of recording at each session. The manuscript represents a total of thirty-one and one-half hours of recording time. The first few recording sessions were conducted late in the afternoon, but early in the interview series the schedule was changed to the morning hours.

CONDUCT OF INTERVIEW: The interviewer introduced topics and questions off tape, and the interviewee then prepared careful notes for use in recording. He frequently referred to manuscripts, correspondence and his diaries, from which he read passages onto the tape from time to time. Topical questions were introduced by the interviewer within the chronological framework of the series.

EDITING: Editor, Bernard Galm, Oral History Program, UCLA, B.A., English, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota; M.A., Theater Arts, UCLA.

Editing was completed September 23, 1967

The edited manuscript represents a verbatim transcript of the taped interviews. Only minor emendations for spelling, punctuation and clarity were made. An audit-edit was done to check the accuracy of the tape transcript. The manuscript reflects the sequence in which the interveiws were conducted.

The edited manuscript was brought to the interviewee for his review in October 1967, which he completed in January 1969. He did not make significant changes in the original wording but did add considerably to the material recorded at the interviews. The use of brackets in the manuscript indicates words not actually spoken by the interviewee.

The photograph in the front of the volume was taken by Mr. Ritchie's son, Jon Ritchie. The appended chronological bibliography of books and articles by Ward Ritchie was kindly prepared by Elizabeth Angelico.

The index was compiled by Mrs. Adelaide G. Schippers.

Errata: pp. 337, 535, 546, 562, 655 do not exist

pp. 330A, 437A, 592A, 598A, 673A-673D exist to correct the pagination

TAPE NUMBER: ONE, SIDE ONE

January 17, 1964

Ritchie: I was conceived, I believe, in Detroit, Michigan, but born in Los Angeles, California on Fedora Street just a few houses north of Pico Boulevard. My father was a druggist by profession and most of the time he practiced it but never for very long in the same location. It was the same with houses--our family was constantly moving. This was especially true before I was born. My older brothers were never able to count the number of different grammar schools they had attended before we settled semi-permanently in South Pasadena when I was three years old. Even so, I can remember nine different places we lived in before my father died when I was twenty-three years old.

In 1905, my father was a traveling salesman for the pharmaceutical firm of Parke-Davis in Detroit. Early in that year he traveled west to Los Angeles. It was his first trip out here. And while he was here he enjoyed the winter sunshine so much that when he was offered a job with the Brunswig Drug Company, he failed to return to Detroit. My pregnant mother had to gather all of their belongings, my two older brothers, and head out into this distant unknown West. She did it bravely, though I assume with great trepidation since her family was a very

close-knit one, and the brothers and sisters looked on this new adventure with some distaste. This was the first time, I believe, that she had ever been separated from her loving family, possibly the first time she had ever been out of the state of Michigan. She arrived in Los Angeles in April, and I was born on the 15th of June, 1905.

My father was a sweet and amiable man. He never became angry, would strike up an acquaintance with any stranger near enough to talk to him. He just plainly enjoyed life and living. He was born in Kincardine, Canada, in 1864. This was a little town on the banks of Lake Huron and I recall pictures of the house overlooking the lake and with the boats and piers in front, so I'm sure that he had an extremely pleasant childhood up there. As a boy he went west in Canada into Alberta with a surveying party, at one time, later coming back and attending Ontario School of Pharmacy at Toronto, Canada, which later became one of the schools of the University of Toronto. Here he got his pharmaceutical degree and later on came to the United States.

He owned a little drug store in the town of Imlay City and there it was that he met my mother, who had lived there for a good many years. They were married around 1890, I suspect, and lived in Imlay City for a few years when the urge to move once more caught up with my father. There are so many little towns around there that

I have heard them speak of--Metamora, for one. He had a drug store there and one in Mt. Clemans before he finally settled in Detroit. After coming to Los Angeles, he worked for the Brunswig Drug Company for awhile, later on ran a drug store called the Central Pharmacy on Spring Street, later on the Owl Drug Company on Sixth and Hill--I believe it was. There were a variety of companies.

I remember as a little boy he was president of the Southern California Lime and Cement Company, but it wasn't really until I was eight or nine that he seemed to settle to one business of his own. A friend of his owned a drug store down at the corner of Eighth and Central Avenue--which was far out at that time--and he offered it to my father. My father was amazed, saying that there was more equipment and more drugs in this drug store than in any he had ever seen. The previous owner evidently bought anything that was ever offered to him. My father bought it and ran it for a few years. He divided the stock between another store on Vermont; he moved over there, sold the Central Avenue one. He still divided the stock with another store, and finally he had a store down on West Seventh Street, where I used to work during summers as a young boy learning the soda trade and enjoying the sweets that we had there.

My father's family were completely Scotch and English. His father, James Beattie Ritchie, had come to Canada from

Ireland, where so many of the Scots had immigrated from their native highlands. His father, Thomas Ritchie, had settled in Ardara, Donegal County, in Ireland which is near Londonderry. His father, before that, James Ritchie, had come from a little town called Laugh Hill--which I presume is in Scotland and probably up in the highlands someplace--where the Ritchies were a sept of the Clan MacIntosh.

My father's mother was Eliza Pitwood; she had been born in England in the town of Bideford in 1836. She had come to America some years later, living in Chicago before removing to Peterborough in Canada. It was there she met my grandfather James Ritchie, and they were married in 1854. They came to Kincardine in 1862 and resided there for the rest of their lives. It was there that my father and his six brothers and sister were born.

My mother and father met, as I mentioned, in the town of Imlay City, Michigan which is in Lapeer County, about fifty or sixty miles north of Detroit, Michigan. She was born on Lake St. Clair in the little town of St. Clair, Michigan and later moved on to Port Huron, the terminus of the Port Huron and Lake Michigan Railroad, for which my grandfather was the chief engineer. He was quite a remarkable man. He had been born in Stillwater, New York. As a boy he had been an apprentice to the local

printer in Stillwater and later had gone up to Troy, New York, also as a printer's apprentice. But he was ambitious and restless, too, and ran away from his job and joined the railroad. Of course this was during the period in the '40s and '50s when railroading was spreading all over the United States. He first went up to Vermont and worked on a little railroad there, and then, according to his diary, he went into Ohio and worked as an assistant engineer, building railroads there. Then on out to Wisconsin where he spent a good many years building various railroads from Milwaukee and other places over to the Mississippi. He also went to Iowa and there he bought a large tract of land and laid out Central City, Iowa as a promotion. I doubt whether he did very well with it, but occasionally a lot would be sold and there was jubilation in the family when the money came in.

He also, between working on the railroad, for two or three years with his brother Henry ran an advertising business. This was in 1858/59. He traveled over the United States selling the little poster ads that go into the railroad cars, about 6" x 12". He would go to New York, to Philadelphia, to Cincinnati, to Cleveland, to Buffalo. He was on the road most of the time and it was a wonder that he ever saw his wife during those years. He was on his way to the South to incorporate that area into his territory when the Civil War started, and I

recall reading his contemporary accounts of how Buchanan must be a traitor to the United States to allow all of this to happen. Whether the war would start was a question at that particular time, but he said he had to cancel all of his arrangements to go South and was only hoping that his business would survive. Whether it did, I don't know, because the next that I know of him, he was with the Grand Trunk Railway as chief engineer and with the Port Huron and Lake Michigan Railway. Along the route of this railway he found a spot in good farm land that seemed to need a city. So it was here that he bought more acreage and founded the town of Imlay City, Michigan, where he settled and remained the rest of his life.

I recall him as a fairly tall, heavy-set gentleman with a white well-trimmed beard. He was a most impressive man. In the town of Imlay City he was the great figure. During the early days he had an office in back of the house, and people would come in to make loans--which he would give--and eventually it became known as Charles Palmer's Banking House. It grew in stature with the years and he finally put up a brick building on Main Street in Imlay City and changed the name to People's State Bank. But even as a little boy going into the bank, I recall the great vault that was there, still having written on it--"Charles Palmer's Banking House".

My mother was the oldest child of Charles Palmer's

second wife. His first wife Emeline Westbrook had died, after two children, of tuberculosis and as was often the case in those days, the bereaved husband immediately married a younger sister. My grandmother was Effie Westbrook. It wasn't until recently in a genealogy that I discovered that Effie's real name was Ephesus, and I was speaking of this to my seventy-five-year-old aunt, the youngest child of Effie, last year. And she said, "Well, you know, I always knew that Mother had a strange name, but I had never known what it was." She had kept it completely secret all of these years.

I should mention in passing that my father had a rather strange name too. Where it came from I don't know, because all of the other names in his family were strictly English and Scotch. But his name was Mossom. It has no meaning, it has no family connection, and where his mother or father discovered it I don't know. He was always known as MG to all of his friends. I guess he early got rid of that name.

The Palmers were originally an English family. The first of the Palmers to come to America was Walter Palmer who arrived in Plymouth in 1621. He soon returned to England and came back in 1629. Eventually he settled in Stonington, Connecticut, which seems to be the hometown of the Palmers. Our particular branch of the Palmer family gradually went westward and ended up in New York State in

the town of Stillwater and the Walter Palmer's great great grandson, Ellis Palmer fought in the Civil War as an ensign--which was a rank in the army at that time. Now it is only a rank in the navy as I understand. His son was Ashbel Palmer who was my great grandfather. He was postmaster in the town of Stillwater and ran the book-store--even in those early days. So we still have a little tinge of the bookish in the family that way.

Now I was born on June 15, not in a hospital but in this little house on Fedora Street. The nurse that took care of me was rather careless and the day or so after I was born, she scalded my leg with boiling water and made no mention of it. She carelessly wrapped it up, and it wasn't until two or three days later that my father discovered it--my right leg with most of the flesh burned off. The nurse, I must say, fled in tears and fear and it was up to my father and the doctor to medicate it. But it worked out all right, although I still have a scar over the whole of my right leg where this burn was.

I doubt if we lived long in the Fedora house and there were probably two or three moves before I have any memory of a place. And this was a home which we had built on West Twenty-third Street in Los Angeles. I was probably three years old at the time. My first recollection in this life is on Halloween night of my third year when some neighborhood children came with a jack-

o-lantern and showed it through the window, and this hair-raising experience still remains indelible on my mind. I was extremely frightened by this strange creature that peered in at me. The only other memories of that house was that my older brother and the girl next door had a little trolley, like a clothesline, between the houses and they would send little messages back and forth.

When I was three, we moved to South Pasadena--which at that time was one vast orange grove. We lived just south of Huntington Drive on Fletcher Avenue. Huntington Drive was a very wide street with four trolley lines down the center and a little roadway on either side of the trolley lines. These cars went to Pasadena, to Sierra Madre, to Glendora, to Monrovia, and there were the rapid ones and the slow ones. It was the main part of our life. When the cars came by we were all down there, and at night the freight cars would bring in the oranges from the packing houses out in the valley.

When we moved on Fletcher Avenue, we were one of the few houses on the street. Next door to us there was a man living with his horses and plows who took care of most of the orange groves in the area. We moved in before the house was built so for a couple of months all of our family lived in the garage. It was a makeshift, but what fun we had living in practically one room there and watching the house go up!

Oranges and orange groves made up a tremendous part of my early life. The groves were our playground. We felt as if we owned all of this territory. The oranges were ours to eat when we wanted. So whenever we would feel hungry we would just pick an orange off a tree whether it was ours or others. It was our battle-ground as well. We would choose up sides and have orange fights. Now that I think of it--the huge waste of this--during all of the years that we lived there nobody said a thing about it. It was just common practice among all of the gangs around there. We would choose up sides and have big orange fights. Of course when you are hit by a green orange, it is a little painful. But, of course, being young we didn't have too much power behind our throws. And of course our accuracy was none too good either.

There was a school about three quarters of a mile from us, the Marengo Avenue School and, of course, when I first went there in the first grade it fronted on Marengo Avenue, but in the back of the school there was the gully of San Pasqual Creek which came down from Pasadena by the Raymond Hotel and down what is now Stratford Avenue and then on down to Alhambra. They only covered up the Alhambra part which crossed Fremont close to the Braun plant, a couple of years ago. But gradually this has all been enclosed. As little kids it was great fun playing in this. There was always a trickle of water coming down

and on the steep sides we could make slides and wear out our shoes with impunity and great delight. The whole trip, to and from school, was through the orange groves. We never followed the streets, but made our own circuitous paths among the trees.

My dearest friend, in those days, was a boy named Karl Doerr. I should mention that from the home on Fletcher we had moved to Milan Avenue after a year or so, and then moved on up to the side of Fletcher Avenue north of Huntington Drive, where we probably lived for the longest period of any in our lives. All of the houses my father built seemed to have the same general arrangement. They were all two-story houses and all had three or four bedrooms. This particular one had one large room for the boys, and off it was a sleeping porch with each of us having a bed on the porch. In the large room there were closets for each of us and places to hang our clothes.

I had two older brothers. They were considerably older than I. My oldest brother, Palmer, was thirteen years older, and the next brother, Gerald, was eight years older, so that I entered grammar school, my next brother entered high school and my oldest brother entered college. So we never seemed to get to the same schools together. As a result of my being so far behind, I was always given preferential treatment by my mother--sort

of a "mother's pet," which to a small child gives a great amount of satisfaction. You feel as if you are the great one in life when your mother pampers you and gives you that much attention.

My friend, Karl Doerr, was one year ahead of me in grammar school and as a result of his age and superior education, he kept me in great turmoil. I enjoyed school very much, but Karl would say, after the first grade, "Well, the first grade is fairly simple, but wait until you get into the second grade!" He said, "It is almost impossible, I mean the work that you have to do." And then when I got into the third grade he had me terrified. He said, "Now, the third grade...I don't know how anybody could get through, and the awful ogre that is the teacher there. You have to be so careful and she is around there all the time after you."

Well, when I got to the third grade, I found the most delightful woman teaching that I have ever known as a teacher. Her name was Miss Crabtree. She was not a particularly handsome woman. She was tall, a little ungainly, a queer-looking face,but she seemed to have all of the qualities that make for a good teacher. She could keep you interested all of the time, and especially for little boys she was so full of incidental information.

Now, for instance, she would ask you,"If you happened to be out in a row boat and a shark knocked over

the boat, what would you do?" She said, "All you have to do is hit him on the nose with your fist and he will swim away." Well, this thing for a boy in the third grade who was nine years old was very important information. It was little bits like that that made Miss Crabtree so popular. She became one of my favorites and remained so all the days of her life.

While in the third grade, under Miss Crabtree, I had my first literary experience. The local South Pasadena paper offered a prize (I've forgotten the amount now, but it was probably five or ten dollars) for the best essay on "Why One Should Shop in South Pasadena". Well, naturally for a nine-year-old boy this was a great challenge and especially with this tremendous prize. So I started out writing an essay. I got seventy-five words and was just about through--I couldn't think of anything else. Now I wrote another short sentence and got up to seventy-eight words. Then it was impossible so I finished it up, saying, "In South Pasadena you can buy a great variety of things: eggs, potatoes, oranges, apples, chairs..." and I finally reached my one hundred words, exactly, and sent it in. It was a great disappointment that I did not win the first prize. But it was mentioned in the press, at least, that I had submitted an essay.

Well, the third grade was a most interesting grade. It's then that I remember beginning to read seriously

and earnestly. There was another boy in the third grade by the name of William Jackson, who was later to become Librarian of the Houghton Library at Harvard. He was about a half-head taller than I and seemed to be a little more advanced. I can visualize him now, sitting on the stairs of the kindergarten at South Pasadena with a stack of books which had curiously interested me at the time, and so I began to go up to the library where the librarian Miss Nellie Keith was in charge; she was extremely sympathetic to these young people who were becoming curious about books.

There was another chap who was slightly younger than I, a little more precocious, I think. I remember him as a sort of a roly-poly little chap, tougher than most, more aggressive. His name was Lawrence Clark Powell, later Librarian and Dean of the Library School at UCLA. Now Lawrence Clark Powell also joined our little coterie of eager bibliophiles and he would also wander up to the local library, which was a good mile from school and even more from where we lived. But we all had bicycles in those days, and at times, we would even walk to the library and it didn't seem an impossible feat as it certainly would today. I won't say that we read everything in the library when we were in the third grade, but the impetus which we got in those early years led to a continual interest in books through-

out grammar school and on through the rest of our lives.

As I recall, the books which first interested me were the _Oz_ books which seemed to stimulate my imagination--all of these strange make-believe countries. Even when I was young my great ambition was to create a country of my own, and I used to make maps of strange lands, and people them with odd characters such as I had read about in the _Oz_ books. Also, I loved mythology. In those days, _Gayley's Classic Myths_ was one of the textbooks in high school. I found a copy of this around the house (it had belonged to one of my older brothers), and I went through it completely. After that, I was lead on to the _Norse Myths_, which I loved. The _Book of Knowledge_ attracted me and though it was a formidable array of books, I would try to take a new volume home every two weeks. They too were full of myths which I enjoyed very much, together with much other incidental information which I liked.

Now, it wasn't that I was completely introverted in those days, spending all of my time indoors perusing books. We in the neighborhood were quite athletic. Fletcher Avenue was a street with many children on it, and we had a continual ball game going on in the middle of the street. There was not much traffic. The occasional car that would come down didn't bother us too much and we certainly didn't make it too hazardous for

these people. Actually we probably had more horse-drawn traffic than gasoline-propelled. The postman came by in a little rig with a fringe around the top. Then there was the Chinese vegetable man in his rig who would sing of his wares and the housewives would come pouring out from the houses to buy. The poor Chinaman was a great friend to all of us, with his pigtail down his back, but he must have led a very unhappy life because the little kids were always taunting him and yelling "ching, chong, Chinaman" and much worse things at him. But he took it very good naturedly and every day he came and satisfied the local needs because there wasn't a grocery store very close to where we lived. And the Van de Kamp's man came around every day with potato chips and pickles and peanut butter. So it was a pleasant life out in the country--we didn't have to subsist on oranges alone.

But the games we played naturally lead into competition. My friend Karl Doerr, being a year older, was also more mature and a better athlete than I. But since I was known as his best friend, he always included me in all of the athletic contests; so when Karl became quarterback on the Marengo Avenue team (he was in the sixth grade at that time and I was only in the fifth--a puny little fellow), he insisted that I be on the first team. Now, in schoolboy football the best position is

quarterback and after that one of the other backfield positions, and then next in popularity comes the ends on down to center. So I was the center, which is probably the toughest of all positions that one could play because I had to remember the strange signals that we used to have. Besides I was always in the thick of the fray whenever there was any play, and I was also the smallest.

The great triumph of that school year, was in the game against El Centro School. El Centro had a man playing in the backfield who was not quite intelligent enough to be in the grade that he should have been in, but he had all of the physical attributes of a grown man. So they put him in the backfield and would give him the ball from time to time, and he could tromp through the slight opposition that he had almost at will. Well, I was playing center in this great game--this championship game against El Centro--and this big brute was given the ball and started right over the center. Well, I cringed and ducked a little and I didn't tackle him, but he kicked me right in the top of the skull so hard that it tripped him and here I was--practically out on my feet--hailed as the great champion who had been able to stop this big brute right as he went through the center of the line. I didn't feel very well for the next few weeks after that, but

still I lived on my honor; and when they gave out the golden "M's" for the football team, I was the proud possessor, the youngest one in South Pasadena history.

Well, school progressed. Subjects that I enjoyed most were geography and history. Music--I am afraid that I didn't have the ear for. I didn't realize it at the time, but when we first started music in school, I was allowed to join with the others when we sang a song but eventually I was eliminated from the singing group. The teacher very kindly and gently took two or three others and said, "Now you are to be the listeners. Whenever we have music we have to have some listeners." And so were set aside and didn't actually participate in the singing of any of the songs from then on--that was great tact.

Another experience that I remember was in the sixth grade, and here again was a teacher whom I dearly loved. She was a beautiful young gal called Miss Cline. Miss Cline also seemed to like me; so I was full of affection for this woman. But evidently she preferred older men and during the year, she married and left, and we were given a substitute teacher. The substitute teacher had been pulled out of retirement after many years (she had taught at the South Pasadena High School when my older brother had been a student there). He had graduated in 1911, and then she had married the

principal of the school; he was a very intelligent man who had risen until he became County Superintendent of Schools here in Los Angeles. In the meantime when Miss Cline left, they had to call Mrs. Upjohn back into duty and she taught us for the rest of the year. She had a certain amount of feeling for me since I was my brother's youngest, but on one occasion she caught me whispering in the back of the room, and as happened quite often in those days, she asked me to stay after school and write on the board one hundred times, "I will not whisper. I will not whisper." I did it methodically, slowly but very accurately.

When I was through she came to me and she said, "Now, will you promise never to whisper in class again?"

I was very literal in my interpretation of this, and I thought it over and I said to myself, "This is a situation that I doubt if I can control. I will slip sometime, and if I give my word this will be a mortal sin upon my soul." I didn't explain this to her. I merely said, "I don't believe that I can give you that promise."

She said, "All right, you will write, 'I will not whisper' another one hundred times," which I did as methodically and carefully as before.

This went on for three times and by that time the sun had set as it was getting a little late and she was quite annoyed. She had spent a good deal more time

than she had expected or anticipated. So she got me up there and she said, "You can't be a Ritchie! Your older brothers would never tolerate anything like this." She said, "I cannot understand. You'll never amount to anything."

And she stalked off and I wended my way wearily home. Well, she forgave and forgot, and as the years went by we became extremely good friends. But she just didn't realize at the time that extracting a promise in perpetuity from a young and serious person is not the way to achieve what she wanted.

The war came and both of my brothers went off and I was left at home, and then the flu came. We were given an assignment to make a list of the books that we had read. There was an old typewriter of my brother's in the house, and with one finger I could manage the thing, and so I spent the whole weekend toiling over this because I wanted to have the longest list in the class. As I was finishing it up, I began to ache all over and finally I could hardly raise up--that was all. I was put into bed for what was called rheumatism. My mother and father, while not members of the Christian Science Church, did attend that church, so during my bout with the flu only a Christian Science reader attended me. I don't know how long I was in bed, but it must have been a month at least. All I can tell now is from seeing pictures of myself before and after--from being a chubby, healthy little boy, I became a

skeleton with a mere clinging of skin around my bones. So it must have been quite a serious case of influenza that I had at that time. Fortunately, I didn't miss the football season--which would have broken my heart--since, because of the flu epidemic, all sports were curtailed, I managed to get strong enough by the next year to again play on the varsity team. This time I had risen to the backfield. I was no longer the low man on the whole team.

During my fifth year in school, I guess, my next to oldest brother started at the University of Southern California, and for some reason or another, we moved to Los Angeles for a year to be close to USC. At that time I went to the Norwood School. When I came back to my old school—Marengo Avenue School--I was a little dismayed by the fact that they were teaching things that I didn't understand. The curriculum was different, you see, and in losing a whole year I knew not how to parse nouns, didn't know anything about multiplication, and many things which made it difficult. At that same time, when we came back, my grandfather was seriously ill in Michigan; my mother, feeling that she should go back, took me along and I lost another half year. When I came back to school (I didn't talk to my parents about this), I just told the principal I thought that under the circumstances

I had better go back a half a year--which I did.

In this way I became better and closer acquainted with another group of people, which included Larry Powell and Pat Kelly and Roger Weldon and a few others. Roger, Pat, and Larry and myself formed an extremely closely linked group at that time. I had been reading James Willard Schultz, his Indian stories about the Blackfeet, and also Ernest Thompson Seton's great books, and so we became interested in making bows and arrows, and lighting fires, and tracking through the woods. There was a section of South Pasadena, below Huntington Drive by the Southern Pacific Railroad, that was used as the breeding ground for the Rust Nursery. It was a gorgeous, beautiful spot. There were natural oaks and they were growing deodars and all sorts of plants and trees. It was our happy hunting ground. We had a spot by one of the great oaks which was our meeting place and for years, every afternoon after school, we would gather there and track one another, or shoot, or play. So even though I had officially gone back, the people that I eventually grew up with were more important to me than if I had continued in my own class.

The great thing is that it gave me Larry Powell who became the closest associate that I've had through my life, and this is one thing that I've appreciated very much.

In the fall of 1923, I was in the upper half of the eighth grade which was to graduate in February. I became literary inclined and using the old broken-down typewriter at home with my one-finger technique, I produced a newspaper which I circulated around the eighth grade. It was well received, and it excited me to the extent that some of us thought that we might as well make it a permanent publication. So Pat Kelly and I circulated among the shops in town and sought ads which I think we sold at 25¢ an inch, and we made arrangement with the local printing company in South Pasadena to print this little newspaper for us.

Then after much argument we decided upon a name for this newspaper. We called it the Marengo Literary Leader. Pat, I think, wanted the word "leader" and I wanted the word "literary" in it. So we compromised by including both. It continued to be published for the many years until Marengo Avenue School became only a six-grade school. At the time we were there, it was an eight-grade school and was for the next four or five years.

The first issues are extremely interesting. Pat and I survived as editors for only four issues. It became a little too heavy for us and in our editorial comments we joked about some of the teachers. However, by the time we had done this, the paper was important

enough to the Marengo Avenue School for the authorities to take it over as the official Marengo paper.

I note that in Number VII, which was issued on December 2, 1919, the _pièce de résistance_ was a story by Lawrence Powell called "The Purple Dragon." It starts out, "Wang Fung was pleased. The steamer _Princess Ch'en Liu_ arrived in the evening with a secret shipment of opium for him." Powell had been reading Fu Manchu at that time and you can see the influence.

TAPE NUMBER: ONE, SIDE TWO
January 17, 1964

Ritchie: After graduation from Marengo Avenue School in February, 1920, I went to South Pasadena High School which was located about a mile from our house over on the other side of Fair Oaks Avenue. It was the same high school that both of my brothers had gone to; so while I was much younger, there was still a certain memory of the Ritchie family there among the older teachers. I was greeted by a few of them when I came in. I was a mid-year graduate which made it a little difficult in getting certain subjects, and also the school life had progressed so that we didn't get quite the hazing that students got when they started at the first of the year. In those days, hazing was one of the accepted hazards of starting school. I recall that the next year, when the freshmen came in, they were all herded into the tennis court and were asked to take their shoes off. All of their shoes were bundled together and put on the stage in the auditorium and we watched as they sought and fought for their shoes.

I went into high school without my closest friends who were still back at Marengo; it was a rather lonely half year I spent. I do recall that there was a strike of baseball players at South Pasadena High School. We had one of the finest teams that South Pasadena had

ever had; they had won all of their first games, but then the coach and the team had a little misunderstanding and the whole first team left. A new team was recruited but it was young, inexperienced and not too successful, and the first team never came back. In my eagerness, I went out for the baseball team. I was quiet and reticent and I was never given a uniform--which was the one thing that I wanted most at that time--and I was never allowed to play in a game. But day after day through the spring,I was out there chasing balls. Of course, when the regular semester started the next fall, I had had the advantage of the half year in high school, and I was a little superior to those that were coming in. I was elected president of the Freshmen Class.

Sports seem to have taken up most of my free time because I went out for football, on the lightweight team, and for basketball, in the fall and winter, and for track and baseball in the spring, which took all of the afternoons. This pattern continued through my four years at South Pasadena. I went out for every sport. Though I never made varsity letters in basketball, I did make varsity letters in baseball, track and football, and was captain of the track team.

I got a good start scholasticly in high school which is, I believe, very important. If you get started right by the time you are a senior you can pretty well

float through. You have achieved the academic rating that is necessary, and you also know how to study and what to study and when to study. I took algebra and latin and English--I have forgotten what else--in my freshman year and got straight A's. I didn't seem to have to worry about grades at all; they just came.

By this time Powell and Kelly and the rest of my close friends had caught up with me, and we were all freshmen together and sophomores together, and we continued on through school that way. It is illegal in California to belong to a social fraternity or sorority in high school, but this didn't seem to deter us. There was a small fraternity called Alpha Gamma Rho in South Pasadena High School at that time. It had been founded back in 1909 when the high school was only two years old. Through the years, it had traditionally pledged and initiated the top people in school. By the time that I was there, it had a substantial group of successful alumni, who had gone on to college and had been football captains and Phi Beta Kappa's. It was a prestigious organization to belong to--though extremely secret. Now I know that the authorities knew more about it than we thought they did, but they never made any mention of it. I was pledged during my junior year. I believe that those in the fraternity at that time were looking for a candidate for a student political office.

I was more on the scholarly side than most of them and a little quieter and less flamboyant; I had held some student offices and I was occasionally called upon to speak in assemblys, so in the Machiavellian minds of the fraternity leaders, they felt that I might be useful.

I was pledged and initiated, and the next semester I was able to pull in my other pals. Eventually we all belonged to this little fraternity which became quite an important part of our social life in those days. It was also quite a political machine. They thought of running me for president of the student body and had several skull sessions about the best way of doing it. The political leader of those on the outside of the fraternity was a boy by the name of Glenn Lembke, who was one of our finest debaters and is now Dr. Glenn Lembke, an educator. Glenn and I were always good friends. What we wanted to do was to get Glenn to sponsor me, and it was thought that "what we will do is to put up one of our members who has no possible chance and then Glenn will come in and say, 'Well, I've got to have a strong candidate. Ritchie, you are it.'" Well, it didn't work out that way, and our candidate ran all the way through. Lembke chose Malcolm Archbald, who was a good friend of ours, and he was eventually elected.

In the meantime, I was nominated for Commissioner of Debating--which I lost handily. But later at a special

election, I was elected Commissioner of Boys as the head of the Boys League, and also I was elected editor of the Annual and editor of the paper, so that I wasn't left out completely.

One of the projects of the Boys League was to pay for the injuries of athletes. We had a fund-raising drive called Injured Athlete Day, and we had various other promotions. Being president was a two-way job. I was responsible for raising the money and also I was responsible for giving it to Ritchie because I was the most injured athlete during that year. Practically all of the money was spent on my doctor bills. I started out early in the football season (this was during practice), when I was kicked in the eye and my eye was almost taken out. They had to stitch it back in. That was the first part of it, and I barely got back into uniform for the first league game that we had, which was against Glendale High School. In the meantime, I had not been practicing very much, but as a stalwart 135 pounder, I was put in as guard. Being out so long, I hadn't been issued one of the regular jerseys for the game; instead I still wore a practice one which made me stand out in the line. Glendale had quite a good team that year. In the backfield were two boys by the name of Elliot, brothers,who went on to be great stars in the backfield

at USC in subsequent years. They were good players even then. Seeing me in a strange uniform, they decided that I must be a substitute--that I was taking somebody's place--and I have never been run over and trampled as much in my life. Every play of the game came right over the guard. However, I managed to survive that.

A couple of games later, we were playing Covina High School out at Covina, and there was a rabid feeling between these out-of-town schools and the more metropolitan schools, as we considered ourselves. When they would come to South Pasadena, they would be escorted out with a barrage of oranges, and when we went out there, it was almost as bad. This was a rough and tough game, and during the course of it I broke my arm. I was rushed out and they asked one of the doctors on the stands, a Covina doctor, if he would come down and look at it. And he said, "Certainly not. I wouldn't give a South Pasadena boy the time of the day." So I stayed there and waited for the rest of the game. Then the team gathered, and we made the trek back to South Pasadena where I was put into traction and became the hero for the next few days until it was forgotten.

Those two experiences and later a sprained ankle which didn't cost the Injured Athlete Fund anything was where the money went that year. Actually, the athletics that I played at South Pasadena High School caused several

cracked bones in my life. The most serious was my nose which was broken three times--twicein football (but, of course, the nose was never considered of great importance in those days) and once on the baseball diamond when I was playing third base and a ball was lined out and it hit a pebble just before it hit me and instead of hitting my glove it hit me right square in the nose.

I mentioned that the house in which we lived on Fletcher Avenue had kept us for the longest time of any, but during my junior year, my father sold it and bought a house in Los Angeles, which had been the former home of Meredith Pinxton Snyder, who had been an early mayor of Los Angeles. It was a big old place. This happened to be a summer when my mother was in the East visiting her family. I had spent the summer working in a service station in South Pasadena; this service station had been robbed periodically about every month. Finally the owner decided that he would put a night watchman there, and,of course, boys of my age never think about the troubles that they can get in and I took the job as night watchman--my mother being away.

I had one day off a week. I worked from six o'clock at night and slept there all night until eight o'clock the next morning--every day except one. Then the day man would take over my time and I would take over his; therefore, he would have his evenings off except for one.

It was probably as uncomfortable a job as one could imagine. The roof of the service station was slanting with a space of about three feet between it and a platform. There was a ladder by which I could climb up onto this platform. I slept there at night with a rifle and a pistol at my side. People would come in... running out of gas...all times of night. I was down, opening up, and letting them in. I was fortunate in that nothing ever happened during that period.

While I was there and my mother was in the East, my father managed to sell our house and buy a new one. She came home quite unhappy about the move,and, of course, I was unhappy about transferring from South Pasadena High School to Los Angeles High School, especially in my junior year. My mother bought me a car; this was a little old red Buick roadster that I learned to love.

I should mention first that the money that I earned during my summer was spent on a 1914 Ford. There was a barber across the street from the service station who had come down from Canada, and for $90 I bought his beautiful Ford with brass lamps and a brass radiator. After I had finally paid for it, the cops came and took him away. It turned out he had been an embezzler in Canada. He had escaped to the United States, and under a guise of a barber had managed to stay here for some time.

This car was the first automobile on the campus of South Pasadena High School, and I drove it with great pride. Of course,it became the campus car, especially with the boys in the Alpha Gamma Rho fraternity. They knew that they could use it whenever they wanted to. It was all around, and its beautiful pristine condition finally disappeared. First, the top was smashed and we took that off. Then the body became a little battered, so we took that off. So here was the chassis, and the gasoline tank was where the seat is. We could sit on that, and then we would put an extra seat on the back across the frame and two or three boys could sit on that. One day we had been at a football game up at Pasadena High School and one of the other boys wanted to drive the car. I was sitting on this back seat which was just loosely placed across the frame, and Alonzo Cass was the other (now a well-known pediatrician, Dr. Alonzo Cass). We were going up an incline, getting out of the Pasadena High School parking lot, when the throttle stuck. We came to the street and had to turn one way or another. Cass, recognizing the situation, jumped off and the seat upended and I slid along what seemed to be the length of Hill Avenue on one ear until I stopped against the curbing. That was the end of that car for me. My father said, "Get rid of it."

When we moved into Los Angeles, I had to have transportation; so we got a Buick roadster in which I went back and forth to school in South Pasadena. During my senior year, rather than doing all that driving, I boarded at the Powell house. Larry and I had the time of our lives! I don't think we stayed home one night during the year. We would tour around, and drop in to visit nearly every girl we knew. When tired of talking to her we would wander on to see someone else.

As editors of the Annual and of the school newspaper (Larry was sports editor) we were given a large camera and we took pictures of anybody and everybody. Miss Lora Evans, our English and journalism teacher, gave us almost complete freedom. We could always take time off to go up to see the printer which we did daily. How we survived that year I don't know. Usually, we would be hungry and would go up to the bakery and get a cream puff and come back. We also were in the operetta together--Larry and Alonzo Cass and myself--and in the senior play. Larry had the lead and I was one of the sub-leads; there was little that we weren't doing together.

And then time came to graduate and we did. I won the D.A.R. history prize that year, and Larry just managed to graduate. This was only because Larry

had never taken very much interest in the scholastic side of high school. He had been a cheerleader, and he had done all of these other things. It wasn't until his senior year that he recognized the importance of grades. In part, I may have had some influence on him because I didn't let other activities interfere with my studying; since we did everything together he got into the habit of studying when I was studying. He had a brilliant mind, and he read extremely fast and absorbed things much faster than I ever did. He could do with little time what took me a lot of time to do.

But we did graduate and made our decision where to go to college. I had originally planned to go to Stanford, but we were influenced toward Occidental. That was where Larry wanted to go, and through the influence of his mother and various other people, he finally was in Occidental though his grades hadn't been good enough. Also our friend, Cornelis Groenewegen, went there with us. We had been a triumvirate--we all belonged to Alpha Gamma Rho and palled together. So the next fall we entered Occidental College together, and the three of us--Groenewegen, Powell and I--were so closely associated in everything that we did, taking the same classes, coming from the same school, that we were known as the Three Musketeers.

I had a car and we all lived at home in South

Pasadena. Every morning I would pick them up and we would come to school together. Inasmuch as we all had the same classes, we could talk over the problems and the solutions and study together. I was still the most methodic and the hardworking of all. When examination time came I would plod through all of the necessary material, make notes, and Larry and Groenewegen would pick my brains and I would have to give them the answers to the various questions which we thought might come up--which was good for all of us. In recalling Powell's study habits I recall our studying Thomas Hardy's Return of the Native. Larry read the whole book during class. He didn't hear anything that was going on during that particular class, but while we were studying Return of the Native for the next six weeks he never gave the book another look but was able to retain the details enough to answer any questions about it.

Perhaps his was the best way of studying because he got the feeling of the whole novel where we were reading two chapters at a time and thinking of it more as a chore than as a delightful experience.

The freshman year in college is always the most exciting year, it seems to me, because it is the transition from one type of life to a completely different one. You are expected to be a mature person; you are

no longer taken care of by your curriculum. You make your own decisions. Also it's a time when you meet so many new and different people, not only in the student body but in the faculty. We were most fortunate when we went to Occidental to find some of the most stimulating professors that I have ever known--it just happened at that time.

The head of the English Department was Benjamin Stelter, who was a large, articulate man who had a mind that never forgot anything. For a teacher, this was a great thing, but for Stelter as a creative man, it was a great shame. You would sit in Stelter's class and somebody would bring up a question, and immediately Stelter saw all of the answers--this is what Byron had said, this is what Keats had said, this is what Coleridge had said--he visualized them all and he would quote from each of them. These were the answers. Seldom was he able to give his own solution. These were the solutions that everybody else had for this particular problem in writing. But it was wonderful because you would be sitting there and you would recognize that...here he is talking Plato for awhile and then he was talking Saint Thomas Aquinas and then on and on. I took every course that I could from him because of this great ability.

There was another young fellow just starting his teaching career who was more exciting and more stimulating; that was Carlyle Ferren MacIntyre. He had known Stelter at USC when MacIntyre was an undergraduate there. He had gone on to graduate school, graduating from the University of Marburg in Germany. He was always an iconoclast in college; he was always in trouble, primarily, because he was smarter than anyone else. He had a biting tongue and he had a tremendous ego; no one could challenge him without being destroyed by his terrific wit and sarcasm. He took a liking to the three of us--the Three Musketeers--and we were stimulated by him. His classes, and this goes for wherever he taught, were probably the toughest; he was never easy. He gave big assignments. He didn't give good grades in general, but his wit prevaded everything. He _made_ you read things that you would never think of reading.

He was flamboyant in many ways. He loved to drive in his Pierce Arrow roadster, and he had rakish hats. He was always violently in love with some woman, and no girl on the campus was completely safe from him because he was exciting to them.

You might be walking across the campus and he would say, "What are you doing?"

You would answer, "Well, I was just walking down...."

He'd say, "Jump in the car!"

He would scoot you down to Sixth Street. You would go into the bookstores and he would look around. He would buy a stack for himself of things that he was interested in, and he would point at you and say, "You should read that." Before you knew it, you had a stack, too, which you would take along with you.

He wasn't a book collector in the sense of one who buys and keeps and preserves first editions. He was interested in the contents of the books. His books were always interesting because he underlined and he made copious notes in them. Naturally, he kept a lot of them for himself but he also had an arrangement with the library at Occidental to buy his excess books. This was helpful to the library and allowed MacIntyre to continue buying and accumulating books.

This was his first year at Occidental, and there was what he considered a stuffy literary club there. He wanted a club that was more exciting. He gathered a few of us to meet with him every couple of weeks, to do creative writing. It never quite came off because we were always too shy before this man who was such a sharp critic. I know that I was always hesitant in even showing him anything that I had written,

especially before others. I didn't want him to pick mine out and say, "It's puerile. What are you trying to do? Your words are badly chosen."

But by the time the year was over, I was reading different books. I became interested in Russian literature; in Baudelaire and the French poets, and a variety of literature which he had brought into my life; I think the same applied to Larry and to the others. We all have a great debt to MacIntyre in that he made us read and he made books exciting.

His classes were just as exciting. He didn't care what he said. He would hurt people. He would excite them. He would stimulate his students and he would make them laugh. He made it so exciting to be in his classes that no one ever wanted to miss one not knowing what new was going to happen.

He did have an interest for many of the girls on the campus, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised that it wasn't quite professional. The president of Occidental College didn't want to fire him, yet he didn't want to keep him. He thought that as a small Christian college it wasn't quite proper to have such a man around. At the same time, Dr. Moore over at UCLA had a little problem with one of his English professors, and they decided to make a trade. MacIntyre went to UCLA and for many years he followed a similar course at UCLA.

As I have heard, there developed a certain amount of ill feeling toward him within some members of the English Department because of his popularity with the students and his sometimes vitriolic tongue in faculty meetings. He made many enemies there, and when Mac-Millan published one of his books in which he satirized Lily Bess Campbell, she raised enough fuss to have MacMillan withdraw the first edition and remove that poem. Things like that led to unhappiness within the echelon that he should have been nice to.

Eventually there was another move and he was transferred to Berkeley, as UCLA wished to be rid of him. He went through the same process at Berkeley. The head of the department there was very talented--a fine man and a great teacher who was much admired, MacIntyre was intolerant, prejudiced and possibly jealous of this man's accomplishments. The situa-tion became intolerable enough that MacIntyre had to retire from the University on a pension, which he refused to accept for many years.

Immediately he got a Guggenheim scholarship and went to Europe where he did his translation of _Faust_, and during the following years he has made translations of Verlaine, Rilke, Baudelaire and others which have been published by the University of California Press.

He had a stroke a couple of years ago and this fall when I was in Paris I saw him. He is bedridden, paralized with a stroke, and immobilized, but his mind is still sharp. He still braggs about his conquests. He was a terrifically brilliant and interesting man. You really couldn't stand to be with him for too long a time. There was so much talk going on and a man can never be that witty and brilliant for a long stretch without repeating himself. You got to know everything that he could say or would say, but every time you remet him or were with him for a short time, he was great company.

I had mentioned earlier that my mother had given me much affection during my early days, and with it a confidence and a compulsion to win at any contest. I had always striven for that at home and in a sense I had striven in that same way in school. In my freshman year at Occidental there were two things that I wanted--despite limitations I wanted to be the best scholar at Occidental and also the best athlete. I had been captain of the track team at South Pasadena High School. When I came to Occidental, I concentrated on track rather than spreading myself in the more rugged sports as I had in high school. Also I am sure that I looked at some of the towering brutes that were on the football team and decided that my little 135 pounds would not last very long.

It amuses me when I think back on those days... when I was in class, and realizing that I was not doing too well, I would go out on the field that afternoon and jump like mad trying to prove that I was at least a good athlete if I wasn't a great scholar--and vice versa. Well, I eventually had to conclude that I was neither a great scholar nor a great athlete,--a realization that comes with years.

But the very fact that I then had this ego has been important in my life; I know that many of the things that I since have done I would never even have attempted had I not had this great confidence. Instead of having doubts, I always encountered a situation with the feeling that "certainly I can do this;" there are many that I have gotten into which no smart person would ever have attempted. You walk in, accept a challenge, and people assume, "He knows what he is doing and can do it," and given the responsibility, you have to fulfill it.

I have never been a group man; I have always worked as an individual. I have never been a good committeeman for that reason because I want to do it my way, and I want to do it as fast as I can and get the job out of the way. I've never comfortably been able to delegate power or jobs to other people. Yet, I have found that I can delegate if I don't try to tell

anyone what to do. I just tell them, "This is your job, and I want you to do it your way and I won't interfere unless something goes wrong." When I'm on a committee I tend to do all of the work myself or nothing.

The sophomore year in college is the toughest for most students. We have discovered this with our own children when they have gone to college. Always with their sophomore years, they are restless, most unhappy, and in speaking to college counselors about this, they agree that is the bad year. I returned to Occidental College and moved into the fraternity house. Larry Powell and Groenewegen and Gordon Newell, who became the fourth in our previous triumvirate, all joined the same fraternity. It was a local called Owl and Key, which later became Phi Gamma Delta, a national fraternity.

I moved into the fraternity house, and was ambitious to encompass all learning. Instead of taking a sensible course, I signed up not only for nineteen units but in addition several auditing courses including Latin which I had had in high school, but by now had mostly forgotten. At the fraternity house there always seems to be a tendency on the part of the older members, if they can find somebody who will work, to load things on. They began to pile on many

more duties than I could handle. For instance, they made me chairman of rushing which for a sophomore who had just gone through rushing himself was a little too much to expect to know how to handle and to organize a rushing campaign. I was given the editorship of the fraternity paper and a variety of other jobs. Living in the fraternity house was also a new and different experience. At home, I had had a room of my own; I studied by myself. The fraternity houses at Occidental at that time were merely old houses around the campus that the fraternities had picked up; so you didn't have separate rooms. There would be four or five beds in one room, and you were supposed to sleep and study and do all of your work there. So I was getting worried about so many things that I wasn't doing--I wasn't studying enough, I wasn't having enough time to myself.

We had a football game with Stanford, and I drove my car to Palo Alto with two or three of the fellows, and had a glorious weekend. Here was the school to which I had originally planned to go, and it now seemed so great and mature and glamorous. We spent some time at one of the fraternity houses; and it seemed so much more mature and it was so much larger with each boy having his separate room with study possibilities. Also, my original intent was to go into

law, and when I talked to them up there, I learned they were going to change Law into a completely graduate school. At that time, you took three years undergraduate and then you went directly into law; so I would save a year. I came back and after a little soul-searching, I decided that I would go to Stanford. I sent up my application, but it was too late to get in that fall. They admitted me for the next quarter (they have a quarter system up there); I would start January 2nd or whenever it started. I reluctantly left Occidental. I had two or three months to wait and since I had become interested in books through MacIntyre and Stelter, I went over to Vroman's Bookstore in Pasadena and asked if I might have a job. They put me on. Up through Christmas vacation I worked at Vroman's and there I became interested in a new phase of books--that of collecting them--first editions and press books primarily. It wasn't very profitable from the standpoint of take-home pay since Vroman's allowed employees a substantial discount on books. Usually by the end of the month, there was no pay; there was just enough to take care of what I had bought during the period. But at least I was collecting a library.

I entered Stanford University the second quarter, which was January, 1926, and I stayed at Stanford for

four quarters--the balance of that year and two quarters of the next year. At Stanford I had some stimulating professors, too. When I was still in high school, I had written to various colleges I was interested in attending. I received a letter from the Dean at Yale, telling me that "much more important than the courses you take in college are the professors you select to teach them to you. In the long run you will get more from the stimulation of the man who teaches the course than anything you could possibly learn from it."

While at Stanford I followed this advice. I had Shakespeare from Margery Bailey, who was an exciting and stimulating teacher. I took English from Edith Merrilees. I took a wonderful course in political science...I can't remember his name now. After his retirement, he came down to Occidental to take care of their foreign relations program.

But the strange thing that I did...these are also the machinations of a mind who is trying to get through the best way possible...I hadn't had any science at Occidental (this was my sophomore year), and in order to get my junior certificate I had to crowd in a lot of science. One quarter up there I took practically nothing but psychology. It was an easy way to get through because they all related. When you

were studying for one, you were learning something about the other. But what it did to my psyche was terrible.

I was reading about all of the diseases and possible aberrations of the mind all the time. Among others, I was taking Experimental Psychology, a lab course which kept me in the Psych Department most of the time, being included in so many of the experiments. The fellow who created the lie detector was a student then, and I was one of his subjects. There was also a graduate student, Miles Tinker, doing his first work on the speed of reading, and I was his subject that whole semester. Subsequently he devoted his career at the University of Minnesota to further research in this field and wrote many books on the subject. I remember taking one test which was given to all of the psych students to see whether they were extroverts or introverts. By this time, I was so introverted by my over-indulgence in psychology that my professor shook his head and said, "We've never had anyone who has appeared to be such an introvert as you have on this particular test."

It was that quarter that really got me down.

TAPE NUMBER: TWO, SIDE ONE*

January 24, 1964

Ritchie: The winter sun at Stanford in 1926 was overcast mostof the time. Being used to bright sun, it affected my attitude and my personality and my thinking. I still notice it, as if blinders were put on me, when the day is dreary and dull. This is not true when the rain pours down or it is blustering with wind, but a dull bleak overcast day seems to tighten my mind and shrink my eyes until I can hardly think or see.

Arriving at a college, mid-year, and in one's sophomore year is difficult. I lived in Encino Hall with a freshman, and while I was eager to try out for activities, I found that I was too late. One must sign up at the beginning of his sophomore year to be in many of these activities, such as the year book staff for which I was quite eager.

As a result, I wasn't very active in Stanford affairs, but I did feed the inner man in me. Each Thursday night David Starr Jordon would hold an open house for us, and we would talk on various subjects. At the gallery there were exhibits, and I discovered

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*Only one side of Tape Two was utilized.

the sharp clear photography of Edward Weston. I learned to play bridge, but most of all, I lived in the Stanford Library.

The librarian, at thattime, was a grand chap by the name of Nathan Van Patten. I knew him not too intimately during undergraduate days, but later on I got to know him quite well. He came down to southern California quite often and would stop in and see me. We would chat about books, and in time he interested us in printing a book for him, called the <u>Catalogue of the Memorial Library of Music at Stanford University</u>. After he had retired as head librarian, he stayed on and taught there and was instrumental in exciting the imagination of one of the philanthropists in that area who allowed Van Patten to buy anything in the musical world at whatever price. As a result, although the musically-minded antiquarians were on VanPatten's back most of the time, he did acquire a great number of rare manuscripts of Mozart, Bach, Beethoven--practically everybody in this field. He housed this superb collection in one little room in the Stanford Library.

He worked on it, and eventually he wrote this catalog. For some reason or other, he had us do it rather than Stanford University Press. While we were doing this, he also wanted to have a Christmas present

for his wife. He brought down, and we printed a very cute little book of only ten or fifteen copies, called the Favorite Recipes of Mabel Van Patten which he gave to her and surprised her certainly at Christmas.

As I mentioned, I spent a great deal of time reading in the library. Among other things, Stanford had a very nice way of intriguing people in current magazine articles. Each day, there was one table in the main library on which all the new magazines were placed. You could look over the many fields of your interest and keep abreast of current affairs. One of the magazines I read one day was the Sewanee Review. It had an article in it about the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, and I was intrigued by this small cultural oasis in the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee. It told of its being patterned after Magdalen College at Oxford. It was owned by the Episcopal diocese of the South and somewhat supported by it.

When toward the end of the winter semester I heard from my family that my mother was planning to drive east during the summer to visit relatives in Michigan, the bold idea came to me that it might be fun to go east to some college for the semester before the summer vacation. I immediately corralled

my grades and checked on the various colleges in the United States that had the quarter-system similar to Stanford. There weren't too many. Sewanee happened to be one of the few--North Carolina and, I believe, Cornell.

I drove home at the beginning of the spring vacation. I sprung upon my mother my idea of spending the spring quarter in an eastern college, and being a good sport she packed, and the next day we started across the country. We had a little Chrysler coupé at that time, which sped with great rapidity across this country. It was March at the time. We took the southern route over the vast arid planes of west Texas, and as we continued east we heard more and more ominous threats of flooding. It was that year when there was one of the greatest floods of the Mississippi. We went faster and faster in an attempt to get to the Mississippi before we were stopped completely. The night we got to Texarkana, we came to a service station and we asked how the roads were ahead. The man said that according to the reports, by midnight everything would be closed, and there would be no possible way to get across the Mississippi. We made the decision to barrel ahead--which we did. It was quite an eerie night. In many places, we couldn't

see the road on which we were traveling. All we could see were the fences on either side and we'd keep equal distance between them, knowing thereby that we would be on the road. We finally arrived on the bridge that took us across to Memphis and made it.

We stayed all night at Memphis and the next day made inquiry how we could get on to Sewanee. The roads from Memphis to Nashville were completely covered; we couldn't get through there. We had to start south down through Alabama and we made it through the most beautiful country--up in the mountains, little villages, narrow roads that were hardly ever used. Occasionally we got stuck because the humps in the middle of the road would catch the car, and I would have to get out and pump up the tires more so that we could get over them. Then we had to come back and hit up the middle of Tennessee and make our way on up to Nashville--which was the long way around--and then come back on down to Sewanee.

This was the first of the colleges that I had put on my list and the first that we came to. The very sight of it was enough to cause one to fall in love with the place...the beautiful trees. It is on a spur of the Cumberland Mountains--quite high--looking out over the valley. The buildings remind you of those of an English college, covered with ivy. There

is a broad quadrangle of lawn and tall elms surrounded by limestone buildings that are delightful to see. The upperclassmen wore gowns to classes. At that time, there were only about 210 students. It was very intimate, and one could know everyone on campus within a very short time.

We stopped there for dinner and overnight. There were several students eating at the little inn where we had stopped, and they were very friendly. We started chatting and I mentioned that fact that I was interested in going there. "When did the semester start?" I asked. Before I knew it, they found out that I was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. They introduced me to some of the fraternity brothers there, and before the evening was over I was convinced that I'd like the place.

The next day I registered. Registration consisted of signing my name in a large and worn old book which contained the name, in rotation, of every student who had matriculated at the University since its beginning. I remember the stairs; they were old and worn with hollows by the footsteps of generations of students. The Library I loved dearly. The books were all on open shelves--old tomes with new tomes. The high walls on either side were covered with paintings

of various bishops and provosts. It reminds one very much of the eating halls in the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge.

There are fraternities, though none of them eat or live in their houses. It is most democratic that way. Each person lives in one of the fine dormitories, and the fraternities each have lodges. There are enough national fraternities for every person to belong to one, if he so wishes.

The academic standards of a school in the South--though I can't say this is true today as it was then--were somewhat lower than the schools in California that I had attended. It was a most interesting experience going back there.

The men who went to Sewanee came mostly from the Southern States with a great many from Texas. They considered themselves to be gentlemen, and in all respects they acted like gentlemen. I was quite impressed with their manners when I first arrived. Each time a woman would pass the fraternity house or dormitory the boys would always rise at courteous attention until she had passed.

Classes were quite different. For instance, I had been taking French at Stanford, and continued

it at Sewanee. The boys seemed content to get by without study. Most of the studying was done in class. When they were called on, they would stutter, "ah", and "oh" until somebody would whisper the translation to them. Even with the smattering of French that I had, it went so very easily for me that I didn't have to worry about French. I took a course in English poetry from William S. Knickerbocker, which was a most interesting course. He was editor of the Sewanee Review, which he continued to edit for a good number of years until Allen Tate took over.

Perhaps the best class I had, and this, unlike the others, an intellectual challenge, was given by Professor Eugene M. Kayden. He had come from Harvard and he had the Harvard desire to teach and have people study and learn. It was more of a seminar than a regular class. We sat in his book-lined study. There were only five of us; all of the rest of them were seniors, and most of them were eventually selected for Phi Beta Kappa. It was stimulating and most pleasant. We would sit around; we would talk; we would challenge one another. We would ask questions about books. We read extensively. In between times, Kayden would talk, scholarly and thought provoking.

Many years later, I read that he had translated and published some Russian poetry which received many accolades. He had retired at the time and was conferred an honorary degree by Sewanee, but I read that he refused to accept it until Southern institutions opened their doors to colored people.

A Southern accent has always been pleasing to the ears of us who live in the West. Down there it was just reversed. It was my accent that was pleasing to them, and I was always being asked to talk because they were intrigued by my slow California accent.

Sewanee, being a men's school and isolated from any large city (it is about sixty or seventy miles from Chattanooga), had to have some outside diversion during the year, and this consisted of several dance sessions which would last for a week. There was one in the fall and there was one during the winter; the one which I participated in was the Spring Dance. The fellows invited girl guests from near and far to come to the dance. Some of them invited two or three, and others who came from as far away as I did had to be content with taking our chance. Two or three of the dormitories were emptied of boys and the girls were put into them with their chaperones.

There was a general dance the first night. Dancing in the South is sort of a "tap" dance. You just don't get a partner and dance the whole number with her. You get a girl in your arms and start opening your mouth to say something, and somebody taps you on the shoulder and it is his turn. If a girl is really popular, she never sees the same man for more than fifteen seconds at a time. However, the object of this first night was to look over the place and the girls. You would see somebody that you thought you would like and you would tap her partner and in those fifteen seconds she was in your arms you'd ask, "How about a late date on Thursday night at twelve" or a "late late date at one?"

The day was broken up into date periods. There was a breakfast date which consisted of taking the girls to breakfast at about nine. Then you took her back, and she slept probably from ten to twelve. Then there was a luncheon date, after which you returned her to her dormitory for a little more snoozing. There was an afternoon date, and then a tea date. There was a dinner date, and there was the dance date, and then there was a late date which started at twelve after the dance and possible a late-late date at one or even a late-late-late date.

This went on for a week, and each of the fraternities had its functions with everybody going to every function. The fraternity parties were not just for their own members, but for any one who wished to come. Everyone had a grand, glorious and exhausting time. The grand finale was on the last night when the big formal took place, and by tradition, after the formal, there was a track meet. In the dark of midnight we went in our tuxes to the track field where we'd have a meet--100-yard dash--broad jump, high jump, etc. We were quite messy when we got through, but it was fun.

Of course, the South at that time, especially in Tennessee, didn't seem to recognize prohibition. These were Southern gentlemen--they were supposed to know how to drink. Being in the Cumberland Mountains, moonshine was available everywhere. The college was very lenient; they looked the other way when people were drinking. Almost everyone had a keg in his room into which he poured this white corn liquor. If he wanted to age it a bit, he would leave it in the keg for a couple of weeks until it would get sort of yellowish in color. But most drank the stuff white--and straight. The night after I arrived, I was invited up to one of the fellow's room. I was very

conscious of being a Westerner and a Stanford man and felt that I had an image to protect. One of the boys got out a gallon jug of white corn and some big glass tumblers. He poured a generous glassful. I watched what was going on, and when they offered me one I took it, and as I had seen the first boy lift his up and sort of gurgle it down in one long swallow, I followed suit. The sudden shock of this liquid trying to flow down my throat closed it up completely. I thought I was going to die. I spewed it out over the assembled group--much to my embarrassment and discomfort. But in time I got to know how to handle this strange fluid. I must say I never saw a Sewanee man improperly drunk. They had a tradition of being men who could hold their liquor.

Dixon: What year was this?

Ritchie: This was in 1927--the spring quarter of 1927.

Being a small school I was able to make friends and enter into many activities quickly. I worked on the college humor magazine, the Mountain Goat. In the 20's the humor magazines were an important activity in college, such as the Stanford Chaparall, the Harvard Lampoon and the national magazine, College Humor, which collected and published the jokes and cartoons from all schools. There was no art taught on the Sewanee campus, and as a result there was a

problem of getting any drawings for the magazine; so I was able to step in as the only available student artist for the magazine. They kept me quite busy.

I met many interesting students. Across the hall from me in the Sewanee Inn, which was the dormitory in which I lived, there was a boy by the name of Harry Cain, who later became the United States Senator from the State of Washington. Also in school there was Ellis Arnall, later Governor of Georgia. But the most interesting boy I met was John Whittaker, editor of the Mountain Goat, an intellectually stimulating man. We used to sit out on the highway under the trees in the evening (he living in one direction and I living in a dormitory in the other direction), discussing the role of literature, and things to read and do. It was my first introduction to George Moore; he lent me the Confessions of a Young Man, which he thought to be one of the best books that he had read. Years later he became a noted correspondent. As with so many Southerners--their loyalty is so intense as soon as there is a war, they want to enlist. Whittaker had had a bad back for most of his life, and he was turned down when he tried to enlist for World War II. But he was so intent upon joining that he had his back operated on to get into the Army. He was killed during the war.

In June, after this pleasant interlude at the University of the South, my mother and I toured through the eastern United States. I was interested in colleges, and we visited numbers of them in the South and New England States before ending up in Michigan. We stayed with my mother's brothers and sisters for the remainder of the summer.

During this semester away, I had many letters from my oldest friend, Lawrence Clark Powell. He was still at Occidental College, and he pled for me to return there for the next year. It seemed an interesting and sensible thing to do. For one thing--I had a variety of credits and it was going to be necessary for some college to assimilate them so I could graduate. And then I remembered the two professors there who had stimulated me the most, Carlyle MacIntyre and Benjamin Stelter, and I was eager to renew my early association with them. So I reentered Occidental in the fall of 1927.

I concentrated mostly on English--taking Chaucer and American Literature, the European Novel and a course in versification--this latter from MacIntyre. MacIntyre lived his life in verse. All his experiences he put into verse rather than in the form of a diary. They were not written in the form of "I did this today, I did that today," but they were written as poems to

some girl he was infatuated with as of today or to one he might be interested in tomorrow. His experiences during each interlude were put in verse-form, and he was always letting us read them. We could analyze who they were for and what he was doing and why. All of this made us feel much older and more experienced than we really were.

MacIntyre lived in La Crescenta. He was the last house up New York Avenue, and it was a house that he had built himself of large boulders and mortar. Behind it was a vineyard and a winery which made it very handy for MacIntyre. He had few really intimate friends among the students, but Powell and I seemed to be his especial favorites. Anytime we wanted to be stimulated by MacIntyre conversation or wanted to partake of MacIntyre beer or the wine from the winery in back of his place, we would wander up to MacIntyre's house. Many of the times, MacIntyre didn't want to see us, and as we pounded on the door and announced our names, there would be no response inside. But usually he allowed us to come in, and we would sit around in his room that was filled with books of poetry and philosophy and the things that he was especially interested in. He had a wonderful collection of records of folk music from all over Europe, which he had collected

when he was in school there and others that he had picked up since. There was always music; there was always conversation; there was always something to drink when you went to MacIntyre's. It became a favorite hangout for us and continued to be for many years until the whole place was destroyed in the Montrose flood of 1934. At that time the house and everything that he owned was washed away.

I did much less actual studying during this year than any other time during my high school or college days. Some people have said that "education is the only thing that people pay money for to be cheated," or however it should be worded, but it is true of so many people who go to college. It is hard to get it and it is expensive to go, and they don't take advantage of the most vast opportunities that they have. In my case I was more interested in reading than in the exact prescribed work that was assigned to me. I kept busy at the library with a smattering of everything. I did enjoy the English courses that I had, and in the verse course, I wrote a lot for MacIntyre.

The social life was also very intriguing, and coming back to Occidental, after having been away for quite awhile,presented a certain problem in getting

oriented, reaccepted and into activities. I still had many good friends there from my freshman year, and was elected chairman of the Rally Committee--to start out with. I was given an office in the fraternity house. I seemed to be able to get into many organizations which you can do in a small school, and which you can't do in a large school such as Stanford or UCLA unless you have started from the very beginning to work towards these ends. The rallies were lots of fun this year. I had been to other schools and had watched some of the intriguing stunts that had been done there. I reworked some of these and brought them into Occidental and gave life to otherwise quite dull rally sessions. When we were playing UCLA at one time, I found an old bear rug and seemed to excite the students during the rally when everybody was allowed to jump up and down on this bear rug during the serpentine.

Unfortunately, for the rally for the big game with Pomona, somebody showed up with an old early Pomona pennant which had been stolen thirty or forty years ago. It was brought in and this was a great rallying point. The president of the Pomona student body showed up for the event, and in the heat of the battle over the fray--once again, this old stomping on Pomona. Well, the poor Pomona president almost

died with this, and there were repercussions. They were going to call off the game; the president of Occidental and the president of Pomona had words across the phone. I was called in to the dean's office; Robert Glass Cleland, that sweet, wonderful old man, sat me down and said, "Ward, I don't know. I don't know what's ever going to become of you. This serious breach...."

I went out with my head hanging low, wondering whether this was the end of my career, so early in life. But all evidently was forgotten years later, because Cleland became one of my very dearest friends and a great admirer of the things that I had done.

Remsen Bird was president of Occidental at that time, and here was a man who had great enthusiasm and great vision. It was ever his thought to stimulate people into working out some of the projects he envisioned--many of us must pay tribute to him and his encouragement. He was aware, even in those days--though he would be the last to have admitted it at that time--that the little group, consisting of Powell, myself, Gordon Newell, Robert Donaldson, and Cornelis Groenewegen, added a lot of interest to the daily routine of the college. We each seemed to aid the others in creating diversion for ourselves and the school. Powell had problems with the college authorities; he

was in trouble many times. Gordon Newell unfortunately pilfered one of the trustees' coats during a trustees meeting; he was asked to remain out of school for a year. Despite the fact that Remsen Bird had these petty thorns to conjure with, he forgave us all, and many years later (it was only two or three years ago) he came back to speak to the student body at Occidental, after having been away for some fifteen years. He remarked, as he looked over the faces, that it would be hard for him to predict what would become of any of them. He said during his years in school the three worst miscreants that he had to deal with were Lawrence Powell, Ward Ritchie, and Gordon Newell. "And yet," he said, "now of the students that I knew at Occidental they are three that I greatly admire for what they have subsequently accomplished."

Gordon, of course has been quite successful as a sculptor; Lawrence Powell, the librarian at UCLA, and later Dean of the Library School there; and I, eventually got into the world of printing.

Another of the activities which took a bit of my time at that time was track. I had been on the track team as a freshman at Occidental. I had never quite become eligible at Stanford because you have to be in school for a year before you are eligible, and by the time that track season came I had gone to

Sewanee. Sewanee overlooked some of these things, and since I was newly entered, I did compete on their freshman track team, but it wasn't until I got back to Occidental in my senior year that I was able to compete on the varsity. Coach Pipal was one of the best small-school coaches in the country. He had been at Occidental for a great many years, and as we arrived as freshman he told us that anyone who'd come out for track and work for it could almost be guaranteed to win a letter by his senior year. He had enough confidence in his training methods and the potential possibilities of almost any young man that he could confidently promise to develop in them an athletic ability. I had been doing some high jumping, but Pipal needed a broad jumper. He decided to have me concentrate on this. He had noticed that I had a natural spring in my legs which was why I could high jump, and he thought if he could develop some speed in me I'd be a fair broad jumper. He had me running the fifty-yard dash and concentrating on the starting blocks which seemed to develop speed.

The most important meet that we had was the meet with Pomona College, who had soundly trounced UCLA and was considered to have one of the best small college track teams in the West, if not in the United States. We came to this meet with a great deal of

trepidation because in practically every event their times had been much better than ours at Occidental.

Pipal said to me, "You probably don't realize it, but you are going to surprise yourself in this broad jump."

Well, I had never won a first place; I had managed to get a second or a third in some of the meets. All of a sudden I sailed out. It was a surprise to me, and even more of a surprise to the Los Angeles press. The next day when the account of the meet was printed in the paper I looked in vain for my name. Evidently the reporters couldn't believe that Ritchie was capable of winning and so credited the win to another of Oxy's jumpers. Anyway, that was my supreme athletic endeavor.

Dixon: How high did you jump, do you remember?

Ritchie: It was about twenty-two feet and a half. It wasn't a great jump by the current standards, but it was quite a hefty jump at that time. Unfortunately, that also ended my career because at the next meet I sprained my ankle and was unable to compete any further. I don't know whether Pipal's training would have brought me to greater lengths than that, but at least I did win the Pomona meet that year.

It was here, too, that I discovered Robinson Jeffers. Robinson Jeffers had graduated from Occidental

College in 1906, but they had yet to recognize him as the major poet he was. It was impossible to find a copy of his books in the library, though I understood from one graduate student that there were copies for restricted use. Jeffers' early reputation was built on _Tamar_ and the _Roan Stallion_. They were locally considered to be indecent books, and Occidental College, at that time, was still a very Christian college. Smoking was not permitted; dancing was not permitted, and Jeffers was not the kind of graduate about which they wished to boast.

Gordon Newell was desperately in love and he wanted to give a book of poetry to his girl. One day he asked me to suggest a book. I was quite interested in the poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson at that time, and I suggested that he get one of his books. In confusion he bought a Robinson Jeffers instead of E. A. Robinson. He brought it back to college, inscribed it, and mentioned to me that he was going to give it to his girl. I asked him which book he had bought, and he said, "Oh, that _Roan Stallion_." It occurred to me that this wasn't one of Robinson's books and it might be one of Jeffers', that taboo poet. We examined it, and distraught, Newell gave the book to me and went off to buy her another present.

It was through this that I discovered the great and magnificent poetry of Jeffers. I shared this discovery with Powell, and he too became an admirer of Jeffers. Jeffers has possibly affected both of our lives more than any other person. Powell's interest in Jeffers led him to go to graduate school at the University of Dijon in France where he did his thesis on Jeffers. When I later got into printing, I cut my teeth on Jeffers' poems and books about him, and have continued to print Jeffers' material for almost forty years. But this was the original introduction for both of us to this great man.

After I returned from Sewanee to Occidental, I entered into the social whirl and the fraternity whirl. There was a young sophomore girl to whom I became quite attached by the name of Marion Carr. She was a tiny mite--hardly five feet tall--but a bundle of fire. I finally pinned her. It was soon after this, one day when we were sitting in my car on the bluffs in San Marino looking down over what was then Wilson Lake, that she told me that she had a bad heart and probably wouldn't live for very many more years. It was a sad disclosure--frightening to realize that death was stalking early love. It probably brought us much closer together than otherwise--though I don't know.

Her family, knowing the same, wanted to give her as much pleasure as they could, and only two or three months after we had become close, took her on a trip around the world. The second semester that year passed with her away. I was to graduate, of course, and was planning to go on to law school. I had hoped to attend Stanford, and while she was away, I put in an application for her to go to Stanford,too, at the same time. When she returned it was a little difficult for us to readjust. She did go up to Stanford, but she didn't want me to go up because she thought that she wouldn't get any studying done if the two of us were there together. Instead I matriculated at USC law school that summer.

Unfortunately, the school didn't believe her parents' warning that she had heart trouble and insisted that she take physical education. She was such a competitive little person that she went out for tennis as if it were the last game of her life and it practically was. She died not too long after returning from school.

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January 31, 1964

Ritchie: The death of Marion Carr on October 27, 1928, was a most agonizing emotional experience to me. I assume that this is always true when one who's so young dies, and it is also true when one hasn't had much experience with death. In my own case, the only other time that I was intimately associated with death was when my grandfather had died in 1917 when I was eleven years old. My mother had been called east to Imlay City, Michigan, where he lived, and I was taken along.

It didn't mean very much when we got back there because I didn't really know what to expect, and I was quite excited about having the trip east and seeing all of my cousins again. The first impact was one day when we were playing in the yard, and my uncle came out and informed all of us that our grandfather had died. This was not too important at that particular moment, but the impact gradually grew on me and it was a rather terrifying summer for me.

The house in which my grandparents lived was an old and large Victorian house with gables and three stories. It always seemed to me hundreds of rooms and

many corridors that went to attics and beautiful places to play. The room in which I stayed was on a far wing away from everybody else in the house, and as I began to realize that my grandfather was no longer there, I spent many nights in great fear--the fear of nothingness. I just couldn't comprehend at the age of eleven--how only yesterday he had been here with us and today he was nothing. Trying to grasp the significance of becoming nothing in so short a space was difficult for me. The fact that I was completely alone and isolated in that huge house turned it from an intriguing place into one of horrifying sounds and silences.

From the time of his death until that of Marion Carr I had had no other experiences, even though I was twenty-three at the time. This shock was quite different. It wasn't so much one of fear as one of emotional frustration. Here was a girl to whom I was deeply attached. We had made plans, and while I knew that she was sick and had serious heart trouble, it had never really occurred to me that this could be the end of her. Certainly people had been sick before, but they got well and life continued. Part of all of your belief is that life _is_ going to continue. But here again it stopped so suddenly.

I recall writing at that time, "Death and parting--they take the living spirit with them and there remains the struggle to get it back. I wonder, do we begrudge the end of this struggle? Yet, I often feel tempted to blot every vestige of memory out--to kill death with life."

Later on I wrote, "A lovely black night and rain. Now it is so clear that I can nearly see God and touch beauty as I stand outside in the ice air and gaze at every star through the pattern of eucalyptus leaves. For what purpose is all this beauty made? Is it for us to neglect for gold and the drudgery of accumulating gold? I believe that no man can aspire for more than to be an artist and to interpret and preserve beauty through himself."

During those days I was searching for what I wanted to become, with this phase of my life ended. I had been to law school and concluded that it wasn't the life for me. I had had one other job as an efficiency expert in a furniture factory. This, too, frustrated me more because of the inactivity than anything else. The work that I was scheduled to do I finished and completed. There was nothing more, and sitting all day in any place is one of the most trying of all labors. It was at this time that Marion died, and left me free to decide what I wanted to do

from then on. I had always been a lone wolf in activity. When there was a job to be done, I wouldn't ask help or appoint a committee; I would do it myself. I felt that I needed something in which I could create and finish the projects through my own initiative, my own time and with my own vision.

I had a fortunate purchase of a book about this time. Robinson's Department Store, back in the '20's, had an extremely fine book department, which included at that time a selection of rare books which they sold to collectors. As still is the custom with the big stores in Los Angeles, they have an end-of-the-month sale, and I used to go down to Robinson's early on the last day of every month to see what choice items I could find. In August of 1928, I was there when the store opened, and among other books I found a set of two volumes, entitled, The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson. It was a name vaguely familiar to me since I had seen examples of the work of the Doves Press, and I had seen some of his bookbindings at the Huntington Library, but I knew very little of the man.

The two volumes had originally been published at $25.00 but they had evidently been in an end-of-the-month sale previous to this where they had been offered at $12.50, and this time it was $6.25. The

bargain appealed to me, for one thing. I opened the book at random and read a few passages from Cobden-Sanderson, and I was intrigued. One of them, with an exclamation point, read, "Great God, souse me in literature!"--which is a phrase that has appealed to me ever since because it seemed to me that this is one of the means of enjoying life the most.

At any rate, I bought the book and gradually reading it, absorbed the moods and the feelings of this man who had been a lawyer too. He also had found it rather distasteful. He wanted to do something that was creative, something in which he could freely express himself. He had married the daughter of Richard Cobden, the great English statesman, hence his name Cobden-Sanderson. He had originally been James Sanderson, but in order to preserve the great name of his father-in-law, as is the English tradition, they had hyphenated it and had both of their names.

He had been in the socialist movement along with William Morris, and one night at a dinner at the Morris' house he was talking about the problem of his future, and Mrs. Morris said, "Why don't you become a bookbinder? We have all of the crafts now in our coterie, but we don't have a

bookbinder, and it sounds as if it might be a fascinating work for you."

On the way home that night, Cobden-Sanderson talked the matter over with his wife, and she warned him that it would be a different and a new life for him and also mentioned that because of the family connection, he was in line for a very important government job which he could take if he wanted, adding that it was _his_ decision which way he would go. The decision was to become a bookbinder.

He took lessons from De Coverley, one of the good bookbinders of London at that time. Within a few weeks he had torn apart a great many volumes and was learning how to sew them back together again--to repair the pages. Within six months he was able to do a fairly passable job. Actually he became a great binder with almost his first work. He had a beautiful sense of design and was also quite capable in a mechanical way, although in his _Journals_ you will find that he experienced as much agonizing frustration as anyone will who is a perfectionist. He was over forty years old at the time when he made this decision,

The first actual commission he received was from his friend William Morris, who gave him a huge

mutilated tome to bind, which he did with a great care and with a delicate arrangement of floral designs. He returned it to Morris who was delighted but was quite amused that this delicate treatment should be given to this copy of Karl Marx's Das Kapital.

The bindings which Cobden-Sanderson created were beautiful--covered with delicate, floral arrangements or a sky of stars. He didn't attempt to correlate the text with the binding itself. The binding was a separate and very precious thing, and the book itself was only something to put it around.

Yet nobody has ever made bindings of a more delicate beauty than Cobden-Sanderson. Later on, after William Morris had started his Kelmscott Press Cobden-Sanderson bound some of the books for Morris. Upon Morris' death, Cobden-Sanderson took up printing with his Doves Press--around 1900 or so.

Reading all of this, began to interest me in such a career. I was intrigued especially by bookbindings. Here is something that a man does completely by himself. He makes it to please himself, and then it goes out into the world. He is not dependent upon the whims and wishes of other people. But the problem that presented itself was--how, at

my then advanced age, could I learn how to become a binder. Unlike England, there was little hand binding done in the United States.

The first place that I inquired was at the Huntington Library. I had earlier applied there for a job but there was no opening at the time. I knew them; there were several people on the staff that were very good friends of my family. I went over there and talked to Willard Waters, who was curator of the Americana Section at that time. He introduced me to several other people, including Robert Schad, the curator of rare books. The Huntington Library, at that time, had only recently opened its doors to the public. It was sometime in 1928 that I first went there, and I believe that it was the first year that it had been open to the public. The Huntington librarians didn't know as much about the art of the book then as they do now. Huntington's collections had been primarily in the field of English literature, incunabula, and they had been working on these classifications for a good many years. The books were still being sorted, pulled out of crates, organized and catalogued.

The job of handling the Fine Printing Section and checking and discovering the various items of

fine printing was left in the hands of a young high school boy by the name of Gregg Anderson, who had come there to work while still going to high school. He had recently graduated, and through this job had become extremely interested in printing. His uncle was a man by the name of Arnold, who had a small printing shop in Pasadena, and Gregg had also worked there during his spare time. Being a very inquisitive young fellow and a great reader, he had printed two or three small pamphlets and booklets while he was working with his uncle. These had been called to the attention of Mr. Schad at the Huntington Library, and it was through this relationship that he had been brought into the Huntington Library and also had been sent to search out the printing items which were housed there.

When I went over there seeking information about bookbinding, they said that as far as they knew there was no place here on the West Coast where one could learn anything of this craft. When I broached the fact about printing, they said that to their best knowledge the two best printers on the Pacific Coast were in San Francisco--John Henry Nash and the Grabhorn Brothers--and if I were interested in that phase of the graphic arts, it would best for me to go up there and make inquiries from either of those two.

(This all happened within the weeks following the death of Marion Carr.)

By the middle of November, I was in San Francisco to see these two men. I first went into the Grabhorn Press and met Bob Grabhorn, and when I made known my interest, he sent me over to Ed Grabhorn. This was right before Christmas and the Grabhorns were quite busy with the booklets which they were preparing for clients for Christmastime of which they have done a great many during the years. The Grabhorns have always been very ready and willing to help young people who are truly interested in getting into this field of printing, and over the years they have taken on any number of young apprentices this way. One reason--I have always suspected--is that Ed doesn't like to pay very much in the way of salaries and you can get a young eager person to work for very little. He showed some interest in my application; he told me that if I would return after Christmas, he would try and work me in. He said that at the present time, he was so busy and Bob was so busy that having an extra hand around who knew nothing and who would have to be instructed in every move would be too difficult for them. This encouraged me somewhat.

I next went to see John Henry Nash. John

Henry Nash was the father of the fine printing in San Francisco. He made fine printing popular.

He was a rather pompous man who enjoyed knowing the wealthy people of San Francisco. He had not only made fine printing well-known, but he had been able to sell it to the Hearsts, the Clarks, and other well-to-do and prominent people. He appeared to be quite well-off. He arrived in his great Cadillac each morning which was chauffeur-driven. He had built a fine and beautiful house. The building in which the press was located was called the John Henry Nash Building. He had a magnificent library of examples of the work of all of the great printers from early times.

When I went in to see Nash, I was announced to him. He was out in the shop setting type. He came in in his apron, and I explained what I was interested in. He immediately took time off to show me around and explain how much he had paid for each of his books. There was a huge portrait of himself on one of the walls, which he stood in front of and admired. He pointed out an illuminated letter from the Pope in which he sent greetings.

He was planning a Vulgate Bible, and the Pope had been very pleased with it. He was proud of this.

There was still a controversy in the area of printing between Grabhorn and Nash. They didn't like one another personally, and their work was at the opposite ends of the spectrum of fine printing. Nash was the most meticulous printer I have ever known. His books are so perfect that they are almost mechanical. His type-setting had no flaw in it. He didn't do his own press work; it was down in the building by others, Lawton Kennedy among them. But here, too, he watched everything with great care. He was a proud man. He was sure of his place in the world of printers. He had special paper made abroad for his books with his name watermarked in it. He had great and wonderful commissions. He showed me one book which he had done for William Andrews Clark, and he told me that Clark had paid him $75,000 to do this book. He had gone abroad a couple of times. He had had the paper made especially for it; he had had the binding done in Vienna; he had the colorplates done some place else abroad. He had brought them all back.

Ed Grabhorn, on the other hand, was a true artist. The Grabhorns didn't bother too much if an occasional error was found in the text of their books--that wasn't their primary interest. Theirs were designs. Their books are not books in the sense

of those we buy to read; they are books to be looked at. It's as if this were a fine art rather than just a means of reproduction. They put a great deal of warmth into their books which you will never find in the works of John Henry Nash. His are very cold-looking books. He wasn't the artist that the Grabhorns were, and when he tries to get decorative, he overdoes it, often in very bad taste. When Nash is simple and straightforward and plain, his books have great quality, but as soon as he attempts to do something a little extraordinary, he falls down badly.

The Grabhorns, on the other hand, even in their selection of typefaces, seem to be able to get warmth and vigor. They made great use of artists, too. Valenti Angelo was with them for a good number of years. Valenti would follow the whims of the Grabhorns and alter his style to suit what they wanted in a particular book. It made a delightful combination of talents.

Nash, however, was a little more practical when I applied to him. He wanted to know my background. He wanted to know what I could do. When I asked him how long he thought it would take me to become a printer, he thought for a moment and said, "At least forty years."

But he concluded by saying that's how long he had been in the printing business and he didn't feel that he was a finished printer even at that time. But he

did tell me about a printer in Los Angeles, Bruce McCallister, whom he admired very much. He suggested that it would be foolish for me to come to San Francisco to learn the rudiments of the business when I could learn it just as well in Los Angeles and it wouldn't cost me as much. So I was very grateful for this suggestion from him. He suggested that I see Bruce McCallister in Los Angeles, who might be able to help me in getting into printing.

I should conclude about John Henry Nash, while we're talking about him. Two or three years after this, Carl Purington Rollins, the printer of Yale University, a very scholarly printer, came out to the University of California at Berkeley to give a summer course in the History of Printing. I went up for part of the lectures, and I was surprised when I got there, to find John Henry Nash sitting in the front row, because a few years previous to this when John Henry Nash's best-known work Dante came out, Carl Rollins had given it a bad review in the Saturday Review of Literature. There had been little love lost between the two men. Many cudgels were flourished in Nash's defense by many of the better-known printers, and others sided on the side of Rollins. So, it was surprising to see Nash at the foot of Rollins at this time.

But Rollins took it all in stride. Nash was a little tough on Rollins--I will say--because as he would be lecturing and would mention some book which was very important in the area of printing, Nash would pipe up and say, "Oh, yes, I have a copy of that. I got it in Florence in such-and-such a year and it cost me this much." He always added the cost onto every item.

During the course of Rollins' lecture each day, he would be interrupted at least ten times by Nash, and in some instances Nash would continue on and tell more about his own collection. I talked to Rollins about this later and he said, "Well, it was a little unnerving but quite amusing. I didn't believe all that he told us."

But Nash did invite the whole class over to his printing shop at the end of the course, and at that time, Rollins said, "I would never have believed it, but it is one of the finest printing libraries that I have ever seen. Every word that Nash said in the class was perfectly true."

With the Depression, the patrons that Nash had felt the pinch of the times, as most everybody else did. Nash was not able to do as Grabhorns did--trim their sales and trim the kind of books that they were doing down to what people could afford at that time. The large house which he had was probably not paid for, and he was not

getting the same kind of money any more.

He made several attempts to dispose of his library. I had a letter from him at one time asking me if it would be possible for me to intercede with Occidental College--if they would take the library. He wanted a life income of $500 a month for the library which was a good buy if he wasn't expected to live very long--a bad buy if he lived too long. The University of Oregon evidently was made some similar proposition, and Nash moved up to Oregon and conducted a course in printing up there. At the same time, the library was moved up with him. This lasted for only a couple of years, and I have never known why it wasn't continued. Eventually the library did return to California and was bought by the University at Berkeley where it is at the present time.

Occasionally Nash would come down to southern California, and in later years he got into the hands of a man by the name of Sutton who was doing some publishing here in Los Angeles. The last time that I saw him was when he was maneuvering with Sutton, but Sutton eventually went bankrupt, too. I am doubtful whether Nash was too well-off at the time of his death.

Bruce McCallister was a fine, towering man, who was the premier printer of Los Angeles. His firm was

known as Young and McCallister and at that time it was located at the corner of Pico and Santee Street, a building which now houses one of the clothing manufacturers. It was built for Young and McCallister, and it had great light areas in the press room. It was a beautiful place for a printing plant.

McCallister had been a hockey player in college and had gone on to be a semipro. He lived in North Dakota and later worked in Minneapolis where the semipro teams' companies would hire players and put them on the payroll so that they could play on the hockey team. Evidently, it was a most popular sport in that area. McCallister went into this printing firm as a salesman, and in addition to being a good hockey player he turned out to be a magnificent salesman. He was quite succesful and worked in this profession until he came west in 1906. He happened to hit San Francisco on the day of the earthquake.

He got out as fast as he could and settled in Los Angeles, where the firm which he worked for, eventually, becamehis own--with Fred Young.

The '20's were very good years for McCallister. There were great real estate developments going on. He did some very large and handsome brochures--they were more than brochures, they were bound books--for the Bel-Air Estates, for instance, and others, for which

he was paid handsomely. He was the printer who did so many things for the Sunkist growers at that time. His organization was practically an advertising agency within the printing business. He had a staff of artists; he had a staff of writers. They would create these things and McCallister himself was a great salesman.

When I went to see him, he and Jake Zeitlin, a bookseller, were "considering collaboration" on a book which was to be called Los Angeles in the Sunny Seventies. It was a translation of the first book about Los Angeles, which had been printed in Austria--the year about 1878--a translation of Los Angeles in Sudcalifornien: Eine Blume aus dem Goldenen Lande. It was by Ludwig Louis Salvator, who had been over here and taken notes and made a good many drawings of Los Angeles in 1878. The book was published abroad, and this was the first translation of it into English.

When I went to see McCallister and told him what I wanted to do, he asked me if I knew anything about type-setting. I said, "No, I didn't know anything about printing. I just wanted to learn."

He said, "Well, that's a little difficult. If you did know anything, we're going to do this book and I would like to have it hand set, and I thought possibly that I could put you on it. However, I'll

tell you what I'll do, I'll call Frank Wiggins Trade School--I'm on the advisory board over there--and see if we can't get you into their printing class which will give you the opportunity of learning how to set type. Possibly you will have the rudiments in time, so that I can put you to work on this book."

Well, this was a very exciting thing to happen, and it looked as if I might be able to get my foot into the door soon. I went to Frank Wiggins and was admitted to the printing class, though this was in the middle of the semester. They thought it quite unusual for a college graduate to apply to go into a craft class such as this. I was extremely fortunate in the men who were then instructing at Frank Wiggins. John Murray, a fine craftsman, was the head of the department at that time. Instructing press work was a man by the name of John Faust, who later used to work for me during the summers during the off-school season. But the one who was my immediate tutor and confidant was a man by the name of [James] Hallack (after these years I can't remember his first name). When I started I explained what I wanted to do, and he threw away the instruction books and said, "Well, you make your own pattern. The first thing I will teach you is how to set type--these fundamental things--but you will not have to go through the series of lessons that we

have for the other boys."

I was with fourteen-, fifteen-, and sixteen-year-old boys who had left grammar school and were going to trade school rather than to high school. During the time that I was there I read every possible book I could find on the history and art of printing. It's the easiest way to learn because you see what everybody else is doing. You learn so much faster if you are reading, reading all the time, instead of just following the lesson as it is prescribed to you from day to day. It was interesting to see the reaction that I got from the other students. Here I was an older man who was intruding into their special little world. They looked at what I was doing with a certain amount of interest, I will say. Then all of a sudden they saw that I was taking some of the little lessons that they had learned and I was analyzing and trying to _do_ something with them. Here was a project which they had done halfheartedly, and I had put just a little spark, a little ingenuity, into it. Some of the boys would come up and look and say, "You know, I think I could do something like that."

And before the semester was over they were all vying with one another to see how they could develop some of these projects. Some extremely good things came out of what previously would have been just a

dull, routine thing for them.

I had been in this class with Hallack only a couple of days and while he was talking to me about something and he said, "Ritchie, Ritchie. I seem to remember that name. Did your family ever come from the East?"

And I said, "Yes, from Michigan. My mother grew up in a town called Imlay City."

And he said, "That's where I came from. My family was a farm family and quite isolated from the city, and when I was ready to come to school I had to come into Imlay City" (it couldn't have been a town of more then a thousand or twelve hundred people but to him it was a metropolis), "I arrived at school my first day, and, of course, I wore clothes a little different than these city children and they started teasing me. One little girl came up, and she looked at the rest of them and she said, 'I like this boy. You stop teasing him or I'll tell my father on you.'"

It happened to be one of my aunts, and so he had always had an abiding affection for members of the Palmer family from that day. He had grown up in Imlay City and had learned his trade there. I recollected then, that as a little boy collecting stamps, I used to go down to the local paper because he also sold stamps. He had these little packets of stamps, and I used to buy them from him. This was strange

coincidence meeting by chance after these many, many years. From then on he took a particular interest in me and made certain that I could do everything exactly as I wanted to.

I learned composition. After I had learned the rudiments of type-setting, rather than go on with the routine lessons, I wanted to start printing little booklets. About the same time that I was going to school at Frank Wiggins Trade School, I had a note from Willard Waters at the Huntington Library saying that there was a young man over there, Gregg Anderson, who was interested in meeting me because we both had this mutual interest in printing. We got together and this too was a great and enlightening experience. Gregg Anderson, as I had mentioned a few minutes earlier, had had this training in printing before he went to the Huntington Library. At the Huntington Library in selecting the books to go into this special section of the library, he had gotten to know the works of Bruce Rogers, of Daniel Berkeley Updike, of Kelmscott, of the Doves and all of the contemporary good printers of the time--as well as the Grabhorns and John Henry Nash and several other printers in San Francisco. He had found a compatible soul over there by the name of Roland Baughman, who was aspiring to be a poet. They decided on a joint project, and they

called it the Grey Bow Press, after Grey for Gregg and Bow for Baughman. Baughman was to be the writer and collect the material to print, and Gregg was to do the actual work on it. They had a fine time. Gregg was experimenting with title pages, following the examples of Bruce Rogers primarily and another man that he admired very much, Porter Garnett.

Porter had left California to become the director of the Laboratory Press at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. He was a perfectionist too, and the Laboratory Press was a little operation within the printing school at Carnegie Tech. He chose five or six of the top students each year and put them to work on special "projects." Everything was printed on a hand press. He had a magnificent selection of typefaces and of handmade papers to work with. The students would be given problems to solve; many of them were the same for several students. They would create, according to their own imagination, a format and a size and a shape and decorations for these things. They would then be printed on the hand press in an edition of fifty or one hundred copies, and Garnett would send examples of these out to a select few institutions and friends. The Huntington Library, of course, had a collection of these student projects, and Gregg had become very interested in this. He had written Porter Garnett, and Porter was glad to include him as one of the

recipients of these "projects."

Porter Garnett was interested in type ornament as it differs from drawings and illustrations. These little pieces of type-flowers which you can arrange and rearrange in so many different ways intrigued Garnett. He imparted this love of this type of decoration to most of his students; the examples that came from them are perfect examples of this type of decoration. It is a wonderful way to teach because the student has an opportunity to decorate and learn at the same time. Gregg's initial experiments were much in the same vein as those of Carnegie Tech.

When Gregg showed me all of these examples, he also told me of places to get free material--paper sample books and book catalogs--and he had a great list of the good booksellers in England and in France and in the United States. He said, "You must immediately write for their catalogs and get on their mailing lists because you will find books about printing that you will never hear of otherwise." And then he showed me the Fleuron, that magnificent book which Oliver Simon had started and of which Stanley Morison had become the subsequent editor. It had run for seven volumes only, but it's a landmark in the history of printing publications. I immediately started buying

the Fleuron for myself. I, too, wrote Porter Garnett and the kindly gentleman put me on the list, and I began receiving the "projects."

Now these things all influenced me in my original designing and projects at Frank Wiggins Trade School. I had seen what Gregg had done; I eventually saw what the Laboratory Press was doing. I got Bruce Rogers' Bibliography and I was looking at the things that he had done, and he also had worked extensively with type ornaments. It was quite natural that the first things I did were going to be in much that same tradition.

Jake Zeitlin, in the meantime, had become interested in me since I was another budding young printer, and Jake always had some idea that he wanted to be put into type. Carl Sandburg had written a foreword to a little book of Jake's poems which the Grabhorn Press had published and also had sent Jake a poem in a manuscript called Soo Line Sonata. It is a most intriguing poem and Jake immediately decided that he would like to publish it. He asked me if I thought that I could do it, and I, naturally, was full of enthusiasm for this new opportunity and said, "Certainly!"

TAPE NUMBER: THREE, SIDE TWO

January 31,1964

Ritchie: Incidentally, I had been introduced to Jake Zeitlin by Gregg Anderson. I had been buying books from most of the antiquarian booksellers in Los Angeles, but Jake's shop was unique. At that time, he had mostly new books. He also had a great and enduring interest in art and artists. It was a tiny shop, about ten feet wide and fifteen feet deep, but in addition to books, he also had a gallery. He was interested in the fine printing of English printers and English graphic artists as well as the work of local artists. He always had a little show of one of the talented young people in Los Angeles at that time. For me, here was an opportunity to look at the books that were coming off the English presses, and there were a great many of them at that particular time--the Nonesuch Press, the Golden Cockerel Press, the Curwen Press and others. Through Gregg's introduction, Jake had come to know that I, too, was in this small coterie of would-be printers.

This manuscript [Soo Line Sonata] was turned over to me. I set it in type at Frank Wiggins Trade School, and then was confronted by one of the toughest things that a young printer or designer is confronted with. There are so many alternatives in the way of design--page size, type size, decoration. One of the things that I have noticed

with young people is that they are sometimes stopped because there are so many problems even with a restricted design and with a relatively small page. Of course, this being my first job, I wanted it to be extremely impressive. I was going overboard trying to make it the finest--which is a great mistake in many cases because the quality can often be felt through simplicity rather than through over-elaboration. I probably went through more struggle with this little job than any other I have ever done in my life. The first layouts I took down for Jake to see. The type, as I said, had been set and I was trying to arrange it so that it would have life, vitality and also please Jake. I had overdone the use of his little shop device, which at that time was a grasshopper. When I look back on it now, it was pretty dreadful what happened.

In the meantime Jake had heard from Carl Sandburg. I suspect that he had mentioned in some letter that he would like to print this poem, and he got immediate letter back from Sandburg to the effect that if he ever found out that Jake had printed this material, he would sue him for every penny that he ever had. I was a little worried because I didn't think Jake liked what I had done. I had taken it back and simplified it, and when I took it back and showed it to Jake again, he liked it. But, in the meantime, he had received the letter from Sandburg; so Jake was in

such a dilemma he didn't know what to do. Here was all of this magnificent poetry in type. He whispered to me, "Let's just do five or six copies for ourselves and let nobody know about it."

So that was the first actual printing job I ever did, and to this day I don't think the poem has ever been printed in any of Sandburg's works. It's a very strange but an intriguing poem--most intriguing poem. There used to be one gentleman who would come occasionally to our house for our parties--he had read it once--and everytime he came, he insisted, after he had two or three drinks, that I get this out and read it. It has a rhythm, a lilt of feeling to it.

Dixon: You have a very rare item.

Ritchie: It's a very rare item. I gave three copies to Jake and kept two myself. Well, that was the first thing.

However, Carl Sandburg had sent Jake another poem which he said he could print, and Jake also commissioned me to do that. It was the second printed job that I had to do. The second booklet which I did was M'Liss and Louie also by Carl Sandburg. Then in order to continue my exercises at Frank Wiggins, I did a couple of little poems which I had written myself. One was called The Slough of Despond and I used the pseudonym James Beattie Pitwood for that one, and then I did another little one called Dream in a Garden for which I used the pseudonym

Betsy Ann Bristol.

In the meantime I had read in the paper that Hildegarde Flanner was giving a series of talks on poetry at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. I was intrigued with Hildegarde Flanner because she had been a student and protege of Porter Garnett's when he was still in San Francisco and she was attending the University of California at Berkeley. He had printed two or three volumes of her poetry--one in San Francisco--and another a story called <u>That Endeth Never</u> which was a beautiful little book printed by the Laboratory Press in which he added one of the most dire and threatening postludes ever to appear in a book, telling all of the awful things that were going to happen to anybody who had a copy of this book and sold it, and this had intrigued me. When I read about Hildegarde Flanner's lectures, I went over there and attended some of them. I wrote about it at the time:

> I heard Hildegarde Flanner at her poetry section for the Pasadena Drama League. How I was attracted to her! And I wrote her asking her if I might help by publishing brochures to distribute free at her lectures. Yesterday, I went to see her. What a glorious day it was throughout. In the morning I saw Mrs. Millard's William Morris Exhibit. I revelled and am going up to see her some evening. And then to spend the afternoon with Hildegarde Flanner. I was nearly frightened. She showed me her published works, beautifully done by Porter Garnett and the Laboratory Press and other items done by Mr. Garnett. And then tea in her garden. I made great sacrifice. I gave her one of my two <u>Soo Line Sonata</u> and a copy of <u>Dream in a Garden.</u>

> She has a charming soft voice. Meticulous care in choice of words. Black hair with streaks of grey although she can be no more than thirty. Hildegarde, Hildegarde Flanner.

I was really intrigued with her; she suggested certain contemporary authors who she thought might fit well with her series of lectures. I immediately wrote a pleading letter to each of these authors--if I might reproduce one of their poems in a small pamphlet. In most cases I got an immediate response. In some, where the publishers were involved, they wanted a fee for this privilege, but I had enough to work on and to give one away at each of the lectures. These included one, of course, by Hildegarde. Louise Bogan let me do her poem Women and Archibald MacLeish let me do Interrogate the Stones and Léonie Adams, her poem Midsummer. Hildegarde's own poem was called Valley Quail.

Now that ended the semester at Frank Wiggins Trade School, and summer was upon me. Of course, since I had first worked at Vroman's Bookstore between my freshman and sophomore years in college, I had been a pretty good patron of that store, and to them had gone most of my spare moneys for books. This summer I was looking around for something to do, and I hit upon the idea of going back and applying for another job. Now, it was a situation for them of hiring an employee and losing a customer. But they took me on and I was put down in the basement of

Vroman's where the books were unpacked and stored. It was my job, as the big crates of books came into the alley each day and were let down the chute, to unpack them, to arrange them by publisher andauthor on the shelves where they were stored and get rid of the packing boxes for the next one to come down. A store the size of Vroman's has a lot of books coming in every day; it is practically a full-time job just unpacking and arranging. Vroman's,in addition to having their retail store, also did a great deal of business with the libraries throughout southern California. Southern California, being isolated from the cultural centers of the United States and being a long way from the nearest big publishing house, always had the problem of not having certain books available, If a certain book proved to be popular, it would take two or three weeks to a month for Vroman's to stock it again. There was an arrangement between the various bookstores in southern California to exchange these books; so, if Vroman's had an order for such-and-such a book and they didn't have it, perhaps Robinson's would have it or Bullock's or Fowler's or one of the other bookstores in and around here, and from one of these they could more quickly fill the order for one of their customers. Twice a week Mr. Herbert Squire, who was my immediate boss, and I drove into Los Angeles. We would take along with us cards

of wants which we had accumulated during that time, and we would go from bookstore to bookstore. While we were there, they would also get out their lists of wants and we would take those along with us. As we went from store to store, we would fill their wants as well as our own; we would then come back to Pasadena and fill any of the wants that we could. The next trip we would return the cards that we couldn't fill together with the books that we could supply them. In that way, the whole community traded with one another, and it worked out extremely well..

Also it gave me the opportunity to get to know all of the booksellers in Los Angeles, and also it fed my avaricious desire for collecting books because being an employee of Vroman's,I was allowed a 33% discount on everything I bought. As we were going around to the various stores, there was always a delay while they were checking what they had and I would have an hour in each store--to browse, look around, and see, and peer--and I got to know their stocks better than they knew them themselves. I was especially intrigued with Dawson's Bookstore because here were the old books. The prices in many instances were lower and also they had the older press books...a store like Bullock's would only have the brand new ones. Probably part of the intrigue and the educational value was in looking at so many books--seeing

how other designers had handled these problems. This wonderful world of books captured me at that time.

My old friend Lawrence Powell and I had started Occidental College the same year, but between our freshmen and sophomore years he had gotten a job on one of the President Line boats as a musician and had gone around the world. We were reunited in my senior year (it was only his junior year and he had continued on at Occidental until June of 1929 when he too graduated). The world was then his oyster to open, too. Since I was working over at Vroman's, I induced him to apply for a job there. He was accepted which was a great boon to me because it meant that I was not the lowest man and he took the job in the cellar and I was moved upstairs as a salesman in the Nonfiction Department. I did continue doing the Los Angeles route though, and instead of Mr. Squire going with me, Powell went with me. I took over the gathering of the books, and he took over the buying of the stationery and various items like that.

We had a gay and wonderful time for the next six or eight months. We both lived in South Pasadena, and at lunchtime we would jump into the car and rush home. He would drop me and go onto his house; we would have lunch and come back to work again. We started work at seven-thirty in the morning and usually got out about seven at night. Those were the days when you really worked for

what you made. Also, I was the one who was designated to count the day's receipts. So, after everybody else had gone, I had to go through and take all of the money out of each man's cash box and count it up and make out the cash slips and put the money in the safe. So, it was a long day. We worked on Saturdays, too, until eight or nine, but for this amount of work I got the munificent sum of $80 a month. Eventually I was raised to $100, but that was the top I got. I've forgotten now what Powell's was, but I suspect that it was somewhat lower than this.

Fortunately for Powell, he wasn't cut out to be the cellar man in a bookstore. For one thing he was more interested in reading the books that came in rather than in sorting and putting them away.

Also the store next door to Vroman's at that time was a music store. The basement that we occupied was under both stores, but Powell could sneak up from time to time and sit at the piano and play, or listen to records.

Powell became confused early in his stay at Vroman's by Leslie Hood. Leslie Hood was one of the partners of Vroman's Bookstore and the chief buyer. Here was a man with the most fantastic memory for book titles and authors that I have ever known in my life. He could take the big Wilson's catalog and almost verbatim tell you about any book--the publisher, the author, the title of the book. He hardly had to look anything up; the book was mentioned and

he would know it right away. It's one of the peculiar talents that only a few people must have. I've never known anyone else as gifted in this as was Hood. Well, the books began to pile up a little faster than Larry had the ability or inclination to sort them and shelve them. Leslie Hood came down one day and looked the whole situation over. He got his coat off and said, "Powell, this is the way we handle this situation." He unpacked all the books; he got them out and he organized them in his own way. When it was all done, he said, "Powell, from now on this is how I expect it to be done."

Well, it didn't quite always get done, and after three or four weeks, they couldn't get all of the boxes in the cellar--there were so many of them. So Hood was down there again. He said, "What's wrong, Powell? I thought I showed you how to do it." Hood got down there again, but despite his great memory, he had forgotten how he had told Powell how to do it the time before; so, this time it was an entirely new routine. In time, Powell became confused; Hood became exasperated. Christmas came. Powell had been there six months. We had a great Christmas celebration, but his last and final check contained a little notice that possibly it would be better for him to find some other means of making a living. Well, Vroman's has always dearly loved Powell and felt that they were responsible for the success that he has had <u>since</u> in his

life, just because they fired him. Otherwise he might have made a miserable bookseller. Powell left Vroman's in my fine hands and returned to Occidental College to go into graduate study.

For a period there, I had been so busy working at the bookstore that I hadn't been able to devote any time to printing. When I left Frank Wiggins Trade School I had bought a couple of trays of type from them. I had that at home; so I did have the nucleus, but I didn't have any way of printing what I could set. While we were at Occidental I had come to know a printer by the name of Clyde Browne, who had his press in a little gully off of Figueroa Street and York Boulevard. He had come there many, many years before and bought this unwanted bit of land. Over the years, he had built for himself a unique home and printing shop. He called it the Abbey of San Encino, and it looked like a miniature abbey with cloisters around an inner court. One wing of it was a printing shop and in this he had a stained glass window showing an Indian operating a hand press and a monk checking a sheet. He had made it out of glass which he had found in Los Angeles saloons when they were closed by prohibition. Underneath the house was a dungeon. In another wing, he had built himself an organ and he had a little chapel. The students of Occidental were always fascinated by this place. Some of the fraternities had their initiations

down in the dungeon. It was a favorite spot for marriages in the little chapel, but what intrigued me was the printing shop.

Clyde Browne did much of the printing for Occidental, including the campus newspaper; so, many of us who worked on it from time to time would have to go down there and see how it was done. Clyde was such a genial fellow; he'd sit with his guitar and strum some tunes as he talked about things medieval and early California.

He printed three or four little books he had written and he tried to capture a quaint medieval style with thy's and thee's. It was always printed at the Abbey in Garvanza, Old Town, as he designated his location.

In addition to the abbey, he had built a series of little stone studios that clambered up the hill from the abbey. He would rent these to artists or authors who wanted a hideaway. Larry and I rented one of these little studios from Clyde, and I moved in the few type cases that I had. I don't know what Larry moved in, but he was there. In addition to the room which we had, I had the privilege for one dollar a Sunday of using the equipment in the pressroom down below. It meant that once more I could get back into printing those little thingsin which I was interested.

The first one I worked on was a little book by Robinson Jeffers called Stars. I had seen these two son-

nets of Jeffers' in the Bookman, and I had written him soon after seeing them, saying that I'd enjoyed them very much and would he mind if I printed them. He was agreeable, so I went to work and set them up and printed them. When I got through, Clyde Browne helped me to bind it in black paper over boards. In the colophon, I printed: "At the Flame Press, Pasadena, February 3, 1930. Eighty copies printed by Harry Ward Ritchie. With the permission of Robinson Jeffers." Then I had a little errata slip saying, "It was a great blunder to use an "a" for an "i" in incredible, far greater to have but seventy-two of eighty copies survive the printing."

With that I was ready to distribute. I took a copy over to the Occidental College Library; I gave another to Dr. Remsen Bird, the president of Occidental. I made a couple of other gestures, and finally gave one to a chap by the name of Eric Locke, who was a production man at Paramount Picture Company and had been quite interested in the printing that I was doing. He was the dirty soul who called me up and said, "You know, "incredible' wasn't the only word that you misspelled." And sure enough, with my unerring ability I had misspelled out of twenty-eight lines, at least five or six different words. The edition was withdrawn and I started over again. I changed the design of the title page and this time corrected the book and printed 110 copies. It was on March 10 that this was

finished,and I sent half of the edition to Jeffers, who was surprised at this generosity. I don't know if he ever got rid of all the copies I gave him. But he was very kind and generous. Of course, this was all done in the evenings and on Sundays, and with the long hours I was spending at the bookstore, it didn't leave much extra time.

But I did get some other work to do. One was a little book called Nut-Brown Beer, which RobertCowan had suggested to me. This was a poem by George Arnold which Cowan liked a lot. I printed a small edition of twenty-four copies on imported paper and quite a number on news stock, which probably have all disintegrated by now. And this lead Cowan to commission me to do a fairly large booklet for the Zamorano Club of Los Angeles. It was called The Booklover's Litany by H. L. With an introduction and five supplications by R. E. C. who, of course, was Robert Cowan. This book I printed in May of 1930.

In the meantime, my aunt in Michigan had written to my mother that she was joining a tour through Europe during the next summer, and she was trying to persuade my mother to go along with her. And my mother tried to induce me to go along. Well, it sounded like a fairly interesting idea, and in May I got a leave of absence from Vroman's Bookstore to go to Europe. In the meantime I had another

commission for a book, along with the Cowan. I spent the month of May setting these two books in type and printing them. The other one was The Brimming Cup by Carlyle Mac-Intyre, who had been my intriguing professor at Occidental College. This was the first time that he had appeared in print. We printed two hundred copies of this book and finished it on May 24, just before I left to go to Europe. In planning my trip abroad I naturally knew the itinerary that this group was going to take, but I also was interested in prolonging the stay in Europe--once I was over there.

According to the stipulations on the ticket, I could stay for a year without any extra cost by taking another boat home when we got through.

I had read of the many fine printers in England, but there was one in France that particularily interested me. In Volume three of The Fleuron, there was an article on the printing of the future, with illustrations of some of the most modern work then being done in Europe. One section was devoted to a French printer, François-Louis Schmied, who was originally a Swiss but was then living and working in Paris. It concluded that of all of the contemporary work being done in the world at the time, Schmied's was the freshest, most vital and his were the most intriguing of the books. I had seen a copy of one of his books, The Song of Songs, in the hands of Mrs. [George Madison] Millard of Pasadena, a book which was subsequently bought

by Mrs. Estelle Doheny and it's now lodged in the Doheny Library at Camarillo.

I made my plans very carefully. I didn't know how to get to Schmied nor where he was, but Mrs. Millard, having had a copy of the book, knew that she had bought it from the firm of Seligmann's in Paris. She gave me an introduction to that firm. In addition to that, she kindly gave me introductions to people all over Europe--to Richard Cobden-Sanderson, the son of Thomas James; to Sir Sydney Cockerell, who had worked with William Morris; to May Morris, the daughter of William Morris. She was very kind about that.

Mrs. Millard did a great deal to help me during the formative years. I first met her right after I graduated from college and was becoming interested in printing. An Occidental girl by the name of Josephine Hodges told me about her and asked me if I would like to go over to Mrs. Millard's place and see her. We made the appointment and went over. And here I found--also in a little gully in Pasadena--one of the most intriguing houses I've ever been in. It had been designed for her by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Alice Millard was the wife of George Madison Millard, who for so many years had run the Saints and Sinners Corner of McClurg's Bookstore in Chicago and had known intimately Eugene Field and all the others who used to sit around that exciting place and talk about literary affairs.

Wright was a young architect at the time, and the Millards, had had him build a house for them in Chicago. When Millard retired from McClurg's and they had come west, he continued selling--in a private way in his own home and they had thought about having Wright do a house for them in California. Millard, in the meantime, died, but Mrs. Millard carried right on. When Wright was on his way to Japan to do the Imperial Hotel, he stopped by and saw her, and when he came back she commissioned him to do this house.

Now Wright had a great eye for a beautiful spot and as they looked around Pasadena he decried those people who built on the flat area and said, "Now here is a beautiful spot--with oak trees on each side and this little dry gulch going down here--and it's a magnificent setting that we can take every advantage of." He started to work on the house, and he built it, but not within the estimate which Mrs. Millard had as to cost. Regardless of that shock she was very happy with it. It was made out of concrete blocks which he had cast with a design in them and in some of them he had put glass in the design so that the light would come through.

It was a perfectly beautiful, but completely impractical house. Mrs. Millard was a tiny, white-haired vivacious woman, and it was made just for her--it was just that small.

For instance, in going up the stairs if you were over four feet ten, you would bump your head as you went up on these very hard concrete blocks. There was only one bedroom in this quite large house, and it was just her size too.

It was his conception of a modern house, and it was modern but with a medieval feeling about it, too. When Mrs. Millard started furnishing it, he threw his hands up aghast, because he wanted to design all modern furniture for it, but she furnished it with such magnificent antiques that he had to agree that nothing could be more perfect in the blend of these great old pieces with what he had done. And this is something that I have observed many times since--that if the design is good, it doesn't matter what periods are combined--they will blend together.

Of course, Mrs. Millard was never able to make the house leak-proof. Regardless of her efforts, every time there was a rain, the flat roof would leak. Soon after she had moved into the house there was an excessively hard rain. The gullies in California are there because of these hard rains and can become torrents. Wright was not aware of this and the drain under the house was insufficient to carry all the water away. It rose up, damned by the house and came pouring through her kitchen. But she was always very happy about what she had there.

Her particular loves were the Kelmscott Press and the Doves Press. My early love for Cobden-Sanderson bought me to the right place. She insisted upon everything being immaculate; so,the only books that she ever bought from England were pristine copies--beautiful, beautiful things. And in addition to these, she had many other old and fine and beautiful books. She was constantly having little exhibits to which she would invite people. She was the one who gave me the best leads as to how I could get in touch with François-Louis Schmied.

Sometime early in June, we left California and drove to Michigan, where we picked up the group of people who were going on this tour of Europe. I have since thought that I would never want to go on this kind of tour again, but this particular one was great because if I had gone to Europe without knowing anything about it, I would have been completely lost. But for six or eight weeks, we were completely taken care of. We were shown all of the high spots of Europe. Of course, there were many tiresome times, too.

When we arrived back in Paris I had decided then that I was going to stay over and my mother agreed that she would like to stay over too. The rest of the tour went on home and here we were in Paris. While I was on this tour, Powell had decided that he would like to come to Europe too, and he made an application to go to the University of Dijon.

When I arrived in Paris, Powell arrived at approximately the same time. We enjoyed perhaps a month together before he went on to the University.

TAPE NUMBER: FOUR, SIDE ONE

May 22, 1964

Rithcie: It was very pleasant to be in Paris and relaxing after hopping around Europe all summer--tramping and sight-seeing. My old friend Cornelis Groenewegen, whom we variously called Dutch, and Jim arrived and then Lawrence Powell and Larry's girl Fay Shoemaker, whom he married many years later, was also there for a few days. It was a joyous reunion. Larry was staying in a little hotel on rue Jacob in which we learned Oscar Wilde had died. Since it was rumored that Wilde had literally exploded, we like to think that some of the spots on the walls of Powell's room were remnants of Wilde.

After a riotous week, Fay and Dutch left for the United States and Larry and I got a room in the Hotel Crystal. It was on the left bank on rue St. Benoît, just off St. Germain des Près. Its chief attraction was an outdoor elevator, a sort of cage that lifted one up through a tube of wire mesh to your floor. It was tricky and a little frigh-tening but still better than walking. Our room was a riot of French wallpaper--a huge floral design in primitive pink and green. Paris was unbearably hot at that time, too. We groused, but we enjoyed ourselves. At our corner was the Cafe de Flore and up a block the Deux Magots, opposite the Church of St. Germain des Près. Lipps, the

Alsatian restaurant where we'd go for beer, was only across the boulevard. These were our haunts, though we'd sometimes sorti to Montparnasse or Montmartre, which in those days were more popular hangouts than this area where we lived.

One hot night at the Deux Magots we succumbed to the blandishments of an Algerian rug peddler, and each of us bought a shaggy fur rug. That night was probably the most stinking one we ever spent. The goats from which these rugs had come must have been still warm. Next morning early we packed them and shipped them off to friends in California, laughing ourselves into hysterics as we pictured their reception in the United States.

Larry was planning to go to the University. He had graduated from Occidental College, and after a stint at Vroman's Bookstore, he had gone back for some graduate work towards his masters degree at Occidental. During the summer he had decided to join me in Paris and determine on a university over there. We had friends from the United States--Mary Frances Kennedy Fisher, better known in later years as M.F.K. Fisher who has written so many gourmet books, and Alfred Young Fisher. M.F., as we called her, had gone to Occidental, where we knew her, together with her sister Anne. Alfred Fisher's sister had also attended Occidental. The Fishers were attending Dijon, so we did have a contact there. And finally Larry decided to go there to get his

doctor's degree. In the meantime, however, we had several more weeks during the summer in Paris and we lived it up beautifully.

At Lipps one night we found a couple of lonely California girls, Margery Schwartzel and Ruth Henderson. Margery was a fashion model in one of the couturier shops and Ruthie was an inhibited art student. They were both graduates of the University of California, who had succeeded in escaping from the State of California and were out to see the world. We toured the cafés during the next few weeks with these girls. Of course, our budget was quite small and theirs was small too. This particular area of Paris at the time was quite inexpensive. On the rue de St. Germain des Près, there were many small restaurants where we could eat for twenty-five cents at night--sometimes including a bottle of wine.

We were never quite sure whether it was beef or horsemeat that we were eating; we rather suspected the latter, but still it was nourishing. We had lots of fun, and being young we could take it very nicely.

One night, I recall with some vividness, was spent touring Paris. We ended up at the Dôme in Montparnasse--the four of us. It must have been two-thirty or three in the evening. There was an obnoxious Frenchman sitting a couple of tables from us, and Larry Powell was not one to take kindly to some of the remarks made. For a moment it looked as if the whole American colony was going to take on the French in this particular place. Sides were chosen, but

somehow or other calmness finally prevailed and we wandered on.

We decided to go up to Montmartre and on this beautiful night...it wasn't so beautiful now that I recall it...at least it was an extremely interesting night to us. We arrived at the church, the Sacré-Coeur, and Margery and I wandered inside. Here it was, four, five in the morning, and the nuns and the monks were getting up and coming in, and we must have sat there for an hour or two just watching this parade of people and the music and the chants. Finally, we came out and we found Larry and Ruthie sitting on the steps of Sacré-Coeur, looking out over the city of Paris, oblivious of the fact that it was now raining.

When they got up, the only dry spot in that section of Paris was where they had been sitting.

Larry finally left for Dijon, and I moved over to the Hotel St. Germain des Près which was at 36 rue Bonaparte, only about a block from where we had been living. But the rooms were a little more interesting and I was eventually able to get the garret room which was particularly nice because it was large and it overlooked all of the rooftops of Paris. I felt finally that I was a real Parisian.

I find that in my diary I wrote about this time:

> Stars for Paris in a California sky. I sit full in my window; it is near three. It's breath to breathe in the coolness that seems to fall earthward, pass

> the stars. Most Paris skies are not like tonight's; they are watched by files of boisterous clouds and so carefully guarded that the billowy troopers take most of the glory. So I horde my minute from sleep and gather in the grandeur. California skies have. ~~that~~ They make one's world seem larger and give a new sweet breath of energy that no man-made thing may offer. It is good to look into nature, especially when life seems about to stifle the fountain that the ego would have flow. I have felt it; I have felt it for these three weeks, the gradual clogging of the beauty facets of my thought. It may have been Paris or it may have been my separation from any material thought. Tonight's sky has revived me somewhat and I'll let its ions continue to fill me with a new vibrating desire to take my beauty pure. But I love a part of Paris, especially when I look out upon the midnight shading of its tumbled roofs and peer through the intricate undesign of a hundred tin-hooded smoke stems, the peering towers of the church St. Germain des Près. Soon now, it will sourly call another of my hours and jangle its own content with time. Down on San Benoît, old street lamps bravely afront unwanted darkness, though careful not to display too much of their neighbor building's hooded antiquity which Paris gradually is throwing out. Even next door, noisy workmen tell of another gutted ancient building fortunately being remodeled behind the original front. Across the street is Lipps and the Deux Magots, insuring an ounce of forgetfulness when Paris tires.

It's rather hard to read my old penciled notes of those days, but this was the Paris as it seemed to me in those days.

Now I had primarily come to Paris with the purpose of working for the printer François-Louis Schmied, who I had first heard of in reading an article in the English typographic book, The Fleuron; it was Part Three of The Fleuron. There was an article on the

development of the book with a number of illustrations from the work of François-Louis Schmied of Paris. In it, he mentioned that few attempts had been made in the decorated book "to perfect typography along with the illustrations. None of these are more instructive than those of the Parisian artist, F. L. Schmied. Two of his lastest books, The Climates by Comtesse de Noailles and Daphne by Alfred de Vigny, may be considered as the most exact anticipations that can be given up till now on the book of the future."

There were some copies of Schmied's books in California, chiefly in San Francisco libraries. Crocker had been very interested in him and several others had bought Schmied books. The only one that I was able to find in southern California was one owned by Mrs. Alice Millard, which was one of the most exciting experiences that I had in this new concept of bookmaking. It was a copy of the Song of Songs, which she had bought and was hoping to sell to one of her customers. Here was a designer who had done this book--with every page a new and exciting design with brilliant colors in it. Upon seeing this, I thought that this was the way I would like to develop and decided that eventually, if possible, I would go to Paris to work with Schmied. When it became possible, I went over there.

Now I didn't forewarn Schmied of this; I didn't know exactly how I was going to do it. But Mrs. Millard, who made a yearly trip to Europe to purchase books and furniture, had bought her copy of the Song of Songs from Seligmann and Son in Paris who were importers; they also had a branch in New York. She wrote me a letter to Seligmann, telling them that I was most interested in meeting Mr. Schmied. After Powell had left and I was on my own once more, I dropped a note to Seligmann and was asked to come over and meet Mr. Byk, who seemed to be the manager. I explained what I wanted to do and he said certainly, that they knew Schmied and he gave me a letter to Schmied which I promptly sent off. And I waited patiently there for sometime to get an answer back. Finally it came. It was dated September 17, 1930, and read:

> Dear Mr. Ritchie:
>
> Mr. Schmied has just passed through Paris and has received your letter. Please excuse him if he do not answer himself your kind letter, but he was in great hurry. I can say, on behalf of Mr. Schmied, that his technique and conception of the art of the book printing is, for him, absolutely personal. That it has needed thirty years of researches and training to acquire it, that consecutively if you want to be introduced in his atelier and share his processes, Mr. Schmied would ask you in exchange, 6,000 francs per month.
> I am, dear Mr. Ritchie,
>
> Very sincerely yours,
>
> M. Taskin

P.S. Please give Messieurs Seligmann the kindest regards of Schmied and myself, same for Mr. P. Byk, too.

Well, this was rather a shock, and it changed my plans of procedure.

I had been in Paris a month and a half and decided that I would go over to Switzerland for a few weeks and then proceed on to London where there were other fine printers who might be a little more sympathetic to my desires and requirements. I proceeded to buy a ticket and packed my bags. My train was to leave Paris at 1:00 in the afternoon; my bags were packed in the morning and I had had breakfast--with nothing to do.

As I was sitting there waiting, I thought to myself that it was rather foolish of me to have come all the way from California to Paris with the purpose of seeing and working with Schmied and to be so easily stopped. And so I decided that at least I would go and see where the shop of the famous Mr. Schmied was and what it looked like and possibly meet him if I could. I would have some memories to take back of the great printer. I hopped on the underground--the Metro--and went down to the Porte d'Orléans and then in my feeble French I tried to find 74 a (bis) rue Hallé ,which was where the studio was located. The French could neither

comprehend me nor I them. But I could point to the address and they would mumble something and from their mumblings and their gestures I would make my way another block or two and then ask somebody else.

Finally I arrived and found this typical French building--twenty-five or thirty feet wide, five stories high--and knocked at the door. I waited awhile. A young Frehcnman came, and I asked to see Monsieur Schmied. He ushered me in and took me up a flight of stairs into a studio. I sat down there and looked around, and it was a magnificent studio. On one side were the complete books that Schmied had printed, which I ogled with great awe. Also there were many pieces of startling modern sculpture which I later found to be the work of Gustave Miklos, a Hungarian who I later got to know and to admire very much for the work that he was doing.

After a while Schmeid came in, and he seemed to me like a giant. Most Frenchmen are not too tall, and after being there for a month, to find this man who was well over six feet, stalking into the room, was somewhat of a shock. He was build like Atlas--with great, broad shoulders narrowing down to thin hips. He was very straight and erect. He wore glasses and a small short beard. He came in, with his eyes sparkling;

he looked at me and got very voluble in French. I hesitantly tried to get in a few words, and he threw up his hands and walked out of the room.

I sat there. Fifteen minutes passed. Half an hour passed, and I still sat there. Then I began to worry--was he coming back? I still had a train to catch. I began wondering what he had said when he had talked to me. Perhaps he had told me to get out. I had looked over all of his books; I had wandered around the room; I had peered out of the window down into the street and watched the people, but still in the studio I was alone.

Well, finally, after about three-quarters of an hour, the door opened and in came a young fellow about twenty or so, with Mr. Schmied. He said, "You don't seem to understand or speak French very well, and Mr. Schmied had to send for me to find out what you wanted."

I explained that I had come all the way from California expressly to work for Mr. Schmied. The two of them talked together for a minute or so and he turned to me and said, "Mr. Schmied would like to know where California is."

This baffled me for a moment, but I had a sudden inspiration and I said, "It's near Hollywood," which was quite comprehensible to both of them--they immediately

knew where I had come from.

We had some conversation back and forth, and I noticed Mr. Schmied was looking at me very carefully. All of a sudden he threw up his hands in a typical French gesture,said something to the young man and walked out. He then turned to me and said, "Well, Mr. Schmied doesn't know what to do. He said that since you'd come all the way from California to work for him, he can't send you back. Come to work on Monday."

So on Monday I started work in the atelier of François-Louis Schmied. The first day was a most interesting one for me. They took me in, gave me a manuscript of Goethe's Faust in French and a case of type, and asked me to start setting the type.

Well, I was somewhat of an amateur printer at that time, but I tackled it with an avid interest. Not knowing French too well, I couldn't set it word for word--I had to pick out each letter, which I did carefully. I looked at the line that I had set to compare it with the text, and there were many errors in it. And it wasn't until then that I realized that the French type case is arranged differently than the English type case. Type cases are arranged much as typewriter keys are so that the keys you use most or the type that you use most is the handiest.

In English, we have in the center the e's, the a's and the i's and the r's and the h's and things like that, but the French have other letters which are more common and also, there are all of the French accents which we don't have in the English case. I spent a good deal of time picking through the case, trying to find out where the various letters were. I eventually got through and got my first page of Faust set.

The next job he gave me, which was a little later that day, was a rush job. He hurried it over to me and it was a little announcement which he wanted set for a friend of his who was going to have a party. And he thought perhaps I could whip it off in no time at all. I got the type set, but there was a rule border that went around it. I went over with some material to the mitering box, and I was mitering this down when somehow or other, I got my finger in the mitering machine.

So bang, there was blood all over the place. All the Frenchmen were scurrying around, wrapping my finger up, trying to stem the flow of blood. So my first day there was a rather complicated day, and I ended up being the hero of the shop--their wounded hero.

I set type for a while and then Schmied put me on the engraving stand. He thought he would like for me

to learn how to engrave the blocks which they used for the illustrations. This was a most interesting experience because there was a bank of about four or five young French engravers who sat looking into the north windows, with end grained blocks of wood in front of them and their engraving tools at hand. All day long, they would sit and engrave these blocks.

It might be interesting just to tell something about the studio and how the books were made there. The studio building, as I said, was four or five stories high. On the bottom was the shop itself. You went into the door and there was a hall, and turning right there was the room in which the engravers worked and in which the type was set. The engravers sat along a shelf or bank, with windows facing the street--giving them the north light for working. In back of them, was a hand press on which proofs were pulled of the illustrations as they were cut in wood, and in back of that--still part of the same room--was the composing room with a considerable amount of type in it. There was an open air courtyard where the workers would go out and smoke and rest when they got tired.

Beyond that there was another room with an all glass front in which there were four presses that we used for printing. These ~~were~~ presses were somewhat similar to the Laureate presses which we use here (I don't recall the name of them, but they were German made). They were a heavy, clam-shell press, and they

were so arranged that after each impression they could be stopped. It would be open and a sheet of paper would be put in place on the platen. It would be started again and close to make the impression. It would then open again; the sheet would be taken out and carefully inspected, and if it wasn't perfect it would be discarded. Instead of using guides such as we use, they had contrived a method similar to the old hand press--where you use a couple of pins. The sheet of paper is placed on these pins which stick right through the center fold. When you use as many color plates as they did, it was necessary to get exact register of the various colors and you can get exact register this way.

Upstairs there was the studio which I mentioned, and in back of that was the bindery. The books which Schmied did were always issued in sheets in a cardboard box or a slip case as most fine French books are, and the binding of them was done individually and to order by one of the great French binders--of which there are many. And, of course, Schmied considered himself to be one of the great binders, too. He bound some of the books which he did, and others were commissioned to him to bind. There was a very interesting Russian boy who worked in the bindery. He was stone deaf. He had

escaped during the Bolshevik Revolution, but he had been caught and his ears boxed to the extent that he had been totally deaf ever since.

On sort of a third floor, there was a dining room and a kitchen and several bedrooms and above that was Schmied's own studio where he did all of the original drawings for his many books. His procedure of working was to lay out the pages and have some sample pages of type set. These pages of _Faust_ which I set were preliminary pages because he was just in the process of conceiving the design and the layout for an edition of _Faust_, which would come out several years later. But he would take those up, and when he had his layout fairly well in mind, he would do watercolor drawings or wash drawings for the illustrations. They were actually paintings.

These were then sent down to the engraving department, and they were photographed onto a block of end-grained wood. I never exactly knew the process--how they did it--but evidently they would spread some sort of sensitive emulsion on the block and transfer the black-and-white photograph of one of his paintings onto this. This was given to one of the engravers who would make a master engraving of it. This was a black-and-white master engraving; he would have the original

painting in front of him all the time. They would then determine exactly how many different colors would be used in the printing of this particular illustration. From this master block, a proof would be pulled on the hand press, and the proof, while still wet, would be laid on another pristine clean block, and the hand press pulled down. You'd get an exact impression of the original block on the second block, and this was done for as many times as there were different colors to be printed. Then these blocks were taken and the engraver would set about cutting away all of the wood on the block, except where, say, the blue was going to be, if this was the blue block. He would have the original block there and he would keep the painting in front of him for constant comparison.

Numerous colors were used, unlike the process-method we ordinarily use where with four colors we can produce any variety of colors. Each shade of a color had to be printed separately, and while I was there, on some pages up to forty-five different printings were required--forty-five different tints and shades--forty-five different blocks.

I recall one page in which he had such slight variations of the gold tint that Schmied wanted, that we ran it through at least five times, just to get different variations of gold. But he was meticulous this way.

Now when all of these blocks were completed, they would go back to the pressroom and the procedure followed which I outlined.

In no instance were there more than a hundred and fifty copies of a book printed; usually it ran from fifty to a hundred and fifty; possibly, it ran up to two hundred. It was a long, slow process and it usually took from two to four years from the time that a book of Schmied's was announced and subscriptions were taken until it was finally completed.

The usual method of selling books was rather interesting. Schmied, Paul Jouve, an artist, Jean Goulden, another artist, and Jean Dunand, a ceramist, had an exhibition once a year in Paris to which the public and their friends were invited. At this time the artists would show their new works and Schmied would show sample pages from the projected books for the next two or three years. The guests would look them over and subscribe for a copy of this or that book. He would usually sell out the edition at this time. It was quite a gala occasion and that year, 1930, was the tenth time they had successfully used this method of merchandising.

During the fall, we bottled wine in the courtyard. It seemed odd to me at the time that Mr. Schmied who

was living in France where the finest of wines came from would want to have Italian wine. But each year he had grapes sent up from Italy, and they were crushed. I've forgotten whether the crushing was done in the courtyard or not, but I know that we bottled the wine there--the wine that he would use for the next year.

One day Schmied asked me where I ate and I said, "Well, at any restaurant that I could."

And he said, "Well, why don't you have lunch with us every day?"

This seemed like a very pleasant thing for me, and I agreed. The next thing I knew, he invited his daughter who lived out in the country to come and stay with him. As time went on, Schmied would discuss his daughter with me and the fact that she was engaged to be married and that he couldn't stand the man to whom she was engaged. It didn't dawn on me what was going on. Next he asked me if I would tutor her in English. That was half a day of my job, and she practically took over my life. Oh, she was a cute little gal, too! In my naiveté, it wasn't until I had left Paris many months later that I realized what he had in mind.

I had a letter from one of my brothers who chortled with great glee because there had been this article in the LosAngeles Evening Herald about a "Mystery Death

of Beauty Probed." And it seemed that a young French dancer's body was found in an apartment in San Francisco, clad only in a flowered kimono, with her face down under a sink. The article read, "Known as Miss Suzanne Allen and various other names, she had come to California a few months ago from Paris and had been employed in Hollywood and San Francisco as a mannikin. Among a number of letters found in the woman's apartment was one from a man who signed himself 'Le Gros Baboon,' who begged for forgiveness for some unkindness he had done and asked for a rendevous for a little journey. Other letters were from 'August' in San Diego, stating that he was coming to San Francisco and from 'Madeliene' in Paris, expressing hope that Miss Allen was finding happiness in this country and inquiring for information concerning a young man from Hollywood known as Ward Ritchie.

"Madeliene said she was interested in Ritchie, said to be a banker's son because he came to Paris from Hollywood, and she inquired concerning his social grade.'" By that time, it was too late for me to do anything about wooing Miss Madeliene Schmied.

Before I left California, I had printed a little book Stars by Robinson Jeffers, and I had inquired of him if he had any other material it might be possible

for me to print. He mentioned that he had had many poems printed in an anthology of American poets which had never been separately done, and he said if I wanted to, that I was perfectly free to do these. I typed them out before I left and took them along with me. Now that I was in a printing shop in Paris, I had ample opportunity to play around with these. I set them in quite large type and in a typical Schmiedian manner; I printed this book and called it Apology for Bad Dreams, after one of the poems included in it in an edition of thirty copies, on the hand press which they had there. It took me several months to do this and I finished it up about Christmastime in 1930.

It turned out to be an important publication for me. It was an impressive looking book--quite modern in style, due to the help that Schmied gave me in laying it out. But it was important primarily because it was a first printing of some of Jeffers' best poems in an extremely limited edition, and since it was limited to so few copies it became an expensive item. I don't know what it would be worth today because I don't think a copy has been on the market or available for twenty years now. The last time that I heard of a sale it went for around $125.00. At today's prices I am certain it would bring at least $300. This is again, primarily, because of Jeffers.

Life with the Schmieds was extremely interesting. Soon after I had arrived, his son Théo, who was about my age, announced his engagement and plans to be married. This actually happened only a few weeks after I had arrived there so I was still unable to understand too much of what was going on, but I was invited to the wedding party out in the country. Schmied had this studio in town where he spent most of his time, but also his wife and his children lived in a charming country house. All of us who worked in the atelier were invited to this party which was an unusual one for me. The only person who spoke any English was this Monsieur Taskin who had answered my original letter to Schmied, and he spoke an awkward kind of English. At least we could communicate, and he was the one person to whom I could cling.

We went out there and it was a beautiful day with everybody flowing around. I've never seen as much food in my life. The dining room had tables all the way around the four sides. There were hams and there were turkeys and all of the French delicacies piled on these tables with a half dozen men waiting to serve you anything you'd wish. And there was champagne all over the place. There were cabinet ministers and generals there but I stuck close to the other workers from the shop. I could speak only a few words of French

which were generally not understood so I wandered around and looked at things, but it eventually got a little boring for me. During the afternoon Monsieur Taskin said that he was going back to Paris and I thought that under the circumstances I'd better go back with him. Whereupon Mr. Schmied came by and said, "No, never do this. Impossible."

So Mr. Taskin left me and I was alone among all of these French-speaking people. I imagine that I had had a taste of champagne once or twice before in my life but not to any extent. I decided now under the circumstances I would enjoy myself. I started drinking champagne, and it's amazing how it can change one's outlook. I'm sure that I wasn't boisterous, but I did become friendly and everybody else seemed to become so friendly to me. I began dancing with the girls, and I never had such a good time in my life from then on.

There were several parties after Théo's marriage. Mr. Schmied gave a party at the studio in town. He loved parties. He loved to dance and he loved to mimic and he loved being with young people. At these parties, he always had an accordian player, and we would dance and sing and play and have just a great time.

In France, the great holiday is New Year's rather than Christmas and that's when presents are given. On New Year's Day I was invited out to the country home. This was an intimate party. Schmied had a half-dozen or perhaps a dozen fairly close friends. Louis Barthou, who had been Premier of France [1913], was there. And there was one of the actors from the Comédie Française, and, of course, there was Théo and Madeliene and myself and another young artist, Jacques Chesnais, who was a part of our intimate little group. Dinner probably took about five hours. A complete course would come on, and you would eat leisurely. There would be wine and various foods with it, and there would be much talk and chatter. And it would go on, and then another course would come on.

It was a large, old house with the charm that you find in the old houses on the continent. In this one the dining room, particularly, intrigued me because the table was large--about twenty feet long--around which we sat, and it was piled high with viands. And above it, was a great chandelier with thirty or forty candles on it. It was beautiful as it flickered, and it was bright enough so that you could see, but subdued to a romantic level. During this four or five hours of eating, the candles would occasionally have

to be replaced. The chandelier was hung from a rope through rungs to where it was tied on the opposite wall. When necessary the whole chandelier was lowered and the candles replaced and the room brightened up again.

After dinner it was up to the younger people to entertain the older ones who sat back while we put on pantomimes and skits. In closets there were just innumerable costumes which had been collected over the years, and the half-dozen of we younger ones gathered there costuming ourselves and deciding on what we would do to entertain the guests.

I don't recall too clearly now what all of the skits were--except one which amused everybody very much which Théo and I did. We dressed up in some outlandish costumes and came in. Théo talked the fastest French possible as I talked English at him. And neither of us knew what the other was really talking about, but evidently his part of it was amusing enough to keep everybody in stitches.

I also frequently gathered with a group of Théo's friends which consisted of Théo, myself, Jacques Chesnais, the young artist, Claude Laurens, a sculptor and the son of the well-known Henri Laurens, and two or three others. We would gather once every

three or four weeks in the studio of one of these boys and have discussions and make plans for re-juvenating the world of art--all of these things which young people dream of doing. We would sit around with a few bottles of wine and have these great discussions.

TAPE NUMBER: FOUR, SIDE TWO

May 22, 1964

Ritchie: Typical of these little meetings was one which I wrote about in my diary at the time:

> It was at Claude Laurens' studio. Théo Schmied and his wife were there and Jacques Chesnais and Claude's little Algerian fiancé and myself. The fire burned in the wood stove, and foot and fruit were on the table. I watched developments. First, Jacques read from Plato's Apology and then Claude. Hunger beckoned and we dove into the food and coffee which the wee Algerian had made on the wood stove. Then they became eloquent. Théo and Jacques are writing a play, which one of their friends will produce. I could not gather enough of their explanation to know exactly what it is, but as Jacques said, 'It is magnificent. It is revolutionary.' It has something to do with the vision, the mind, the soul of us all, and is to be treated symbolically and made especially effective by the rhythm of sets, ballets, costumes and lights which will be such a great part of it. Théo keeps a score and seems to be the most serious and constructive. But Jacques is full of ideas; his imagination is playing at full strength all of the time. This little group has thrown the past to the winds in every respect and is struggling to carve something new in each of their lives. Not that they are wild, but within the bounds of taste they are turning, turning, turning for something away from the traditional. It seems that the influence of the great decades of French painting is stimulating these young artists to pull the other struggling arts up to the times. Jacques stresses composition. He is always finding it and building it in his pictures. Thus mere realism is not acceptable; it is an idea formulated on the canvass. Today everything may give back thought. In many cases, the mere mechanical, geometrical quality of the modern fashion forces art to become symbolic, as geometrical signs are symbolic. I think it is beauty for beauty's sake, and then more of

> the symbolic or of the thought element. Some of Schmied's books offered this reaching out for something beyond the technical problem of presenting a readable book. It gives something of the spiritual commentary. Words are an imperfect way of expressing thought!
> Jacques is full of a burning for poetry. He loves Whitman, Poe and Baudelaire especially, and runs off line after line from different things by rote. Théo, staggering with a stick as a staff, a broomstick dressed as a woman, and a book of Molière in his hand, gave a serious interpretation of a scene from Molière. Then Jacques read from Poe, from Rimbaud, from Baudelaire and then a few poems he composed himself. All the while I sat comprehending hardly any of his French, but my mind racing with the stimulation of the scene, the circumstances and the serious yearning that was evident in the group. I could not help but make a mental comparison with the American artist group in Paris.

Well, that gives you some idea of what was going on there.

Schmied, as I have so often said, was the great stimulant that I had come to see. But while I was in Paris I naturally wanted to know more of the other printers there. There was a great artist with woodcuts, Louis Jou, who also printed his own books and I got to know him. On the opposite end of the spectrum from Schmied was a printer by the name of Darantiére. Darantiére originally had his shop in Dijon and it was there that he had printed the first edition of James Joyce's Ulysses.

He removed to Paris later on. His fame had spread. He was an extremely able craftsman. He was more interested in the typographical aspects than was

Schmied. He was more of a printer's printer than an artist. Schmied, basically, was an artist who had become a printer because it was the only way he could get his designs done as he wanted them to be done.

I had some correspondence with Darantiére and finally I went out to see him:

> "After lunch (as I wrote at the time), I skipped out and took the tram for Epinay to see Darantiére. Interesting! His shop is in the middle of a little woods with a stream and sodden leaves. It is rather large and high, with a studio roof. On all the walls are old title pages snatched from books, and maps bought on the quay. In the middle is a Stanhope press, and around are presses and young men and women laboring away. It impressed me immediately as if I were visiting a medieval press. Here is the master wandering about in a stocking cap, correcting proofs, and musing. The workers seemed more of a journeyman type than at Schmied's, where they are still playful boys. Here is a paternal attitude, pushing out the work, while Schmied is the artist who designs it and aloftly lets it spring forth under the careful guidance of Théo. Darantiére showed me the books he had been working on recently. The _Cantique des Cantiques_ was very nice with its poetry lines centered, making their own design. He tries never to break a word at the end of a line. A nice psychological and interesting artistic case rose when he showed me the _Odyssey_, which Schmied is illustrating and he is printing for the Automobile Club. 'I do not like it,' he said, and showed me the illustrations. He said, 'I do not think they are art, though they are clever.' A few days ago Schmied told me that the typography was terrible. It is a Nash-Grabhorn situation again. At five we went into the house, which is up by the street wall, for tea. The walls of the halls we passed through are covered with the same kind of maps and title pages as in the print shop, butin the drawing room was a huge collection of china and antiques such as wooden heads of saints. At the side was a huge case of books from which, to my

> inquiry, he took the first presentation edition of Joyce's Ulysses, which he had printed in Dijon. Tea and cookies while we talked. Twenty-seven books he has ordered for the future--five years work and he labors until eleven each night now. I questioned whether it was worth it, all this work. And he replied that he had the talent and it was his duty to put it into books for the future. The Cantique seemed to be his favorite. Also he said it was only one of a very few books that turned out good. It was difficult to follow art with money transactions and helpers who were mere hired men. I think he enjoyed our little interview and the interest I showed, since he told me that Frenchmen never took any interest in the man behind the book. Yesterday he dropped into my room and invited me out this afternoon and also invited me to work there as a student for two or three months. And I think I shall attempt it for two weeks or a month after I return from Switzerland. And then abruptly he rose and I was off on the tram for Paris.

Schmied was a most interesting man. During the months when I had lunch with him, I became increasingly more able to understand him, though I never became a very fluent French linguist. Lunch was quite interesting. In addition to Madie and myself, Théo would be there and an occasional guest. Schmied believed in eating well and his table was always--for a lunch--extremely ample. We would usually start out with a salad. He loved to taunt me with the fact that dandelion salad--which was the favorite--is called pissenlit, which translated is something like a "wet bed." This was always one of his bits of humor. Another one of his great jokes--whenever he introduced me, he would pat me on the shoulder and say to the man, "This is the worst student I have ever

had," and then with a great big grin on his face he'd add, "also the finest because I've never had another one around here."

We would start out with salad and invariably there was a chicken which Schmied would literally tear into bits. He would take a knife and his finger and pull off the whole breast with one yank and then pull off a leg and then the other breast would go. And after this, we would usually have a roast or a ham. These were each separate courses and this was lunch. In addition there were always ample servings of the Italian wine which he bottled, so that by the time lunch was over we were all so sleepy that it was but impossible to go back to work. Schmied, of course, could disappear up into his studio and he would be out for the rest of the afternoon. But the rest of us would have to prop up our eyes and saunter downstairs and try to pick up where we were before lunch. But it was such fun. Usually on these days, I would get Schmied interested in some subject and try to comprehend what he was talking about. He talked fast, but he acted out everything as he was speaking. Even if I didn't quite comprehend what he was saying, I got the general gist of it.

As I wrote on January 13, 1931:

> Today I had a good chat with Mr. Schmied. It was at two o'clock and he was having some tea

alone. I asked him what had influenced his typography. He said it was mostly regarding the Latin work, the Latin temperament. He is Swiss himself. He said that they were impulsive creatures and their art followed them. Thus he was able to put these features under the restraint of organization. His pages are always organized with geometrical precision, which is his German heritage. He came to Paris in 1895 after having studied in Geneva, chiefly at the school or Bibliothèque, Guillaume Le Bé. Here he spent most of his time copying the old woodcuts of the early printers of Switzerland, Lyons, and Paris. He says that he now has a great carnet filled with the old works he copied in school. (I suppose he cut them in wood.) In mere reminiscence, he told of an exhibition that he gave at thirteen years of age, and also of an exhibition of moderns after which there was a sale. How he wanted a [Ferdinand] Hodner at forty-five francs, but his family couldn't see it. In Paris he earned a living cutting blocks for the little journals. About 1900, he came into contact with Édouard Pelletan, the publisher and bookseller, and told how he used to go to the shop nearly every day to watch and to talk. Pelletan would often bring him the sheets and they would talk about them and criticize. But one of his chief teachers was the type-specimen book. He would sit before one of these and study for hours the decoration. The war took an eye and when he came back he printed L'Enfant a la Charrue in 1918, a little book of war stories a copy of which I found and bought in a Paris bookstore. 'It is terrible,' he said, 'I could hardly see and dug out all of that intricate stuff with only one eye.' The story he most delights in telling is of his New York visit. Seligmann held an exhibition of his work there in 1927. He and Monsieur Taskin accompanied the books over there. 'There are no bibiophiles there as in Paris,' he said,'here they come and peer over a book and gaze and touch and feel as if they are real connoisseurs. In America it was mainly professors and students who came.' However, he did have a bit of fortune. Some wealthy collector asked the price of a certain bound volume. 'Ten thousand dollars,' said Mr. Schmied. 'Ten thousand dollars,' replied the collector, 'And how much is it in France?' 'Ten thousand francs,' Mr. Schmied responded. 'But this is my own special

> copy whose binding I designed and for whom my friend Dunand made a special lacquer plate.' The collector pulled out his checkbook and took it. And Mr. Schmied chuckles and chuckles and chuckles. He sold two other books for a total of nine thousand dollars, so packed up and returned home to spend his nineteen thousand dollars for a boat. It is great sport to talk with him because he acts everything out with his big stern face, then bursts into a sunflower smile when it is finished. And I with him--it's impossible to do otherwise.

This boat was extremely interesting because while Mr. Schmied was not a rich man, he was an important man in France. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor; he designed many sets and costumes for the Comédie Française and the other theatres. While I was there, he was having conferences with producers--many at times--and he wrote and illustrated many articles for the French magazines. His boat took an extremely important place in his life--this boat which he was able to buy with the proceeds of his American exhibit. I have seen pictures of it many times in illustrations, and it's the type of gay boat that an artist would have or a peasant. The sails are as decorative and vividly colored as any I've ever seen, with great abstract squares, almost like patchwork. They are illustrated in his book Peau Brune. Among other trips, he wanted to take this boat around the world. He intimated that he might include me in the crew. I wasn't exactly sure what I was expected to do, but since he was going to need a photographer and

being from Hollywood, he thought that I might fill that role. Well, it never worked out because of the Depression and problems which confronted him later on.

In France the printer is usually responsible for the success of a book, and at the auctions. It's up to him to see that they don't fall too far in price. Of course, this was the Depression and things were not doing well, and many more of these fine books came on the market than they would today. It behooved Schmied, when a copy of one of his books was offered at auction, to make sure that it didn't sell for too low a price. The result was that it was costing him more to buy back his books than he was getting for them. Finally it became impossible--as I understand from what I've subsequently heard--for him to continue to do this and as a result he lost the favor of the booksellers of France. He got so deep in debt that it became necessary for him to leave France. His friends in high position managed to get him a position in the colonies in Morocco. Here he created a new and different life for himself. He was located at one of the far outposts of Morocco and not very many people got to see him. But Lucie Weill, who is a bookbinder and runs a gallery in Paris and was a good friend of François-Louis Schmied, told me about visiting him--you go to the end of the railroad and then you travel for another hundred miles until you

finally find this little Arab outpost. She said that she was probably the last white person to have ever seen him. And she said he lived there like a Moroccan sheik. He had taken an old fortress building and had decorated it beautifully with murals on the white-washed walls. She said he administered everything. He was the doctor for the Arabs all over the territory, and they came to him as their father for advice and medication. Finally a year or so after she had seen him, he died of the fever or some disease around 1941. He had, evidently, been drawing, because before his death he had sent a group of paintings for an edition of _Prométhée Enchainé_, which his son subsequently printed in the Schmiedian elegance and manner of the earlier days.

I would occasionally take a week off and go up to visit my friends in Dijon, and these were always pleasant experiences too. Larry lived in the same pension in Dijon where M. F. and Al Fisher lived. It made it very convenient. When I'd go up there, I would stay at the same place occasionally and other times at the hotel. These three were the only boarders in the pension. It was run by a very pleasant French woman, whose father was the greatest pastry cook of France. He had a reputation all over France. He was retired by that time, but always on Sundays or on holi-

days he would create some fine concoction and bring it over. Her husband was a automobile dealer--but not too successful--and that, I believe, is why they had to take in a few roomers to help. But it was fun living right there because they ate extremely well, as you would in Dijon and drank even better, being right in the heart of the burgundy country.

I was there on one occasion when the great fair of Dijon, the Foire Gastronomique was being held. Larry and I went along with the head of the house (I can't recall his name at the moment), and, of course, he knew everybody in Dijon.

All of the vintners and the growers had booths at the fair, It was customary for the men in Dijon and from all over France to go to the various places and sample the wines and buy their stock for the year. Larry and I went along, and at each of the booths, we would have a glass of wine. We would sip away and then our host would say, "Well, I would like a case of this and a case of that." Then we would go on to the next one and we would sip some more. We probably had a sampling of some of the finest wines of France, though to us it was just a great experience of imbibing.

This was Larry's first year at the University of Dijon. He, too, had been most interested in Robinson Jeffers and he was fortunate in finding a professor, George Cannes, who encouraged him to do his thesis on

Robinson Jeffers, even though he was going to do it in English in a French university. It simplified it for him that way.

Larry grew a great, long beard and looked like a typical French American--or an American Frenchman--with his little beanie on top and his great big bush of beard.

On one other occasion (it was one night just before I was going back to Paris) we decided that we would investigate French liqueurs,and being novices, we didn't know the effects of these drinks. We got along fine. We tried one of every French liqueur. We sat and drank them one after the other. It didn't seem to affect us--we were enjoying every moment of it--until the next morning when I got on the train to go back to Paris. I've never suffered as much in all of my life.

There was one favorite spot where the Fishers and Larry used to go every day; it was called the Café du Paris, right in the center of Dijon. After classes, we would all go down there and sit and have something to drink while we talked and discussed. We happened to be there on the evening of Armistice Day, and of course, everybody was celebrating. We were the only Americans in town, and the proprietor wanted to do something especial for the Americans who helped them win the war. Now this was some twelve or thirteen years after the Armistice, but he still had a sign on the back of the bar--"American cocktail." And so, being Americans, he was going to give us an American cocktail. Well, he

hadn't sold one in thirteen years, but he brought us this cocktail, and it almost did us in. We naturally had to drink it. We asked him how it was made and how he learned about it. He said, "Well, on Armistice Day during the war, some American soldiers came in here and they said they wanted a cocktail. Well, nobody here knew how to make a cocktail so they said, 'We will do it.' They came in back of the bar and they just poured a little of everything available into a shaker. 'I've been proud of having served the first American cocktail in Dijon, and I've offered it ever since." I was back there again this year, hoping to find the "American cocktail" sign, but the whole place has been modernized and it's lost all of that old charm.

Fisher was working on a long poem which he called The Ghost in the Underblows, and a good part of it was written right on the tables at the Café du Paris, during the daily session down there. M. F. was also going to the University at that time. She had not started her career as a writer. It was not until later on, until after she and Fisher had separated, that her talent came forth. Her first book was mostly stories about these people and the events and all that happened in those years in Dijon. Since college, I had been writing a certain amount of bad poetry,too--of course, at that

time I didn't feel that way about it.

We really had delightful sessions of an evening together--the four of us sitting around. Fisher would read from his <u>Ghost in the Underblows</u>, and I would get out a sheaf of the things that I had been writing. Larry himself was writing some poetry and a certain amount of prose. We would also discuss all of the problems of the world and what we were going to do. We liked it.

At least once every time that I was visiting Dijon, we would take a night off and have a really sumptuous feast. At that time there was a restaurant called Les Trois Faisans, which, according to the Michelin guide, was one of the three finest in the whole of France. We would save enough money to have one meal there. We would always have a carafe of their beautiful white chablis to start with, and we would end up with--a Romanée-Conti or a Chambertin--among the great wines of Burgundy, together with a delightful meal. We usually had chauteaubriand and string beans. This I don't quite comprehend now but I guess, being Americans and not yet awakened to the glory of French cuisine, we considered the steak as the ultimate in good eating. That was the one thing that we craved, and that was what we had when we thought we were eating well.

Paris was lots of fun. Right underneath me in the little hotel where I stayed roomed Genet of the <u>New</u>

Yorker, whose real name is Janet Flanner. I had known her sister Hildegarde Flanner in Pasadena and, of course, when I went to France I looked Janet up and we saw quite a bit of one another. She had a very special room there because it was the only room in the hotel that had a separate toilet and bath, which she had put in at her own expense.

These little French hotels are delightful if you are young. When I was looking around for a place to stay, I was hoping to find something quite inexpensive with charm, because when you are in Paris, you want to feel Bohemian.

Some of the hotels didn't even have a bath in the whole hotel. You would have to go down to the Seine to one of the bathhouse boats to bathe. Our particular hotel was one of the more elegant. There was one toilet to each floor for both male and female, and there was one bathroom in the whole hotel. That was on the top floor, and in order to take a bath you had to speak to the garçon and he would fill it with water for twenty-five cents which seemed exorbitant to a poor struggling young American used to bathing free. So, I don't think we took as many baths as we probably should have, but even that--to a Frenchman--seemed a great extravagance.

I recall one time, he said, "My goodness, you Americans

take so many baths. I take one a year. Of course, we Frenchmen are a little smarter than you. Usually I get a girl to take one with me, so I can get two of us in for the price of one." And he intimated that if I were smart I would do the same.

The bookstores of Paris were an important part of my life there. There were a couple of American ones. Sylvia Beach had a tiny shop, but it was a hangout for American writers and would-be writers. She had published Joyce and befriended many authors. Titus had a larger and, I would say, a stuffier bookstore with stuffier American authors in his coterie. They both published and they both disliked one another very much, butI would go to see each of them from time to time. But it was the French bookstores that particularly intrigued me because, while I was in France, I wanted to absorb all of the knowledge of French bookmaking that I could.

And it is amazing when you study books--their designs--how you can almost pinpoint them to the year or the decade when they were done and the country in which they were printed because of the evolution of style.

Around the area where I was living--rue Jacob and St. Benoît and Bonaparte--there were dozens and dozens of small bookstores. I would go into one and start at the top shelves and go through every book all the way down to the bottom ones, looking at them carefully. As

I looked at them, I'd try to figure out when and where they had been printed--which was an intriguing game. I came away with many books which I enjoyed. I found books of some of the great printers that didn't cost too much, books which Jean de Tournes, Simon de Colines and the Estiennes had printed.

The bookstalls along the quay were of great fascination and I spent many days tramping up and down the left banks searching the stalls for books. Usually we think of books as something warm and inviting, but they can be the coldest things--outside of an ice cube--that you've ever touched. During the winter months, Paris, to a Californian, is a very miserable place in which to live. You hardly ever see the blue sky, the clear sky.

I guess that's the reason the expression in French for a nice day is, "c'est bleu," because it's when you see the sky blue. It didn't snow very often; only once or twice while I was there. It didn't rain too hard, but there's always just a drizzle coming down, just a constant grey, miserable drizzle. I walked everyplace, especially when I was out looking through the bookstalls and I found that the books were so cold that when I'd pick them up one after another my hands would soon be frozen white. I finally got chilblains in my feet too. I did have central heating in my hotel room,

but it was a sham because I could never feel more than a hint of heat in the hot-water radiator.

Since my room was on the top floor it is possible that the heat never got up there. So, usually, when I was writing, I would sit in my overcoat and just try to enjoy the cold of Paris.

I had a letter given to me when I went to Paris to a Mr. Willian van Wyck, who had been a friend of Dr. Benjamin Stelter and Carlyle MacIntyre,my professors at Occidental College. Van Wyck proved to be one of the delights of Paris. His father or grandfather had been one of the political bigwigs of Brooklyn or New York City during the days when it was easy for a politician to accumulate money. So, van Wyck had never had to work. He had started out as a playboy--I imagine he got through prep school and then had gone to France to live for several years. He suddenly decided that this life was leading him nowhere. He returned to the United States and enrolled at USC (this was back around 1917). Possibly, it was the war that drove him out of France.

When he arrived at USC he looked over the courses that were being given and, having been a great reader during all of these years he thought to himself, "These would be simple. I don't have to take these courses." So, he petitioned for credits for a multitude of courses.

Of course, French was a cinch for him and there was no problem there, but there was a question about the others.

It was brought up before the committee and there was one professor, a sardonic fellow, who looked at this request for credits and said, "Well, Mr. van Wyck has practically petitioned himself into graduation this year. This is the most amazing thing that's ever come to my attention in thirty years of teaching. But if Mr. Wyck thinks he is this smart, I suggest, gentlemen, that we give him a chance to prove it. And if he can pass all of these tests that he says he can pass, I suggest that we graduate him."

And van Wyck did it. He took his Master's, and I'm not sure whether he got his Ph.D. (he was Dr. van Wyck but it may have been an honorary Ph.D.). But he was always happy to say that he got his A.B., Master's and/or his Ph.D., in one year at USC. Once he had done this and proved it, the questioning professor was his greatest admirer.

Van Wyck was, in a way, a frustrated author; he wanted to be one of the great writers of our time. He had returned to France to live, and he lived extremely well. He had a beautiful apartment on Montparnasse, and he invited me there for lunch occasionally. He also belonged to some posh clubs where he took me on several occasions. He had had several books published;

Darantiére had done a couple of them subsidized by van Wyck.

He was one of the gustiest men I have ever known. He was a large man who loved his food, loved his liquor and loved verbiage. His was a picturesque language. He had a fertile mind. He interspersed almost every five words with bawdiness. It might bother many, but it was like listening to Chaucer when you heard him talk.

At the time he was working on a translation of the Canterbury Tales, and Rockwell Kent was doing the illustrations for it. This edition was subsequently printed at about a hundred dollars a set; it came in two volumes.

It practically broke van Wyck's heart when the reviews came out. The scholars jumped on it.

Taking Chaucer and trying to translate it into modern English is bad enough, but especially if you take certain liberties with the text--which van Wyck did. He was esentially trying to get the meaning, the feel of Chaucer. Most of the reviews came from professors at "such-and-such" college, or somebody who in addition to an original resentment, enjoyed very much taking apart a non-academician. This hurt van Wyck but didn't stop his continuing output.

When I got back to the United States, I printed several of his translations over the years--including Sonnets of Helen, by Ronsard, The Sinister Shepherd, Cyrano de Bergerac and Chanticleer and a book about Robinson Jeffers.

There were several American students who came to Paris when I was there. One extremely interesting boy was John Goheen, who had graduated from Pomona College. He was interested in art, and he was working with Professor [Joseph] Pijoan on his vast history of art. He lived in an apartment around the corner from the little hotel in which I lived, and I was fascinated because he had been the model for many of the Orozco figures in the mural which Orozco did in the dining hall at Pomona College.

Among other things that he had with him were some of the sketches that this great Mexican painter had made of him for this mural.

Once when he was going to Spain to meet Pijoan, who was there at the time, he offered to let me use his apartment while he was gone. I thought this would be a fine way of saving a little dough as well as living in a real native habitat. The rooms were many floors up through a cold and refuse-cluttered central court. It was much rougher than the little hotel on Rue Bonaparte where I had been living. The apartment had much charm and so I moved in, but the first night I was there it was like a convention of the rat population of Paris running all over me and the bed. I spent only the one night there and decided to return to the sanctuary of my little hotel on rue Bonaparte.

Another boy from Pomona College was John Cage. Now John had been a roommate of Gregg Anderson (who subsequently was my partner) as freshmen at Pomona College. Both of them had quit after the first year. John's chief interest was in music, andhe had come to Paris to study it. But he was still a youngster at that time--wide-eyed and eager. He studied for a couple of months and when Professor Pijoan came through and suggested that he take up architecture he threw over his music and started to study architecture. When I met him, he was tired of architecture. He didn't know what he was wanted to do. So, he decided he'd go to England. He applied for a visa to England, and they asked him what he was going to do when he got to England. And he said, "Oh, I'll probably get a job and work," which was exactly the wrong thing to say.

So they refused him a visa.

He came back that night and we sat around with him wondering what to do. I had always been fascinated by the islands of the Mediterranean. Earlier I had been on Capri, but there were so many of them--Cyprus, Crete and Majorca that offered romantic prospects.

I said, "Well, if you haven't anything else to do and if you have enough money to make it, I would just go island hopping." That struck him great. The next thing

I knew, he decided that he was going to start with Capri and then he was going on from there. He has had an interesting career since returning to the United States, after some time in Europe. He lived in a little house about a block from my printing shop, in 1934. He and another chap who was writing lived there, and John was back in the music again. We had a grand piano in the middle of our printing shop, and as the presses were pounding John would come and thump away on the piano. He was composing even at that time.

Now, he's an avant-garde composer.

TAPE NUMBER: FIVE, SIDE ONE

October 23, 1964

Ritchie: Paris, even beautiful Paris, can become a dismal place to live to a stranger who has lived all of his life in the warm sunshine of southern California. I loved to walk the streets on the damp pavements that never seemed to get dry, week after week. My feet became thoroughly chilblained; I'd walk along the quays of the Seine on my daily hunt for books in the stalls, and my hands would freeze with their handling. I had finished printing Apology For Bad Dreams and I was restless. The winter weather of Paris that year had been a constant drizzle. I'd never known real snow and the image of Switzerland lured me. So, I took off in the latter part of January, 1931. I stayed a few days in Dijon with Lawrence Powell and Alfred and M. F. K. Fisher, and then took the train to Montreux. We entered a snowstorm passing over the border into Switzerland and my first sight of a vast panorama of white snow was a most exciting experience. But a few weeks of it satisfied my curiosity, and I was more interested in finding a nice warm spot in which to thaw out.

Majorca was the magic name that lured me, and on third-class coaches I hopped across France to Barcelona and took the steamer to Palma de Majorca. Alphonso XIII

had recently been deposed and the country was still technically in revolution, though the only evidence I saw of it was in the continual devaluation of the peseta, which made living economically delightful. My first experience in arriving at Palma was a little discouraging. I hadn't been astute enough to make any reservations in the hotels there, and it took almost my first day to find a room. But then it was so very inexpensive that I decided I could almost afford to stay there for the rest of my days.

Dixon: Did you speak any Spanish?

Ritchie: I had taken a year of Spanish in college which was enough, with a dictionary, to get by, but not enough to converse.

Within a relatively short time I was out seeing the island and I wrote:

> Now I've found the one place yet in Europe where I should like a home. Not here in Palma but upon the point above the lighthouse where the school or monastery of the Port of Sóller stands. I had finished a bottle of wine with a picnic lunch. I wandered up there and looked out upon the sea. It was wild by the shore--as at Carmel--and made me feel strong, and looking the other way, I saw the bay with the fishing boats, and the small town. It made me feel secure and warm and I smiled. The town is clean and the houses, rising one above another as they step up the hill, shine blue and red and yellow; colored tiles set about their doors. Tiles look so clean and so happy. I asked at the hotel where we lunched how much room and pension would be. Ten pesetas, which at the present low rate of exchange, is only one dollar a day. Also, the world suddenly became smaller

and at the Palma bookstore I ran into various old friends--Joe Urmsten, with whom I had gone to grammar school; Fran Wright, a girl from Occidental College; and John Cage, whom I had left only a few months before in Paris, on his way to Capri. He told me of an English press in the town of Deyá, on the other side of the island, and we decided to go and see it. He was living with a Harvard boy, who he had met in Capri, by the name of Don Sample. They had a fine house, twenty or thirty minutes by tram from Palma, looking out over the whole blueness of the Mediterranean. As I recall, they paid $25.00 a month for the two-story house, and a kindly gentle cook and housekeeper by the name of Montserrat cost an additional $7.50 per month, which shows how inexpensive living in paradise was in 1931. We arranged with Montserrat's brother who had a car to drive us to Deyá and arrived there at about 1:30. We saw a man in a blue sweatsuit, walking down a street. We stopped and John jumped out to question him. "A print shop? English?" He was German or Swedish, but spoke French. "Yes, Mr. Graves place." He gave the chauffeur directions. An old man with a bad eye crowded in to get a word with us. He followed us down to a fonda where we were to eat, and sat on a stone along the road while we waited to eat for an hour or so. He was very patient and expected a tip, I suppose. Scores of big cars came by with two or three tourists sitting stiffly back in each. They all looked the same. A big French boat and a big German boat is in today. Lunch was charming. When we arrived, the senora asked us if we'd like such-and-such. Then she laid the cloth on the porch and started preparing the meal from the beginning. It took a long time. We watched the tourists pass. A young, thin whippet was bounding lazily and we were waiting. Montserrat's brother was an eager, affable person. He ate with us, finishing all that remained after the first serving. He had stopped us at every by-path to see the "buena vista" as he called it. We would walk a bit and peer down upon some lovely panorama of the Mediterranean. He would have been very happy, had we spoken Spanish. Montserrat hovers over us at the meals, talking, eager for good words, smiles gushing from her. She is a happy and beamingly kind person of about thirty-five.

But then we started for Senor Graves' house, Robert Graves. I told John a bit about him and about Laura Riding--that we might be thrown out.

The old man followed us up the road, along with the driver. First we were misdirected and that man who misdirected us joined the cavalcade. It was ludicrous and we were frightened by it, advancing toward Robert Graves' house with all of this motley group following us. We made another wrong house and then the correct one. It was rather nice. There was no answer to our pounding. And then from the side a woman's voice, "Qué es?" We hurried around, and there standing on the embankment and looking down upon us was a woman in a short khaki skirt and wild hair, fair and sturdy of skin. I spoke in English meekly. "We are looking for a small English press."

"Who told you? Where did you hear about it?" she asked. This curiosity is all that apparently saved us from being driven out. She let us inside and the old man followed. She had much to divert herself. The old man was incomprehensible. His wife did the laundry, but here he was on the wrong day and without his basket. It was incomprehensible. Finally she gave him a drink of Cointreau and ridded the place of him with a magic "manana." I'd given him a peseta earlier in an attempt to lose him. Now she turned to us and led us back to her study. She had been there writing when we disturbed her. Everything was in immaculate order and much manuscript seemed to be around. We sat down and she started to cross-examine us. Where, how and why, had we learned of this place and gotten there. John explained something about hearing it in the snack bar in Palma. She was furious. Said Liam O'Flaherty had found out in the same way and had come stomping up with some hussy. They had never even known Liam O'Flaherty she said. He asked for Robert and said he wanted to talk. Laura said she gave him a talking to all right. For one thing she told him he might take off his overcoat, because there might be something underneath after all. But evidently he didn't have much of a welcome and went down to sit in the car while they served tea to the woman, who was very much surprised to find such famous authors live like people and didn't have great gatherings around them. Yes, she dislikes Irishmen. I said that we didn't know that it was their press until we arrived in Deyá; thought perhaps it might be Irish, having heard vaguely of O'Flaherty's connection with it. To which she replied, that if it were she would tear up every book from it. And so now

she had another grievance against the Snack Bar and will send Robert down to reprimand them more severely.

And so she royally railed people who came to spy upon the great man. Said that they were writing a pamphlet on just such a thing now. And then, rather naively, she asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"Laura Riding," I replied.

And she wanted to know if we'd read any of her books. "No, they aren't printed anymore in the United States," she said. "Of which I'm rather proud." But Cape would take anything she offered in England. Of course, he didn't make any money, was fortunate to break even. I had mentioned something about knowing Nancy Cunard. But she said they weren't on good terms anymore. That Nancy had bound one of Laura's books without sending her the proof sheets. A bit of trouble followed and then coolness. Later, she added, that Nancy was very sweet and was leading a very difficult life. "She thought that all of us, being different, should stick together. But we didn't feel that way about it."

After Laura had cross-examined us, which she did rather nicely, though very bluntly, with many smiles and laughs, she said she'd show us the press and then we'd go. This led us back into the house and into the library. There was a small hand press set in the middle of the room, with a title page set up, and very spongy make ready on it. I peered and questioned. They had the type set in Palma and do the printing themselves. She doesn't think it's fun but hard work. And then she showed us the books that they'd printed thus far and Nancy Cunard's book of their poetry. We were both so meek and modest and John so naive that she couldn't be angry with us. She asked us if we'd read any of her poems, to which we replied, "No." John, shyly asking, "Would you like us to?" She thought this a difficult question. Probably thinking there was a hint of book begging in it.

What to do now. "Well, I guess we'd better go," I said. She thought so too. We headed out by way of the kitchen. She nicely asked us if we'd like tea. Replying negatively, we rather paused and waited while she went over to feel the hot water kettle upon the embers. We were won to tea. So she told us to send our chauffeur to town for a drink, while we had tea. This done, she wrestled with the gasoline stove. It would not work for her, so she gave up, sorry she had asked

us to send off the chauffeur. We sat down to sherry (she does not drink liquor) and she attempted to entertain us. She questioned us about everything we'd done.

A big creature came up the path and peered in the door. She brought him in and introduced Robert Graves. He was fine--a big smile and boyish as could be. He had on an old pair of white striped trousers, shoes that were patched on the top, and seemed perfectly contented with life as it was. It took him no time to have the tea ready. Again, Laura did not drink, sufficing herself on hot water. This time we went over the same talk, she explaining it all to him. They got out some of the Spanish paper they were using and wondered if it were handmade. They gave me the address for Batchelor, the paper makers in England, from where they got their paper, saying that by buying outside sheets they had it for half price.

They were really very nice to us and the big scare was for effect only. Laura is a queer, psychological study. She evidently knows her own ability and yet is overshadowed by Graves. Thus, all of the adulators seek him rather than her and as a result she attacks these hero-worshipers. She is American, "technically American," she told me. She'd been a member of the John Crowe Ransom group before she came to Europe. She doesn't like Paris. In fact, she doesn't like any place except perhaps London. She is a vital little animal and though she's not pretty, though her legs are somewhat like cones, I could envy Graves. They asked me if I liked Paris. I said, "Yes, some of the people and the books." They looked sour at this, so I added, "Fifteenth and sixteenth century books, de Colines, de Tournes and so forth." They said that that was all right, as I was interested in the printing of the past. They had owned some valuable books including Lawrence's Seven Pillars of Wisdom, but they had sold them.

Finally our chauffeur came back. They had me take a glass of Sherry out to him and followed us out to bid us farewell. Said that perhaps they'd see us some day on the streets in Palma.

And the final admonition, if we told anybody about coming to see them, say that we'd been thrown out. Laura had told us before that what had saved us was asking for the press. It seemed something concrete to be looked at, more than a famous man. Yes, it was fortune that led us that day into the lives of Laura Riding and Robert Graves.

I continued to correspond with Laura Riding for many years, and in 1934 I printed a long poem of hers in a book for the Primavera Press. It wasn't until after this that I learned of the impact our visit had upon the foreign colony in Deyá, on that day. On their hand press, Laura Riding and Robert Graves printed an occasional magazine called Focus. And in issue Number Three, dated April/May, 1935, Laura Riding wrote,

> The only thing that has happened from America has been the publication of my ill-tempered, deliberately shabby little poem, "Americans," which I wrote a year ago for a rather nice young man called Ward Ritchie, who has a press in California. He printed it beautifully with forthright red adornments, and now I'm feeling somewhat shamefaced, on his account not the poem's. Because, without any suggestion of a whine, he has written to say how much he liked the leaves which I sent him. And how much he would have enjoyed being their printer. It was through Ward Ritchie, by the way, that the whole German situation arose here. He came to the village about four years ago, looking for the Seizin Press. Mentioning my name and Robert's. And met the German called Herpes, who said, "Oh, you mean Graves' Press." When he found us he was surprised to see me, having gotten the impression that I was no longer concerned. Which, of course, started the thing with Herpes, who said, "If a woman expects personal recognition, she shouldn't live with a man in the same house." This went on to other subsequent bitter remarks, until one angry night Robert strode up to the village and into the Café and slapped old Herpes' face. Whereupon all the Germans in Deyá were infected with a strong injured German-colony disease, which has been passed on from one season's German colony to the next, in true post-war spirit.

I knew of the liaison between Robert Graves and Laura Riding because before going to Europe I had read

Graves' autobiography, Goodbye to All That, and in it he told how he had received some poems from a rather unknown American poet and had read them, and as is quite customary with an author, had written a very pleasant letter back, saying if she ever came to England to drop in and see him. At that time, Graves was presumably happily married with a wife and many children. Within a couple of weeks, Laura Riding arrived and moved into the house. And as I recall (it's more than thirty years since I read the book), the arrangement became a little complicated since Laura wouldn't leave. In frustration, one day, she jumped out of the second-story window, and of course, was pretty badly wrecked. Soon after that the whole ménage fell apart and Laura Riding and Robert Graves made their way to Deyá, which is where his autobiography ends.

As we walked through the streets of Deyá, following this crowd, all this came back to my mind. When I saw this attractive, sexy-looking woman, standing up there on the bank, I immediately concluded that this must be Laura Riding.

Being from California, I was naturally curious about Father Junipero Serra, who had been born on the island of Majorca. Early in my stay there I wrote,

> I have tried very hard here to get some books on or about Junipero Serra. But I have failed. Though

> he lived here until he was thirty-seven or so, I can find nothing that he has left. This is part of the curse of not knowing the language since it's impossible to talk with the people who might have known him or his family. Petra was his birthplace. Three years ago somebody started to tear down the old Serra home. They did dismantle most of it, when some group got together and put a stop to it. They are rebuilding it now, as I understand. An antique dealer here tried to sell me some of the original stones. He said that when they were tearing it down, he went to Petra and gathered some of the stones together. But I didn't want any stone; I wanted some of his books.

I later on took the bus over to the town of Petra, but could find little that was authentic. The padre at the Franciscan monastery in Palma said of Serra's birthplace, that the one shown is not the true one (the one shown to the tourists). The Franciscans had wanted to buy it as a monument since Father Junipero was one of their most famous sons. But the owner, realizing he had a spot of some importance, asked an exorbitant price, according to the padre. I've forgotten now whether he said it was eleven thousand pesetas or eleven hundred pesetas--neither of which seem too much but to those in Palma at the time it did seem quite exorbitant. They asked the owner if he could produce any evidence as to the origin of the house, and the owner either could not or would not produce them. So, they started their own search to find out how authentic it was and found this house to have been the house of an uncle or a cousin of Junipero Serra. The padre said that they were trying

to figure out which would have been the birthplace of Serra. They had an inkling of the location, but since in the days of Serra there were no street numbers, it was hard to determine precisely which was the house. But they were going to continue to try and identify it. Possibly in the years intervening they have, but at that time it was still up in the air. Possibly they have just decided that it's better to go along with what they have and allow everybody to believe that that's the place.

On the day I was leaving the island, the padre, having heard that I was looking for a copy of Palou's Life of Serra, sent over the monastery's copy for me to see, which he said was one of the most valuable possessions in the monastery. I was certainly surprised that he would send it over by an English friend, to a comparatively unknown American. But it came and I only had about fifteen minutes to look at it before I had to leave to catch the boat back to Barcelona. As I recall it was a nice copy in vellum with ties and with a signature of Dr. Ontonío Ferra written on the inside of the front cover. Now it's hard to know whether this was sent back to some friend or relative of Serra's and had gotten to the monastery or whether because of his subsequent historical importance, the monastery had bought a copy. The book was printed in Mexico, so it's

doubtful that unless he sent them that many copies would be in this place.

Majorca I loved. I wrote of it one time:

> I am sitting high, in the small room under the tower. It is bare and pleasant, with the whitewash walls and the sun's streak across the tile floor. The huge beams of the roof are left natural, and the under-roof plastered and whitewashed. Construction is very simple, but all over the island it leaves a purity of tile and of whitewashed rooms that seem to remain fresh and clean regardless of the centuries. How much more charming it is than the architecture of any other country I've seen. The lack of ostentation brings a more serviceable beauty. The people are happy, the houses are nice, the climate enjoyable—to live is cheap. And yet this is supposed to be a poor country.

Again I wrote:

> It is a marvelous, marvelous place. California might be as nice, in a way, except for time which has allowed the people to terrace the hills with stone walls, and guard their houses from the streets with other walls, and form everything into a crooked, mazed intrigue. And the sunlight and whitewash keep it from being sordid and dirty. Yes, I like this island.

Today, nearly thirty-five years later, I hope it hasn't changed in the way that California has changed.

TAPE NUMBER: FIVE, SIDE TWO

November 13, 1964

Ritchie: Majorca was beautiful--too beautiful. It made me think of California with nostalgia. In a way, I suppose I wanted to bring back to my natal home some of the charm and simple beauty of this Mediterranean island to add to the vitality of our West Coast. I was beginning to be restless, to want to get home and begin carving my own life's work. So I left Majorca--feeling somewhat sad--and crossing to Barcelona, took the train to Avignon and then to Dijon for an all-night party with Larry Powell and M. F. K. and Al Fisher in their apartment. We talked--I of Majorca and they of Dijon and the University. We drank wine and read poetry (Powell was doing his doctoral thesis on Jeffers and Fisher on Shakespeare), before we began reading our own.

Powell and I had a few modest creations, but Alfred Fisher was creating a monumental all-encompassing work which he called The Ghost in the Underblows. He read long passages from here and there in the manuscript, which ran some six hundred pages in his beautiful minuscule handwriting--the words no larger than an ant's trail. We sat silently listening, except for an occasional sip from our glass, convinced that we were enjoying one of those moments few people can experience--when a poet unfolds to his own intimate audience of friends, a work of

magnitude and importance. Whether this is Time's ultimate judgment, we may not know in our lifetime. But it was our own conviction that night that the strength and beauty of Fisher's Ghost would find a permanent place in English poetry.

Alfred Young Fisher was, at that time, about twenty-nine years old. He had been born on Manhattan Island but had spent most of his growing days in Los Angeles, where his father was pastor to the Third Presbyterian Church on Adams Boulevard. He flunked out of UCLA (then called the Southern Branch of the University of California) because of refusal to attend ROTC and to do certain chemistry experiments. Later he attended Princeton University and discovered the university library with its storehouse of knowledge that he needed to satisfy the yearning he had for absorbing man's accumulation of thoughts and ideas. He'd leave with a suitcase full of books everytime he'd visit the library and return for another load as soon as he could absorb these. He graduated with the highest honors in English, and after teaching a couple of years in a preparatory school in Wyoming, he married Mary Frances Kennedy and sailed for France and the University of Dijon to study for his doctor's degree.

Fisher's amazing ability and capacity to create, as well as a stubborn temperament, is illustrated by a couple of early incidents. His closest friend at Princeton had been

William Spackman, and in a letter while Fisher was teaching in Montana where he was also writing numerous bits of poetry, Spackman said that he might be a fairly good poet, but he was a bad sonneteer. Whereupon, in one night, Fisher wrote a sequence of fifty sonnets to his girl in California. There might have been more, but it was wintertime and the firewood gave out and the ink in the inkwell began to freeze.

Also while at Princeton, Fisher wrote a seventy thousand word essay on the function of literary criticism--of which he was quite proud. But one day, while allowing one of his friends to read it, there was some criticism of this work on criticism. Whereupon Fisher promptly burned the entire manuscript.

In the spring of 1930, Fisher found himself with a plan for a poem, based primarily upon the books of the Bible, as Joyce had used the Odyssey to form the wanderings of his Ulysses. Once started, he wrote like a man crazed with a need to get this thing out of himself, out of his soul. He wrote of it, "It poured up from the earth. It spread out across the heavens. On the one hand, it seemed like a well of artesian music. On the other, something prophetic and necessitarian from above."

It was written almost entirely at a table in the Café de Paris in Dijon. When the days were pleasant--which is seldom during the winter months in Dijon--he'd sit on the terrace, looking out across the Place de

Théatre to the former Ducal Palace. Here, almost entirely during the two-hour lunch hour when the University library was closed, the Ghost would gush forth on endless sheets of paper. In the spring of 1931, after about a year of writing on the poem, M. F. K.--as we called his wife--returned to California to visit her parents. And somehow the spell was broken, with only a fifth of the original conception of the poem completed. Fisher was never able to recapture his inspiration or interest and the Ghost ended then and there--some six hundred manuscript pages, however.

Fisher believed in his poem in a backhanded sort of way, always saying to us that yes, after he was gone, possibly it would be discovered. Powell and I, despite this indifference and reluctance to try and have it published, persisted, and in 1938, Fisher turned the manuscript over to Powell to edit and prune to a size that we could afford and manage to produce. There were naturally a certain number of redundancies. The first two parts of the poem were not up to the rest, inasmuch as during the composition of these Fisher was groping and trying to discover the form, the shape, the rhythm. Powell's editing eliminated these, starting with the third part. The first book, of course, compared with Genesis, and the second to Exodus, and the published volume was the third of the parts that Fisher had originally written. We issued a twenty-page prospectus which we sent around to friends, hoping to get enough

subscribers to justify our printing of this book, since neither Powell nor I, nor any of our intimate friends during those days, had enough money to print it. The response was pretty feeble until Dr. Elmer Belt came to our rescue with a promise to underwrite the cost of printing the book. So, we started early in 1939 to get the book out.

At that time a young creative person by the name of Alvin Lustig was experimenting with typographical ornaments. He had a corner in our shop where he worked. He became interested in Fisher's book and offered to make a series of illustrations from the rectangles, the squares, the circles, the rules which were available in typographical material. It was a complete tour-de-force, but magnificent in its conception and in its execution. For each of the chapters of Fisher's Ghost, Lustig created a dramatic full-page of ornaments, which were spectacular and never before nor since matched in this particular medium of illustration. For this alone, the book has a very important place in American typography, and has since been recognized in practically ever book on modern American book design as a landmark in typographic illustration and design.

Powell wrote a long introduction to the poem, explaining something about Fisher and the inception of the poem and the final execution by his friends. The book was published in 1940 in an edition of 300 copies.

Powell and I had known the Kennedy girls, Mary Frances and her sister Anne, at Occidental College. They had come to Occidental in 1927--which was my senior year and Powell's junior, since he had stayed out one year during college. As I recall, Anne came as a freshman and M. F. as a sophomore, having gone elsewhere for her freshman year. Fisher's only sister also attended Occidental. She had a touch of his brilliance and I enjoyed many a long discussion with her. She was a rather plain girl, though extremely intelligent, while Fisher, on the other hand,was an extremely handsome man. The genes, somehow or other, got mixed up in that family.

When Powell had met me in Paris in the summer of 1930, bound for one of the European universities, he was uncertain as to which one in which to matriculate. But since M. F. K. and Al had already broken the ice for Americans at Dijon, he followed them there, and the association of the four of us was very close during our French years as well as subsequently. Fisher graduated with high honors from the university--the same as summa cum laude in the United States (I don't know what the term is in French). He was given a Franco-American scholarship and stayed on an additional year, part of time helping and teaching at Dijon. Then they moved down to Strasbourg where he wanted to do some work. Powell still had a couple of more years to go.

When the Fishers came back to California, they arrived without a job. Those of us here were quite anxious that they should locate in the area, but in 1932, there were not too many available opportunities. Mary Frances' father was editor of the Whittier, California newspaper which accounts for some of her interest in the written word. She had occasionally worked for her father. The family also had a cottage at Laguna Beach, and when the Fishers returned without jobs to the United States, they lived in this house down at the beach. We had many fine conferences down there; later, when Larry Powell arrived, he joined us in these. We read the Ghost many times, enjoying it each time.

Finally Fisher was given a job in the English Department at Occidental College. He was an exceptionally fine teacher. He was full of poetry. He had a great memory and could recite Shakespeare to the delight of all of his audience any time that he wanted to. It was always a pleasure to be with him too because he had such a keen delight in life and his friends and quite often a sort of vulgar sense of humor. The Fishers were at Occidental for two years, and I'm sure that they could have remained there and have been happy as long as they wanted. However, during the summer of the second year, M. F. was asked to accompany the mother of Anne Parrish on a trip to Europe. Anne Parrish, the author, wrote The Perennial Bachelor

and in the '30's, was one of the best known of the American authors. She also had a brother Timothy Parrish.

Timmy was married to a young girl by the name of Gigi. Gigi Parrish was a most attractive and much younger girl. Timmy had been a tutor for her in her family home at one time, and--being the first man that she had really ever known--they ran away and got married. They came out to California, and with her spritely beauty she was immediately offered a job in the movies and became a Wampus star. They became intimate friends with the Fishers, and we all got together on many an occasion. Of course, it's difficult for an older man--when I say older, Timmy was old in comparison with Gigi--to hold a girl who is in the glamour atmosphere of Hollywood, and so they separated. This left Timmy pretty much on the loose, and the Fishers took care of him and administered friendship to him. His mother, planning a trip to Europe, needed a companion and took Mary Francis, along with Timmy. This was an happy opportunity for M. F. to see France again where she had spent many delightful years.

Fisher must have been a rather brooding fellow. During the year that I knew the two of them together, I thought theirs was probably the perfect marriage. I have never seen a couple as considerate of one another,

each attempting to show complete affection. They never wanted the other to be doing anything that they could do themselves. I always brought this out as an example of what marriage should be. As an unmarried man at the time, I was envious of this blissful life that these two lived together. Of course, what I didn't know was the inner struggle that was going on with both of them. Mary Frances later told me that upon the death of Fisher's father, some sort of burden came on Alfred. He felt a responsibility that his father's life had not been happy because of his marriage.

Dr. Fisher evidently had never quite approved of Al's marriage to Mary Frances, and as a result, Fisher turned in on himself and blamed her in some way for the death of his father. She later told me that from the night of his father's death, they never again had any marital relations, though they continued living together in what seemed to be this same,happy state.

When M. F. went on this trip to Europe, she got to know Timmy Parrish much better. Timmy was one of the most unattractive men from a physical standpoint that I have known. He had a long, horse-like face, with bad protruding teeth, and yet he was sweet and gentle and as affectionate as any man could be. It was the inner Timmy Parrish that we liked so much.

During the summer, I imagine that because both of

them were unhappy, they came closer and closer together, and when they returned to the United States, they confronted Al with a new situation. We who knew them, were naturally curious as to what was happening. Al quit his job at Occidental, and Timmy said that he was renting a chateau in Switzerland. He invited the Fishers to come there and live with him. So, the three of them moved from southern California to Switzerland. It was sort of a _ménage à trois_. These arrangements can never prove too happy, and after some months of it, Fisher moved out, which was about all that he could do. He was being kept on merely because he was the husband--in name--of Mary Frances. Fortunately, about this time, he was offered a job in the English Department at Smith College. He was able to leave Europe and come back to America and go to work there.

In the meantime, Mary Frances and Timmy Parrish were married. Timmy had some of the capabilities his sister had in writing, and he and M. F. collaborated on several novels. But it was to her own unexpected ability that she achieved her later fame as an author. During our early association, we had always thought as Al Fisher as the creative one of the family. Mary Frances sat back and allowed the limelight to play on him. She always entered in all of these discussions very amiably,

very astutely (she was an extremely smart girl), but the limelight was still on her husband.

Once disassociated with him, she started writing on her own. Her first book was called Serve It Forth. It was a gastronomical book. It's more of the story of food, the experiences of food, than an actual cookbook. She had taken the experiences of their life in Dijon, their trips through France, the wines they had drunk and the interesting characters they'd met, and she had written one of the most charming books on the subject of food that I have ever read. It immediately placed her along the top ranks of those who were writing about food in America--a place which she has continued to occupy all of these years, with numerous books that followed: Consider the Oyster; How to Cook a Wolf, which was that charming book which came out during the war when there was hardly anything worthwhile cooking; so, if you could find a good wolf, you cooked it. Consider the Oyster was one of those interesting books which in addition to recipes for oysters included considerable information on the love life of the oysters. It was really an educational book, through and through.

Dixon: She has an ability with titles that I admire.

Ritchie: She does indeed.

Of course, there was a certain morbidity there; she

had many problems during her life. Timmy, while they were still in Europe, had an embolism, and during the rest of their married life, it was a continual fight against pain and death on his part. They had to cut off part of his leg and then a little more of it. It was a gradual and continuing thing with him. They moved back to California and lived in a ranch house up near Hemet. It was there that they both realized that the life that he was of necessity living was not satisfactory to either of them. Together they made a pact, and as she watched, he killed himself.

This was one of her tragedies. A little later, her younger brother, whom she adored, got mixed up in his life and his sex life, and he too committed suicide. She wrote--what to me is a desperate book--called The Gastronomical Me, in which she had to pour all these heart feelings out. It was one way of cleansing them from her. It is one of the most intimate books that I have ever read, and to think of it being sold as a food book is rather queer and odd.

Her next marriage was to Donald Frieda, the publisher. I never saw her while she was in that particular marriage. She had evidently been unable to have a child all this time, and as a woman she wanted the experience of having. So, the Friedas adopted a little girl. The

next thing she knew she was pregnant and they had their own child soon after. They separated.

M. F. has continued to write sporadically--interesting articles for magazines and an occasional book. She lives up in St. Helena, California now in a charming little old house with her two daughters. She will make an occasional foray to Europe and stay there for perhaps a year at a time. She was one of the most dramatically beautiful women that I have known. She was regal. She must have been 5'9" or 5'10" (I'm not quite sure, she may have been taller). She always seemed so tall but women with high heels sometimes give you a different impression. On the jacket of her first book Serve It Forth, there was a picture of her, and as the book circulated, more and more people began to admire this extremely handsome woman--including (I believe it was) Fox Studio. They were so impressed by the appearance that they immediately signed her to a contract unseen and, of course, when this very tall woman showed up, they were somewhat abashed, wondering what they could do with her. I don't think she was ever used, but she did have certain contacts with them and may have even written something for them, though I'm not quite sure.

Al Fisher, on the other hand, has spent all of his life, since these early days, at Smith College. A

year or two after, he married one of his students, and they had a son. As would have been typical of Alfred Fisher, he named him Adam because Adam was the first man and this was his first son. He had had a couple of more wives since, I believe. Occasionally, I will have a letter from him. He has been a frustrated author. I don't think that he ever could quite get over the fact that his first wife achieved such literary success immediately after she had left him. He has never been too happy because _The Ghost in the Underblows_ didn't skyrocket him to immortality in literature as, I think, he felt in his heart would be the case. He has had some things published in small, unimportant magazines, and he has had several small booklets of his works printed--these mostly in inexpensive little printing shops in Spain or foreign countries where he can have them done cheaply, though shoddily. The last ones that I have received from him are quite disappointing. He had such great natural ability with words, with expressions, as one can see in reading from the _Ghost_, which is a book full of metaphor and allusion. He probably turned away from this field in which he had ability in order to achieve something in which he hadn't the genius necessary. He tried to be another James Joyce by writing ambiguous and unintelligible things in order to be known as avant-garde--modern. It is one of those tragic disappointments that this one

man who we originally thought had the most ability should never have achieved his full potential.

The Huntington Library historian, Ray Billington, tells me that he started teaching at Smith the same year Fisher started and that Fisher was completely spoiled by the adoration of the girls there. Even at breakfast, which he had at one of the local spots, they'd gather to watch each bite and gasp with pleasure at any word he dropped.

The odd stuff that he's doing now is probably to impress his colleagues or more so, his students, because I'm sure that the colleagues would look at it in askance. But the students probably adore this unintelligible material and feel that here is a man who is far in the forefront. This is all conjecture on my part because except for the early years I have no basis for any of this deduction.

After this digression, I returned to Paris and was there for awhile. I didn't go back to work for Schmied at that time because I thought I would be on my way back to California soon. As a result, the life that I lead was interesting in quite a different way than when I was working with Schmied. I got to know many of the pseudo-intellectuals who crowded Paris in the thirties. The twenties, of course, was the period of the great

inundation of young writers from America, when Hemingway and Faulkner and Sinclair Lewis were there after the First World War, taking advantage of the low prices and the mutual stimulation centering in the cafés of Montparnasse, St. Germain des Pres and the bookshop of Sylvia Beach.

The group that had come in the early thirties was sort of a second-rate influx. Paris was still the place to go to; it was still exciting, I admit that, but practically all of those that I knew were there because they wanted to achieve greatness without working for it. They seemed to feel that if they could get in the correct atmosphere they would either have inspiration or greatness would rub off on them. So, there was a great deal of talk. You could sit around the Dôme or the Flore and meet dozens of interesting people. Of course, beards were more prevalent there than they were in America at the time. It was a symbol of the expatriots who were there--as it still is a symbol. If you can make yourself look different, you think you are different and other people will think you are different and place you in a different light. Evidently, at one time I was thinking about this whole situation and in a letter to Powell, in Dijon, I wrote:

> It is my present belief that no American expatriot will write the great American novel. (That is what we were talking about in the early thirties--somebody was going to write the great American novel--and evidently Powell and I had had some discussion about this thing

because Powell thought he was going to write it.) For unless circumstances are peculiar an expatriot seldom does much for a nation's literature. Henry James worked on the American reaction to European environment. Hemingway wrote of a peculiar postwar condition in the American colony. Ask Fisher what Elliot wrote about. Either it was so symbollic or so artificially built out of the necessary components that it can not be judged by the rest.

But I must bag my generalizations before they have flown too far. Some people, like Joyce, have impressionably died since their migration, and it doesn't matter where they sit since only their early impressions live for them. Others settle long enough in a new spot to acquire it(did it not take Jeffers ten years after coming to Carmel to acquire mastery over the place? And it was the same country he was living in).

And now to follow.In general, nations have produced their greatest creative work at the time of their greatest conceit. For example, the Greece of Pericles; Italy of the Renaissance; England under Elizabeth; France under Louis XIV and when Beethoven, Goethe, Schiller and Heine hit Germany? America, on the other hand, has never had a confident period. (Now this was written in 1930 before this power had come.) Despite our recent progress we've always looked to the continent or to England, for approval. But now, with England's apparently destined collapse, our confidence in them will be shaken onto ourselves, and then America will bloom in art and literature. But, as we have been transplanting European culture to our shores for a few hundred years now, with no exceptional result (Whitman and Jeffers are native products), it will be a sign of spring when our creators commence to peep from the California sod rather than seeking fertilization in Paris or Dijon.

I speak of great art. The dabblers can work anywhere, andit won't harm their productions.

At present, I feel, though French art is considered the art, that it has been exhausted and going sterile. From Mexico is springing a native and more virile art. It is springing out of the land and the people's desires. In Paris they say, "I could do great things, but I don't know what to draw." In Mexico they told the U.S.A. and the Catholic Church to go to hell, and in their social

upheaval they feel strongly and are painting or frescoing it all over their public buildings, drawing it in their magazines and carving it on their hearts. Their renaissance is more comparable to the religious fervor that built the gothic cathedrals, while ours is a conceit that necessitates portrayal of ourselves.

And so it will come--a great cry from within--the cry of joy and confidence and not a cry of criticism.

Why do I say all this? It is because I watch the Americans here. In general, those who are trying to create are discontented. They do not know what is missing, but express it as, "Paris isn't what it used to be." So much of this dissatisfaction caused my wondering,"What the devil?"

And now I think that Americans over here with any creative ability are dissipating their birthright--that is, of having been born upon the morning of America's greatest possibilities.

Of course, my theory follows from the ageworn one that the time creates the man. Not that a genius cannot surmount the barrier, but his potency will likely be lost in the struggle. The theory is that everything to be done has been done, but as people and conditions change, it has to be reworked with every new era. Also follows that the genius, early in the period, will express it all and the remainder of the period will be spent in polishing and making it impotent. Thus, they say, that many followed Shakespeare with greater technical skill but only he who ushered in the period and found his material strong and unspoiled could pile up the achievement to stand as the Elizabethan monument. Of course, of major eras in our Western world, there are only a few, with spokesmen like Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and I suppose a few others. But there are many minor eras and each must have its spokesman. And it seems that we are entering another major era with our science conquering the elements.

I suppose someplace in my correspondence with Powell, I have an answer to this letter. One of these curious nights I will dig into it to see what his reaction to this was. My handwriting at that time was a little

blurred, but the the trend of my thought at that time is there--a realization that there is this vitality that was growing, based upon our scientific achievements, which should stimulate our artistic achievements. And I think in the years, it has proved out to a certain extent. Whenever we have a growth in one field as great as the postwar explosion in science, there has to be some way of describing it, which literature and art does. The one certainly stimulates the other.

I don't say that we have achieved our art and literary eminence yet, possibly because the great minds of our time are being funneled into the scientific end of it, and the mediocre ones are fiddling with the arts. The artists and the poets of America, the Ginsbergs and such, have been attempting to achieve greatness through shock and nonsense. It hasn't been enough out of the heart.

Dixon:Eric Hofer said last year at the California Library Association's convention that he believed that automation would create the one thing that the artist, either literary or graphic arts, needs, and that's time.

Ritchie: Yes, time to do all this. The graphic arts are going through this great problem, too. Perhaps, we are going to have two completely separate areas of work... automation is going to do the things that are necessary, and the creative man will go back to the handicrafts.

TAPE NUMBER: SIX, SIDE ONE

January 15, 1965

Ritchie: It was spring in Paris, playtime. The sun was beginning to reappear, and the grey skies showed blue once again. I was not working at Schmied's, though I still lunched there almost every day. I wandered through the bookstores, picking up books for Jake Zeitlin, who had written me from Los Angeles to buy what I thought might be good stock for him. I haunted the galleries and worked at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In Schmied's studio were a number of precise pieces of sculpture that I had admired the first day I'd come to his studio. And I finally met the artist, Gustave Miklos. He was a Hungarian, about forty years old at that time. He had come to Paris as a young man in 1909, amid that turbulant period of experimentation and self-expression. During the war, he was in a battallion sent to the Near East where he was influenced by Byzantine art. After the war, he was fortunate in finding a wealthy patron Jacques Doucet, who purchased enough of his work to make it possible for him to afford materials and time to create with meticulous perfection in bronze and stone. I first visited his studio on April 3, 1931, and wrote about it as follows:

> It was an exciting day. I went up to see Gustave Miklos, and I was most pleased because I was con-

vinced that he is one of the important creators of the day. It seems to me that he has much more lasting qualities than any French artist's work that I have seen. (That is a contemporary one, at that time.) As Mr. Schmied said to me of the work of Miklos, "It is for all time." I wandered up rue St. Jacques to 158 and mounted to the sixth floor left where I found the card "Gustave Miklos" on the door. I pounded and a surprisingly young man came out. He took me to another room, his studio, and began to explain his work. He was rubbing one woman's head, and he was proud of the smoothness, of the perfection of her lines.

He said that realism is not art. Art or creation is a symbolic, suggestive presentation of a subject, as worked through the artist's mind. He works much with geometrical arrangements and with planes and spheroid roundness. His lines are always drawn true and perfect as by mechanical means.

He does not care for contemporary art. "It is sloppy," he says, "and only care and precision can create something that will last down through the ages." Evidently he is well-studied in Egyptian, Assyrian, symbolism. He showed me a great number of things. He seems to go by streaks and by opposites. For instance, he had a bird of prey; then he was also working on a song bird and at present was working on women's heads which express different moods such as anger, thought, hautiness, etc. He had the small model of his Medusa's head, which was a wonderful thing. Another very nice work pounded out of copper was a man on an elephant's back, with holes in the background to suggest the network of trees. He had a few small things which he showed me, of which the most interesting was an automobile which he had made in 1924. He said that automotile design was hideous and should be done by a creative artist rather than a mechanic. His model was somewhat like a teardrop with a fin of a tail. He was quite pleased in that Campbell had used a tail similar to this in this recent record-breaking race. But the most interesting piece was his "Divinity." It was made from black diorite which he had made geometrically perfect and smoothed it until it gathered all of the light available unto it. He said it had taken him two years to make it, since the stone was so brittle that he had to polish slowly, slowly down to get the thing perfect. He couldn't take a chance of chipping it. (It is a little difficult to describe. It's a rounded column coming out of the diorite base.) On the front side is

a rising triangle of the creator or a tip that comes up to a point, and at the point, all of the light seemed to focus. The back had the reverse triangle of the destroyer. The front side was the upright point of the creator and the reverse side was the downward point of the destroyer. As he told me, the Star of Solomon had the two of them balanced.

I don't know exactly what the shape symbolized, but I would suspect a seed or a fruit. In all its smallness, it had a certain emotionalism that can also be found in a Gothic cathedral--like the one at Cologne. He said he didn't like to do very much work in wood because in heated rooms of this generation they tended to crack, and after spending much time on a work, he would have been unhappy in knowing that they were doomed for comparatively early death. There were only two kinds of wood which would not crack but I have forgotten the French names for them. He made it very clear to me that he only made a single example of each creation and not like Rodin who made a small one, a larger one, then a still larger one, so that there were many of each.

(Dixon: How tall was this?
Ritchie: In my recollection it was only about a foot or two tall.)

As I was ready to leave he said he would gather some photographs of some of his works that I could take back to America with me. So a few days later, I went to see him again, at which time he gave me a portfolio of photographs and also two magazines with articles about his work. And he talked more about how he worked. "Everything must have a bit of mystery in it to please me, otherwise," as he said, "it is like a young girl, stripped naked." He experiments with oxidization of his metal to get different effects and different colors to gleam from it.

His works seemed very expensive to me at the time, though they were probably moderately priced compared with today's cost of art. For the "Divinity," he was asking six thousand dollars, and many of his other pieces were for sale for around two thousand or three thousand. The majority of the ones that I saw were cast in bronze, and

after getting them out of the cast, he started working on them--polishing and perfecting until they were almost immaculate in their perfection.

April 12th was my last night in Paris. I had dinner at Le Trianon and then a sentimental journey to some of my haunts--a liqueur at the Dôme, a beer at Lipps with Seamus O'Hanrahan and Billy Graden, another beer on St. Michelle and then home to my loft on rue Bonaparte from where I was leaving for England in the morning.

In London I stayed at the Penn Club, arriving there after two days at Canterbury.

> It was restimulation...from hearing my own language again. I thought the English countryside much more attractive than that of France. But I shall remember the tulip beds in the Tuileries of last week, and Sunday with the milling gazers all around. And the hibiscus in formal designs in the central section of the Louvre's gardens. And all of the beautiful sunshine of the last few days. I left France with no regret because I am travelling on and cannot afford to waste time now. It is like a good book; I shall always expect to go back to it.

Inasmuch as my whole trip to Europe was a pilgrimage to learn and see books and the world of printing, I was most fortunate in finding acquaintances in London quickly. I had always heard of the reticence of English people, but I have never encountered any people as friendly and as receptive to a young, unknown lad who was traveling and searching for something. But I was looking for something specific, I guess. One of my first encounters was in

Putnam's Bookstore, where I was looking at their stock of books, and ran into a young girl. We began to talk, and I mentioned something about the Nonesuch Press and Francis Meynell who owned it and she said, "Oh, yes, he is my uncle."

And she said, "By the way, wouldn't you like to come to dinner?"

She was one of the Lucas girls (E. V. Lucas), and Francis' sister was her mother. It was quite an exciting thing to do; it was my first dinner out with an English family. They lived at 47 Palace Court. I arrived and was deposited by a servant in a very nice livingroom on the second floor. Here I was entertained by another one of the Lucas' daughters, who was really a beautiful girl, and by young Wilfred, who had lived in Santa Barbara.

He was the son of an older brother, Everard Meynell, who had died of tuberculosis. He had come to California in hopes of being cured and had done quite a bit of work there at that time. He was also the founder of an extremely fine English printing magazine called The Imprint, which survived for a year or so, around 1913. He was the editor of it, and it was here that probably the greatest English historian of typography got his start--Stanley Morison.

Stanley wrote a couple of articles for The Imprint,

was later put on the staff and from that time on devoted his life to various aspects of type and printing and writing about them.

Later on, two other of Everard's children arrived, a brother and a sister. They were all quite dark, rather Italian or Spanish in appearance. I don't know who their mother was. A little later, Francis Meynell and his wife Vera arrived. He was tall, fairly lean, and a trifle bald, with good-natured wit. She is lovely and rather silent. Dinner was in the basement, and afterwards we sallied to the main floor to their Ping-pong room. This was the entertainment of the evening. Francis was a great champion. I think he was one of England's best Ping-pong players, and we had a riotous time. Not only playing individual games, but group games in which we would gather around the table and circle, exchanging the paddle as you went around, having to keep the ball in play.

Francis is an all-around athlete, and he told of being a goal in football during his school days and of being captain of a cricket team, even at the time that I met him first in London.

In talking about printing as we were chatting, he mentioned that Bruce Rogers said that Grabhorn's Leaves of Grass was a forest. That Grabhorn had made it a trifle too heavy. Of John Henry Nash, he said, "A third-rate printer who has taken all of the airs and is

vastly different from Bruce Rogers who is an unassuming man and really the greatest of them all." He then suggested that I accompany him to the next Double Crown Club meeting, which would take place later in the month. And he said that he would make sure that I met Bruce Rogers, who was in England at that time. I also made a date to meet him at the offices of the Nonesuch Press.

There I first showed him Mr. Schmied's specimen book. Before I left Paris Mr. Schmied compiled for me a book in which he had groups of pages from twelve or fifteen different books which he had printed during the past many years. Then he also gave me a copy, which he inscribed, of one of his recent books, Vérité de Parole, which I had admired as one of the favorites of the books which he had printed. And I see that the Clark Library has also purchased a copy to have in their printing collection. The diversity, the masterful use of color and design that is evident in these pages of specimens always created a lot of interest wherever I would show it. Even today, though thirty-five years have passed, it still has more modern vitality than almost any contemporary printing I know. The Bauhaus printing of that same time looks bleak and pedestrian compared with the soaring beauty of Schmied's imagination.

This portfolio gave me a magnificent entree and a starting point to talk with people in other areas of

the world than France, because the editions that Schmied printed were so limited and usually hoarded in French libraries. As a result relatively few copies got around for people to see.

The first thing I did when I parked in Francis Meynell's office was to show him this Schmied specimen book. He immediately called in E. McKnight Kauffer to see it. Kauffer was an artist who also worked in the Nonesuch Press office at that time and had illustrated many of the Nonesuch Press books. Kauffer liked Schmied's work immensely, being interested in experiment and being an artist. Meynell was not as excited, feeling that they were outside the province of typography. He said his own future desire was to tackle the books which on account of their size frightened other presses. Thus it becomes a problem of compression, and such work as Schmied does calls for expansion. Kauffer comes from Montana, having worked for four years at Elder's in San Francisco. He said, "It's the one town in the world for which he felt nostalgia."

Francis then took me downstairs to show me the composing room. There are many typefaces but, as he said, only a thimbleful of each. But each thimbleful of his was as much as my complete stock at home. For a press, he has only a simple proof press. Actually, none of the printing was ever done at the Nonesuch Press,

but it was there that he set up sample pages and made his decisions on the design and layout before he sent them out. It was curious and most interesting to see exactly how he worked. Rather than spend his time at a drawing board and creating the whole concept of the book before he got started, he seemed to work by trial and error.

He would start out with an idea, and his compositor would set up a page. He would then tack it on the wall and look at it and then make an alteration. In many instances it was a change of color; he likes to contemplate the effect of shifting the color in various elements of a page. Other times he would change the typeface or rearrange the material. As this progressed, the proofs of various designs would take over the whole wall and as I now recollect, there were as many as twenty-five or thirty different title pages for a book that he was designing. As I looked at the progression of these proofs, I thought I perceived how his design-mind worked. He would get to a certain point which was the end--the cul-de-sac--for him on a particular direction, and then he would go back to a previous idea and deviate again on a different tack until he got something he began to like. Then finally he would come to one which he wanted to use.

In looking at the Nonesuch books, one would hardly think that so much time and effort had been put into the

design itself. But they are immaculate. They're perfection. The very simplicity he wanted and found was achieved tediously and meticulously. With his designs complete, he could turn them over to a printer, and he used the good printers like the Oxford University Press, Cambridge and some of the Edinburgh printers.

The Nonesuch Press is only a press in the sense that the books were conceived and worked out by Francis Meynell and the production was done someplace else.

When we came back to his office, he showed me some pages from forthcoming books and some passages from older ones. He also tried to get me a temporary membership in the First Editions Club, but A. J. Symons said if he did it for me, all Americans would wish the same and would no longer buy full-memberships. But he promised to take me to luncheon there next week and also to the Double Crown Club when it met next month to celebrate Emery Walker's eightieth birthday. In speaking of Eric Gill's Canterbury Tales, which I very much admire, he said he thought there was too much of the borders and that it was impossible to keep them fresh over so many pages. I intrude these comments by one printer about the works of another not only for the reason that I think it's interesting to know how they feel about the works of their contemporaries, and sometimes you get some insight both into their own work and

into the work of others in this way, especially when they are outstanding creators in their field.

I don't know if it was peculiar of this particular year that I was abroad, but spring had come to Paris by the time I left there early in April and going to England I found myself back in winter again. So, I got to see spring burst out once again--twice in the same year.

And I made a little note (this was on the 24th of May:

> This was a glorious day for me. And if England would always be so, I should be tempted to transfer my possessions here immediately. The morning was dull and wet and I sat in my room, nervous as a monkey, reading William Morris' <u>Well at the World's End</u>. I was very glad when lunch brought a temporary diversion. Then Mr. and Mrs. Graveson, who ran the Penn Club on Tavestock Square, where I stayed, asked me to accompany them on a hike. We took the bus to Beaconsfield and walked down the road, and then through the beautiful green fields and woods towards Jordan's. The rain had stopped for the most part and the sun even did duty part of the time. Occasionally the paths were a bit boggy, but all the new leaves and patches of bluebells and fields of buttercups were refreshed to greater beauty by the touch of washing they had had. We look across fields that roll into a bed of trees, beautiful in their splashes of varied green. And we'd push into them; great beeches, oaks, evergreens, and occasional sycamores and look up to pieces of the sky--and all about below were splashes of blue and white and yellow flowers. And we'd sniff the clean newness of the flowers and we'd listen to the cuckoo and the many birds. At Jordan's we stopped at the Friends House, saw William Penn's grave and the barn made of the Mayflower timbers. At a town further on we visited Milton's home and museum and had a delightful tea across the street. Then we walked on again through woods and over

rolling fields to Chorley Woods, and from there the train took us back to London.

This little Penn Club where I stayed was a most delightful and inexpensive place for a young person. It was run by the Friends Church. I had originally heard of it when I was in Switzerland. Professor Jacob Zeitlin from the University of Illinois, who was in Europe for his sabatical, said that he always stayed there when he was in London. I had written them and gotten accommodations, and later on Professor and Mrs. Zeitlin also came on their way home to the United States and stayed there. And it was one of those places where everything was included--~~bed~~ board and room.

I am not sure whether it's still in existence, but the people there were all so friendly. Mr. and Mrs. Graveson, as I just explained, would include me when they did some of these things which normally an American wouldn't do. They knew where to go. The paths that you take through the English countryside are on private grounds, on somebody's estate.

But you'll walk down and through and around the woods and come out on a meadow here and then down through somebody else's wood, and you finally arrive at a little town and you have your tea.

A member of the House of Parliament also lived at the Penn's Club. He was from the north of Scotland, from a poor district. He didn't have too much fun,

but in getting to know him, I was invited to Parliament and was able to sit and watch it work. Various groups would gather there of an evening. The Shaw Society gathered there, as well as the Browning Society. While I wasn't a Quaker, that made no difference at all to them, and I was included in their various activities and would rush up to the church occasionally when there was something special going on which they thought might interest me.

Possibly the two most important names to me, from a historical standpoint in English typography, were Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson and St. John Hornby--of course, in addition to William Morris who was dead. When I did arrive, Cobden-Sanderson was also dead, but his son was still operating a publishing firm called Richard Cobden-Sanderson, and he still lived at the Cobden-Sanderson house in Hammersmith where the Doves press had been located. I had known Mrs. Millard in Pasadena, and she had been kind enough to give me introductions to Richard Cobden-Sanderson.

He, with the friendly generosity of most of the English that I met, invited me to dinner at the Doves House in Hammersmith. It was a delightful occasion, started out with cocktails and many wines during the dinner and whiskey after dinner.

Cobden-Sanderson was there, his wife, and a friend by the name of Macdonald who ran the Hazelwood

Press, which mainly reprints facsimiles of important early English books. We ate and talked of books and American universities until about eleven o'clock when Macdonald and I parted. These people seemed to feel that the day of the limited edition had passed. Richard Cobden-Sanderson wondered even if his father could have made a living if he were printing in these days; he felt sure that he would be unsuccessful.

He also said that America killed his mother. It smothered her with kindness, inasmuch as after the death of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, she had been invited to America and was feted here to the extent that she barely got home before she herself died--completely exhausted by the many events and banquets given for her in America. This trip was slightly before my interest in printing, but she did come to Los Angeles where Mrs. Millard saw to it that she was just heaped with kindness and praises. In San Francisco where they had quite a to-do for her, John Henry Nash printed a great menu and a booklet about her.

The next day I went to Shelley House which was the home of St. John Hornby. Shelley House is right on the Thames as is the Doves Press House. Shelley House was a little more elegant; it was, in fact, quite elegant because St. John Hornby was a fairly wealthy man, being the head of W. H. Smith and Son, the largest

booksellers in England. When I arrived at the door, waiting to have the bell answered, another young chap arrived. We nodded our heads and introduced ourselves, and his name was Phillip Hofer. I gathered at that time that he was a wealthy young collector. He told me that he spent half his time travelling and the other half at the New York Public Library.

We were led in to meet Hornby, who was a tall and well-preserved man of some sixty-two years old. Cobden-Sanderson was much younger, shorter and stouter, without the same confidence which St, John Hornby's success had bred. Hornby led us into tea, which his wife served. Hofer had been there before and knew them fairly well, and they talked as I listened. Hornby had started printing in 1894, when he was twenty-five, knowing only a bit about typesetting. It was a hobby he had developed mainly by experiment. After the two books which are now in process, he planned to stop the press. His pressman, he said, was getting old, no longer feeling joy in printing, and Hornby felt that it would be just too much to have to try and break in a new man.

After tea, we went out to see the press. First we looked down from a porch in back to the stream where Nell Gwyn had bathed in the nude. Actually, Nell Gwyn's house was right on this property, so it had a lot of historic importance. At the press, we looked over the

many woodcuts and the sheets of the Thucydides which he was printing at the time, and Mr. Hornby explained how he, being an amateur printer, was able to keep his hands so immaculate--which amazed me, having set type. He said he always put a coating of Peldow on his hands before he started working. It was almost like new skin which made a coating like a glove on one's hands and the grime and filth and the lead of the type didn't penetrate into the skin, nor did the ink which he was using. When he was through, all he had to do was peel this off his dirty hands, and they were new again--which seemed to me a most interesting concept.

When I came back to America, I was never able to find any Peldow, and I didn't find any printers who were eager to use it. Evidently, a dirty hand doesn't mean that much to the ordinary worker in a shop.

While I was in England earlier, I had gone around to some of the machinery shops as I was quite interested in getting an Albion hand press to bring back to America. Francis Meynell had told me that he had sent a beautiful press to a man by the name of Wise, who lived in Pasadena, California. For some reason or other, Mr. Wise had not seemed very interested in it after it had arrived there, and Meynell thought that with any luck at all I might be able to get it. I mentioned this to St. John Hornby and to Phillip Hofer, and Hofer chuckled.

He said that he had heard about this press too, and they had managed to get into contact with Mr. Wise, and at the present time the press was in New York (he had bought it for his two younger brothers). We smiled at the coincidence, because here were probably the only people in the world who were interested in this press and we meet in London in the salon of one of the great printers, St. John Hornby.

Back in the library, we got to look at some of the great collection of manuscripts which Hornby had gathered. He went in for condition; they were immaculate copies of some of the most beautiful books I've ever seen. He also collected carved boxes. He, too, had been a great athlete in his time, and the medals which he had won were there in the library and also the oar from the Oxford-Cambridge crew race in which he had participated, with the names of all of the other members of his Cambridge crew.

He showed the early books from his press. The first book was very amateurish, and he said he always showed it to young printers. Probably the most interesting of the books that I saw there was the Song of Songs. He showed us three different copies, each different. He said that Sydney Cockerell had five copies; they too were each different. Of the forty printed, each of them was decorated differently by

Mrs. Sydney Cockerell. It had taken her eighteen months to do them all.

Then he gave us some small items including a Christmas poem, of Milton's Christ's Nativity, which I took home to the Penn Club in great pride and interest. As I was writing my notes for the day, I dumped over the bottle of ink on my trousers and on my copy of Ashendene's Christ's Nativity. It was a most unfortunate experience.

It is sad. "It hurt somewhat, but I do not weep. It is different than if it were a commercial book. It is so much mine that nothing can affect it and will make it even more unique."

The night of the meeting at the Double Crown Club came, and I was somewhat disappointed that Emery Walker, whose eightieth birthday was being celebrated, was unable to appear because of his age and infirmities. But it was quite exciting anyway. A most marvelous evening.

> I arrived at Kettner's restaurant to be the guest of Francis Meynell at the Double Crown Club dinner. I walked in, clad in my tux, and found that everyone else was in ordinary dress except for Phillip Hofer--the only other American there--who had also felt that it would be formal. Little did we know. When I walked in, St. John Hornby noticed me and took me in hand, introducing me to Graily Hewitt, the great calligrapher. St. John showed some of the books which were on exhibit that Graily had done for him. I mentioned that if I were to be in London longer, I would certainly attempt to get in one of his classes. But he said that

he was no longer teaching at the art school, having reached the age limit. St. John said that I should stay and be his personal pupil. I suggested that it must be a very difficult study and almost impossible to pick up alone. Graily Hewitt answered that one might get on better that way, and I said I should try. We talked on until we were called into dinner. Meynell hadn't arrived; so, I put my problems before Graily Hewitt and he called Holbrook Jackson, who was social chairman, and I was shown to my seat. Next to me was John Carter, the young agent for Scribner's who was the guest of Bruce Rogers who also had not arrived. Across the table from me was a man by the name of Wallace who had done all of Bernard Shaw's books. Finally the others did arrive; they had been at a cocktail party. Francis sat at my side, Bruce Rogers the second seat on the other side, Oliver Simon of the Curwen Press was across the table, and to one side the young American of yesterday, Phillip Hofer. St. John Hornby sat at the great table, right at the head of me. At each place was a place card beaitufully written in a fine caligraphic hand. And the menu cards were designed by Bruce Rogers, showing squirrels running down a nutless tree and up the nutted one, on the other side of the card. And also clever fighting cocks, all made from typographic ornaments. Everybody talked through dinner, though Bruce Rogers, who seemed a wonderful, kindly man, had very little to say. Then came the address by Mr. Hornby. He told how he started. First he was in W. H. Smith, the bookseller's print shop, learning their business from the bottom up and setting a bit of type. He became interested in making proofs of it. Somebody there took him to the Kelmscott Press where he saw them printing the sheets of the Chaucer, which he still considers the monumental book of all time. And he even met William Morris in his office and talked with him for an hour. Thus he became even more inspired and bought a small albion press and some Caslon type. Thirty-six pounds outlay in all, I believe he said, and started setting and printing his grandfather's journal. He said that except for imposition it was a frightful book, though at the time he was very proud of it. His second was bad too and he sent a copy to William Morris, who answered him kindly. So he says he always thinks of this when some young printer gives him a book. Around

> 1900 he met Sydney Cockerell and Emery Walker and his concept changed because of their advice and criticisms.

They also photographed a Subiaco type, which was the first transitional Roman type, used at the press in Subiaco by Sweynheym and Pannartz in 1465, and it was the basis of the first individual type that the Ashendene Press used, their famous Subiaco type.

It was cut by a man by the name of [E. P.] Prince.

Yesterday, I saw the original bill which was sent by Emery Walker to Ashendene. It was very amusing because he charged for everything and then took off for dinners and things like postage, tax, fares. Finally, the bill came to a total of one hundred pounds and two shillings. So, he gave him a deduction for cash of one-tenth of one percent, bringing it down to exactly one hundred pounds.

Also, it was through these two gentlemen that Hornby met Graily Hewitt, who did so much work for him, putting in the initials in many of his books by hand in various colors and designed some of the fonts of initials which were later used by the Ashendene Press.

> Until this time, he had done most of the work--the printing, the typesetting, himself, with the help of his family. But when he started on the first _Dante_, he found it was too much of a job; so, he got a pressman from the Oxford Press, who has beenwith him ever since. About 1910, he added someone to set the type also. His favorite

book seems to be the Mallory with perhaps the Moore next. Soon, however, he plans to close, as I mentioned before. Yesterday, he told me his pressman was getting too old to enjoy it, and he wouldn't break in a new one. I did notice yesterday that his Thucydides seems to take very much after John Henry Nash's work and St. John Hornby told me that he admired Nash very much because of his great craftsmanship.

TAPE NUMBER: SIX, SIDE TWO

January 15, 1965

Ritchie: When Hornby finished his reminiscences, the chairman called on various others to comment--Oliver Simon, Francis Meynell, Holbrook Jackson, Wallace, John Johnson, Graily Hewitt-all said a bit--what a great complement of printers! Mr. Hornby had said he figured that for the thirty years he had been printing Ashendene books, he had just about broken even. Mr. Hewitt said that he was a young barrister at the time he met Hornby, and that this work for the Ashendene Press had given him a chance to lead a happy life in craftsmanship, through the work he had done for Ashendene and for what it had led to from others and in teaching.

Afterwards I wandered about, talking, though I don't know who most of those I was talking to were. Hornby, speaking about printing on velum, said it was best to print the rough side first and then to match the smooth to it. He also said that in printing folio, one should be careful to see that the rough sheets always faced together and the smooth sheets face together, so that as you turn the pages, the two facing sheets would have a similarity.

Another man told me to always handpick the velum

for evenness and see that there weren't any thin spots in the middle where the type would hit.

I hadn't met Bruce Rogers yet, so I slid up to Francis Meynell and asked him if he might introduce me. He did, and evidently Meynell had already spoken to him about me, for he talked of Schmied. He'd seen the exhibits of Schmied at Seligmann's in New York many years before. He didn't especially like the typography; he thought some of the color work nice. He said that if he could, he'd collect [Erhard] Ratdolt, the fifteenth century German printer who worked both in Italy and in Germany, thinking that his meeting of the problems of imposition and so forth were the most interesting of any early printers. He had experimented and solved so many of the problems which the early printers had been confronted with and had done it so beautifully that he felt that of all of the early printers he was probably the most to be admired. Bruce Rogers said he had just traded some of his own work for the first book printed in three colors by Ratdolt in Augsburg in 1485. We talked of the Huntington Library. He said he'd very much like to work with them. Also he invited me to drop in to his and Emery Walker's office and see it. And then we all left.

Francis walked with me to Woburn Place where he continued on north. He spoke of the shame that

a rich library or collector didn't put Bruce Rogers on endowment and let him really follow his own inclinations. John Johnson was one of the most interesting men I met there. He is not yet very old, though his middle portions are becoming a bit misshapen. He has rich, chestnut hair--straight as silken thread--which he lets hang over his forehead, much after the manner of Aubrey Beardsley.

Bruce Rogers is grey-haired and moustached, looking not half as much like an artist as a, not especially successful but very pleasant, businessman. Francis says he is a poor businessman, either asking too much for his services or usually too little. For the Oxford Bible, which he is now working on, he receives no pay, only fifty Bibles. There was a bit of gossip about the modest T. E. Lawrence, who, at some dinner which Bruce Rogers was attending, timed exactly to a quiet interlude the shouting across the table to Rogers that he'd finished another chapter of his Odyssey. I didn't hear if Bruce Rogers scorned it as false rumor or not, for the speeches started at that moment.

As I mentioned, John Johnson of the Oxford University Press was one of the most interesting

men I met there. He was a scholar, an archaeologist in his own right, and when he was given the job at the University, it was as a scholar rather than a printer. But he was able to adapt himself beautifully and became one of the outstanding printers of England. After I left England, I was fortunate in continuing correspondence with a great number of these men. Sir John Hornby was a very faithful correspondent, and John Johnson probably more than any of them.

Among other things that he did at Oxford was to start a collection of ephemera. It was his opinion that the great books would always be preserved by libraries, by individuals, but the ordinary things of the day are dispersed--the underground tickets, the theatre tickets, the little throwaways, and the commercial jobs which are good for today but of no great importance. And, yet, in trying to reconstruct the appearance of life in any given time, these are of great importance and value.

So everything that was available, he kept, and he was fortunate in that some of the Oxford professors, with their peculiarities, never threw anything away. He was able to gather these things

from decades before, and in our correspondence he wanted it not only for England but for other areas. He would ask me, among others, to send him over various ephemeral material, which we did from time to time.

Of course, we in America are always in such a hurry that I was always curious about the time development in printing at a place like the Oxford University Press.

In one of his letters, he goes on to say:

> Thank you for your very friendly letter and the fine packet of specimens, which are already housed in a cloth and gold folder which bears your name. And that is how the world goes round. For we at Oxford regard our own printing as sedate, even too sedate, and envy others their opportunities. We still have books in type, or rather fragments of books in type, which have been slowly moving their appointed course for twenty or thirty years.
> And so conservative is this university that I always call the file copies of the previous day's printing, which flow before me at ten o'clock every morning, "the pageant of printing of the last fifty years." But the good Bruce Rogers knows us inside and out and will tell you what manner of men we are. We are rather a stern factory of nearly nine hundred souls and to very few is given the privilege of wandering in and out of their own free will. But Bruce Rogers has that privilege. And Bruce Rogers has never quite forgiven me for using the expression "wayward," of him in that little Dent lecture which I gave. The truth is that he is and he isn't wayward. But I don't like his punning version of the Bible page, although I know very well it gave his queer punning instincts a great deal of satisfaction in the making of it. Write to me someday. Or better still, come to see the rather stern factory and become the second person who has the privilege of coming in and out at his own pleasure.

And at that age to be couched with the great Bruce Rogers, with the privilege of the Oxford Press, gave me a great deal of pleasure.

I was always interested in Cobden-Sanderson, and George Macy asked me to be a contributing editor to The Dolphin many years later, and one of the first articles that I was interested in doing was about Cobden-Sanderson, because a private collector, Henry Huntington's grandson Edwards Huntington Metcalf, had bought the four large portfolios in which were included many of Cobden-Sanderson's designs for his bindings.

I had access to this, but I wanted to know more about the development of the bindery, and I had written John Johnson, among others.

He wrote back,

> I am very much interested by what you say about your monograph on the binding of Cobden-Sanderson. The MacLeishes have been friends of mine of a good many years standing--good friends and good booksellers. And old Father MacLeish, who worked for the Doves Press, is still living, although, of course, long past active work. I guess that he would be able to tell you things if you approached him through one or other of his sons. But I expect you know all this and more than I tell you, although I am always pleased and happy to try to build bridges for my friends. No, I shall never see you at your own press, for when all is said and done I am no printer, being no more than the oil on the wheels of a large factory, keeping the human factor sweet. If it were a question of one or other of us going over to your technically-minded country, I should send my work's manager, Scottish-born, who has all the right

> instincts of the trade with him. If I went, I know that I should have a good welcome and perhaps that is part of my fear. For you Americans carry your hearts on your sleeves, real hearts they are, and the welcome would be too warm for a shy and retiring English nature.

The war came and it was a very trying time for John Johnson because the press, of which the Oxford University Press is one of the largest in England, was called upon to do a lot of the war work and to do it under most trying circumstances. He wrote in November, 1941:

> Thank you for your splendid letter of good heart and good news. I'm interested by what you tell me about your own conditions, for we too were what the insurance companies called, "a young group," when war broke out. Already some two hundred and fifty of our younger men have gone off to the wars, and daily, and insensibly, we pass through the transition from manpower to womanpower, under the not ungracious tutelage of the trade unions. The trade unions are facing their responsibilities splendidly. And all the time even the nature of our printing changes. Not, I hope, the quality of it.

Somewhere or other I have a later letter in which he tells how, as the war went on, in order to keep the place going, he had not been outside of the walls of the Oxford University Press for a year. He had slept on a cot; he had seen to it that everything was going in, and what materials they could have were there, and that the men and the women, as you can see, were doing their part of the work.

The day after the Double Crown Club dinner, I

took advantage of Bruce Rogers' offer and went down to see him and also hoping to see Emery Walker at Emery Walker's office at Clifford's Inn.

> I spent a couple of hours with Bruce Rogers, and he showed me Schmied's specimen book. He didn't seem to care too much for the work, though he does admire the colors. But in color work, he admires it much sloppier. That is, as if the color had been splashed on instead of the meticulous work of Schmied. In fact, he said that the French, as a people, had no taste and had done no good books since the eighteenth century. He showed me the Odyssey which he was working on, speaking of Lawrence and seemed to be very happy with his friendship with T. E. Lawrence. Lawrence too considered it a great honor to be having his books done by Mr. Rogers and Sir Emery Walker. Bruce was hoarding a stack of Lawrence letters he had received. The Bible on which he was working was lovely, though very plain. He said it was for the churches, since the supply of Great Bibles at the Oxford Press had run out, and they had had to print a new edition. They had first come to him because they wished permission to use his Centaur type. He had had to recut it and redesign a few of the letters to make it tighter. He showed me great quantities of trial sheets that he had made before he had perfected it for this Bible. For his pay he wanted merely fifty copies of a slightly larger size and on a better paper than the church edition, which is nearly devoid of margin. The Press was glad to do this and later as the work began to capture their imagination and the public's, they asked if they could also print fifty of the larger limited-edition. He said they could print as many as they liked, and so they finally raised their total to two hundred and fifty copies.
>
> He also showed me designs for the prayer book. He, and Updike, and Oxford, and Cambridge had all submitted designs. This was for the American Episcopal Prayer Book.
>
> Updike's was chosen, and it is considered one of Updike's finest works, The Book of Common Prayer. He also had a page of a special edition to be printed for the Morgan Library in raised gold letters.

It was lovely, but it was never done. The decorations were typographic, colored by hand. One of the nicest books of the nineteenth century was Pickering's Euclid, he thought. He doesn't care too much for illustrated books, though some illustrations he likes--Gordon Craig being his favorite. Gordon Craig did a beautiful Hamlet for the Cranach Press. Rogers said, "He gets more out of woodcuts than any other master I have seen." Rudolph Koch, he doesn't care for. Eric Gill is very nice as a man and as a sculptor, but not as a book illustrator. "Rather monotonous," said Rogers. He thought Meynell had spoiled such books as Don Quixote by the E. McKnight Kauffer illustrations. And then he showed me various books that he had planned which would probably never be made, as he had to make a living and thus couldn't have them done exactly as he wished. One was a Euclid; another was Aesop's Fables with woodcuts after a fifteenth century edition. He told me he might do this for The Limited Editions Club, which he did later on.

He had tried to steer clear of them, but Mr. George Macy had been so kind to him, sending him announcements of the Odyssey and the Homer, that he felt he'd have to do a book for them eventually. And then we went through a folio of fugitive bits, with many bookplates and so forth. He said he was very tired of typography now, as he had been working at it as a job for thirty-five years with hardly a vacation. He had given up his office at Rudge's and with the Monotype Company and come over here this last time with anticipation of an easier time. But sickness in his family had made inroads into his capital, so that he would have to go back and recoup. At present, he was limiting his expenses to one pound a week--shilling lunches and so forth--and was going home on a seven-thousand ton boat to save expenses. He said that he'd always tried to keep an amateur spirit. Each book was as if it were the last, so that there was no rushing through and no schedule of so-many books per year. He also disliked the perfection that mechanical means tended to provide, and liked a bit of sloppiness in his books. He had never had a studio of his own, though he owns Dyke's Mill, which could be converted into one, and probably never would, because most of those with presses of their own had independent means. But he always had to go to the big companies

> where material was available for him. He would like to retire and only print a few more small books, after his own liking, mostly in black letter, and thus not meant to be read but to be looked at. And chiefly he'd like to go somewhere like Majorca and spend the rest of his days making model ships. This is his hobby; he had one in the office there and there was another in Elmer Adler's office in New York. He likes the English climate and would like very much to be able to live in the country, for, as he says, all big cities are alike. He showed me some very nice Japanese paper and said he had just enough to print one copy of the Bible, and it would probably someday rest in the Library of Congress. When I finally left, it was one or so, and it had begun to rain. So I hopped a bus for the American Express....

Soon after this I returned to America and stopped off in New York. While I was there I did go up to the Rudge plant, and I got to see Frederic Warde, who was one of the fine designers at that time. We had a nice long talk together, and I showed him, as I did everybody, the Schmied specimen book, and we talked of French printing (Frederic Warde had been over there for several years) and also of gwood engraving. He wanted to know if I could do any engravings for him. I don't know why, but I nodded, yes, since in Schmied's plant I had done considerably, but rather crudely. And then he told me that he wanted to do an Alice In Wonderland with the Tenneil illustrations, but he would like to have them recut in wood. Well, I almost fainted...at that, and I didn't tell him, yes, or I didn't tell him, no, but the book never got off the ground. But as I

mentioned at that time, I was going to have to go home and do a lot of practicing before I could ever come up with such illustrations as these.

Another man I had wanted to visit and to meet was Henry Bullen, who ran the museum and library at the American Type Founders. He had accumulated one of the great typographic libraries, now a part of the Special Collections at Columbia University. He was a charming man, but with many perverse ideas that would be impossible to dislodge from him. He told me how he discovered Schmied.

> About 1924, he and his wife were in Europe for eighteen months. He was looking through Helleu and Sergent's books and was struck by some that Mr. Schmied had done. He arranged to get some loose sheets, and he brought them back to this country. He took an exhibit of continental printing around the country in 1926, and he called Mr. Schmied the greatest living master of the arts of the book. He explained that this was all inclusive--as mere typographers, many Americans bettered him. He repeated Mr. Schmied's own observation on considering one of Bruce Rogers' masterpieces. "C'est maigre," said Schmied. Later at a banquet, Mr. Bullen called American and British printing, "typographical bricklaying. It is merely good craftsmanship and not art at all." He thought the Doves Press much overrated. "Who would want to own a complete Doves' set," he asked. "They're all the same--same type, same format. Kelmscott is far better. The work of a creative artist. Though as typography, the Doves' is better. He gave Bruce Rogers quite a ragging, although he seems to like him. Said there was much too much period work and too much sameness in his play with ornaments. He said Bruce Rogers was always dissatisfied. He went to England in 1917 and had a dreadful time. Disagreeable weather, chilblains and couldn't seem to hit it off with

Emery Walker. Came back and had a splendid position with Rudge, being on the best salary of his life. After some years, he suggested to Rudge that he be taken off straight salary and paid for the work he did. He seemed to think that he wasn't earning his own salary; that this would be a stimulus or that he would make more. (Bruce Rogers was that type of person; he was a sweet fellow.) Rudge took him at his word and the next week Bruce Rogers came running up to ask why he didn't get a pay check. Rudge reminded him of his own suggestion. Bruce Rogers soon saw his mistake and being too proud to ask for the old arrangement he went to England again. Bullen said that Rudge had given him power to write Bruce Rogers now and offer him his old job. Said even if he didn't do anything, his name was enough advertisement and would draw to Rudge trade that would go wherever Bruce Rogers went. But Rudge is now dead. (He died during the few weeks that I was there.) And then, to return to Schmied, the publicity given by Mr. Bullen caused many inquiries for Schmied's work and paved the way for the exhibition at Seligmann's in 1927. At the time Mr. Schmied wished to purchase a couple of hundred of the American Type Founders' exhibit catalogues but Mr. Bullen insisted on giving them to him.

Oddly enough, despite Bullen's feeling that American printing was typographic bricklaying, he had a great admiration for John Henry Nash. Though his wife and I secretly agreed that Nash's work had a dull sameness and that Grabhorn was doing a much more creative job in American printing. Bullen disliked Francis Meynell, saying that he hadn't done anything he liked of late and many things he downright disliked. In fact, he had little use for the English, saying that he came home from there with an avowed aversion for the Anglo-Saxon. They were too conceited for him and tended to sneer at

the Americans. It was now just a year since I had left to go to France and was now ready to go back to California and work.

TAPE NUMBER: SEVEN, SIDE ONE

January 23, 1965

Ritchie: In London, just before I was to return to America, I had a cablegram from Jake Zeitlin, asking if I would like to have a job with him selling books. With his solid offer of a hundred dollars a month, I was eager to accept and wrote him that I'd be home late in the summer and would then be ready to start. In the meantime, while I was in New York, I went to visit Elmer Adler whose Pynson Printers were doing some of the really fine book work in America at that time.

In addition to this, he was editing and publishing a magazine called The Colophon, which was issued four times a year. It was an outstanding bibliographical magazine. He was able to bring into it most of the great names in book literature, and it was conceived in an unusual way inasmuch as each article was designed and printed by a different printer--in the early days. And in this way he was able to get a great deal of variety in the books since the only specification the printer had was the size of the page.

The designer was able to choose his paper, do his design, the illustrations, everything; there were no restrictions at all aside from the page size. When these were brought together, they were bound in hard covers

and issued that way. The result was not only a book of bibliographical interest, but one of interest as an example of the best printing in the world. He selected very carefully from American, English, German printers to do these things.

When I was visiting with him, I showed him the Schmied examples that I'd brought back and also the copy of Robinson Jeffers' Apology for Bad Dreams, which I had printed while with Schmied in Paris. Adler was most interested in this because, as he told me, he had been trying to get Robinson Jeffers to do an article for The Colophon for some time without apparent success. He was running a series of articles by the eminent collected American authors of that day which the authors wrote about the writing and publication of their first book. In the twenties, the collecting of first editions was one of the great manias of American book collectors, and the first books of people like Christopher Morley, Thornton Wilder, and Robinson Jeffers' books were eagerly sought.

In many cases the prices had risen to astronomical sums. But up to this time, Adler had been unable to get anything out of Jeffers. Naturally, since I had printed this book, he knew that I must have known Jeffers, and he asked me if I might have some influence in getting this article for him. I doubted if I could, but at least I

did keep it in mind. And it was because of this conversation that the Ward Ritchie Press actually was started.

I returned toward California, spending some time during the summer with aunts, uncles and cousins in Michigan, and about the first of September, I started working for Jake. Sixth Street was then the center of the rare book business and the secondhand book business, and Jake had his little shop on Sixth Street, near Hope. It was a mere hole in the wall, actually, but Jake's selection of books was outstanding. He was able to get the new and exciting English books. His interest in art and artists was great, and it was a really exciting place to work. His antiquarian book business was not very great at that time; he had never gone to Europe to pick up books of that type and quality. He always had a good selection of first editions of press books--Eric Gill and various people.

I found that I was not an especially good bookseller. When people came in, yes, I could make them enthusiastic about a book, but primarily I think what Jake wanted was somebody who had millions of friends who were eager and interested in buying rare books. I was a little reticent about pressing my own friends to do this, and also I had my abiding interest in printing. I began compiling a catalogue for Jake and we also were talking with Phil Townsend Hanna about a book, _Libros Californianos_, which

Phil was writing.

I became reaquainted with a couple of boys whom I had known in college who, somehow or other, had started a small printing business. They called it Hackett and Newell and it occupied a store on Figueroa Street in Highland Park, not too far from Occidental College where we had all attended school. Their reason for getting into this business is rather obscure. I do believe in college that we had belonged to the same literary and journalistic fraternity.

During my year in Europe, they had set up a small business, which was extremely successful for awhile. The business was the selling of oranges. Ingeniously, they sent out a form letter to each of the Railway Express offices throughout the United States, offering to supply a box of oranges for their customers at a modest price, and sent a batch of order forms to them. The offices, in this way, were able to increase the business coming into them; were given a commission and the boys were able through the local packing houses to supply the oranges. For two or three months, it was most successful, and they gathered all of their friends to work for them as they packed these boxes of oranges and shipped them off. Eventually, two things stepped in to ruin the enterprise. First, the price of oranges went up, and they were no longer able to buy them for what they

were selling them for; and secondly, the Railway Express Company clamped down on agents handling this extracurricular business.

But, in the meantime, they had purchased a small Chandler and Price press and were in the printing business. Edward A. K. Hackett was a pillar of the Presbyterian Church. He was able to supply a certain amount of printing orders from the church.

Paul Newell was the cousin of Gordon Newell, and he was a grandnephew, I believe, of W. A. Clark, and through this family connection they were able to get a few more jobs. After a month or so of working with Jake, he suggested that I might make a better printer than a bookseller, and with a great flare he gave me a job to print a catalogue for him and sent me scooting. I bought into the faltering firm of Hackett and Newell, which became Hackett, Newell & Ritchie, and we got out a little announcement about the new man from Paris who was joining the firm.

Among other ideas, we thought that the new university village of Westwood might be a good spot for us to start, and we went over there and rented space in one of the buildings, not too far from the University, and installed it as a sales office. Jake went into this venture with us and had a branch of his own bookstore out there with a girl by the name of

Tony Price, who later started her own bookstore out on Sunset Boulevard. Tony was the resident there, and Ed Hackett was our man for Westwood. We hoped that we would be able to get enough business from the university community to make a go of it. But we were too young and inexperienced, I'm afraid, and there wasn't much that came out of that particular enterprise.

In addition to a catalogue for Jake, we did a catalogue for Dawson's Bookstore and several little privately printed booklets, during the next two or three months. The most ambitious of these was Phil Townsend Hanna's Libros Californianos, which we did for Jake Zeitlin, under the imprint of The Primavera Press, which was his publishing imprint. During the busier time when we had these little books, we had a pressman, and then Gregg Anderson arrived in town.

After he had left Pomona College, he had gone to San Francisco to work with the Grabhorn Press, and he had stayed there, having a very interesting and exciting time for about a year and a half. Then Ed Grabhorn, as was characteristic of him, decided that he was going to let Gregg go. But Ed never liked to come right out and fire anybody; so he let it be known that business was terrible, that he was going to have to close down. Finally he did close down, and everybody left. Then quickly he hired everybody back that he wanted back, and

Gregg was left without a job. Gregg returned to the Southland and we got together, and having several projects on hand, we put him to work as a compositor in the little firm of Hackett,Newell & Ritchie. He did most of the work on the Libros Californianos, and on a couple of other small books.

By the beginning of 1932, it became fairly obvious that this new firm wasn't going to survive. I personally hadn't received any pay for a month or two, and in general that was the way it was run. We got enough jobs to pay Gregg and to pay the pressman, but the owners themselves were suffering. In retrospect, it is easy to see why. None of us had had any business experience in printing. We did it simply and easily. We designed more elaborately than we had to, and we printed more elaborately than we were being paid for. The system for estimating was rather primitive. We did include the cost of the paper, but we didn't charge any overhead and hardly charged anything else. We did try to include something for the pressman and compositor. We were always so reticent about overcharging that we undercharged. Of course, that was the feeling of the time. We were in the period of the Depression, and to get a job was so important that you went overboard to price it as cheap as possible because otherwise you might be turned down and some other printer would get it.

I began casting around for some other way to make a living. I was living at home in South Pasadena at the time; my expenses were not much more than the gas that I needed to travel around. But I was over twenty-five, and I think that the feeling in my family was that <u>eventually</u> it would be necessary for me to make my own living.

In January, I went up to San Francisco. Gordon Newell had been one of my closest friends in college, and after leaving Occidental he had gone to the University of California at Berkeley. There he had become interested in sculpturing. Bufano was in San Francisco, and another well-known sculptor by the name of Ralph Stackpole who was doing at that time the sculpture for the Stock Exchange Building. Gordon left college and got a job in the yard of Stackpole, chipping away and doing the manual labor.

In the meantime, there was a young and beautiful girl student at Berkeley in whom Newell became interested. She eventually moved over to San Francisco with him, and they were married during the time that I was in Europe. Her name was Gloria Stuart. She had much talent as a writer and also was interested in the amateur stage. They were, at the time, living in the town of Carmel; he working hard as a sculptor, and she was on the staff of the local newspaper, <u>The Carmelite</u>.

On my visit there, I wanted also to see Robinson Jeffers, and the Newells knew the Jeffers fairly well. Gordon was teaching the Jeffers' boy something about sculpturing, and Gordon himself was steeped in Jeffers' poetry--he read it; he knew it. It was probably because of his great interest in Jeffers that he had moved to Carmel with the Big Sur country just down the coast. I visited with the Newells while there and went over to see Jeffers. I had been collecting Jeffers' books, in addition to printing some of them, and I wanted to get his inscriptions on these things. I took them over and left them with him. It was a most interesting day that I had with him.

As I wrote on Tuesday, January 5, 1932,

> Arrived last night in Carmel to stay with Gordon and Gloria Newell (Gloria Stuart). This morning had a good talk with Orrick Johns and John Catlin. (Orrick Johns was a one-legged poet who had done some very good things back in the thirties, had had several books published. John Catlin was a sculptor, who lived in Carmel at the time, with whom Gordon was doing some work.) About 4:30, Gordon, Gloria and I went down to Jeffers'. We drove into the tree-stuffed yard and parked. There was a wide gate to the inner yard and a sign proclaiming: "Not at home until 4:00 P.M." Jeffers has his day charted for writing in the morning and laboring on his house in the afternoon. There was a sound of chopping in a stone enclosure, by what was possibly the kitchen door. We went to the front door and knocked. I looked over at the Hawk Tower. The door was open, and the ground floor seemed to be used as a carpenter shop. Over the door was a unicorn, a carved unicorn. And then one of his sons came

to the door. He recognized the Newells and upon being asked if his mother was at home, very shyly answered that he would see. He returned in a short while to tell us she was and to invite us in. The room where we sat occupies the whole south side of the house, with great windows looking straight out over the ocean and others looking south across the Carmel River to Point Lobos. A fireplace is in the middle of the north side and doors on either side leading to other parts of the house. Back on the inside east is a built-in bench and on the sides are bookcases built around the room. There were quantities of books, a grand piano, and a lovely highboy on which is a big clock and a table with a carbon lamp. There's no electricity. I looked at the books on the shelf near where I sat. There were a couple of short rows of books on Byron, many on Shelley, the Brontes, and so forth.

Mrs. Jeffers entered through one of the doors by the fireplace. She is short and slightly plump. Her hair is long and braided in two strands down her back to below her hips. It is slightly streaked with grey. She was rather untidily dressed but her greeting was full of enthusiasm and as soon as we were introduced, she said, "I'll run and tell Robin." She returned and he followed soon afterwards. He came over and we shook hands. He eyed me furtively. We were all seated--he on the bench at the back of the room. He seemed very human and even quite jovial and talkative. He cracked a couple of jokes and talked a bit of his European experiences. He entered into the spirit of the group completely and a happy smile often would work over his face.

We talked of Descent to the Dead which had just been published. The publishers had only sent him three copies, he said. They had also sent him a limited edition of the Nonesuch Donne, which Una showed with much pride. They also had some other Nonesuch books and, in fact, seemed to keep up on modern books (there was even a newspaper scattered about in one corner of the room). Una suggested to Robin that he pour some wine and we all drank some very good homemade wine. His face is kindly, with deep lines, but not hard and stonelike, as I had expected. He wore breeches, old leather leggings and older shoes. He was in true working clothes.

He told of the great storm of last week and how it had brought one huge boulder up over the road which was too great for him to move in the wheelbarrow. Nowhere south is there vigor such as there is here, he said, though Laguna had been nice and Palos Verdes, before the influx of people. The Hirschbinds had been up. Una said they were people she'd liked to cultivate if she only had had time. Jeffers told of one of the picturesque scenes they had described in India, where the great flocks of eagles would fly up at sunset, higher and higher into the sky to get the last glimpse of the setting sun. They told about stopping at Kelmscott Manor in England and seeing the old William Morris home and the Kelmscott Chaucer laid out on the bed. Una told Robin to build a fire and very slowly and gracefully he moved about to do it. When he sat in the corner, first smoking his pipe and later a cigarette, he seemed the essence of contentment and perfect repose.

I asked about the article Elmer Adler had asked him to write for The Colophon. Una said that Albert Bender had just written to them, urging him to do it, and had sent down an issue of The Colophon so that they could see what it was like. Jeffers said he had read a similar article by Hugh Walpole and was sure that he couldn't write anything as long or as interesting. Una seemed to think it might be a nice gesture, but they only paid fifty dollars for an article she said. I think perhaps he'll do it though.

We spoke of Powell, and they said that they had had a letter of his there at present. Jeffers said he hadn't read it yet, as it was long and looked complicated. Said that Powell wrote very interesting stuff. Evidently he hates to read things that take time. Una said she had left it for Robin to answer. She got out the letter and it was a translation of a review of some of Jeffers' work by a Sorbonne professor, which Larry Powell had translated.

I told him about my publishing project and asked him if he would contribute. He said he didn't know, he'd have to think it over. It seemed very difficult to get anything together, he said. I asked him about the Flagons and Apples, which was his first book. He said there were five hundred copies printed, just a short time before he went to Seattle. He had taken a half a dozen or so and left the rest in the printer's shop. Some time later the printers

wrote and asked him what to do with them. He replied by telling them to destroy them for waste paper. Apparently they could not bear to do so, for the copies eventually turned up in the Holmes Book Store, the printer evidently having remaindered them. There were also 500 copies of the Peter Boyle Tamar printed.

It was six o'clock. When we were getting ready to leave I asked him if I could have my collections of his books autographed. I brought a whole stack in. We talked about the first Boni-Liveright announcement, which I had. He recalled having seen one, though Una never had. He said it probably contained the first appearance of his biographical sketch. I left the books there to be autographed and said I'd be back for them on Saturday. He said that would be fine as it would give him plenty of time. Una asked what I wanted written as she would have to see that it was done.

Eventually we left, shaking hands again, and he said he was glad to have met me at last and Una said that we'd probably correspond very much. That night Orrick, Dedjon, Gordon and I had a gallon of wine and talk. Orrick was wonderful. He discovered Jeffers when he was living in Italy and wrote him, 'Now that I have read "Tamar" I no longer have to apologize for American poetry.' Jeffers replied and told him The Roan Stallion was based on a story he'd heard of a woman in Turin who had erected a statue there to a horse that had been her lover. Also I suppose the myth of Leda and the Swan had been in his mind. Orrick considered The Roan Stallion and The Loving Shepherdess the best longer poems and his latest book (Descent of the Dead) the ultimate of what Jeffers would do with his shorter poems. He said that, in the two years that he had been in Carmel, Jeffers had definitely changed from a very frigidly shy and reserved man into a fairly friendly and affable fellow. He seemed to think that Jeffers knew his message and best work had been written and that he could now relax and enjoy himself.

After a few days in Carmel, I went on up to San Francisco where I saw the Grabhorns, and Ed in eyeing some of his old type said that he would be willing to sell me some of it. For twenty-five cents a pound, which

was not too much more than the cost of metal, he sold me a whole series of Eve type, which I packed up and brought down south with me and kept under my bed. I also had a couple of cases of fourteen point Garamond which I had acquired from Frank Wiggins Trade School at the time I was as a student there. It was Monotype, and had been specially cast for some previous students--Edd Smith and Thomas W. McDonald. I had contributed it to Hackett, Newell & Ritchie, but when things started faltering there, I had retrieved it and brought it home. I also had bought for fifty dollars, at one of the local machinery houses, an old Washington hand press. So my printing equipment consisted of a half a dozen cases of type, which I kept in the bedroom; the Washington hand press, which was in the garage on Milan Avenue in South Pasadena; and I must have had a stick in which to set the type but not much else--possibly a few galleys.

On returning to Los Angeles, I immediately scouted around to see if I could find out anything more about <u>Flagons and Apples</u>, which was Jeffers' first book. I had a long talk with Mr. Holmes of the Holmes' Bookstore because rumor had it that he had bought the remainder copies from the Grafton Publishing Company which had printed the book originally for Jeffers. And sure enough, Holmes recalled quite a bit about the book. The printers, instead of destroying the copies for waste paper as had been suggested by Jeffers, had managed to sell them for

some pitiful sum to Holmes' Bookstore. As I recall, when I was a boy, Holmes had several stores. There was one on Spring Street and another on Main Street; this was before he moved up to Sixth Street near Figueroa where he was for so many years. When they were planning to move from the Spring Street location, he had a big sale of books and auctioned many things off. Spring Street was then probably a busy street but certainly not as it is now, and Holmes erected some sort of platform out in front of the store. In order to gather a crowd, he had many devices, one of which was to throw some books into the street for which people would scramble and when a crowd would gather he would start his sale. He had several hundred copies of Flagons and Apples and he used it as a come on and got rid of several hundred copies in this way. When he was later located on Sixth Street and Jeffers with the publication of Tamar in 1924 had achieved a reputation, he recalled that there was still a pile of these books down in his cellar. He went down there looking for them and picked up two or three copies, brought them up and had a little sign made and offered them for two dollars and fifty cents apiece. Well, they were quickly gobbled up, and he got a couple more out, and he put the price at five dollars. They disappeared; so, the price went up to ten dollars and then to fifteen dollars. By the time I went to see him, of course, they were all gone, but he

said that for the final ones he got twenty-five dollars.

I wrote Jeffers about this andhe worked it into an article which he sent back to Elmer Adler. It wasn't more than a few weeks later that I had a letter from Adler enclosing a copy of Jeffers' article. He said that inasmuch as I must have helped in getting it written I'd probably be interested in seeing it. He also mentioned that he would like to have a West Coast printer do this particular article. He was considering Grabhorn, but he wanted to know something about Bruce McCallister in Los Angeles. And of course there was John Henry Nash in San Francisco. Well, I didn't waste very much time on this particular project. I got my fourteen point Garamond out from under the bed and started setting type. I did have the Washington press down in the garage which I could use as a proof press. While I was in San Francisco I had visited with Hazel Drais, the bookbindress, who had done the Leaves of Grass for Grabhorn. She had a great big house in San Francisco where Gregg Anderson had lived while he was working with the Grabhorns. Hazel had given me a ream of Arnold's unbleached paper, which was a rather handsome sheet. I set the article up in type and proofed it on this paper on the hand press. I ran out of "e's" toward the end, and had to pick from the earlier part to complete it. I indicated a sketch of Tor House at the

beginning. I probably stayed up all that night to complete this and sent it off to Adler almost before he realized I'd received his letter.

He was somewhat amazed, but evidently he liked what I had done and wrote back saying,"This is fine. Do you have any equipment on which to print?" I did have the Washington hand press, it's true, but to do this article for The Colophon on a hand press might have taken the rest of my life to finish it. In San Francisco, I had admired what the Grabhorns were doing, and I noticed that their sole equipment were Colt's Armory presses, of which they had a couple. And so I wrote back and said that I hoped that I would be allowed to do the job, and my equipment consisted of a Washington hand press and a Colt's Armory press, Then I immediately went out to see if I couldn't find a Colt's Armory press, which proved a little more difficult than I had anticipated. However, in the local print shop, the Abbott Printing Company in South Pasadena, which had printed the little paper the Marengo Literary Leader, which was the forerunner of my interest in printing, had a press called a Gally Universal, which was the forerunner of the Colt's Armory press. Abbott wanted two hundred and fifty dollars for it. It seemed a little exorbitant at the time, and I felt quite sure that we could come to more satisfactory terms. But in the meantime I had to have some equipment. I was thinking this

over, and I told him I'd be up there about two o'clock and we could decide on the price. In the meantime, I had called a moving company and asked them if they would pick up the press.

And they said, "When?"

I said, "Well, sometime later this afternoon." I had to do two or three things and when I arrived the movers were already there, so I was stuck with the full two hundred and fifty dollars.

I recall that this was in the month of February, 1932. We lived at 1400 Milan Avenue. In back of the house there was a four-car garage. Three of the garages were one big wide open room, and the fourth one had been used as a storehouse for gardener's equipment and things like that. And it was into this that I had moved my Washington hand press and, now, the Gally Universal. The first problem was wiring the thing which I did, but it didn't seem to function. And so I had to go to a local electrician. He came down and he seemed like such a nice fellow. He said, "Well, now, you have a single-phase motor here. What you should have is a three-phase motor, and I just happen to have one up at our place. Of course, you have to have a special power line in here for three-phase equipment."

I was innocent and naive, and I didn't realize until later on that all that was necessary was to change two

little wires on the motor, and it would run on our single-phase power line.

But we got the Southern California Edison Company in with a big crew and they brought in several lines and a great big transformer on the pole in back of us, and I got my three-phase motor in and was ready to start.

This was the beginning of The Ward Ritchie Press. It was a nice way to start, printing my first job on The Colophon. The job did present some difficulties. Because money was very scarce, Blake, Moffitt and Towne, the paper people, had some fairly good paper which hadn't sold, so they marked it way down in price and also gave me credit. Paul Landacre did a wood engraving of Tor House for me. There were several facsimiles of early books of Jeffers: I printed a yellow background behind these to show the size of the page. And then I thought, well this might be nice to put behind the woodblock of Tor House, too, to give it a little more vibrancy and warmth of color--which I did. And that almost ruined me, because printing the woodblock on top of this yellow ink did something; the two inks--the black ink and the yellow ink--just didn't want to work together. And, of course, Landacre's work is very fine and delicate anyway, and trying to keep open these little lines with this black ink on top of the yellow. I worked night and day and night and day to get it done in time. Finally I shipped it off and then waited to be

paid. It had never occurred to me that you had to send a bill along with these things. (This was my first real business experience.) I waited and waited, and Blake, Moffitt and Towne also waited and waited, but they were a little more impatient than I was. After about two months, I got a letter from Elmer Adler, and he said, "We can't understand it. The job arrived. We're very pleased with it, but we've never received an invoice from you. However, since we would like to pay you I'm enclosing a check." So, I was in business with that first job.

On Monday, April 25th I wrote,

> It winds and storms outside. The cloud foe, which assailed the mountain wall this afternoon is down upon us, but it is no enemy. I lay athwart my bed, listening to the cool skirmish outside. The heat of a warm fire plays safely in the room and the great light makes day upon the low bed as I write. I have counted many weary, weary hours, nearly finished now, while The Colophon was being made. Tonight I ran the final batch of the wood block and now the press rests, shiny clean. We were both tired and now I am relieved, though only the safe arrival in New York will finish my worry. And, too, a letter came from France today. It was Larry, and he spoke of seeing Margie and Ruthie, the Deux Magots, the Tuileries with the spring flowers and I've been a bit saddened by memories the rest of the day. I have a whole year full of thoughts to haunt me, and I feel stranded on a grey island with the past far behind, knowing that mere return to the place or sight of people is futile. And these days will make memories, too. Thursday night I was with Siqueiros, the Mexican artist. I now have twelve of his wood blocks which I shall print. They will be difficult, seemingly cut from an apple box while he was in prison. Tuesday it was the Stanislaw Szukolski, the Polish sculptor. He wishes to have a group. And the Murrays and Kings twice

weekly gather to talk, to discuss their projected magazine and to read their week's writings.

TAPE NUMBER: SEVEN, SIDE TWO

March 11, 1965

Ritchie: My family was middle class, fairly well to do, and we lived in a medium large house in the nicest section of South Pasadena. Through high school and college, I had never had to worry about finances, though coming from Scotch ancestry, I was never overindulged. The very fact that the need for money had never worried me may account for my tardiness in beginning a career. In 1932, when I did begin to print seriously in our backyard, I was twenty-six years old, nearly twenty-seven. Conditions had changed. My father had died in 1929, nearly broke except for vacant property, on which taxes accumulated.

My grandfather's bank in Michigan was one of the casualities of the Depression, and as a stockholder, my mother was liable. This took most of her inheritance. She was also ill, dying of cancer. We lived alone in the big house until it became necessary to have a nurse live in to care for her. As I recall I was rather oblivious to our circumstances, and though my mother complained of our poverty, it never occurred to me that she was very serious. There was food and I was immersed in my passion for printing only semiconscious, actually, of my mother's condition. She, philosophically, over the many months, was cleansing her heart and mind of all evil. She was

conscious, a mere skeleton covered with skin when she heard the death rattle in her throat. She said, "I guess that is the devil going out. I shall see Mama and Papa now."

I wrote on the day she died, "Our youth we spend preparing for life and our life preparing for death. Fortunate is she whose preparation has led to peace and assurance before the last breath."

But during her last year, my mother watched with great interest and a mother's pride as I began printing books in our backyard. There was a wide, four-car garage, shaded by some eucalyptus and a couple of huge acacia trees that dropped their yellow blossoms to cover the concrete entrance. I converted the corner garage, which had been used as a tool room, into a print shop. It was bleak and cold. First, there was the Washington hand press, which I had bought for fifty dollars. And then, with the Jeffers' commission for The Colophon, the Gally Universal press--slow, cumbersome and antiquated. But to me, a mechanical marvel, big enough to print four pages of a book at a time and strong enough to give a biting impression into a tough, handmade paper. The Colophon job was printed there and several more.

But there were hardly enough commissions to keep me even moderately occupied; so, I began white-

washing and expanding. First, I pushed the wall over to take in two of the garages which gave me a good deal more space. Then I covered the garage doors, converting one of them into a small doorway, which made it more studio-like. One of the girls I knew made curtains for the room. In the back wall, I cut a hole and made a Dutch door that led out into the yard which had previously been part of an orange grove. Gordon Newell, my friend who was beginning his career as a sculptor at that time, came over, and we laid bricks for a patio there. He brought stones over on which he would chip and chisle away. We whitewashed the interior of the garage, and I hung many samples of printed pages of Eric Gill and odds-and-ends which I'd picked up in Paris when I was there.

But it was still a cold, cold spot. So, I decided to build a fireplace. I could remember nothing more pleasant than the Spanish fireplaces in the houses in Majorca, located in the corner of a room with a tin or a copper hood and the chimney going up through the ceiling. I decided I must have one like those, and I had the local tinsmith make me a hood. I built a brick backing in one corner of the room and put my fireplace into operation. Unfortunately, I had made no great study of fireplaces at that time, and

the chimney or flue was quite inadequate as I found when I started the first fire. The room was completely filled with smoke, more coming out than ever went up the chimney. Well, after some maneuverings I was able to get it so that it would work modestly with a little tiny fire. It became necessary for me to find and buy some large electric heaters to put in there which were never quite sufficient, but most of the year, California is quite temperate.

My knowledge of bookkeeping was even more primitive than my experience in printing and business. From my days at Vroman's bookstore, I had kept a dummy volume--a bound book with a sampling of preliminary pages and the balance in blank sheets. These were the books which publishers would send out in advance of the regular editions, so that the booksellers could get an idea of the appearance and the size of a book. This particular one I used as my account book. It was entitled, _Grandeur and Misery of Victory_ by Georges Clemenceau. I look at it today--thirty odd years later--and it frightens me. How did I eat? How did I survive? The three years of accounts, crudely recorded in this book, is a commentary on the economics of the Depression. I lived; I somehow paid my bills and, as I recall, enjoyed life very much.

A recapitulation of this account book brings many recollections. The first entries are for April, 1932. In addition to the insert for The Colophon, I set up and printed five separate title pages in two colors for plays excerpted from a Shakespeare folio, which Dawson's Book Shop had broken up and was having separately bound to sell. For this job, which I printed on the Washington hand press, I received $7.50 or $1.50 for a folio page. I printed some postcards for Jake Zeitlin, and five thousand book jackets for Miss June Cleveland of Bullock's Book Department. For these five thousand, I charged $9.00.

And on my old and slow press, it must have taken me at least three days to print them.

I was not much of a salesman but I liked books, and I liked bookstores. My approach was to hang around them, hoping that someone would see me and want some printing done. It was from their jobs and their recommendations that almost all of my business came. Of course, Dawson's Bookstore at Wilshire and Grand was a most admirable hangout; everybody came there sometime during the day or week. There was a magnificent crew working at that time. Charles Yale was the manager of the shop and in charge of their California Section upstairs. Dorothy Bevis, who now works in the Library School at the University of

Washington, was one of the saleswomen, and a great book woman she was and a good poet too. One of her books at about that time was printed by the Grabhorn Press, sponsored by Dawson's Book Store. Alice Mullaney was another of the girls there. Robert Cowan was an almost constant visitor. He must have been in his seventies at that time, but he was a mighty gay blade with the girls there, enjoying all of them.

Dawson's gave me many little odds-and-ends. I would do their cards for them, an occasional folder advertising books and even, from time to time, a catalogue. Jake Zeitlin had long been a great favorite of mine and a mentor. His first shop was across from the Bible Institute on Hope Street and he moved around the corner from there to 705 1/2 West Sixth Street where I first knew him. He had become interested in printing from his enthusiasm for fine books and for modern literature. Jake, I see in my account book, ordered one thousand, one-cent post cards from me in this first month of April. But also Jake was considering at that time several books. He seemed more able than anyone else in Los Angeles to attract far-out poets, exciting women poets, and an occasional man poet of any age from seventeen to ninety-two and arrange for the publication of their book. Jake was doing some legitimate publishing under the imprint of The Primavera Press, but he also was doing a good deal of vanity publishing under various

imprints. Usually these were imprints which I would invent so that we could put the book out without involving our own good reputations.

The first book that I printed for Jake was in the summer of 1932 under the imprint of The Primavera Press. It was a pretty good book of poetry. It was called Summer Denial by Madeleine Ruthven. I didn't design this book; the layout was prepared by Grace Marion Brown, who was a local artist and a good friend of Jake's. It posed somewhat of a problem to do this book on my Gally Universal press because Grace Brown had made the page-size somewhat over-size and while the type fit within the frame of the press so that I could print it, the size of the paper sheet was such that it stuck out beyond the bed of the press. It being summertime, I was able to hire as a pressman, John Faust, who had taught me at Frank Wiggins Trade School. He was very happy to moonlight this way and earn a little extra money, which I will assure you was not very much, because I look into the account and see that he received $35.00 for working for me that summer.

But with his experience, he ingeniously worked out a method of flipping the sheets in such a way that while they did stick out, they didn't actually get caught in any of the mechanism of the press, and we were able to print the book.

In addition to Summer Denial during that first year, I also printed for him a little book called Lay of a Summer's Day. This was an exceedingly interesting poem because it had been written by an elderly gentleman while he was still attending Washington and Jefferson College back in the 1850's.

As the title might suggest to you, it was a rather romantic poem, written with all of the lush prose and with all of the lush verbiage of that great era, as a young college student might like to express himself. At the time we began setting type on this book the author was in his nineties. We set the poem and sent it to him. We heard no more word from him. He was living at the time in San Diego. Then all of a sudden, it came back to us and we understood that he had been run over by an automobile as he was crossing the street one day. How he managed to survive, it's hard to tell, but he had a tenacious hold on life even at that age. He moved back to Hollywood to be near the production of his book of poems, and he settled down in a little apartment and had a full-time nurse while we were working on the book. I used to go over and talk to him quite often because he was an interesting fellow. I found out that he had been one of the early members of the first chapter of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, to which I had also belonged. So, I gathered from him as much anecdotical material as I could and wrote an article about this, the oldest living member of the fraternity, and sent it on to the

fraternity magazine.

He was a little annoyed, about this time, at the lack of interest which his family was showing in him. His wife had died many years ago, but he had children living in various parts of the country. Even though he was in ill health, they showed no inclination to visit, or help him, or even entertain him in his last days. He was undoubtedly quite wealthy and he finally got even with them. He married the nurse.

As he told me, "This marriage will never be consumated, I'm sure of that. But she has been the one kind ray of light in these, my last days and months. The more I think of it, the more I want her to be taken care of. Actually my children have been amply taken care of." But it caused quite a stir with his family, and they immediately appeared on the scene.

That was one of the interesting little books which I did for Jake. The _Lay of a Summer's Day_, which also had a subtitle of "_Love is Mightier than All_," was printed under the imprint of the Faun Press. Also under the same imprint we did a book called _Weathered Wine_ in 1933. And then we did the book _Wives Come First_, in 1933, by Gladys Dubois. This Jake felt was good enough to go under the imprint of The Primavera Press.

Then there was another little book called _Rose on the Sand_, which we printed without using any imprint except the

date. This was written by one of the most exotic creatures that had come into my ken by that time. Jake described her as a "walking orgasm." [laughter] And I'm sure that Jake enjoyed every moment of every time she came into the shop.

Another little book which I printed at that time and the first book which I printed, designed and produced by myself, was The Youth of Hamlet by J. J. S. J. J. S. is John J. Slocum, who has since compiled the bibliography of James Joyce. At this time, John Slocum had just graduated from Thatcher School in Ojai, and this poem had won the poetry contest at Thatcher School. His uncle, Myles Standish Slocum, who was a well-known book collector in Pasadena, wanted to have this little book printed. I did it in an edition of twenty-five copies, and it was printed on my Washington hand press--finished on August 28, 1932. Actually, I'm not quite sure whether it or Summer Denial was my first book. They were both finished in that month.

Going back to my account book, I see that for this I received $134.00. It was hardbound; it was in a slip case, and it was printed on imported paper by hand.

The type ran about twenty-four pages or so. In addition to that, I created what I thought then was a magnificent initial letter, quite ornate--a "Y," which took up half of the first page. I was able to do a certain amount of experimentation, because on a hand press you can ink

various elements separately and I varied the colors on the initials--some in gold, some in red and I believe there were some in blue. And there were some in which I got a two-tone effect by printing one color slightly out of register on top of the other.

In addition to Dawson's and Zeitlin's Bookstore, Robinson's had quite a nice book department atthat time, which was run by Phil Kubel and Ralph Erikson. We didn't print too much for them, but I do remember when the Grabhorn Press issued Melba Bennett's book Robinson Jeffers and the Sea, that Phil Kubel was horrified at the cost of the prospectus which the Grabhorns were going to get out for him, and so I designed and printed the prospectus for the Grabhorn Press book which came out at that time. Grace Marion Brown, who had designed Summer Denial, was married to a bookseller, Louis Samuels, who had a shop called the Penguin Bookshop out on Wilshire Boulevard, and they too sent most of their incidental printing to me. Maxwell Hunley had me do some catalogues for him, as did Tony Price, who had worked several years for Jake Zeitlin. She started a bookshop along with Fillmore Phipps, on the Sunset Strip. In general, I was handling a good deal of the incidental material which the local bookstores got out.

They were also great public relations people for my printing, because occasionally somebody would ask where some printing could be done, and they would recommend this poor,

downtrodden little printer, Ward Ritchie, who lived out in South Pasadena. It was probably through Dawson that I made my first acquaintance with Lucille Miller and Estelle Doheny. Mrs. Doheny had become interested in books a few years earlier and had, through Dawson's Book Store, acquired quite a collection of American high spots. During the late twenties Merle Johnson wrote his bibliography of American First Editions and it became very fashionable to collect these books and others such as the Grolier Hundred. It was also the easiest way for a bookseller to get a new collector interested, and Dawson's made a collector of Mrs. Doheny. But as she became more sophisticated, she began to get into better and more valuable types of books.

Mrs. Doheny had as one of her secretaries a smart young girl by the name of Lucille Miller, who seemed to be more interested in the books that Mrs. Doheny was purchasing than any of the other girls who worked for her. So she became the librarian of the Doheny Collection, which at that time was housed in the great home at 8 Chester Place, where the Dohenys lived. In the summer of 1932, Mrs. Doheny decided that she would like to have a catalogue printed of an exhibition of her books which was going to be held at the University of Southern California Library, which is the library which she and her husband had given to the University of Southern California in memory of their son who had been killed a few years before.

This was actually the largest and most lucrative job which had thus far come into my printing plant. It was the time element and the size of it that precluded the printing of it completely by myself on the old equipment which I had. I was able to set it in type. The foreword was in a type called Poliphilus, which I borrowed from Clyde Browne who had a supply of this English type. I made it up and created a typographical ornament for the title page--a candelabra of learning, as I would now describe it--and made arrangements to have it printed on a Meihle vertical press which a new little outfit in Pasadena had purchased.

The outfit was known as the Castle Press. It had been started by a printer who I had known quite well while he was working for Clyde Browne at the Abbey of San Encino Press. His name was House Olsen. He was a handsome, lady-loving, hard-drinking boy who always kept a jug of gin or wine hidden in one of the cupboards of the Abbey Press, where there were no exact hours of work. He would come in and work for awhile, and then he'd go up and have a drink,and if you happened to be by, he would give you one. My recollection when I had my little studio at Clyde Browne's Abbey was that there was a constant stream of Pasadena socialites coming up in their Cadillacs and Marmons and Pierce Arrows to see House. Eventually he had an opportunity of going into printing for himself with a partner by the name of "Rocky" Thomas, whose father was

president of one of the Pasadena banks. Of course, he put up the money to start the press and brought in, through his acquaintance in Pasadena, most of the business. It was an interesting spot to visit at that time because there were a great variety of hangers-on always over there. House Olsen was a man with some talent. He tended to be a little in the conservative William Morris groove, but he was a meticulous workman during the hours when he was in a condition to work. I made arrangements with them to do the presswork on this catalogue for Mrs. Doheny.

I don't know if I mentioned it, but I see that for this, I received the sum of $500, which put me well on "easy street." As I look back at my accounts for the month of April, which was the first month which I actually kept records, I show my income, but I do not show any of my expenses. However, after that I became a little more thorough, and on one side of this account book I put accounts receivable and on the other side I put accounts payable. The month of May I received $78.00 and I paid out $48.31. So, I put down net profit for May: $29.69. June was even better. Well, no, it wasn't quite. I received $99.25, and I paid out $97.23, which gave me a profit of $2.02. July--I made a profit of $28.43. And then in August, I did extremely well because I did Summer Denial for Jake. I also did some Occidental College announcements; a catalogue for Dawson's; and I did some broadsides

for amiable and wonderful old Robert Cowan of the Clark Library. I made a profit of $139.

In that September with Mrs. Doheny's catalogue I made $283. But then I slipped back again. In October, I lost $71.13. In November, I made a profit of $6.85, and that seems to be the end of my adding up to profit and losses. From there on, I entered, but I didn't add up.

It was too discouraging. But this will give some indication of how a struggling printing plant operated in the severe times of 1932.

As I have mentioned, Jake Zeitlin had this little shop at 705 1/2 West Sixth Street, and a little later he moved across the street and a half a block toward town to, I believe it was, 614 West Sixth Street. Lloyd Wright again designed an admirable little bookshop for him. It had all the charm and warmth that you could want in a bookstore. Larry Powell worked for him, and it was there that Jake went through the maneuverings that were necessary for a shop of his type to survive during these really tough years.

It seems to me that Jake was always coming up with a new partner who would be able to put a little capital in for a time. Then as soon as he recognized the difficulties of a bookseller's life he would withdraw, and Jake would have to continue for himself as best he could until he could get somebody else.

It was his shop, however, on Carondolet which was the most appealing that I think he ever had. It was the old coachhouse in back of the Earl Residence. It was two stories; downstairs he had the bookshop, which was as with all Jake's places--as charming as man could conceive it. I have forgotten whether Lloyd Wright did that for him, or whether it was Walter Baerman.

It seems to me that Walter Baerman had something to do with it. He was running the Pasadena School of Design at that time. It was attractive with rough, unfinished wood. In all of his places, Jake had to have room to display art. He always wanted to have a gallery in his shops. The stable had two stories, and he and his family lived upstairs and worked downstairs, which was a convenient way of living and doing business.

You could always visit Jake, either upstairs or down.

Jake had many ailments. He always complained bitterly about what was wrong with him. The one time we thought we were going to lose Jake was when he had ulcers. Jake practically gave up; it's the only time I've known Jake really to give up. Upstairs, he lay on his large bed, and I used to come almost daily down to see him because from all indications this was the end, and Jake let us know that it was the end--it was so very serious. I recall very well the day when I spoke with Jake and held his hand and we fully expected that this would be the last time we ever

met. I came by a couple of days later. Jake was downstairs. He was smoking a cigar, and I looked with rather wide eyes and said, "Jake, I thought you were dying?"

And he said, "Well, I read an article in Fortune saying that it's all in your mind. How about going out and having a drink with me?"

Jake and I wandered around the corner to a bar and enjoyed his revival--his very quick revival.

It was also at this store that bankruptcy finally caught up with Jake. It was a pretty sad day for those of us who knew and loved and admired Jake and the store which he had. The bankruptcy auctioneers had come in. They had little knowledge of books and certainly no affection for them. They went through his stock bundling five or six books as a unit, and this would be, for instance, Lot Three. In this way they prepared for the sale. In many instances, a two-volume set might be split; one would be in one group of books and another in the next.

They didn't even look at them; they just grabbed and bundled.

Most of Jake's friends came to the auction, as well as others who were interested in getting some of his stock, and the auction started off. The first item up was a bundle about a foot high and about two feet square. Obviously, it had been wrapped from what was left when they'd finished. It looked like debris because you could see the

morning newspaper, a Saturday Evening Post and things like that.

It looked as if it were complete junk, but it was put up as item, Number One. The auctioneer asked for bids, but no one even wanted to make an offer. He was a little desperate and asked again, "Anybody, offer anything."

Just as a friendly gesture, I said, "fifty cents," to get the auction open.

The auctioneer said, "It is yours for fifty cents."

The auction went through, and we all bought a few things for sentiment's sake. Later that afternoon when it was all over, I went to get my books, and the auctioneer said, "Well, take that along too." And he laughed.

It seemed sort of a futile thing to do, but I did take it home. As I went through, I threw out the newspapers and I threw out a half a dozen mangy magazines. I was just about ready to throw away the remainder when I spied a couple of little folders. I opened one up, and it had some examples of early California Sealed Paper. This Sealed Paper was an interesting legacy from Spanish and Mexican colonial days when, needing to get as much income as possible from their colonies, they used this as a method of taxation. All legal matters were required to be written on this paper which only the government could sell.

It had been used in California during the early years and had been sent in from Mexico City. But during the

late twenties and the early thirties, Mexican interest in its distant colony of California was minimal and the poor people up here were often neglected. However, the Sealed Paper was for their existance, because one couldn't sell a piece of property, couldn't get married, could do hardly anything legally without it. And it was probably for this purpose that Augustin Zamorano brought with him to California a little type with which to print this Sealed Paper. Otherwise it had to be written by hand which was a tiresome chore, I'm sure. Then they had to be signed by the governor of California and his deputy.

I looked through the packet, and there was a nice collection of this Sealed Paper. Some of them were written out by hand and signed by people like Echeandía and Figueroa, and some of them that were printed are among the earliest printed pieces that Zamorano, California's first printer, had done. Among other things, there was a letter on a very crude letterhead from Monterey. I was extremely curious about this because it was earlier than most of the others, and in checking George Harding's book on Zamorano, I found that this letter was written the first day that Zamorano had finished some stationery for the governor. It is the earliest known piece of printing in the state of California. There are probably two or three other pieces from that same day because the governor, once he got his stationery, probably scribbled off several letters and sent them out. It

was an exciting discovery and I must admit one of the best investments I've ever made with only fifty cents.

But Jake survived this and was back in business soon again and remained at the little barn on Carondolet until the County bought the Earl House, demolished it along with Jake's coachhouse and built more of Otis Art Institute there. Whereupon he moved out to La Cienega into his current place, the Red Barn.

Earlier, when he was still down on Sixth Street, a Kansas schoolteacher walked in one day, and Jake's eyes looked her over, and next thing I knew Jake told me he wanted me to meet a girl. He brought her out to the shop, and I looked her over and approved of her--considerably. Of course, I didn't know at that time to the extent to which Jake was interested. So, we both vyed occasionally for her attention. One night, Jake and I were out rather late at a party, and we decided to see Josephine Ver Brugge. We discovered her apartment house, and that she was up on the third floor. We found which was her room, but the front door was locked and nobody answered the bell. So, Jake and I had a fine time throwing stones at her window.

Naturally, this is the way you woo a woman, isn't it? Jake married her, and she added--to Jake's charming enthusiasm--down-to-earth practicality, which brought about stability and eventually a most successful book business.

Jake continued to run his own shop, but they had bought a whole batch of surplus medical magazines from UCLA or some library, and put them in a store on Seventh Street. Josephine went into the business selling these medical magazines, and she made such a success of it that when they joined forces as Zeitlin and Ver Brugge, the medical part of it still continued as one of their major successful enterprises.

Among other things during this year of 1932, I again began writing some poetry. Originally, I had written while I was in college under the influence of Carlyle MacIntyre whose whole outpouring was in poetry. He kept his diary actually in poetry, and everytime he thought or looked at a girl, a poem would pour out. As a young college student, it seemed to be quite an exciting way of life. I didn't have the talent or the ability of a MacIntyre; so the poems which I wrote during the first year were rather forced. But I decided to print them as a Christmas booklet one year. This first little book was called _XV Poems for the Heath Broom_.

I wasn't sure whether I was proud of them or not, so I used a _nom de plume_ of Peter Lum Quince. Now Lawrence Powell has always kidded me that I was more interested in the appearance of the page than I was in the accuracy of my terms. And I must admit that I had first thought of them as _Poems for the hearth broom_, but the extra "r" in

there didn't quite fit the space I had; I looked in the dictionary, and certainly there was a heath broom made out of heath twigs,and so I changed. I was also going to use Peter Quince after Shakespeare's character but then too I needed a little more length to the line, so I inserted "Lum" and it became Peter Lum Quince.

As I mentioned, these were somewhat contrived poems because I was trying to hard to be a poet. In 1932, there returned to southern California a girl that I had known quite well in high school, who was a slim and beauteous and somewhat sophisticated gal who I had earlier thought as a little too sophisticated for an innocent boy like myself.

She had married while she was in college, and she returned to southern California in 1932, getting a divorce. She had come home to spend her interim year. She called me, and we renewed our old friendship which we had had in high school and in college. I saw quite a bit of her, and for the first time I began writing out of the heart.

The second little volume of my poetry was based upon some of these poems which I had written to her. Carlyle MacIntyre had been asked to edit the West Coast portion of an anthology called The North American Book of Verse, back in '33, and he asked me if I would like to submit something. I culled a half a dozen poems from these and submitted them, and he included them in that book.

Later on, as another Christmas booklet, I reprinted them with illustrations by Paul Landacre. Paul Landacre had also illustrated the first book. This book, short and sparse as it was, did have a little more quality.

TAPE NUMBER: EIGHT, SIDE ONE

March 30, 1965

Ritchie: As the tape ran out last time, we were talking about some of the small books of poetry I had written in my moments of passion. And I was going to quote from a letter which I received some years later from Lawrence Clark Powell, referring to this little book, The Year's at the Spring. He wrote,

> Wardie, I picked up a few W. R. duplicates at Hunley's yesterday, items he got from young Cowan. Among them was a Year's At the Spring. Do you realize that in it you have written a wee masterpiece. I've always been moved by the cycle, but upon rereading it last night I was stirred as never before. I am giving this duplicate copy to a friend, letting it do a little job for me. That's why I'm writing. To thank you for having experienced that idol and having distilled its bittersweet essence in these eight tiny poems. And Landacre's accompaniement is perfect. I salute you Peter Quince, and hope that you will look in your heart and write again.
>
> Goose

"Goose" is the name that Larry Powell went by during our high school and grammar school days. Joe Goose, we called him.

These little books of poems were quite personal and usually issued in only a few copies. The next one was done a few years later as a class project by one of the students whom I had during the summer of 1941, a girl from Occidental by the name of Jane Frampton who took my printing course.

As a project, each of the students was supposed to print a little booklet. She knew that I had written some poems and asked if she could gather some of these together, which she did very nicely, in a book which was called Fragments of Yesterday, also by Peter Lum Quince. These are rather sad little poems because I guess it was a sad time of my life--after a temporary separation from my first wife. She printed only twenty copies of this little book.

The next one was called A Few More for the Powells and the Heathbroom, of which twenty-five copies were printed in 1949. I've forgotten the exact occasion, but I think it was Larry's birthday or some such event. [Wedding anniversary] March 26th was the date, so it must have been of some importance, and another half dozen or so poems were included in that booklet.

The final one was a sequence of poems which were written during the time that I was wooing a girl by the name of Marka, who eventually became my wife. It's called A Summer Sequence, Poems for Marka, by Peter Lum Quince, which I gave to her on Christmas of 1950. On the cover, as a title, I have Proof for Marka because actually it's almost like a printer's proof

Presumably there was only one copy printed for Marka, but as is usually the case when you are attempting to print anything, in order to have one perfect you have to do several. In this instance, I did it on Christmas Eve on the proof

press at the plant in town and came home to a quite angry wife because she couldn't understand why I would be so late on this special night. It wasn't until the next morning when she received her copy of this book that she forgave me. So that is the extent of the poetry or verse written by Peter Lum Quince during those many years.

Dixon: You haven't written any since?

Ritchie: Not to any extent. I suspect that verse, such as I wrote, stirs in one because of some emotional need for an outlet, and possibly age has had something to do with it. The romantic stirrings do not come as often now as they once did. Possibly also one feels a certain amount of contentment which doesn't seem to produce poetry from an amateur such as I. As a result, the little books which I have done are all on the rare side, and I doubt if anyone besides myself, Larry Powell, and possibly the libraries at Occidental and Clark have copies of all of them. The first two books, the XV Poems For the Heathbroom and The Year's at Spring were issued as Christmas booklets to friends, and most probably didn't consider them as objects to save and collect but merely as a Christmas card to receive and discard. So, I don't know how many have been preserved. Occasionally, of course, one does show up, as this one about which Larry wrote. I've seen one in Dawson's occasionally, and surprisingly enough they're quite expensive now because of their rarity.

The days when I was first getting into printing were exciting and interesting ones in many ways. It was the depth of the Depression, one of the most unlikely times for any-body to enjoy oneself. But since everybody was broke we were all in the same boat. You could buy a gallon of wine for fifty cents, and your friends would gather around to help you drink it. One couldn't afford parties but we were constantly having them--impromptu gatherings. We had more sessions of just talk and the planning of things we wanted to do.

Many quite exciting people intruded into my life in those days. There was a young poet who came to me with suggestions for a book. His name was Norman MacLeod. He was quite patently interested in the Communist party and the growth of it here in America at that time. And one of the first jobs which he brought to me was a letterhead which he wanted printed, which I did in a rather bold type. It was for an organization which he was trying to found in Los Angeles called the John Reed Club. Not knowing much about it, I was invited to a meeting.

I seem not to have been too interested and wrote about this meeting: "Went with Gregg Anderson to an organization meeting of the Hollywood John Reed Club. Norman MacLeod had invited me to become a member. The proceedings irked me. A club should never take itself this seriously. I would not join. Came home to read from Keats and Shakespeare,

from Endymion and the first chapter of the Tempest. After all the Tempest is my greatest love in literature. Every word and every line is packed with beauty."

A little later Norman MacLeod called me and said, "Would you like to meet Lincoln Steffens?" I was interested because of Steffens' great stature in the United States. Also he was one of the Carmel group along with Robinson Jeffers, and that whole area had fascinated me from the days at Occidental when I first became acquainted with Jeffers' poetry. I kept notes on this and it's a most interesting insight into the feelings of people like Steffens and Norman MacLeod and their concept of Russia and Communism in these early thirties.

I wrote at that time:

> Yesterday morning I met Norman MacLeod at the Alexandria Hotel at 9:30 for an appointment we had with Lincoln Steffens. We went into the coffee shop while Steffens had his breakfast of orange juice, a roll and coffee. He was in Los Angeles for a lecture. MacLeod wants to go to Russia and thought that Steffens might be able to suggest possible financial aid. We talked much about Russia and Communism. Steffens had known Lenin and he often mentioned conversations they had had together. He claimed that though Lenin might be worshiped now, he would not be really appreciated for several decades. Said one should read the New Testament open-mindedly and see how Jesus had been mistranslated and made myth. The same would probably be true of Lenin. Lenin made Communism. A man like Trotsky at the helm would have led Russia into dictatorship, but Lenin had no personal ambition. He, in fact, tried to keep away from the government. Steffens brought up as examples a former mayor of Cleveland (the best executive in the United States) who had told him

that the problem of government was chiefly in dealing with special interests who expected or connived for favors.
"There are no real Communists in the United States," said Steffens. "It is impossible for one raised under the capitalistic system to have a total contempt for money," etc. "In fact it will take about three generations for real Communists to be raised in Russia. But the present crop of youngsters are doing well. They are raised on dogma. They are totally ruthless and without our Anglo-Saxon sentimentality. They have the principles before them and everything must be sacrificed for these. Trotsky was the hero of the young Communists far more than Lenin, but he was thrown out in regard for the principle."
The magazine, the Journal of the World Revolution, had criticized MacLeod's poem "The Front" for deviating and Steffens said that was perfectly in accord with their dogmatism. No deviation is allowed. Steffens thinks that the Fascists are paving the way for Communism in Germany. Italy too. The Italians are hard to deal with, having as they do, an inborn hate for policemen and the government. Mussolini is cowing them and it is good for them. Germany must go through the fascist steps before it is ready for Communism. In the same way in Russia, Lenin delayed and delayed the blow, despite all other people's impatience, until exactly the right moment. He had let despair creep in after all other government had tried and failed and then he swept to his goal. Steffens' wife (Ella Winters) just returned from Russia and wants to go back and live there. Steffens thinks he'd like to go and have his child brought up under the Communist philosophy, so that he might get it before he is too old. And then Steffens said that I should keep in touch with Amortag for they'd eventually need printers to put out their propaganda in nice form.

Well, that was the end of our discussion about the Communist state. I wonder now what Steffens might think if he had seen what has developed in the three decades since we've talked together. Of course, he was quite an idealist, and I don't think that Stalin had come into

the picture to any great extent at that time, or he wouldn't have said that Lenin had kept it from being a dictatorship.

Another one of those interesting people who came to Los Angeles at that time was also of Communist leaning--a Mexican artist by the name of David Alfaro Siqueiros. Jake Zeitlin had met him. Siqueiros had been in jail in Mexico for a good many of the preceding years, as he also has been during many of the succeeding years. Between the murals that he does he spends a little time in jail for some of his radical actions. But evidently the Mexicans are lenient with their prisoners and allow them a certain amount of freedom; wives are allowed to come in and comfort them from time to time. Siqueiros, while in prison, did a series of woodcuts. They were cut on some sleazy, apple-box wood which he had been able to find. Jake, naturally, being in the business of selling books and selling art, saw a fine opportunity. He borrowed these blocks from Siqueiros and asked me if I would print them for him, which I did on the old Washington hand press which I had. Jake had Siqueiros sign them and he sold them in sets. Since then I've never seen a set. I kept one series for myself which was not signed by Siqueiros, but at least I do know what it was that I printed. Back in thirties, they probably sold for little or nothing, and nowadays would be quite an attractive set to have.

While Siqueiros was out here, we saw quite a bit of him. Down on Olvera Street, there was the side of a building which was completely blank, and it was accessible from the roof of another building. This intrigued Siqueiros no end. He suggested, or possibly somebody else suggested, that we do a mural on this. So a dozen or so Los Angeles artists, would-be artists who had nothing but time on their hands, gathered, and Siqueiros knowing the technique was able to show the rest how it was done. He made the design, and for a month or two a variety of people worked on this. Eventually we had the unveiling down there. It wasn't completely appreciated by the people of Los Angeles and eventually it was covered over.

I don't know what has become of it--whether another building has gone up to hide it or whether it was painted over. It's a shame because it was part of the culture of Los Angeles in those days and conceived by one of the great artists of Mexico.

One night we had dinner with Carl and Edith Howenstein. Carl Howenstein had been head of the Otis Art Institute for quite awhile, and his wife was a charming and interesting person who gathered together in their little house up in the hills, in back of Occidental College, groups of talkers. This particular night George and Kathaleen Stanley were there. George Stanley was one of the young

creative sculptors at that time. Right offhand, I can think only of the sculpture at the entrance of the Hollywood Bowl and the original of "The Oscar" as examples of his work. Hildegarde Flanner and her husband Fred Monhoff were also there. Hildegarde was a well-known California poet, and her husband Fred Monhoff was an architect of some talent. Together with David Alfaro Siqueiros and his wife--whose name I always love--Blanca Luz Blum; "White Light" Blum.

At dinner, we talked of Hart Crane whose poetry I had admired very much. Especially his great poem about the Brooklyn Bridge which had had quite an influence. Siqueiros had lived with Hart Crane in Mexico at one time, and his description of Crane was most interesting to us who knew Crane solely through his poetry. Crane was down there on a Guggenheim Fellowship, and he was enjoying Mexico without any inhibitions. Crane, as Siqueiros said, was almost continuously drunk. He was getting into fights all the time and falling down on those hard cobblestone streets, cutting his face and bleeding. Sometimes he would sleep in the gutter and wake the next morning to find himself completely naked, stripped of all of his clothes by looters.

He loved to dance over the town drunken, and he always wore one of these huge Mexican hats. He liked Mexico, and all of the soldiers and the townspeople of

Taxco, where he lived, liked him too. He, however, had some difficulty with his Guggenheim Fellowship because he was supposed to produce and all he wanted to do was play. The fact that he had spent this year in Mexico without any production, however, must have been the great depressant, because when he left Mexico to go back to New York where he had to make his report, he evidently felt that he couldn't face it. He disappeared from the ship on the way back most probably committing suicide. A great loss to the world of literature.

As with most foreign artists who do not always understand the practical ways of American people, Siqueiros had his trouble too. Earl Stendhal had a show of Siqueiros, and Siqueiros was complaining this night bitterly because Stendhal would not release these paintings until Siqueiros paid for some of the expenses contracted in the show. And then, also, he had painted a picture of Marguerite Brunswig, who was a wealthy amateur sculptor and art patron. I don't know exactly what the cause of their altercation, whether she didn't like the way that she was portrayed by Siqueiros or something that he said to her, but she refused to pay him and wouldn't accept the picture from him. That night he was talking about how he was going to get even with her. He thought he'd have an auction of it on one of the main streets of Los Angeles and shout out, "Here's a portrait

of the rich Brunswig girl, who won't pay. What am I offered? What will you take for her?" But he became serious then, and he said, "What is to become of an artist now? It was once when an artist was starving he could go into manual labor and earn enough to feed himself. But you can't even work; the times are so bad that an artist can only starve."

Another artist I knew, who had great ability, was Stanislaw Szukolski. Szukolski was a Pole who had come to America and had a brilliant beginning in Chicago at the Art Institute. He had such great technical facility, such energy and such a brilliant portfolio of ideas, that during the twenties he was considered to be the most brilliant prospect of that area in American art. He got lots of publicity at the time and was married to an extremely attractive and exceptionally wealthy young Chicago society girl. When I first met him in the early thirties, he was living in an area of Hollywood known as Outpost Estates, in a house with a living room as big as a normal house. It was crammed with gigantic sculpture which he had created. Among others, there was a dramatic Mussolini, which he hoped might appeal to the dictator.

His conceptions were quite ornate, decorated almost in a Byzantine lavishness.

They were mammoth pieces in general. His wife in-

dulged him. She had had an earlier accident or illness that had left her somewhat invalided. He had the greatest ego of any man that I have ever known. And his ego, his ideas, conformed with his own physical and mental abilities. He believed that the only smart men were short, stocky ones. He decried most Americans because they were taller and thinner than he was. His theory was that one got his energy from being close to the ground.

> A good session at Newell's, the night before last. Al and M. F. K. Fisher, Szukolski and I were there for dinner. Szukolski talked marvelously. His theory of education--keeping books and stuffed knowledge from people until they've learned to think and to judge material. As he said, "Everything a youth reads is considered authority, under our present system. Thinking is forgotten." He believes that during the period of sexual awakening and growth, education should consist of manual crafts in order to sublimate sexual urge in physical activity. Thinking will develop at the same time until both intellectually and physically the youth is ready for mind training. Szukolski hates critics, historians and writers of second-hand material. Speaks of them as "those who know more than those who do more." He also proposed the idea that the future wars would be fought over the control of the Gulf Stream.

This was during the 1930s. He had one idea which intrigued me--of a pyramid, a memorial to the dead of a nation. Instead of burying people in plots such as Forest Lawn or cremating them and putting them into little niches in a mausoleum, he proposed that everyone upon death would be cremated and the ashes moulded into a

brick, and these bricks would be used to build a huge memorial pyramid. A whole generation of people, upon death, could be part of one beautiful monument. It would save the land which we now use; it would be useful as a building.

Before World War II, he returned to Poland, wishing to know again the strength of the peasant and the great vitality of the Polish people. He had divorced his wealthy wife and had married a younger woman. He no longer had the money to support his expensive schemes. As a result, he wanted to go to his native land, where he thought his abilities might be appreciated and he might become recognized as a great native sculptor.

He was there at the time of the Nazi invasion, and told later of the terrible carnage...escaping down roads with literally thousands of bodies piled on each side. They had been machine-gunned as they tried to escape. But he did escape and come back to America. Since that time, I haven't seen him; I understand that he lives out in the Valley now and teaches some art classes there. He never used models for his drawing, and he always tried to keep his students from using them because he believed that the image had to be created in one's mind. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest craftsman or draftsman that I have ever known.

Then there was Rockwell Kent, who came out to see us one time. As I wrote about this occasion,

Very, very tired this morning and lay in bed fitfully sleeping until 1:00 P.M. Jake Zeitlin called, and John Cage came over to play something new he was composing. Finally rose and worked on Max Hunley's catalogue, which I would like to finish tomorrow. At six I went to Jake's, where Manuel Kommroff was. We talked. Later I got Paul and Margarite Landacre and Rockwell Kent came in with a girl he had picked up here. I talked to him about an article I was going to write about him. He said I could write anything. Louis Samuel of the Penguin Bookshop, who was there, told how Michael Romanoff had arrived in Los Angeles, masquerading as Rockwell Kent and for awhile got away with it. This amused Kent no end and he told of how once he was going through the quarries to get some men to sign some sort of petition, and the boss heard that he was there and came rushing down to see him. All of the men gathered around him and the boss said he had enjoyed very much the Saturday Evening Post covers that he had done. Kent felt that he couldn't let all the workmen down since they thought he was the great man, not Rockwell Kent but Norman Rockwell. He said even out here on this, his latest visit, he had been the guest of honor at a tea given in honor of Norman Rockwell.

Kent was a vital extrovert. He too was short and full of energy and he liked nothing better than a good joke. He told us some incredible stories that evening.

Once, he said, he was sitting in a café in New York when they were just ready to close down. And a patron came in, but since everybody was ready to leave, they were going to tell him they were closing. Kent said, "No, let me handle him." So he pulled off his coat, took a napkin and a menu and went after the man. As the man would select something from the menu, Kent said, "Sorry, all out of it." Went down the whole menu until the last item which was chicken a la king. Kent took this

order, went back to the kitchen and found that they really were out of chicken a la king. But no matter, he went to the refrigerator and pulled out a lot of things, pushed them together on a plate and warmed them up. Having no lettuce, he put chips of carrots around. For bread he got out some dried hunks that had been thrown away and put them on a plate.

But, first, he took in some soup, served it to the man, then found that the table was jiggling a little--as so often happens in restaurants when one leg is a little short. So he got down on his hands and knees, though the man was protesting all the time that it was fine. He'd pull up one leg, and some soup would spill this way; then he would push it around, then he'd get up and jiggle it some more. Before the man got a taste of his soup, it was all over the table. As he got up, he stepped on the man's toes and apologized for everything, but the man was getting more and more exasperated.

As he is going back to get the next dish, he saw a rubber sponge, a round rubber sponge.

He put it in a dish and covered it with some salt, grated some carrots on it, and took it in to the man and served it up to him. You can imagine, as the man sawed at it, what happened.

Finally the man was so angry that he asked to have the bill. Kent meticulously and slowly started putting

down various items. He figured in every possible thing that he could, including extra butter and the tablecloth cover that had been spotted, and at the bottom of it, he added a five-dollar cover charge.

The bill came to a little more than fourteen dollars, and the man exploded. He grabbed a menu and counted up the price of each of the items and put exactly that much money on the table.

But Kent came up to him, with his hand open, and said, "But, sir, I have served you." At this, the man really exploded and told Kent off. Upon which a gleam came into Kent's eye and a queer expression, and he said, "Sir, you know, I was wounded in the war. A...a...a thing like this is going to send me back to the hospital." And he grabbed the man, who thought he had a crazy man on his hands; and all he wanted to do was get out of the place. But Kent grabbed his overcoat and put it on the man, as he was trying to escape as best he could. But as all good waiters do, Kent grabbed him by the collar of his overcoat, put his hand underneath to pull down his coat, whereupon, the man, in panic, fled out of the place.

Another of the amusing things that Kent recalled was when he was with a friend who had an office on the thirty-fourth floor of one of the New York skyscrapers, from which there was a magnificent view of the surrounding

buildings. They had a pair of binoculars with which they could watch what was happening in other offices. They happened to be looking into a lawyer's office and the name of the lawyer was printed on the window as so often happened in those days. They saw him pursuing his secretary. They looked up the phone number and rang the phone. The man answered it, and Kent said in a very low voice, "This is God watching. Do you think you should be doing that?" And hung up. [Laughter]

During the First World War, he had a studio on the island of Newfoundland. Kent always loved the colder climates, it seemed. America was not in the war at that time, but the Canadians and Newfoundlers were involved in it. Kent was only concerned with his own sketching, but the Newfoundlers became suspicious of him--a man who was drawing pictures of various strategic places on their island, and so he was accused of being a German spy. Well, Kent would take nothing like this lying down. He put a German Cross on the outside of his studio. Then, from time to time, he would letter a little sign which he would put up over his door. One of them was the "Chart Room"; another was the "Bomb House." In time he became so suspect that he was asked to leave as a German spy.

He told of one other interesting experience when he was up there. He liked to play tennis. Next to him there was a open plot of ground, and he asked the farmer

who owned it if he could use it as a tennis court. The man acquiesced and thought it might be fun to watch. For weeks, Kent and some of his pals worked on it--smoothed it out, put some clay on it and got it into pretty good shape. Then the farmer came and said to him that he had changed his mind, and he was going to plow it up and plant it in potatoes.

Kent used his persuasiveness to no avail, and then in complete anger blasted the man with all of the invective possible. And Kent's vocabulary was such that it must have been quite a thing to hear. The farmer didn't care too much for this, and Kent was hauled into court. And it was much more serious than he had originally thought it might be, because, among other things, he had said, "I'm going to kill you if you touch that tennis court." And so here was a murder threat. It came to court, and Kent pondered about his case for quite awhile before he got in there, because actually he had little or no defense.

As he was waiting while the farmer was making his accusation, Kent was drawing, making caricatures of the man which, when finished, he would throw on the floor. It amused everybody but the farmer. The farmer, however, felt that he had a pretty good case and strutted around. But as he came to his final point standing before Kent, Kent looked down and whispered to him, "You know I think

your fly's open." The man retreated wherewith to confirm.

Finally Kent was brought to the stand, and they asked him if it were true that he called this gentleman some obscene names. And Kent says, "Yes." And he said, "I called him such-and-such." And for several minutes he uttered all the blasphemies he could think of. It became so ludicrous that the courtroom was dissolved in laughter.

It was obvious that no one could be serious and call a man all of the things that came out of the very active imagination of Rockwell Kent.

Finally, the judge said, "And did you say that you were going to kill him?"

Kent answered, "Yes, I told him that I was going to kill him and eat him down to the very last hair on his head." Whereupon the whole case was laughed out of court, and Kent was fined five dollars and allowed to go.

In the late twenties and early thirties, there developed an interest in fine printing and book printing in Los Angeles. It was a late development in this area compared with other places in the United States and Europe. I suppose originally it had been William Morris and the Kelmscott Press that stimulated a new interest in the private press book, quickly followed in England by Cobden-Sanderson and the Doves Press, the Ashendene Press and many others.

In America, Daniel Berkeley Updike and Bruce Rogers were originally inspired by William Morris, but they soon created their own style and image. There were some who aped William Morris completely, like Elbert Hubbard of the Roycrofters, and others like Will Bradley who developed his original inspiration from William Morris.

On the West Coast John Henry Nash of San Francisco was the printer who made us aware of "fine printing." Nash had been a printer since the 1890's. He had been known as a "rule bender" because he had, in his early days, been so adept at making decorations from rules.

He was a typographer--a typesetter, primarily--and he eventually joined the firm of Taylor and Taylor, which was one of the old and staid printing firms in San Francisco. In 1912, when the Book Club of California was founded, it offered an outlet for the printing of fine books.

Then there were some great patrons at that time. William Andrews Clark was one of these, along with the Hearsts, and they were willing to pay handsomely to have limited and finely printed editions done privately for themselves.

His success induced other printers to come to San Francisco. The Grabhorn brothers came from Indianapolis along with several others, but the Grabhorns and John Henry Nash were the two most important.

In Los Angeles, there hadn't been many fine books printed. The first really fine printer here was Bruce McCallister whose firm, Young and McCallister, during the twenties was doing some quite handsome booklets for real estate promotion, primarily for the subdivision of Bel-Air, and then Jake Zeitlin had arrived in Los Angeles as an impecunious bookseller with a great interest in fine printing.

He was a stimulating influence, importing English books by the Nonesuch Press, by the Golden Cockerel Press and others. Random House was also started about that time as an outlet for the English and American private press books. The Limited Editions Club was founded in 1928. People had money and they were madly buying the luscious, beautiful books which were being produced.

As a result, Los Angeles began to be interested in finely printed books.

There was not as great a market down here as in San Francisco, but there was enough interest to bring together a little group of which Grant Dahlstrom, Saul Marks, myself, and Gregg Anderson were probably the beginnings. Jake Zeitlin, many years later, very aptly called it, "a small renaissance in printing that came to Los Angeles."

TAPE NUMBER: EIGHT, SIDE TWO

April 13, 1965

Ritchie: Last time we were just getting around to the minor renaissance of printing that came to Los Angeles in the latter part of the 1920's and continued through the early Depression days. Bruce McCallister had been doing some fine work in Los Angeles. It wasn't until fairly late in the twenties that he became involved in the printing of books to any great extent. The first book that he did, he once told me, was by a man named Driscoll, called The Two Oldest Things in the World. I've never seen a copy of the book so I couldn't tell much about it. The earliest of his books that I have seen was the biography of Arthur Letts which was probably printed about 1927 or so. He had done a couple of bound books which were really real estate pamphlets, though. One of them, as I recall, was for Bel-Air when it was being offered to the public the first time, and it was really a beautifully conceived and printed book.

He was given a commission to print a history of Warner's Ranch about 1928. He was involved in this when a young man from Utah arrived and applied for a job. His name was Grant Dahlstrom. Grant was a Mormon boy who had grown up in Ogden, Utah, and had worked, to a certain extent, in a printing plant there and had gone East to

Carnegie Institute of Technology, which had an outstanding printing program, which it still has. He stayed there two years and was fortunate during this time to come under the influence of Porter Garnett, who was operating the Laboratory Press at Carnegie Tech. Inasmuch as only upper-classmen were ever allowed to work at the Laboratory Press, Grant was not an actual member of that, but he did take courses from Porter Garnett, and it had quite an influence on him.

When he arrived in Los Angeles, he was already a most capable designer. His earliest works were mature, restrained and extremely well-conceived. McCallister turned over to him the design of the title page of the Warner's Ranch book, and it was a very successful one. It is of importance in Los Angeles bookmaking inasmuch as it was the first book printed in Los Angeles that was selected as one of the Fifty Books of the Year.

McCallister was becoming more and more interested in books, and the young bookseller, Jake Zeitlin, aided and abetted his interest. Together they brought out Sarah Bixby Smith's _Adobe Days_; Jake published it. They also did _Los Angeles in the Sunny Seventies_, a translation of an early German book on Los Angeles. The Depression, however, curtailed a lot of the business which the firm of Young and McCallister previously had had, and the stock

market crash eliminated a good part of McCallister's savings. The firm was on uneasy foundations after 1929. As I recall, the Bank of America had a certain interest in the firm and did its best to help it survive. They moved from their fine building at the corner of Pico and Santee Streets across the Los Angeles River and consolidated with a lithograph company which was also in trouble. They managed to linger on for another year or so, but finally the whole operation was liquidated in 1933, or so. At the time there was a newspaper called Shopping News in Los Angeles which was a giveaway and was going great guns. This firm wanted to acquire some of the aura of Bruce McCallister and also to put in a definite printing department in addition to the newspaper which they printed. So Bruce McCallister and with him Grant Dahlstrom were given a job by Shopping News and headed an adjunct which was called Adcraft. The two of them must have stayed there for about ten years until the middle of the war. Dahlstrom remained in the position of the creative director, and designed numerous books which they printed. They did several for the Huntington Library during this period, and one especially beautiful book about Kachinas, which was written by Gene Meany Hodge, the wife of Frederick Hodge of the Southwest Museum.

This combination broke up during the war, about 1943, and Grant Dahlstrom for a short time was production manager

for a small advertising agency in Los Angeles. Then he bought the Castle Press from House Olson and Roscoe Thomas in Pasadena. Unfortunately, Grant was taken ill soon after this. It was quite a struggle for awhile, but he survived the illness as did his Press. The Castle Press, since then, has been an integral part of the printing community--an extremely important cog--and while Grant has not specialized in books, he still has done two or three each year. They're all notable examples of fine printing. During recent years, he has been aided by numerous good designers; many have come from the East and can always find a spot at Grant's Press to work. I think especially of Edward Alonzo Miller, formerly of Marchbanks Press, and more recently of Gary Feerer, who is one of the most talented of the younger group that is now coming up. Gary got his apprenticeship at our press several years ago, working as an apprentice in our composing room. We recognized him at that time as one with great ability and great potential. He tired of the printing business temporarily and went into business for two or three years and then decided to get back into the printing business, and Grant Dahlstrom hired him as a salesman. He proved to be an extremely good salesman because he sold creatively. He could make attractive designs and sell the package to his customers. He has been creating some extremely fine things, in the educa-

tional field, primarily--at Occidental College and at several other of the schools. He left Grant and associated with an artist in Claremont, California by the name of Tom Jamieson.

It looked as if the two would make a happy combination and would add fresh life and vitality to the printing in this area. He has since returned to work with the Castle Press.

Saul Marks has become the premier printer, I believe, of Los Angeles. His books are all beautiful and immaculate.

While presumably a commercial printer, there is nothing commercial about anything that Saul does. When he conceives a book or a catalog, cost and time are not important factors to him. He wants it as perfect and as beautiful as he can make it. While he struggled for a good many years, he now can attract the kind of customers who can afford to pay the prices that he must have for his work. He is not a creative printer in the sense that Dahlstrom is. If you look at the output of Saul's over the last thirty years, there is a consistent sameness to it, but he has maintained an impeccable beauty throughout it all. It's much as with the Doves Press or most of the early private presses. They adopted a style or format and for book after book followed in the same pattern.

Aside from an occasional use of illustration, which gives variety to the appearance of Saul's books, most of them do follow the typographic pattern which he developed early. He was born in Poland. Oddly enough, he and I were born on the same day, on June 15, 1905, and we will both celebrate our sixtieth birthday this year--hopefully together, enjoying it all. He began printing at quite an early age. He told me that he was working for a printing shop in Poland at the age of twelve, which was during the First World War. The proprietors were taking advantage of the whole situation and were counterfeiting German marks at that time. They were caught and incarcerated for the duration of the war and Saul, with a thirteen-year-old apprentice, were left in complete charge of the printing plant.

These two boys managed somehow to survive the war, along with the printing plant. And so he had good basic training right there.

After the war, he came to the United States and worked in New York and Detroit, getting good training. He also joined the Army for three years, and with the amount of leisure that you have in the Army, he was able to study printing and typefaces. Before, his knowledge had been mostly practical, but now he was also trying to find out what other people had done and were doing. He married Lillian Simon in 1928 in Detroit. During his

army stint he had been stationed in Panama and evidently had passed through the West Coast, and they decided that they would like to settle in a more equitable climate than that which Detroit afforded. They came to Los Angeles, knowing no one, but with good and unerring instinct, he went directly to Bruce McCallister, and Bruce McCallister was able to direct him to another young fellow by the name of Rising. Saul went to work with him and in a short time they formed a firm called Rising-Marks, specializing in advertising typography. It was about this time that I first met Saul, though my first definite recollection of him was not until after I returned from Europe in 1931. At that time, he had his office or studio in the Printing Center Building on Maple, near Pico. It was not large but it was an extremely nice, with great glass windows affording a beautiful vista of Los Angeles. Jake Zeitlin had received from him sometime previously an interesting invitation to become a customer. I found a copy in the Clark Library at one time and made a copy of it. It read:

> Mr. Jake Zeitlin:
>
> Herewith an offering of thanks to whatever gods direct the destiny of a new born business--for the good fortune which led our footsteps to your door, and for the kindly welcome given our representative. With high hopes and roseate dreams we have set ourselves to the task of creating fine typography--not the arty effusions of zealous novitiates, but clean and vigorous presentations of your advertising

> ideas, prepared by craftsmen who have matured in that school which sees value in the printed word only when it produces actual sales. In Los Angeles there exists, so we believe, definite need for an organization such as we have perfected--where the piece of copy you write, accompanied on occasions by no more than a notation as to size, will be transformed into the complete unity of a forceful advertising message. It is our hope, too, that we may sit in with you when printing of the better sort is required, or in the making of a fine book. By limiting our composition to the more particular items, we are enabled to avoid the hurry and stress which frequently mars the performance of even the best printers. Nor are charges here materially higher than you would ordinarily pay--for the application of intelligence and good taste need not command a fancy premium. Again,thank you for your courtesy.

I never have known who wrote this, but these two boys were ambitious. As a result of this promotion piece Jake gave them the commission to do a catalogue which Paul Jordan-Smith had written for him called The King's Treasury of Pleasant Books and Precious Manuscripts. This catalogue is probably one of the handsomest that was ever printed. Looking at it today, you would say that this is not only the Saul Marks of thirty-four years ago, but it's still the Saul Marks of today--the same use of small cap initial letters to go with italic types and also the exquisite use of ornaments. I don't remember whether the firm of Rising-Marks had broken up during the printing of this catalogue or after it, but it was about that time when Saul separated from Rising and started the Plantin Press.

This catalogue was done in the same way that Saul would do his finest work today. It was completely set by hand. Time was not a factor to Saul but it was to Jake, because a catalogue is supposed to sell the books on hand. But months passed, and Saul tediously worked away, setting and setting and setting and proofing and arranging and showing proofs to Jake who, in the meantime, was getting more and more nervous because he had a tidy investment in these particular books. He couldn't hold them out as a more affluent bookseller might have, a Mr. Maggs for instance; so he gradually sold off the books that were included in this catalogue.

But, knowing Saul, he didn't dare substitute any new copy to replace those sold. Eventually the catalogue did come out, and it was an artistic triumph, though I am not sure that there were enough unsold books in it to make it financially successful for Jake.

Another book which was of great interest to all of us at this time was a book of poems by a young California poet by the name of Edward Doro. Doro had had a previous book published in the East which had been praised by Conrad Aiken. Doro was not only a young man of accomplishment whom we were all proud to know, but he also had a pretty good opinion of his own ability. He had a group of poems, The Boar & Shiboleth, which Saul undertook to print for him. And Doro made arrangements with Alfred Knopf

to publish the book. Saul was a little unsure of himself at that time, but Grant Dahlstrom had been of great help to him during these formative years, and he relied pretty much on Grant to help him with the design for this book.

They also inveigled Paul Landacre to do the illustrations for the book. All jelled and worked together quite nicely, except that Doro was a little more impatient than Jake Zeitlin had been, and before the book was printed, he grabbed the type and the wood engravings and took them to another printer who did the actual presswork on the book.

Jake had a manuscript, a translation of Dumas' A Gil Blas in California, which he wantedto publish. He arranged with Saul to do this for him, and Saul made some preliminary designs for it, which I still have some place. But at this time, Phil Townsend Hanna and I joined Zeitlin in the Primavera Press, and it was my job to design all of the Primavera books. Saul's arrangements were discarded, and I did the design of that book, but Saul printed it. He then had moved out of the Printing Center Building and was ensconced on the second floor of a little two-story building on Pico. He had a new partner, a young accountant by the name of Kenneth MacKay, who worked at his own job during the day and was able to support the new enterprise with what he made and what it was making. They called it the Plantin Press, the name which has survived for all of Saul's work until today.

They bought a large Laureate press on which _A Gil Blas in California_ was printed, four pages at a time. It was an enviable press to me at that time; I came and admired and wished that I could have something as good as it seemed to be. But to Saul, it was a headache which a printer with less patience would have discarded immediately. Somewhere in its career of much use, it had developed such a lopsidedness that it was impossible to get a level impression. One edge of the bed was lower than the other side, and it was a matter of building up each form to compensate for this nonalignment.

As I think back on it now, it must have taken tedious hour after hour with each form to line it up, but Saul did it and never with too much complaint. It was to him a part of the craft, to take what you had and make it perfect, which he did in this case.

A Gil Blas turned out to be another one of Jake's great headaches because he and Saul had signed a contract in which Saul was to deliver the books in May of 1933.

But it took time, as you can understand, and May passed and no books. But Jake was not too worried at that time because he was still thinking of the Christmas season, and if he could get the books early in the Fall, that would be good enough. Saul had told him that he didn't have to worry, that he would have the books in ample time for Christmas. And actually Jake did. On

Christmas Eve Saul delivered the first copy of the book. [laughter]

Saul's next purchase...he got rid of the Laureate after some time...was a huge Babcock cylinder press. The place where they were located was hardly large enough to accommodate this new press, so he rented a loft on Los Angeles Street, between Second and Third. One climbed dingy, dreary, dirty stairs to get to it--a huge, open loft. It was the kind of place which would echo with eerie sounds--it was a frightening place to think of working at night but, of course, Saul did it continuously. As always, the first thing that he wanted to do was master this behemoth that he had purchased--this new press. And he did. He became a very skillful pressman on this great new press. He also had a little Washington hand press at that time and printed several things on that.

His next move was to Sunset Boulevard, also with the big press. Eventually, he and Kenneth MacKay broke up their partnership, and Saul moved to his present home on Manzanita, which is just off the junction of Santa Monica and Sunset Boulevards; and put his equipment in the downstairs room of that building. While he has had occasional help, no one can quite satisfy his demands for perfection, and so none of his helpers have lasted too long, with the exception of his wife Lillian. She learned to use the

monotype machine. She does most of the setting, and Saul has been doing the presswork--with occasional help, as I have said. For awhile their two boys worked with them, but they have gone on to their own careers now.

They have gone to graduate school and are carving out their own careers.

For a while Saul had a laboratory course at the University of Southern California. They gave him a little room to use. He borrowed the Huntington Library's hand-press for his first year and then the University bought through Muir Dawson, who found for them in England, an Albion Press. The course must have been a fascinating one; it was taken by a good many librarians from UCLA and other places. Dr. Andrew Horn and Dr. Richard Doctor were among the students. Only a handful, of course, could be accommodated. Saul signed up to teach one day a week, one afternoon, which was a Thursday.

He found, however, that he couldn't get everything done on one afternoon, and he started coming over on Saturdays, just in order to clean things up and get them arranged for his class the next Thursday. But his students, who were so eager and avid for his instruction, found out that he was coming in on Saturdays, and one by one, they started creeping in on Saturdays too. Eventually, he found that instead of teaching one day a week, he was teaching two days a week, which in time, I believe, became just a little too much for him and he had to give

it up.

The little projects which they did there were just as impressive as the books he did on his own because he had such a requirement for perfection.

He insisted that his students do everything as perfect as he would have done if he were doing them himself. There weren't too many pieces that came out of these classes, but those that were printed were great.

There were several other interesting printers who started in the late twenties and early thirties, though none have developed and continued quite as successfully as Dahlstrom and Marks have. Especially, I think of Thomas Perry Stricker. Stricker was probably a little older than the rest of us because I know that he was an infantry man in the First World War.

He started out as an usher in a small town movie theater, then as a salesman of canned meats, an order deskman for a wholesale food company, a restaurant operator, and finally with a job in a circulating library. This eventually led him into the book department of the Powers Mercantile Company in Minneapolis where he became avidly interested in books--contents, as well as appearance.

He came West in 1928, and he got a job in a restaurant, but he also acted as advertising manager for the American Dancer magazine and later became assistant publisher of the Daily Screen World.

It was mere chance that led him into a career in printing. One day he saw a proof press for sale for fifty dollars, and by some strange compulsion he bought it. It was just one of those whims of the moment. He knew nothing about printing. The probable reason why he bought it was that he was a writer, and this was one way of getting his words into print.

He learned, by trial and error, the whole procedure. He had had no experience whatsoever in printing. But since he had bought the press, he also got some type and started setting small things. The first inkling I had of this new printing firm in Los Angeles was when Robinson's Department Store issued a small volume, by Laurence Sterne, A Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais and the Memoirs in an edition of one hundred copies printed by this fellow Thomas Perry Stricker. Later on I got to know him fairly well and was amazed by what he was able to do on a small proof press.

Throughout his career in printing, he never had anything more than a proof press, on which to print. The first one that he had was kept in his room, which was in the garage of a house owned by Gaylord Beaman, who was a well-known book collector and clubman around Los Angeles. It

was off Seventh Street in one of those great old houses of the early days of the century. Stricker had a few fonts of type and his proof press. Each form he inked by hand and pulled off an impression a sheet at a time. One of his most amazing accomplishments was a book which he printed called The Town Pump. Now this is a fairly sizable book of a couple of hundred pages which he set by hand and printed two pages at a time on his proof press.

I imagine it was done in an edition of a thousand copies, and it was well enough done to have been selected as one of the Fifty Books of the Year.

A couple of years later we had printed a book called Who Loves a Garden for The Primavera Press, and the first edition I had bound by hand in our kitchen at home. But when it went into a second edition, we wanted something a little more professional, and Perry Stricker offered his services. We gave the job to him, and itwas amazing with what craftsmanship he bound these books. I doubt if he had ever known anything about binding except what he had learned in doing his own few books.

In 1933,Stricker left Los Angeles. He sold his press and his type to Delmer Daves, a motion picture producer who was always interested in dabbling in printing, but never got around to using the press. Finally he melted down all the type and made lead soldiers out of it.

In New York, Stricker became involved with the Typophiles, an informal club of printers who met for luncheon once a week under the supervision of Paul Bennett. In the early days, the Typophiles issued several books with a central theme, and various members would print and contribute a section. They did one about Bruce Rogers, another about Frederic Goudy. The first one of the Typophiles books in which I was involved was one consisting of designs of the Typophiles' mark or device.

Each contributor designed one, and then they were all printed together in one volume of a couple of hundred different Typophiles' marks. This type of books was issued during the early years of the Typophiles. Stricker himself printed a volume called The Typophiles Whodunit, was a book telling about the various early Typophile books.

Later the Typophiles started a new series in which the books were much smaller and each one was printed by a different printer. Now there are thirty or forty volumes in this series which is also an important contribution to the story of American printing.

Stricker developed enormously during his stay in New York. For one thing, for the first time in his life, he was associating with printers. In California, he had always been a lone wolf, hardly ever joining the rest of us out here. In New York he associated with Goudy, Bruce Rogers and all of the important ones and he got to know

them intimately. Also he had a job with the Bauer Type Foundry there. He accumulated from them a great assortment of type--their very handsome Bauer Bodoni and several others which he started using on the little books which he printed. He bought a small Vandercook proof press on which he did his printing. The majority of these he also wrote himself.

He was an amazing, and quite scholarly, man. His most interesting productions were some little pamphlets on printing. One of them was called Enter The Black Art, which was about the invention of printing. A few years later, he revised it and printed it under the title Herr Faust and His Goose Flesh. In 1938, he returned to southern California and set up his press in an apartment on Fairfax Boulevard. He did a book about the Hollywood Bowl. He was ambitious to get something that would bring in money; he thought this book about the Hollywood Bowl would be a great seller. But he was never really able to make money.

How he ever survived I don't know. He was married at this time, and he later moved into one of William Cheney's apartments, and lived there for a year or so before deciding to go back to New York. And soon thereafter, he died--premature, but he hadn't been well for many years. I don't know if it had resulted from his army life or what it was.

Stricker was interesting, intellectual in a way--very intellectual. It was a self-trained intellect. He read; he studied. During part of the Depression, he worked on one of the WPA projects, gathering the archives of certain California libraries.

He was never happy. He could never keep friends because he became morose and critical. He was critical about all of his contemporaries.

I recall one memorable night. This was just after he had returned from New York, and naturally I was most curious about all of the great and near great in the printing world who lived in and around New York. He came over to dinner, and we sat around and yakked for hours. I recall it especially because Mike Elwood of the Lords and Elwood, who were liquor dealers here, had found some 1917 California Mountain Red wine, which somehow or other had been stored away due to litigation for all of these years. Finally, the case had been settled, and Mike had picked up a hundred cases or so of this wine and was selling it very reasonably. On this particular night, Stricker and I started opening these bottles of 1917 wine, and I was afraid at the time that they might be a little too old to be palatable, but actually they turned out quite good.

He told about the great dinner that they had had to honor Goudy. When Stricker drank too much, he became possibly the most obnoxious person I've ever known, and on this particular evening he had gone to a cocktail party

before the Goudy party. There they had more cocktails before dinner. He happened to sit between two people who didn't drink, and so all of their drinks came to him. It was a very pleasant evening, with everybody getting up and praising Goudy and giving him his due as the grand old man of type. All of a sudden, as Stricker told me, he got up and said, "Now you're all here tonight praising Goudy, and I know better how you feel because I've heard you talk about him and his types. Bruce Rogers, you have praised Goudy on this occasion and yet you told me yourself that you thought he was an old faker and never designed a good type."

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April 20, 1965

Ritchie: Stricker was a frustrated man most of his life, and possibly that is why he was so morose. He had occasional good times. As I recall, he was quite happy when he was on the WPA project because he felt then that he was accomplishing something. During the war he spent some time at Douglas Aircraft, and I saw him briefly while I was also working down there. He seemed quite satisfied with himself at that time, too. His stay in New York probably was frustrating again because while he did do some nice things, he still was not receiving the plaudits as were Bruce Rogers, Goudy, and those who had a much greater reputation. Within himself, Stricker always felt that he had superior abilities. The man certainly had great ability, and it is unfortunate that through his life he was never able to show one major accomplishment. The things that he has left are primarily trivia. They are beautiful trivia though and show what ability the man actually did have. It is quite unfortunate that most of these were printed in such small editions--fifty, a hundred copies--and they will never be well-known even among the connoisseurs of fine printing.

After staying in New York, he returned to California, bringing with him his accumulation of Bauer types and also

the little proof press. He stayed in California for a couple of years, finally ending up in the apartment house of William Cheney, who had been one of his earlier protégés. In time, Cheney tired of taking care of Stricker and his wife and evidently arranged for Stricker to leave the apartments (since I am sure that Stricker never paid any rent), and Stricker decided to return to New York. At that time he called me and asked me if I would buy his type and equipment. It was quite evident that he needed the money in order to leave and we were quite happy to buy what he had because his selection of typefaces was perfect. He had Weiss types, the Bauer Bodonis and many of the nice Bauer ornaments. As I recall, we paid him about three hundred and fifty dollars for what he had. He was happy, and we were happy with it.

William Cheney, who was introduced to printing by Stricker, is one of the most curious of all printers. He is a tall, angular fellow, slightly balding, and wearing a trim moustache. He is one of the great introverts and has spent most of his life within himself--it always seemed to me. He desires friends, and in his own curious way he has sought out mentors and has become attached to them, deluging them with correspondence, with little printed pieces and expressions of his own inner humor and creativeness. He was born in Los Angeles and went through school

here, taking a couple of years at the University of Southern California before he left in the Spring of 1929 and got a job at Dawson's Bookshop. I well remember him in those days because who could forget this great, silent fellow who seldom appeared in the front of the store, but managed to keep himself occupied back in the wrapping and shipping room. Dorothy Bevis, who was working at Dawson's at that time, was intrigued by this man who seemed to be creating a little world of his own. He was intrigued by elves and trolls and things like that, and in his spare time he built a troll world. He created a language for the trolls and wrote a language for the trolls and wrote a little book about them. Gaylord Beaman, who was a frequent visitor to Dawson's Bookshop, was also intrigued by this fellow, and since at the time, Perry Stricker was ensconced in the garage in back of Beaman's home and was doing some printing, Beaman introduced Cheney to Stricker, whereupon Stricker made a deal with Cheney. He would teach him to print so that he could put his troll book into type and on paper if Cheney would act as an apprentice and a helper to Stricker, who at that time was hard at work on his book, The Town Pump. Cheney's Voyage to Trolland was finally completed. It was the first product of the Auk Press, which was the name which Cheney gave to his press. Surreptitiously Cheney bought for himself a Poco proof press and stashed it away under the bed in his room

at home. Stricker felt that he had a proprietary interest in Cheney, and he was much disturbed when Leo Linder in 1933 saw Cheney's press and mentioned it to Stricker. It was then that Cheney went out on his own. Cheney got out a little announcement of the Auk Press, in which he said,

> The Auk wishes to make known the existence of his Press. He is actually able to set type&print, inept as he appears, and different as he is from any other Auk you've seen.
> Having acquired some Caslon Oldstyle type (in which this, his manifesto, is set), both roman&italic, and also a bit of black letter, (the heavy, ornate letter sometimes called Old English, he feels prepared to print such letterheads, pamphlets, tracts, chapbooks, simple almanacs, or volumes of poetry, as may occasionally come his way. In the course of time he shall have acquired a variety of typefaces, both tasteful and tasteless, for the satisfaction of those whom he can't convince that this Caslon is the most beautiful of all types...(Then, as customary with all of Cheney's writing, he has to get into the esoteric or the different. And he goes on with his prospectus, telling about the variations of "q's," then about ligatures, and of the old-fashioned "s," and finally ends up)...The Auk possesses a full run of ligatures, and stands ready to print for you with them, or without them, where the text does not demand them.
>
> Yr Obednt Servt, The Auk.

The first job which Cheney got was a little list of members of the Zamorano Club, which was authorized and printed for Gaylord Beaman. He next did quite an ambitious book called Rabelaisian Phauncies, which was written under a pseudonym by Paul Jordan-Smith the author--and, at that time, literary editor of the Los Angeles Times. It was a truly Rabelaisian book, though more fun than

salacious.

Certainly, it would not be considered salacious these days. Cheney printed it, but in printing it, he had to add his own whimsical touch to it, which consisted of footnotes throughout the book which add that curious touch that only Cheney could give.

There were never too many actual jobs that came to the Auk Press, so in order to fill his time he had to make his own projects. He and a friend of his decided to print a little magazine which they called The Fortnightly Intruder. It is one of the most amazing tour de forces that I have run into. It is doubtful that there were more than a dozen or two subscribers to it, and yet for almost two years, he faithfully wrote, set type and printed this little magazine which was conceived and written as if it were done in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, with all of the curious language of that time. It was a period that intrigued Cheney and he himself almost reverted to an eighteenth century man while he was working on this. Back in 1936, I had this letter from him:

> Dear Mr. Ritchie,
>
> We are greatful for yr appreciation and yr subscription wch extends from Sept. 15, '36 - Mar. 15, '37. We are rather ashamed of not having any printed stationary on which to acknowledge subscriptions; to write to the New York Public Library assuring them that we shan't send them a bill for the copies they have rec'd, etc.; but the Intruder's undernourished poor printer, what with having to set & throw type, (there's enough only for two & a

half pages at a time), print on a very antique, Poco proof press, fold, mail and write half the copy besides, is too taken up by this unseemly haste to find time to provide us any stationary.

At that time he affected the abbreviations such as "yrs" for yours and his handwriting even reminds one of an eighteenth century scholar.

As I mentioned, during various periods of his life, he has attached himself to different people and deluged them with these long and most curious letters. He doesn't expect an answer; sometimes if he gets an answer, it throws him off and he goes to somebody else. Early in his career, I seemed to be the one who received most of these and they are extremely interesting:

Ward Ritchie, Esq.

Dear Squire, That "S" has been lately acquired from looking at an Elizabethan Mss.; so it had to be gotten in here. (In writing the word "Squire," he has a very peculiar "S" which he was using.)
It was pleasant to receive your letter, esp. as I was just passing through one of my periodic phases of mental depression--or recession, whichever is the choice term. As for your stopping by here, I am always sulking about these premises in the forenoon and up to about one o'clock. Thereafter I go downtown or for a gloomy walk indefinitely athwart the city. But if I could know when you were coming I cd contrive to be at home at any time. As for my stopping by at your house, I've forgotten now what are the afternoons that you teach. Are they Tuesday & Thursday?
My printing business is sprawled on its back--horribly supine. I find that while I enjoy type setting & press running, I by no means enjoy business negotiating, paper buying, price estimating, account keeping, etc. The answer to that is that we all have to do things we don't like to do; but somehow

such answers never goad me into action: I have magnificent powers of passive resistance.

To continue about myself, since, for some reason, we are discussing me in this letter--the printing business having gone under, I have turned all my powers to writing. After a month of labor I have produced two Mss. pages on the Subject of Handwriting. As is usual with my style, the composition is a mere succession of abrupt verbal propositions, with no human interest in it anywhere.. The more I revise, the abrupter it becomes. Whimsy is all very well if it is genial & pleasant reading; but mine is an icy whimsy, delivered in curt sentences and sterile words.

A landslide of pictures in poor taste has recently descended on Paul Jordan-Smith. I imagine he wishes he had never been born; or else that I had something else to do than scratch unseemly pictures & send them along to him.

Your position is an enviable one, with this spectre of "permanent labor to shy from and constantly dread," even if the labor is that of moving. Having one's work all cut out for one is much pleasanter than having to think up things to do, esp. if one has a sluggish mind. Not that you have a sluggish mind: I'm talking about myself again.

I shall probably put in an appearance sometime in the forepart of next week--Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. I really have forgotten which days you are not there. But then, if you're not there one day you will be another.

Do you like to play a pipe organ? There is one around this house somewhere that my grandfather installed back in 1913, which is also the number of the house. He used to joke about that at the breakfast table (joke about the identity in numerals, I mean), over a slice of raisin pie, wch, being a Yankee, he had for breakfast every morning,--that or pumpkin pie. If you cannot play very well you need not be embarrassed, for I can not play at all. I can sing the tune to "Take, oh take those lips away," but I can't play it. I'll make some tea while you play at the organ. Unless you would rather have coffee. If you don't want to be bothered by the organ, I have a more or less complete set of National Geographic's, a dog, a cat, a duck, & pictures of myself as a baby. Also a small pipe collection, but you probably don't smoke. At least, I didn't notice an ash tray in your study. Beaman doesn't smoke either. How do you people live without smoking?

You'd be interested in the handwriting here, and of course it's hard to read because he has the long Elizabethan "S's" and his contractions of so many words and the funny "d" that he uses.

Dixon: [looking at writing] It does look eighteenth century.

Ritchie: This following letter was written in March, 1938, and his handwriting had become even more Elizabethan so it's even a little more difficult to read:

> Ward Ritchie, Esq.
>
> Dear Sir,
>
> I do not know whether I sufficiently expounded in my last the difficulties I encounter in composition. You have probably rec'd a remote impression of my scriptory circumstances, but no complete representation, implication, but no exposita; hairlines and convolutions, but no body strokes. But adumbrations are inadequate; we must profound deeper into this question.
>
> In brief, I cannot narrate, I cannot describe, I cannot write consecutively. I have sometimes an impish verbal facility, sometimes an expression quick, nervous & almost exact. But there is no style, for there's no connotation in my words. I have no moods but those of the syllogism. In language like Ice. And, further than this: revise & reword as I may, I can not escape an excess of sibilants, & "t's," "p's" & short "i" and "e" recurrences. There is so much of these that my writing actually <u>spits</u>. And yet there were those that complained that there were not enough spit in the <u>Intruder</u>. They never read any of my part of these papers aloud.
>
> Such folk as I have much the same difficulties in love-making as in literary composition.
>
> We helpless misfits have, of course, our compensations. We can not make money; but then, we do not very much require it. We do not get along; but we do not need to. But, unfortunately, we have no compensation where we appear to need it most. We cannot afford a wife; we can not take care of a wife; we do not know how to set about getting a

> wife, we know no woman & know not where to find them; Yet, sir, we have not been granted an immunity to the attraction of women or to the concept of home & children. And, most unfortunately, we are precisionists in taste. The normal man will settle down finally with a plain woman--with a brunette. But we incompletents are not easily satisfied: We do not desire those women who wd have us because they could get no other men; we desire women who are heavenly glorious--blondes, angels; or else, no woman at all.

Then he fills out the page with what he calls, "a few more collected autographs " including Cleopatra's signature; Eve's signature; Father Adam's signature; William Shakespeare's signature; the still small voice of God, his signature; Aristotle, his mark; Satan.

The Fortnightly Intruder came out over a period of about two years. It started out arriving every fortnight, but the mere labor of writing and printing it resulted in issues coming out later and later. The March 15th issue would be coming out in June, and the June issue would be coming out in December, and so it went. But he did manage to finish the complete year's issues, and I imagine that there are very few sets around. He then wrote and printed a book of over 100 pages on a variety of subjects--handwriting, spelling, toads, words, and the longest essay on blondes.

He was most intrigued with blondes at this time. One of my former students, a girl by the name of Jane Frampton, a magnificently beautiful blonde, was doing her master's thesis at Occidental College. She decided to do it on

the printers of southern California. I helped her in collecting material and took her around and introduced her to the various printers. One day I took her to Cheney's house; he was living at 1913 West Third Street at that time. It was while the organ was still there, and he had a couple of ducks in the backyard. Cheney, with his shy whimsy, his awkward gait, showed us the place and served us tea. He was a little embarrassed, but for months after that I was getting letters about this beautiful creature that had come into his life. I'm not sure if the essay on blondes stemmed from this girl or whether he had an earlier inborn preference for blondes.

He wrote me on August 17, 1939:

Dear Ward,

I bound twenty of the books, then got sick of the damn'd things & threw the rest away.
You don't happen to know anyone, do you, that wants a ratty old proof press? I'm moving shortly & don't want the useless expense of carting that thing along. Launcey Powell for some reason is trying to interest me in some poet that he has up in the San Joaquin Valley. I never cd bear poetry & don't see why people have to keep telling me about it.

Yrs,

Will.
(This poet was William Everson, who later became a Catholic lay brother--Brother Antoninus.)

Cheney did more or less give up printing at that time, and it wasn't until seven or eight years later that he came back to his old love. I had a note on August 1, 1946, from him:

Dear Ward Ritchie,

One hot Tuesday forenoon recently I stumbled into your shop on Hyperion, where I was courteously received but failed pitilessly in my effort to see you. They tell me you stay downtown now where the climate, I conceive, is hotter and stickier and smokier by several degrees than it is on Hyperion.
  Eheu! fugaces labuntus anni, swiftly glide the years. Five of them went by in the Engineering Division of Douglas Aircraft, where by dint of sheer being there I finally became an "A" draftsman, a sort of designer & layout man, although I never did learn what it was all about. During those five years, buried in the factory by day & often by night, I received hints & delayed reports from time to time of changes in the old world of Los Angeles of the Thirties. A bookseller, named Terry or Kelly, from Beverly Hills, called to ask whether he could get two or three complete sets of the Intruder, a pamphlet of long ago. He had found out about this publication when he had bought Mr. Beaman's library. This was the first I knew of A. Gaylord Beaman's death. Then, in the summer of '45, Lawrence Clark Powell at the Clark Mem. Library, writing to ask for any specimen of Stricker's work that I might have, informed me that Stricker had died the year before. Others of my friends and acquaintances have scattered over the surface of the earth. The editor of the aforementioned Intruder, having served overseas in the Navy, formed an attachment to the Marianas and is now settled there with his wife and little daughter. Some have migrated to the apple orchards of the Columbia Gorge, to the black soil of Wisconsin, to Mexico, to Brazil, one is even trying to get permission to remain in England.
  Meditating these days I decided that I also should leave Los Angeles for somewhere in the surrounding countryside. But farms, it turns out, are beyond reason to buy now; and besides, I am not well instructed in the principles of husbandry, although I follow the comic strip "Dick Tracy" in the Times whenever it shows B. O. Plenty, so that I can learn how he does it & try to be like him: but this is all theory, not practical experience. Farming, I presume, will have to be entered upon gradually, over the course of years. Accordingly, pending the time when I shall have become an all-out farmer, my mind reverts to printing as an occupation. Indeed, come to think of it, a tiny farm supplying eggs, carrots and a few bits of fruit in season, combined

with a tiny printshop in the neighboring country town, would promise an almost ideal existence, provided that the printshop made a little money. But what does one have to know to run such a shop? I don't suppose that even the tiniest shop, run as a commercial enterprise--not as a tragi-comic affair like the Auk Press--can long endure without a linotype and an adequate power-driven press. I wrote to country newspaper offices in Needles, Monrovia and such places, which had advertised in the Want Ads that they needed a "Printer & Operator," telling them that I didn't know anything about orthodox printing establishments and that I was somewhat stupid, but that I was willing to learn and would work for nothing until I had become of some value. They did not, however, fall for this line. Do you think it would be profitable for me to learn the linotype at one of the trade schools before again approaching one of these shops? If the schools had a course in Business Management of the Hick Printshop, that would be right down my alley if I am going to set up a place of my own. Business--that's the hard part. But it is doubtless impossible at present to get equipment to set up for oneself. That's two years off, at least. Meanwhile, perhaps I should try to find some sucker who will take me on & let me work for him. Are you still writing from time to time? I have not seen anything since The Romance of Gutenberg. But perhaps if I had kept up better with Paul Jordan-Smith's page, in between drawing airplane parts & dreaming about being a farmer and having a hick printshop, I might know more of what is going on. For myself, as is to be expected, I've done no writing to any purpose. I can always excuse myself to myself by saying that, oh well, I have the critical rather than the creative type of mind &, therefore, don't have to write. I reckon that if a guy doesn't write anything during his roaring forties, wch are said to be his period of greatest power, where the drive of youth, the purpose of middle age, and the judgment of age come nearest to meeting, he never will write.

How is little Ritchie? Probably pretty big by now. I trust that you are well and able to endure the heat and haven't any fool notions about farming, such as I have.

Yours,

Will Cheney.

Well, Will actually did get back into printing. He had sold his original equipment. Oddly enough, it was sold on December 7, 1941, which was Pearl Harbor Day. And he sold it by advertising on the "Folger's Coffee Hour" on the radio.

He got thirty-five dollars for his press, his type and his linoleum blocks--the whole thing.

The house that Cheney had lived in on Third Street, evidently, had belonged to his grandfather. His mother and father died, and he was left with it and also quite a hunk of property down at Laguna Beach. I have noticed on the maps that one of the points down there is called Cheney's Point, so I imagine that that was where the original property was. He sold this and bought a nice multiple residence in the western part of Los Angeles with several units; so Cheney was not hard pressed to go out and make a living. He lived fairly frugally, I would gather, and his wants were not excessive. He could devote himself, pretty much, to his writing and to his printing.

He had been married once before and divorced, and despite what he said in his letters, he evidently did find another woman because he married again later on and is still married.

After leaving Douglas, at about the time that he wrote this last letter, he put an ad in the paper: "Man with limited experience would like to work." He got a

call from the Artesian News, and he went there and worked--making up the forms for the stereotypers, oiling the press--for over a year, until November, 1947. Then he got a job for a month at the Hollywood Mat Company, and while he was there, he saw an ad of a printing business for sale--a man who wanted a partner. He bought a sixth interest in it, which didn't turn out too satisfactorily. The firm was called Muir and Watts. Cheney said that Watts was a pressman who could sing Welsh songs, hold a beer mug in his hand and feed the press at the same time. Cheney was there for about six months before it folded up.

Then in 1948, he got himself a small pilot press, which he operated in the basement of his apartment, and put out one of the first little tracts which he has continued to write and print. It was called "Type Stickers." He then went with Grant Dahlstrom at the Castle Press and worked there for about six months and also at the Plantin Press, where he lasted only six weeks. By this time he was about ready to go on his own, and he bought a small 10 x 15 - inch Chandler & Price press, rented a small place on Pico Avenue and printed for the next several years.

In 1955, he moved into a little, back garage arrangement on La Cienega Boulevard, right by Jake Zeitlin's Red Barn; for the first time, he had a certain amount of commercial work. Being close Jake gave him many small jobs

and also steered other people to him. It was a good arrangement for everybody because Cheney, admittedly no businessman, loved to do the work for almost nothing. He didn't need the money but he did enjoy being a useful and productive printer. It, however, did curtail the production of the interesting booklets that he had previously gotten out--not completely, however. After having worked with Grant, he started deluging Grant with letters and also various little printed pieces. He enjoyed creating odd things and sending them out as if Grant had printed them.

He also became interested in miniature books. I think he had always rather liked small things, and he had the time and the patience to set 6-point type, and his books began getting smaller and smaller and smaller. He also would write things such as an essay on pig Latin. Then he would write another book, a counterblast against what he had written; and then the third one would come out, a counterblast against the counterblast. He amused himself, and he certainly amused others.

The output of Cheney's press is considerable. He has never had the style that Stricker had, for instance, He,probably, will not be considered as a great or important printer, but he is certainly the most interesting printer that we have had in Los Angeles. His type specimen books

are charming because he writes them as he sets them.

They are all sizes, from fairly large, down to miniatures. There are additions to them from time to time.

Cheney seldom forgets anything, it seems; he has a mind like a tape recorder. He seldom enters into conversation when he is with a group, as when he attends the Rounce & Coffin Club meetings. But he sits with his ears open to everybody's conversation, and it pours in and it stays in his memory. One of the most interesting parties the Rounce & Coffin Club had was when Dorothy Abbe came out from Hingham, Massachusetts to visit the West Coast. She was William Addison Dwiggins' helper during the last years of his life. She lived down the street from him and catered to all of his wishes and ran the little Puttershein Press, which printed so many of Dwiggins inconsequential booklets. When she came out here, the Rounce & Coffin Club had a little party for her at Jake's book shop. Cheney came to the party and he hardly uttered a word himself; eventually he recorded most of the conversation.

> June 21, 1954. Jake called Saturday, saying that the uninhibited Abbe girl was going to be at his house Monday night. The Chnys were invited over, wch implied that all sorts of other folk, big & little, were invited. Tomorrow you will learn who they were..Tuesday. A.M. 1954. We did not set out on the long dangerous drive by Hudson until 6:45, though we were supposed to be at Jake's by 6:30. Arriving we saw a yellow car with the top down & mud spatters & political stickers all over it, parked out in front of the Barn, and knew therefore that Nell and Grant

had shown up. Everyone else was even later than we, except the Abbe girl who had been squired about by Jake all during the day. The Wards didn't pull in till 7:30. Muir came <u>sine uxore</u>. Carolyn Anderson was there. And that's the works: the Jakes, the Grants, the Wards, the Chnys, half the Muirs, the Abbe girl and the Anderson girl. We had a choice of Jake's sherry or Jake's martinis, and almost everyone except Ward & my squaw cautiously took the sherry: this includes Grant, who, however, did consent to smell a martini before he accepted the sherry. Mrs. Jake, having developed an inferiority complex about cooking, we made the hazardous La Cienega crossing & went into the Encore across the street. The New England dame, and the Anderson dame, and Adrianne--I forgot to mention her (that's Jake's daughter) : she was also of the party, up through the dinner; after that she was packed off to bed or somewhere--had a chicken dish, with peas, and egg yolks, and feathers, and turnips, and dumplings swimming in a grey liquid. The rest of us, including Chny, had steak tips. Nell told me (Nell is the name he gives to Mrs. Dahlstrom), that the shrimp creole would be swimming in tomato & that I wdn't like it; Grant was going to order it for me anyway, but Nory said that I shd get the steak tips. Adrianne said that it was made up of what other people left in their plates. But I didn't see anything else to order. It turned out to be all right. Nell & I had ours with French fries; Mrs. Jake & Mrs. Chny with baked potato; Grant got over & guarded his plate so, that I cd not see what kind of potato he had. The baked potato people got sour cream too. The vegetable was Brussel sprouts. Every one said what a good dinner it was. Grant had tea; the others, coffee. Nobody but Chny had dessert: I had cheesecake, good. Nory told me afterward that the others didn't have dessert because they didn't want to make Jake pay for it; the dessert was not going with the dinner. Mesdames Grant, Jake & Ward discussed beach resorts at Carpinteria, Topanga and Corona del Mar. Mrs. Ward doesn't like the beach because she hates to sit and doesn't care to swim unless there is somewhere to swim to. But they go to Corona del Mar where the Wards have either leased or own a house. Mrs. Grant doesn't like to swim anywhere, but to paddle a bit, and wade, and splash around in swallow surf with harmless breakers, and that's what they have at Carpinteria. Mrs. Ward said she liked to get deep all of

a sudden, and hang the paddling foolishness--deep
the way it does at Corona del Mar and Laguna: but
she still didn't want to swim unless she had some-
where to swim to. Mrs. Grant said she had taken
swimming lessons but that nothing much had come of
them; but since she preferred dipping & splashing
anyway, it didn't matter. Mrs. Jake said she could
swim but liked floating better. Mrs. Ward said she
was a damn good swimmer and explained to Mrs. Grant
how to swim if your left shoulder is weaker & stiffer
than your right. Mrs. Jake said that she didn't like
to sit either, but at Topanga you didn't have to sit;
you cd go for walks and explore coves and hunt shells.
Mrs. Ward said (in substance) to hell with that.
Mrs. Grant said she didn't like the trains going by
at Carpinteria. Mrs. Ward said it was a hell of a long
drive to Corona del Mar and she advised everyone to
stay off the Santa Ana Freeway. Mrs. Grant said it
was all right on weekdays. Mrs. Jake said it was no
trip at all to Topanga. She had the last word in
this matter, but for a time it looked as if Mrs.
Ward had the other two ladies subdued. They talked
about Dorothy Abbe's driving across the country by
herself. Mrs. Ward said she, herself, had driven
all the way from Colorado in an old car with kids
squeeling and raising cane all the way. Mrs. Jake
said that she had driven with kids across the desert.

As you can see, Cheney missed very little during the whole evening. This account goes on for several more pages in which the complete recall of the evening and what every wife had to say is incorporated.

Cheney, now, is in his element. Lawrence Clark Powell, recognizing the peculiar talents of this man, took the old coach house at the Clark Library and converted it into a small printing shop. Cheney moved his equipment over there. He prints many things for the library. He has ample time to create his own little jobs there. He is in a handsome spot with an atmosphere adapted particularly to his temperament and methods of printing. One day, the

story of William Cheney, the most curious of current American printers, will be written. It is a terrific story.

Many of the letters which Cheney has written--to Grant Dahlstrom, to Ted Freedman, to Richard Archer and others--were gathered and edited by Ed Carpenter. The Rounce & Coffin Club printed this book, called The Type Stickers of Los Angeles. In this, a great deal of the philosophy, the curious mental contrivances of Cheney are preserved.

TAPE NUMBER: NINE, SIDE TWO

April 27, 1965

Ritchie: The various groupings of people in Los Angeles in the late twenties have always interested me. There was, of course, the young printers' group, which I have been mentioning, but there was also a group of intellectuals and writers. One of the outputs of this group was a cooperative magazine called Opinion. There were twenty of these people who banded together, and each put up about fifty dollars. José Rodriguez, in one of his editorials, tells the philosophy of the magazine: "Opinion has no particular axe (sic) to grind. It seeks rather to grind all axes. For this reason it does not solicit advertising nor grant what the newspapers call publicity. It is paid for by some twenty men and women whose professions do not alleviate the itch to write.

"These twenty opinions are reflected in each issue of this magazine. Sometimes with a leaning towards certain prejudices, sometimes with a bias towards others. But Opinion will always consist of biases and prejudices, candidly expressed."

The group is a most interesting accumulation of men. It consisted of Harold Allen; Louis Adamic, the well-known writer; Walter Arensberg, who was a poet in his youth and fortunately a wealthy man who could collect post-impressionist art when it was easily available. His collection was once

given to the University of California at Los Angeles, but inasmuch as they were unable to house it to his satisfaction, he retrieved it and gave it to a museum in Philadelphia. It was undoubtedly one of the great collections of the art of the early part of this century. It was most interesting visiting the Arensbergs. To a younger man, it seemed impossible that even a house of their size could be so crammed with masterpieces. The wall of every room, as I recall it, was covered with pictures--Klees, Picassos, Renoirs, and that great "Nude Descending a Staircase," which he had on the wall of the staircase. I always enjoyed going to the bathroom at the Arensberg house because even there would be a dozen or two magnificent things on the walls. And I've even seen him open a closet, and there hanging on the walls inside would be a Kandinski, or an Arp. It was a great pity that his works weren't allowed to remain here. In later years, he became increasingly interested in pre-Columbian art, and his collection of pre-Columbian was also one of the great ones.

Also included in this group were Merle Armitage, the impresario; Gustav Boehme; Salvador Baguez; Grace Marion Brown, a very capable artist; Will Connell, the photographer; Dorothy George; Patterson Green; Carl Haverlin; Phil Townsend Hanna, California historian and editor for a great many years of Westways magazine; Herbert Klein,

whom I first knew when he was a graduate student at Occidental College doing his thesis on Robinson Jeffers. He later went to Germany and became quite interested in the Communist cause during the formative years of Hitler's rise. He has written several books since then. Also there was Joseph Pijoan, who was a professor at Pomona College for a good many years and an authority on art; Carey McWilliams, a lawyer whose avocation was literature and who wrote a number of books on California, on Ambrose Bierce and was later editor of _The Nation_; Henry Mayers, a printer; Arthur Millier, who was art editor of the Los Angeles _Times_; Louis Samuel, who at one time ran the Penguin Bookstore in Los Angeles; Paul Jordan-Smith, an author and also literary editor of the Los Angeles _Times_; Kem Weber, a furniture designer; Lloyd Wright, the son of Frank Lloyd Wright and also a fine architect in his own right; Leon R. Yankwich, who was a federal judge here for a good many years; and Jake Zeitlin. The publication headquarters was at Jake Zeitlin's Bookshop at 705 1/2 West Sixth Street. I imagine, though I don't have a full complement of the magazine, that it probably lasted for about a year, starting in the fall of 1929 and ending in the summer of 1930, when the financial and literary contributions of each of the members gave out. As happens so often with this type of magazine, the original excitement was over. The contributors had all had an opportunity to express themselves once or twice and the continuance was no longer worth the effort.

One of the interesting developments from this magazine however, was the emergence of Merle Armitage as a designer of books. Merle was co-editor of one of the issues, and he became quite excited with the possibilities of print. He gave a talk about this time, in 1929, at the California Art Club. It was a blast at many of the current artists, and Jake Zeitlin and other members of this group thought it was worth publishing. Grant Dahlstrom was involved in the printing (he was working for Henry Mayer at that time), and Grace Marion Brown designed a cover. Merle Armitage, inasmuch as he was the author, was also allowed to stick his finger into the pie. It was quite a heavy-handed, black-appearing little booklet, but it effectively stimulated Armitage's interest in graphic design. He had had a quite successful career as an impresario; he had been manager of Mary Garden for a good many years, and had conducted many tours for various visiting artists around the United States. Then he became manager of the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. In his work he had to promote the artists and advertise the various events with ephemeral printing. He attempted to lift these from the ordinary run of theatrical printing, and so it can't be said that he had no background at all in printing. The Depression curtailed many of his activities. But Merle Armitage is the type of man who must be busy, and if there is a lag in one of his activities, he immediately looks

around to another. About 1931 or '32, when the Depression was with us, he decided to design and publish books. Merle had been collecting art for a good number of years. He knew good art, and he knew artists. He decided to write and print a series of books about southern California artists. Most of them were flattered to think that they could be perpetuated in a book, and though I have never had any corroboration on this, I have always suspected that the books were paid for in the most part by the artist. Merle wrote them and collected the material, and they were printed by Lynton Kistler, whose father, Will, had been one of the pioneer lithographers of Los Angeles.

In that first year he did books by Warren Newcombe; Eugene Maier-Krieg; Rockwell Kent, who was a friend of Armitage's (and that possibly was the one book which wasn't paid for by the customer); Richard Day and Edward Weston. They were all, with the exception of the Kent, rather large and impressive books. There was a flare in these books that was unusual in those days. Armitage had had no training in design or book work. His background was such that he approached the book much as an advertising man would look at a book. It was perhaps fortunate. He became one of the forerunners of modern book design. He was not constricted by tradition in any way. He blurted out design. There had been a certain amount of experimentation in Germany by the Bauhaus group of which Americans had become

aware, but their work didn't seem to have influenced Armitage. He was always fortunate in his collaborators. Lynton Kistler was a printer who helped him a lot. William Stutz aided with his hand lettering of the titles of many of his early books. These books are exciting examples of Armitage's intrusion into modern book design. The traditionalists, of course, have never had too much use for Armitage, but it hasn't deterred him. Armitage can fight better than any in-fighting boxer I have ever known, and he is his own best press agent. He's never been critical of himself because he doesn't believe that he's ever done anything wrong. At any criticism he blasts right back.

I got to know Armitage in 1932. I had known him before, but I got to see more of him when he was working on a book for Eugene Maier-Krieg. Maier-Krieg at that time lived in the Adobe Flores, an old adobe up at the end of Milan Avenue in South Pasadena, which had been the headquarters of General Flores during the Mexican-American War. Local tradition had it that General Fremont used it as his quarters also when peace negotiations went on there between Flores and General Fremont. I lived on Milan Avenue, just a few blocks down from this house. My press was in the backyard, and Merle used to drop by on his way, to or from Maier-Krieg's. We would chat and even talked about my doing some printing for him, but it was quite obvious that my equipment wasn't sufficient to do the type of books

which he wanted. (At that time I had only a Washington Hand press and a Gally Universal platen press).

Armitage, in addition to being an energetic man, was also a very lusty man. I don't know exactly how many times he has been married. The first I heard was when he was married to Fanchon, of Fanchon and Marco who, during the twenties, used to put on great stage extravaganzas in movie theatres.

During 1932, when I got to know him, he lived in Los Angeles on Orange Street in a little bungalow. I was quite intrigued at that time with Armitage because the most interesting room in his house was the bedroom. And it's the first time that I'd ever seen a super-king-size bed. He had the biggest bed that I'd ever seen, and it had a purple bedspread, as I recall. I wondered about the size of the bed, and he explained to me that two women were living with him at the time, so he naturally needed a large bed.

He also had another girl in whom he was interested by the name of Elise Cavanna. Elise was an artist--he later published a book of her paintings. She was also a most intriguing woman. She had been an actress and was W. C. Fields' foil in the Ziegfeld Follies and in a number of the early W. C. Fields movies. She was a very tall, skinny girl, with angular features and not at all pretty;

W. C. Fields liked her because she was the opposite to him in appearance--a half head taller and thin. Painting was probably her avocation, but she was competent at it. How she and Armitage managed to live together so long, I don't know. But she had great affection for him. She was a perfect companion for him. She always wanted Armitage to shine. She loved to exploit his ability to tell a good story. She was a complement and a foil. An evening with the two of them, after they were married, was a most pleasant experience because there was never a dull moment. She would question him, she would build him up, and then Armitage would talk; Armitage would expound; Armitage would show off. They built a little house overlooking Silver Lake in Los Angeles, and here Armitage continued with his book work, in addition to other things he was doing.

We became involved later on with him in several books. One of the most important was one which Merle wrote about the United States Navy, which we printed and was published by Longmans, Green and ourselves (we sold part of the edition and they the rest). We did another book, So-Called Abstract Art for him. Then we collaborated on a book for The Limited Editions Club. Merle's life is probably as well-recorded as any man's, due to the fact that Merle has been publicity minded.

He wrote me back in 1937 a letter:

Dear Ward:

Coming out of a clear sky the firm of Weyhe, who have published about half of the twenty-one books I've designed, want me to do a book on them and have suggested as a title, Twenty-One: An Adventure in Book Designing. There will be articles by a number of critics and book men, and I would be very pleased if you would contribute to it. As you know, my approach has been to "let the punishment fit the crime." Or to let the subject of the book dictate its design and format. I have the greatest respect for book tradition, but believe that in many cases certain forms are outmoded and empty. And when they are perpetuated they tend to draw the spirit of the book back into the periods of the past which have no identification with today. If you have any conviction about the things I have and will write, it will be a real contribution to the book. And you have two months in which to do it. A complete file of the books can be made available if you want to refurbish your memory.

This book was issued and printed under the title of Designed Books, with half a dozen articles about Armitage and his work by various friends of his. Not having looked at the book for a good many years, I don't recall exactly what the other contributions were, but my recollection at that time was that mine was a little more practical than most of them. Generally, when people write about their friends they extol all of their virtues, and it gets a little mushy. But I tried to analyse Armitage's work and how it had come about and what he was contributing to the art of bookmaking. Armitage was pleased with the book; I believe it was the first one about his work. He naturally sent copies to many key people in the book business,

including George Macy of The Limited Editions Club. George was considering issuing Looking Backward by Edward Bellamy. He wanted an experimental designer to do this book with a fresh, different concept suggesting what a book might look like in the 1980's, the years in which the story was supposed to take place. On receiving a copy of Designed Books he decided that Armitage was the man to design the book.

Also, at that time I had a letter from Macy saying that he had read the Armitage book carefully and that the only article in it that made any sense was the one that I had written about Armitage, which led him to ask me if I would be one of the contributing editors to a publication he was getting out, The Dolphin, which I did. We also made arrangements to do the printing of Looking Backwards, on the West Coast. Armitage was to design the book; Elise was to do the illustrations; and our press was to print it. It would be a complete West Coast production. This worked out fairly well for us, though I suspect that many of the subscribers to The Limited Editions Club felt that modern book designing was not what they liked or wanted. Certainly, it has not been one of the most sought after of the Limited Editions Club books in recent years. But I felt for the type of experimentation that it was, it was fairly successful.

At least Macy was happy enough with it to suggest that we do another book. Macy wanted to do Leaves of Grass, and I believe that Armitage suggested that he should get Edward Weston to illustrate it with photographs of various scenes in the United States. Macy gave Weston the commission and advanced him travelling money. Weston got into his old car and travelled from one end of the United States to another, trying to capture in pictures what Walt Whitman had put into words.

On April 10, 1942, Armitage got a letter from George Macy:

> Dear Merle;
>
> You will have already have heard the good news that Edward Weston has completed the illustrations for Leaves of Grass and has sent me a set of proofs. I have wired him, and written him, to tell him that I'm overjoyed; they are wonderful photographs, and they do the job of illustration wonderfully well. I am proud of him for having made the photographs and proud of myself for having thought of the idea.
>
> Until now, all of us have been taking it for granted that you would design the book and Ward Ritchie would print it. Therefore, I earnestly hope you will not grow apoplectic when I tell you that I would like to change this plan. As you know, I was not happy over the dummy you prepared, although I was unable to express my unhappiness in words. But now I want to have your permission, to turn about and give this job to Kittredge at the Lakeside Press in Chicago. As I look over the photographs, I get the feeling that he is the man to make the kind of job which I would like to have.
>
> Possibly you will not grow apoplectic at all, you may be so busy with your war work in Detroit that you cannot possibly undertake to produce this book for us; you may even have been wondering how you could let me down. If that is so, I will be greatly relieved. If you have been planning on designing the book, and will now conclude that I am letting you down, I will

be very sorry. Cordially yours...

Merle was in the Air Force at that time. In 1942 he had enlisted as a major and at that time, was stationed in Detroit in the material procurement division, working with General Motors, Ford and others.

Merle didn't take Macy's suggestion sitting down. On April 13th, he wrote:

> Dear George, It was my suggestion that you do a book with Edward Weston's photographs.
> I have a written agreement with you to design *Leaves of Grass* with photographs by Edward Weston. The fact has been advertised.
> At your written suggestion, I proceeded with the designs.
> My work in furthering this enterprise, including considerable personal effort and expense--as well as my achievements as a designer, are involved.
> I cannot and will not accept the implications in your letter of April 10th. Yours very truly.

On April 17th, Macy replied,

> Dear Merle:
>
> I am disappointed in the letter which you sent me on April 13. I ask you to look again at the letter which I sent you on April 10, and to compare it with your letter. It seems to me, as I look them over, that my letter to you is eminently friendly in tone, and does not justify the peculiar quality of your letter in reply.
> In my letter to you, I reported the receipt of the photographs by Edward Weston; I asked yourpermission to turn this book over to another designer, I even suggested that, because you are now in Detroit, you would not be able to undertake to produce the book if you were the designer. Now you tell me something about the implications in my letter. Will you not explain this? To me, my letter seems forthright, I can see no implications in it.

Would you also tell me what you would like to do?
Do you want to be paid, for the work you have done upon this edition of Leaves of Grass? There is no doubt whatever, of the fact that I asked you to serve as designer of our edition to contain the photographs by Weston, and that you prepared a dummy. I am very willing to pay your fee for doing this work, within the terms of the previous fee I have paid you.

Do you want to continue with the planning of this book? In this case you have two obligations: You would, in the first place, have to satisfy me of your ability, in Detroit, to plan the book which would be printed elsewhere; you would, in the second place, have to show me a dummy with which I would be satisfied. As you know I did not like your first plan.

Please believe, Merle, that very few of the plans which men make go smoothly. It is my job to produce some beautiful books for the members of The Limited Editions Club; but I have never yet been able to produce them without some difficulty. This edition of Leaves of Grass was planned for a series called "The Ten Great American Classics." That series was abandoned. At the present time, I am not planning further books for The Limited Editions Club, until I discover what effect the war will have had upon our members. Therefore, I am not planning to insert Leaves of Grass into our regular membership series, I am planning only to issue it as a special publication in an edition limited to only one thousand copies. If this plan does not work smoothly, I will have to abandon the idea of publishing the book until after the war. You must remember that I, like most business men, am beset with troubles, and will not willingly invite more of them.

Therefore, if I suggested turning this book over to another printer, it was only in order to cut down a measure of my troubles. Having disliked the first dummy which you prepared, I felt that there was no assurance that I would like any further dummies any better. Knowing that you were now in Detroit, I anticipated a great deal of difficulty in getting the book done if you were to design it while so far from your printing shop; and it is in my mind that this edition of Leaves of Grass must be published in August or September.

That is why I ask you to tell me what has annoyed you, whether you simply think I'm trying to evade the payment of your fee, or whether you feel that you must insist on designing the book no matter what the difficulties are.

That leaves only one point which I must bring up. It is exactly true that you spoke to me about getting a book illustrated with photographs by Edward Weston. But so have dozens of people. Many years ago Miguel Covarrubias and Alexander King joined in presenting me with a copy of your book about Edward Weston, and at that time said that I ought to get some photographs by him to illustrate a book. The idea, that Weston should illustrate Leaves of Grass, was originated by me and not by you; this is contained in the correspondence, and there could be no doubt of it. I do not mean to make this point in an unfriendly fashion, I consider it important only that you and I understand each other.

Cordially yours.

April 22, 1942.

My dear George Macy, Your letter of April 10, together with yours of April 17, demands a reply of some length and necessitates going into certain matters which may seem far afield, but which have a very direct bearing on my attitude.

In answer to your complaint that your letter was eminently friendly in tone, and questioning the tone of mine, I must say that your letter may be friendly in tone, but the content and the proposition which it outlines is anything but friendly.

So that you have no misunderstanding about my attitude, let me say that I shall resist with every legal, physical and moral device at my command, the proposal made in your letter of April 10, and amplified in your letter of April 17.

I first encountered the work of Edward Weston almost exactly twenty years ago and, since that time, I have constantly endeavored, by various means, to bring it to the attention of a wider public. I believe Edward Weston to be one of the significant American artists; and I further believe that no painter or artist in any other medium has a greater right to the term "distinguished" than this photographer.

My interest has taken the form of presentation of Weston photographs to several museums, including the Museum of Modern Art in New York; I have written many magazine articles regarding it; I have assisted in arranging exhibitions, etc., in addition to producing the Edward Weston book in 1932. I've come to know him and his ideas; and this friendship has matured and stood the test of years.

It may interest you to know that the acceptance on

the part of Edward Weston of your offer to do the photographs for <u>Leaves of Grass</u> required a great deal of consideration on his part. I made a trip to Carmel to talk this whole matter over with him. The amount of money paid him by you nowhere near covered his actual out-of-pocket cost of making such a trip, as it necessitated buying a new automobile and special clothes and equipment, in addition to the expenses of auto camps, hotels, gas, oil, tires, etc. Furthermore, it meant being away from his home for such a long time that his ordinary source of income from the sale of his photographs and from portrait settings would be seriously affected by the interruption. It was known that it would take several months to restore this patronage to normal.

It was only because a book of poems of Walt Whitman, with photographs by Edward Weston, and designed by Merle Armitage seemed a very robust idea, that Weston finally accepted.

It appeared to both Weston and me that this could be a monumental volume--one of those rare opportunities to match content, pictures and format to achieve something very much above the ordinary.

I keenly recall your verbal opposition when I proposed that Edward Weston should illustrate a book for you, during my visit to your summer home in the mountainside in Vermont in the spring of 1940. I have your letters of protest against photographs as book illustrations, in which you cite the work of Steichen as achieving only the effect of "stills" from a motion picture in a book which he illustrated for you. I observe, in your letter of April 17, where you explained that many years ago two artists joined in presenting you with a copy of a book about Edward Weston and urged you to get photographs by him to illustrate a book, the following facts:

A. That you were apparently not impressed sufficiently with Weston's photographs at that time.

B. That the book which was presented to you was a book which I had previously produced on Edward Weston.

C. That nearly ten years elapsed before there was interest on your part.

There is in addition, the very curious letter you wrote me while Weston was enroute, explaining that you were very much frightened by the type of photographs and subject matter that Weston was taking. Because of all this resistance I have little confidence in what you might do with an Edward Weston book. Nor am I impressed with the bows you are now taking for being proud of yourself for having thought of the idea.

You would have to satisfy me that there was a designer available who could be trusted to achieve that certain contemporary, yet universal, feeling in the format and design of the book which would be proper and authoritative. After all, the man who designs this book must appropriately set the stage for two tremendous men, Whitman and Weston. Further, he would have to compensate in some manner for the fact that you have advertised me as the only man in America to design a book containing photographs (or words to that effect), in announcing this Leaves of Grass edition. I don't think it is probable that you will satisfy me either as to another designer, or as to compensating me for the announcement.

I have no copyright on Weston, nor am I his manager. Nor shall I attempt to influence him in any way in regard to your proposition. I have, however, just received a letter from him telling me he has received a letter from you saying that you have not accepted my design and explaining about the Lakeside Press in Chicago. He says, "All this change is news; sad news to me." I obviously have no obligation toward Weston to fulfill.

There are some curious statements in your letters which are so very far off the beam, that I shall have to correct them. I will take one at a time:

1. You say, "Having disliked the first dummy which you prepared, I felt that there was no assurance that I would like your future dummies any better." This is a red herring statement. It is obvious that you have given many designers more than one opportunity on a job. You gave me three opportunities on Looking Backward. Further than that, I question your taste and understanding in this regard.

2. You say, "I anticipated a great deal of difficulty in getting the book done if you were to design it while so far from your printing shop." As you well know, I do not and never have had a printing shop. You have not experienced any impossible difficulty in working with printers as far away as England, Japan, China or Africa. It is my experience that the mails are still operating in this country.

3. Certainly you suggested that Weston should illustrate Leaves of Grass but only after I'd been campaigning for it for nearly two years and after it was impossible for you to get our first choice, Death Comes for the Archbishop.

4. You say, "You would in the first place have to satisfy me of your ability in Detroit to plan a book which would be printed elsewhere." The book, my dear George, is planned; it is now up to a good printer to execute it.

I've written at length so as not to be under the charge that my attitude in this matter is obscure. Your attitude is perfectly plain. You have used my name is announcing the book; you have commissioned me to design it; you have accepted my assistance and corresponded with me about the book on numerous occasions--and now--without regard to my reputation as a designer, or for the idea of a Whitman-Weston-Armitage book as an entity, or for the fact that when one makes an agreement, one attempts to live up to it; all these things are disregarded when you attempt to casually enlist my compliance in shifting me out of the picture.

I think that Ward Ritchie should print this book, as he has had plans for doing the halftones, which would have given a remarkable result; and you, yourself, have stated that his presswork is impeccable. But that's up to you and Ward Ritchie--and I know what action should be taken if I were in Ward Ritchie's place.

However, if you intend to have the book printed at the Lakeside Press, or any other press, I shall insist that the dummy which I have prepared with reasonable modifications, shall be used, with full credit to me as designer.

For the record I am sending a copy of the correspondence both to my attorney in Los Angeles, and to Edward Weston.

One of the great regrets resulting from this incident is that I am always loathe to lose a friend.

I have thoroughly enjoyed you; always found you a most just and likable human being. I am reluctant to have to believe otherwise.

Sincerely.

May 21st, 1942.

Dear Merle: The letter you sent to me on April 22nd is the damnfoolist letter I have ever received in my life.

I now offer you three alternatives:

1. I will agree to release Edward Weston's photographs to any publisher or printer who will pay me for them the actual amount which I have paid Mr. Weston and will take over my obligation to Mr. Weston. If you know of some such person, you may want to act upon this offer.

2. I will agree to pay you the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars now, the agreed total fee for your

work in designing an edition of _Leaves of Grass_ for us, if you will agree to discontinue further correspondence between us. If you accept this alternative, I will of course make other arrangements for the designing and printing of the book.

3. I will agree to permit you to continue as the designer of this book. If this is the alternative you desire, there are certain necessary conditions of which you must be reminded.

a. It will be necessary for you to give me the assurance that you, a commissioned officer in the United States Army, are free to begin this work and carry it through to a proper conclusion.

b. It will be necessary for you to give me the assurance that you, now resident in Detroit and working with a printer in Los Angeles, can complete this work within a reasonable time. Please remember that _Leaves of Grass_ is not an ordinary book to plan typographically; one cannot set up a sample page, as one could do with a novel, and expect this page to prove suitable for the entire text; there are textual problems arising on page after page, which the designer of the book must solve.

It will be necessary for you to present to me a typographic plan for the book with which I am satisfied, before the printer may proceed. I do not think this an insuperable difficulty: I have greatly admired some of the books you have planned in the past, although I have considered that others of your books show little taste or sense. When you showed me a dummy for _Carmen_, I thought it was very bad; and struggled out of a feeling of affection for you, to get you to drop the book without being hurt and take up _Looking Backward_ instead. When you sent me a dummy for _Death Comes for the Archbishop_, I thought it very bad; but I told you I was not interested because the top copyright was not available. When you sent me a first trial for _Leaves of Grass_, I thought it very bad; but I told you only that there were some things I didn't like about it, and then postponed a decision about the plan for the book. I now regret infinitely these hypocrisies on my part. If you will send me a new dummy for _Leaves of Grass_, I will give you my comments bluntly. If you wish to send me the old dummy, I will comment upon it in detail. I will, of course, hope that you will show me a typographic plan with which I will be satisfied, in order that this matter may be concluded; but if you desire this third alternative, it is necessary for you to remember that I will not risk thousands of dollars of my company's money upon a

typographic plan with which I am not satisfied: this satisfaction having been implicit in all of our dealings. Affectionately yours.

May 25th. This is a letter from Merle Armitage to me.

Dear Ward: It looks as though we have won our battle with Macy. I received a letter from him today, cursing me wildly but giving me three alternatives, one of which is for us to go ahead as we originally planned. Now it is your turn to laugh!

In the meantime, will you please get in touch with Elise and take off her hands the matter of shipping me the dummy?

He also wrote to George Macy on the same day.

My dear George:

We have a little sign in our office which says, 'Nothing short of right is right' and I think the third alternative stated in your letter of May 21st is decidedly in that category.

I am having the dummy sent on from Los Angeles, and I am sure there is nothing to prevent all of us from doing a swell job.

You are certainly entitled to your opinions about some of my books and I know you will allow me to have my opinions about a great percentage of yours. Those are matters upon which no two people agree--let alone fifteen hundred--could ever possibly agree.

I am taking up the matter of my handling the revisions and the proofs with my Commanding Officer, and I see no reason why I should not be able to handle that part of the work, as I am naturally interested in seeing it all through to a logical and unified conclusion.

I hold no rancor and see no reason why we cannot have a very pleasant and profitable experience working together again.

Then on June 1st, Armitage wrote Macy that he had received from his commanding officer a clearance, saying, "This has been checked. As long as no Government funds are involved, you are at liberty to proceed on this project

to any extent you may desire and at will."

He also wrote to George Macy th~ same day,

My dear George,

I am mailing you the dummy of Leaves of Grass tomorrow, Tuesday.

I believe the cover of the book in both its design and its tonality should remain substantially as indicated; also, the end papers which are striking but not undignified. The sub-title page with the W W and the E W holds well, seeing it again after six months had elapsed, and the same is true of the title page.

I should like to standardize on putting the chapter heads on a lefthand page facing the beginning of each chapter but, I believe, we could find a more handsome type for the text. The text must be printed in a type heavy enough to live and stand up against the impact of the photographs and, in reviewing all the typefaces I can think of, I believe Bodoni is the one which will do it, using about the same size as the Garamond in which the proofs in this dummy are made.

It is true that each page will require individual handling and this I am prepared to do; and I am used to working with the Ward Ritchie Press on similar details. In the back of the book, I have folded in a proposed design of the lettering for the spine.

I would be very glad to have your comments and, remember, that this is a dummy in a very rough state.

Greetings.

On June 10th, 1942 Macy replied.

Dear Merle,

I acknowledge receipt of the dummy for our forthcoming edition of Leaves of Grass, which you have sent to me. This is, so far as I can see, the identical dummy which you sent me over a year ago and which I told you I did not like. I am sorry to have to tell you that I do not like it now. But I will

give you details.

1. It makes a big and heavy and clumsy book. Since the text is so long and since the illustrations will have to be printed as halftones on coated paper, I don't know how we can avoid making it into a big, heavy and clumsy book; although one method would be to divide it into two volumes, each volume being easier to handle. I bring up the fact that further delays in the production of this book may cause a serious trouble, since the assurance has been given that coated paper will be the first kind of paper to be cut down when the cutting down starts.

2. So far as the design of the outside of the book is concerned, I am pleased with the fact that you have chosen black and grey as the colors; black and white, as you used them on the outside of your own Weston book, would be the ordinary colors to think of, black and grey are a little different. But the method of running the title in a ladder down the spine, but on only one side of the spine, and the method of running a grey strip down the outside of the cover, does not appeal to me; I do not see that they have any value so far as pleasure is concerned, they seem to me to be different only for the sake of being different. The idea for the end papers, of a design of actual leaves of grass, seems to me too obvious for it to be placed in so fine an edition as ours is supposed to be.

3. The title page may be dynamic but I find no pleasure in it, and I feel that the lettering itself is no good.

4. This is what I feel about the type selected for the text. Garamond bold may have color with which to match the color of the photographs, but it is in itself, a bad letter-design, bad because it is not easy to read. The width of the measure for this size of type, seems to me impossible; I can think of no psychology laboratory in the world which would defend this width of measure with the statement that the human eye will go all the way to the end of the line without being tired. If the line is to be so long as this, then the type itself must be larger; if the type is to be as small as this, then the line has to be narrower; this may sound dogmatic, but it is based upon the first criticism that may be made of any book, that the book cannot be read with ease and pleasure.

Since you have elected to send me, as a project for the creation of our edition of Leaves of Grass, the same dummy which you sent me last year and which

I did not like, I must now ask you the simple question: "Where do we go from here?"

Sincerely yours.

TAPE NUMBER: TEN, SIDE ONE

May 11, 1965

Ritchie: We shall continue with the correspondence between Merle Armitage and George Macy regarding Leaves of Grass. This letter, dated June 12, 1942:

My dear George:

I agree with you that Leaves of Grass should be two volumes, making it easier to handle and less heavy. The matter of running the title and the letters on one side of the spine is to get away from the static and wholly uninteresting placement in the center. I am surprised that the value of this would escape you, as it has been understood by the Chinese since recorded history, and by practically every other generation of artists who have made any contribution.

The grey strip down the outside of the cover carries the tonality of the photographs, themselves, and relieves the cover from the funereal aspect which it would have if only the grey lettering were on a completely black book.

As for the end papers, the repetition of the grey and black tonality is achieved by introducing a frieze of "Leaves of Grass" which certainly is not an "obvious" effect but something quite stunning.

The lettering on the title page is only a rough job to give the general effect which, I took for granted, you would understand. The fact that you find no pleasure in it is certainly not criticism.

As for the type, if you will read my last letter, you will see that I proposed Bodoni. If you go into two volumes, then the type can be larger. The use of the Garamond of that size, set wide, was to make the book as compact as possible.

I see no reason why, in as much as you know the number of photographs you are going to use, the coated paper cannot be ordered immediately, whether or not it is a one or two volume edition.

Now, my dear George, you must understand one thing. When you engaged me to design the book, I gave it a great deal of thought, and, never in anything I have ever done, has it been done for the sake of being different. I have always tried to explain the

reasons for these various things to you, but I have never been able to communicate with you. You are in the modern world but certainly not of it, as far as design is concerned. If you wish to call this revolting and violent as you did of my other letter, that's your privilege.

It would seem to me as a very good business man that you would understand that when you engage a book designer to design a book, he is supposed to design the book; otherwise, why engage him? I am certainly not going to put my name on a book which you design!

The objections which you have made to the rough dummy seem to be wholly devoid of a critical or constructive attitude. You have simply expressed your own whims and stated that something or other did not give you "pleasure." If I design a book to give you "pleasure" it would certainly be nothing I would want to sign my name to.

It is stated again that my job, as I see it, is to give an appropriate setting to the photographs of Edward Weston and the text of Walt Whitman; and that is what I think this design--when refined as it certainly will be after it goes through the various processes--really accomplishes.

As to where we go from here--that, my dear friend, is entirely up to you. I know where I am going.

Sincerely yours.

On June 24, 1942, Macy replied:

Dear Merle

I must conclude that your letter dated June 12th puts a final period to our correspondence about the production of an edition of Leaves of Grass to contain the photographs of Edward Weston.

When I got the notion, that Mr. Weston might want to make photographs to illustrate Leaves of Grass, I asked you to approach him in the project and I also asked you to design the book. But it is a stated part of every negotiation into which I enter, that I as publisher must be satisfied with the work which is done for The Limited Editions Club. That is proved in the contract with Mr. Weston, the fact that his work must prove satisfactory. That has always been understood in any negotiation I have had with you. It was clearly repeated in the letter which I sent you on May 21;

I gave you three alternatives, and stated that, if you were to decide that you wanted to continue as the designer of the book, it would be necessary for you to present to me a typographic plan for the book with which I am satisfied.

In writing to me on May 25, to decide that you would like to proceed with the third alternative, you automatically assumed the obligation of presenting me with a typographic plan with which I would be satisfied. What you did was to send me a dummy, representing a typographic plan, with which I had already expressed dissatisfaction. I rendered you the courtesy, when I got this dummy, of sending you a detailed letter of criticism.

Now you write me to say that you do not think my criticisms are worth anything, that you consider them whims. You add that, if you were to design a book which would give me pleasure, it certainly would be nothing to which you would want to sign your name.

I cannot spend this corporation's money upon the production of a book with the typographic plan of which I am not satisfied. Since you say that you will not undertake to produce a book which will give me pleasurable satisfaction, this means that you state an intention which precludes any further need for wasting time upon additional correspondence. I am attaching a check for $250, in full payment of the fee which it was understood would be yours for the production of a design for our forthcoming edition of Leaves of Grass. I consider myself free now, to arrange to have this book designed and printed elsewhere.

Sincerely yours,

George Macy.

June 29th, 1942.

My dear George Macy,

It is impossible for me not to accede to your latest demand because of the fact that Edward Weston is involved.

An injunction against the publishing of this volume, or any other prohibitive measure would naturally result in Weston's not receiving his full compensation for work completed.

I am accepting the check in payment for the actual work accomplished on preparing the dummy and the typographical design of Leaves of Grass.

There are still many other scores to be settled,

including the insulting broadside sent to the subscribers with copies of Looking Backward. In the announcement of Leaves of Grass, it was stated in print, sent out to your subscribers and to book dealers, that Merle Armitage was the one man in the United States to design a book containing photographs, or a similar statement. It did not state that Merle Armitage would design it providing the design he submitted gave you pleasure. Therefore, this matter is still to be settled. I will expect an immediate answer from you, giving me your views on how you propose to handle this matter, as I shall demand that it be handled satisfactorily to me. In other words, I do not intend to be publicized widely as a designer of a book without the matter being satisfactorily concluded.

The devious manner in which you have gone about this whole affair brings up a number of philosophical questions. We are, at this moment, fighting to preserve freedom in this country, but it is not my conception that freedom includes protecting questionable practices.

I am putting the check received from you in a special fund, and it will be kept there until you and I have reached a conclusion of our differences.

I may want to investigate the whole status of the so-called "Limited Editions Club, Inc." Is it a Club, or is a one-man dictatorship? Obviously, I am the victim of a man or an organization which has the authority of a critic, but without the qualifications for that position. I cannot--and will not--be complacent about such a situation.

Yours truly.

That ended the correspondence as far as I know, except for one more letter, dated December 11th, 1942, from Merle Armitage:

"My Dear George: I took Leaves of Grass home last night and have changed my mind in regard to my comments, as I think, in justice to you, something should be said.

You and your associates have succeeded magnificently in turning out the world's most deluxe grass seed catalogue. Sincerely."

There was an amusing epilogue to this correspondence--unfortunately I can't find the letters at this time, but I remember them in essence. George Macy wished to join the Navy and get a commission. Merle was a major in the Air Force at that time and had some knowledge and influence. George wrote Merle a very friendly letter, asking him if he would give him a letter of recommendation which he could use in his application for enlistment. Merle replied with a glowing letter, extolling the virtues of George Macy, suggesting that he would be a fine addition to the Naval forces of the United States. Their differences had been forgotten.

In 1963 when Armitage wrote an account of this episode for a catalog of an exhibition of his books held at the University of Texas he summarized it as follows: "The late George Macy of the Limited Editions Club was a friend, and I designed two books for him. Then I suggested an edition of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, with photographs by the late Edward Weston. Macy was enchanted with the idea. He at once commissioned Weston to take a tour of the country and make the photographs, and asked me to design it. Macy eventually got the photographs, and decided to design the book himself.

"But when Edward Weston heard of this switch, he was dismayed and angry, and wrote me that he would cancel his part of the agreement, as it was distinctly understood

that this was to be a Merle Armitage book. I advised Weston against this and he reluctantly went ahead. I happened to be with Weston when the two-volumed edition arrived. Macy had printed a pristine Edward Weston photograph in green for the cover, and then had placed a green border around every print in the book. Weston was ill with disappointment and revulsion. Throughout this edition, the typography appears accidental and unrelated to the crisp, deeply felt and evocative photographs. The dummy of what I would have done with this opportunity exists to prove my point."

Merle was busy during the war. The greater portion of it was spent in Detroit renegotiating contracts, primarily with General Motors and the Ford Motor Company. Later he was given the job, of helping rehabilitate Air Force officers who had been in combat too long. There was a facility at Atlantic City and also one in Santa Monica. Pilots would be brought back and allowed to live in luxury for three or four weeks to get over their combat fatigue. It evidently was quite an important position which Merle held. He seemed to be in charge of this whole program. At the end of the war, I don't know whether he received a medal, but among other things Merle sent me some letters from various commanding officers, recommending him for a medal for his work in this effort.

Also, inasmuch as my partner Gregg Anderson had been killed in the Normandy Invasion, Merle was quite interested

in the possibility that there might be an opening or a chance to join me at the press after the war. However, when Mrs. Anderson decided to come in and take Gregg's place, it eliminated that possibility for him. He did come back to California and looked around for a job. At one time he was being considered for the directorship of the Los Angeles County Museum. Unfortunately Merle had the facility of making enemies as well as making friends, and some of his enemies were much more violent in their feelings about him than his friends were. So there was enough resistance for this county job, and he wasn't given it.

During the war, he had flown over the Mojave Desert, and remembered a beautiful section of it with great rock pinnacles. Coming back to California after the war, he sought out the place and homesteaded several acres of it. During the war, he had divorced Elise and married his secretary, a handsome, earthy girl by the name of Elsa [Stuart]. In addition to her physical attributes, she had a keen mind but not much background, except that she had at one time been the bowling champion of her hometown. Under Merle's tutelage she grew immensely. Merle had so many contacts and friendships with artists and writers and she absorbed from the conversations that she heard a great deal of knowledge and culture. She and Merle, when they moved back to California after the war, made several camping trips up to the desert area that had intri-

gued Merle so much and decided that they would eventually like to build there.

In the meantime, Merle was appointed art director of Look magazine. Look magazine at that time was a very sleazy imitation of Life magazine. It was done cheaply; the layouts were bad; the paper was inferior. It didn't have the reputation nor the sales of Life. I don't know how or what brought about this job, but I do know that Merle was running around Los Angeles for a few weeks prior to going to New York, getting ideas from everybody he could, and having some of the typographers set sample pages. Merle did do a fantastic job in redesigning and upgrading the magazine. He was there for several years and a real right hand to Cowles, who was the editor and owner of the magazine. He was included in most of the top management and editorial discussions, and he gave the magazine a bold, clean appearance.

He was probably there for three or four years. We visited Merle and Elsa in their New York apartment a couple of times and got to know Elsa better. Finally the amity between Russell Cowles and Merle Armitage cooled. Merle was given a nice settlement in leaving, plus a three or four years' continuance of his salary.

After leaving Look he consulted as art director for a couple of very small magazines in the East, but these weren't enough challenge for the talents of Armitage. An opportunity

came for him to come to California as art editor of Western Family. With his usual enthusiasm he rearranged the appearance of the magazine. He put paintings by his artist friends on the cover, and made many editorial suggestions. Within a short time Merle was in charge of everything--editor and art director.

But Western Family, for some reason or other, was not a successful magazine, and eventually it went under, which gave Merle plenty of time to devote himself to his house on the desert.

It seemed an unlikely project, because there was no water within ten or twelve miles from the place. It was mere sand and rock. There was no road to it. It was necessary to leave the Joshua Tree-Victorville Highway and follow a mere path for a couple of miles and then take off over the sand for several more miles until you found his "Manzanita Ranch." The first visit we made was while the place was still under construction. We had a letter from Merle inviting us to come out to his desert paradise, and neither my wife nor I knew where it was, except it was in the desert area somewhere in the vicinity of Palm Springs. My wife prepared herself as if she were going to Palm Springs. We met Merle in Joshua Tree because he knew very well that one couldn't find the place without guidance, and we followed him across the desert until we got to his hideout.

Our first view was most interesting. The main house was under construction. It was a concrete block house which they were building, and as we drove in, we looked with astonishment upon the beautifully endowed Elsa enjoying an open air primitive type shower. She waved at us with glee while the workmen, up on the building, pounded away hardly interested in her nudity. This was typical of Armitage's and, of course, Elsa's feeling about conventional attitudes. They had no inhibitions. Life was completely natural. The Armitages, that night, slept inside their partially constructed building. We were given a cot and a mattress outside in the sand. The "facilities" were also quite primitive. Armitage called it the "illusion of privacy." It consisted of a large hole in the ground, about a hundred yards from the house, with two boxes straddled with a plank. Life in the open and in the raw was what we experienced.

But we had a fine time--avoiding rattlesnakes, wandering up the hills and over the desert. Armitage insisted that we also get some land out there; so we spent a good deal of time in his four-wheeled truck, running down dry stream beds and over manzanita and cactus looking over possible places. Unfortunately it was almost impossible to tell which plot was which without a surveyor.

Eventually, Merle built an incredible complex of buildings--as one would expect, interesting in architectural

design and concept. He says that he has put about a hundred thousand dollars into the place, which I can see he could have easily done. But still, no water. Eventually, he bought a water truck. Once a week or so, he would drive to a well several miles away and fill up the truck. He'd put it up on the side of the hill in back of his complex and attach hoses and have running water, to a certain extent. We were always warned not to use it too extravagantly.

It was always fun being with Armitage because of his great enthusiasms. One time when we were out there, he had "in residence" a New York sculptor working in one of the barns, back around the hill. He was a welder of metal, which he had picked up here and there. He made one piece for Merle which is ensconced in a huge boulder on the hill overlooking the house--a symbol of the ranch.

Merle continued to design and publish a certain number of books. In a sense, the books that he has designed vary somewhat in quality dependent upon the ability of the printers that printed them for him. He has had a number of them interpreting his layouts. Kistler, as I mentioned before, was the first. We printed several for him. Rudge in New York printed some for him. Others have been printed by smaller houses, not too knowledgeable or too experienced in book printing, and the result in these is sometimes a bad use of type and sloppy execution. While his design

shows through, it becomes an uninteresting book.

Merle has always been his own best publicist. He would get out a book and then write you a letter advising you that you had ordered a copy: As for instance:

> Ward,
>
> For once--you have got to buy a book--my autobiography--Accent on America--it is to be published next year in a Limited Edition and Weyhe had to know the number of subscribers by Nov. 1st--(it looks like 3,000). So I sent in my check for your copy--along with orders from a group of other friends. So send me a check for $5.50 to balance my books! Also, Ward, and none of your procrastination, send me the cut of the little eagle we used on page 275 of the Navy book! Have your office do this--and wrap it well. Also, you owe me two letters--and when I hear from you--I will give you all my news and there is a lot of it. I have a new appointment and a new project, new address: Biarritz Apts. 37 S. Iowa Ave, Atlantic City, New Jersey.
>
> Love and kisses,
>
> Merle.

Eventually, Elsa must have tired of Merle with his constant activity. Of course, Merle was fifteen or twenty years older than she. I think that that may have been one cause. She went abroad one year, and Merle was a little unhappy about it because he found out that she had travelled with, I believe, the music critic of Life or Time magazine. Merle later said he'd be darned if he was going to pay for this chap's vacation with his wife. So they broke up.

Merle soon after married one of Elsa's very close

friends,[Isabelle Heymann], a French girl who had been in the underground in France during World War II and had come to America afterwards. They settled on the ranch. In time, Merle helped to get her children away from a French husband and brought them to live with him. Her mother also came and lived there. So they had quite a menage. It must have been an extremely lonely life for a woman. Once a day, of course, there was the going to town, fifteen or so miles, to get the mail. She turned more and more to her religion during this time, having little else to occupy her time.

And then unfortunately he wrote something (I'm not sure in what book it was), that caused him to be fearful of a libel suit. He transferred his assets, including the ownership of the ranch, into his wife's name. We hadn't heard from Merle for some time. I sent him a Christmas card and mentioned that we hadn't heard from him lately. We received one of the strangest Christmas letters ever.

> Dear Marka and Ward:
>
> It was just wonderful, having your note. When you receive the enclosed shocking letter, you will know why I am glad to have 1964 back of me and a new day ahead.
> I am at the Manzanita Ranch, (in which I have a life tenure) and starting life over again. So that you will know some of the things I have been up to, I am sending books--a package containing four...two of them reconstructed reprints, two of

them new.

I will eventually send you the <u>Atomic</u> magazine, which I redesigned for the Los Alamos Laboratory... before and after copies. Got to find them first.

Beginning about January 15th, I am sort of tied up with Dr. Elmer Belt, who is about to do some work on me, and I assume I will be incapacitied (How is that for spelling) for several weeks. After that, I want to come and see you.

Am so glad you are out of that other house, it never seemed right for you, but dark, forbidding and old world. The new place sounds fine, and I suppose all of the kids have taken off.

My Chama (his daughter) is a freshman at Sarah Lawrence College, where she is leading her class. I am sending a picture of her, not very good, as she looks mad, but the best I have. She really is not mad...just had a fine letter from her. Fortunately I had just sent Chama $15,000.00 to take care of her four years at College, a week before Isabelle drew all of the cash out of our joint account, prior to telling me she was getting a divorce. I must say, my life is a demonstration of the fact women have the wrong chemistry for me, loving them as I do!

Drop me a line, and be happy.

Enclosed was this printed Christmas letter for 1964.

Since Isabelle was divorced on last July 24th in Las Vegas, New Mexico, I have received dozens of letters and telegrams asking for an explanation, and until now, I have been too depressed to make coherent answers.

Isabelle and I met in New York when she was with Lily Daché and I an executive at <u>Look</u> magazine. At my Manzanita Ranch, she recovered from a very fast life in New York, and eventually, at great legal and travelling expense, we were able to bring her mother and her two children here. This took a great battle with her ex-husband, and after rescuing Agnes and Marc, we saw them through naturalization, and an education. Marc caused us a great deal of expensive trouble.

To accomplish this I sold my very select library, my correspondence with celebrities, and many of my works of art. Eventually, Isabelle became increasingly absorbed in religion, to the point that no conversation, except on religious matters, was

possible. This lead to our removable to Santa Fe, where she could be close to the Church and Monsignor Rodriguez, her spiritual advisor. After one year in Santa Fe, Isabelle curtly informed me that we had reached the end of the road and that she was obtaining a divorce. When I inquired why?, she said she wanted to live as austere and solitary a life as a nun, and that a man in the house made that impossible.

She belongs to the Altar Society, sings in the choir at the Cathedral, teaches religion at St. Francis School, studies theology at St. Michael's College, teaches religion and ethics at Loretto Academy (although twice divorced) and is now the secretary of the Santa Fe Archdiocesan Council.

Despite all of these pious pretentions, she coldly informed me that she would keep my Manzanita Ranch, stocks and bonds, income property and some of my choicest works of art, including some very rare Picassos, Paul Kleés, Kandinskis, a stunning Goya and a great Miro. Also, a Henry Moore which she gave me as a present a year ago! All these things had been put in her name on the advice of counsel when I had been threatened with a very heavy lawsuit, although all were my property before we had ever met!

I am seventy two, and have devoted the last eleven years of my life to her welfare, and spent a modest fortune on her and her family. When I asked her how she could, in Christian conscience and charity, be so sadistic, she informed me that she would look after her conscience! It is a matter of fascinating speculation how her confessor and eventually, God, will see it.

Isabelle Heymann Auerbach still insists on using the name Mrs. Merle Armitage.

The most bitter of Isabelle's actions which I have had to accept is her shattering betrayal of my daughter, Chama. Manzanita Ranch which was ten years in the building, and which cost approximately $100,000, (worth twice that now) was, of course intended for my daughter, Chama. Although this was all completed (except two rooms built on for her family) before I met Isabelle, she has held it. In the richest of faith and love, it was put in her name in a time of trouble. Isabelle's daughter Agnes, on the other hand, was rescued from her cruel father in France, given an American education, and received into a Convent, (her dearest wish) at my expense in worry, litigation and money.

> What seems so apparent now is that our marriage had one ghastly flaw. From the first, Isabelle used me, my friends, my influence, my connections (we had the Look Magazine lawyer in Paris) to establish herself in America, and to rescue her children. With all these things accomplished, came the climax which she had planned, the divorce!

Well, you can see that Merle was pretty bitter at that time. He came to see us a few weeks ago and stayed overnight, and possibly some of his bitterness had worn off because Merle was his jovial self again. He was happy working on new projects. We got a note from him later to say that he was at Los Alamos on another project. All in all, Merle's contribution to our time will be considerable. He has little use for the traditional printers, and many of them have little regard for him. But you have to admire the vitality of the man, and his basic feeling for design.

I think this is exemplified in an instance several years ago. He visited Santa Fe and dropped into the Laboratory of Anthropology. He looked at some of their publications. He particularly noticed one book with beautiful colorplates inside it, but with a dull cover typical of many institutional books. It was extremely dull, in stodgy grey wrappers. The Museum director complained that despite the importance of the material they couldn't seem to sell the book. Merle suggested that if they'd give him a couple of hundred dollars to play with he thought he could sell them.

They agreed, and Merle designed a jacket with color and some Indian motifs. They put this jacket around the old cover. Visitors started picking them up, and once they'd seen the material inside, they bought. It was a matter of merchandising and Merle recognized that an attractive package would sell a product.

George Macy, to follow on with his story, had been doing The Limited Editions Club books since 1928. The Twenties was a booming time for private press books, and Macy took advantage of it. Then came the crash of 1929 which practically killed off the fine book market. Macy was able to survive and was able to keep his 1500 subscribers through most of the Depression years. He was one of few that survived along with the Nonesuch Press and the Golden Cockerel in England. The Grabhorn Press in San Francisco was also among the survivors through their "Western Americana" series. But they were selling these books to subscribers for two and three dollars a piece, while Macy continued to charge ten dollars a copy. He issued a book once a month.

We printed _Looking Backward_ designed by Merle Armitage. Macy had wanted to have a very modern designer do this book of the future. We also started a _Carmen_, after _Looking Backward_, and Armitage had designed it. We had set it completely in type before Macy decided not to do it, or not to have Armitage do it. I have forgotten

now which it was, but we were paid off completely. There was another book on which I worked with Macy which also fell through. This was Ambrose Bierce's Tales of Soldiers and Civilians for which Paul Landacre was to do the illustrations, and I'm afraid that in this particular case, it was my design which Macy didn't like.

Then several years lapsed until the early fifties. Macy was out here in Los Angeles, and while discussing doing another book, I suggested Millard Sheets as an illustrator. The Macys, Helen and George, met Millard and were fascinated by him. In many respects, Millard is like Armitage with abundant vitality. Each is capable of doing a dozen things at the same time and each has an incredible facility to work and create. Millard may have more talents and many more accomplishments but they both were talented and somewhat controversial. Sheets started out as a painter, as a youth at Chouinard Art School. He early won several prizes which meant that at seventeen or eighteen he had already achieved a reputation as a leading California artist. In addition to his painting, he has designed buildings all over the United States. He created the mall at Pomona which was a forerunner of the rejuvenation of depressed downtown areas. I believe he's working on one at Sacramento right now.

The most spectacular of his works have been his murals and frescos. The one at the library of the University of Notre Dame is, I would say, about seventy-five

feet high. It covers the whole side of the library. It was a breathtaking job. He made a small sketch for this originally. Of course, no studio would be large enough to encompass this whole thing, so he had to lay it out in sections. On the wall of his studio in Claremont he would draw a section on paper in color and then designate which piece of colored rock would go in each spot. He got samples of colored rocks from all over the world to match the colors he needed in this huge fresco. They were put together by a firm in the east following the exact and precise instructions on these pencilled layouts and inserted in concrete, I would surmise, on the facade of the library. It is in the tradition of the frescos with which the great artists of Mexico decorated their university. Millard's now dominates Notre Dame more than the Golden Dome does.

This meeting of Millard and the Macys started us on a joint venture for The Limited Editions Club. The text selected by the Macys for us to do was The Beach at Falesá by Robert Louis Stevenson. Millard had done quite a number of paintings of South Sea subjects. He had visited Hawaii many times and had a sympathetic feeling for the area. At this time, he was also intrigued with the process of silk screen printing. That year, for his Christmas card, he had printed a picture of a South Sea girl in silk screen. Our first idea was for this to

be the first book illustrated in silk screen. Millard was going to make the screens, and he was going to have his students, working under his supervision, print all of the illustrations in the book. It was an intriguing project.

Millard starts a project with incredible enthusiasm. If you can get him started immediately he creates so fast and with such extraordinary facility, that it is done beautifully within a matter of days. But if he puts it aside and gets on to any of his dozens of other projects, then it's almost impossible to get him back on to it. This book lingered on for three years or so. We had the type set all of this time, and from time to time I would be prodded by the Macys, and in turn would prod Millard. He and I would get together, but in the meantime, all of the plans that we had previously made had been forgotten so we would have to start over again. It wasn't until George Macy died of cancer that Millard settled down to finish his drawings. We finally got the book out in 1956. Unfortunately Macy never saw the project he had planned so many years before.

TAPE NUMBER: TEN, SIDE TWO

June 8, 1965

Ritchie: I recollect that we were talking about George Macy and the fact that we had been working on a book for his Limited Editions Club, Robert Louis Stevenson's The Beach of Falesá which Millard Sheets was illustrating, and the fact that it had taken so long to do that and Macy had died before it had been completed. George and his wife Helen had been in the habit of coming to California every year, primarily as a vacation. But incidentally, as a good businessman like Macy would, also to make contacts with artists and printers. They usually stayed at La Quinta for the month of February and would come into town for incidental visits with some of us, either on their way to La Quinta or on their way back. Occasionally, we might be invited down there to spend the weekend, which was very pleasant. It must have been about 1955 when George was stricken by a terrific back pain. The local doctor was baffled and called in Dr. Elmer Belt from Los Angeles, who diagnosed it as cancer. George was taken into Los Angeles where he was operated on, and one of his kidneys was removed.

After a short time in the hospital, he was removed to a suite in the Beverly Hilton Hotel. It was while he was recovering there that Paul Landacre and I wanted to send him a get-well card. Paul at that time had been

working on the illustrations for Lucretius, for The Limited Editions Club and we, of course, were working on The Beach of Falesá. Paul pulled out one of his old woodcuts, and I set up some appropriate words, and on a hand press, we printed a pleasant sentiment on some nice handmade paper and sent it to George. The next time Marka and I went to see him in his hotel room, he was sitting, propped up in his bed, talking like a magpie. He was so full of talk and ideas that we couldn't stop him. Helen would come in from time to time and say, "George, you must stop and let the Ritchies go."

And he'd say, "No, no, let them stay for another ten minutes or so."

He was quite interested in the card which we had sent him and he said, "You know, you printed that wood engraving of Landacre's so beautifully, I would like to have you print the Lucretius, if you would." Well, this naturally pleased me very much. And then we got into a discussion as to the design. He said that Bruce Rogers had been his choice to do the Lucretius design and that Rogers had submitted style pages, but he didn't really like them. There was very little sympathy between Bruce Rogers and Landacre. Bruce Rogers had made his design following the pattern of his latter days. He had done the World Book Bible with the same type of illustrations, and it was not Rogers at his best. Macy was disappointed.

Landacre's illustrations were quite modern. Lucretius is a tough book for an illustrator to interpret because there is so little to portray graphically.

Landacre had done quite an inspired job, I thought, in making abstract woodcuts. When he first got the commission from Macy, he had rushed over to see me and tried to think of some way that he could handle the illustrations and make them interesting. At that time, we discussed the possibility of a sort of Japanese treatment with the main illustration and with an imprint in a little block in red, down the corner. We worked out some trial pages, and this treatment seemed to please Landacre. Eventually he submitted his illustrations in that way to Macy but these just didn't fit in with Bruce Rogers' typographic ideas. The two had no compatibility. So Macy asked me if I would like to try my hand at designing the book. Naturally I was most flattered, because it's not very often that one is asked to replace the great master of book design in our time, Bruce Rogers.

I worked out a title page and some sample text pages which I showed to Macy a few days later, and he seemed to be very happy with them and said, "Go ahead." So at that time, we were printing two books; neither of them were completed before his death, but at least he did get to see the pages of the Lucretius in a fairly complete form.

He stayed out here for a month or two, taking cobalt treatments, and he was finally thought to be cured--they could find no more traces of cancer. We jubilantly saw him off from the hotel. He left his filing cabinet. His working habits were to bring all of his correspondence along with him on a trip together with his filing cabinet. During the day, he would dictate his notes and letters and these would be sent to his New York office to be typed and processed. The filing cabinet seemed to be a little cumbersome to take back and as it had been somewhat dented in transportation, he said, "Here, this is yours."

After he left, I got it out into our station wagon and I found that he had written on one of the Limited Editions Club's labels, which had been beautifully and colorfully designed by W. A. Dwiggins,"Bless the house this file is in. Keep Old Pappy off the gin; Help Mamma to put on weight, Damn the boys when they are late." It was a cute and wonderful remembrance from George Macy and that was, of course, the last time that I saw him alive. He returned to New York, and within a month or two there was a recurrence of cancer in his other kidney, and he passed on very soon thereafter.

Helen Macy stepped in the breach and has continued to operate the Limited Editions Club and the Heritage Club quite satisfactorily. She missed George, his

vibrant enthusiasm and selective intuition, but the people that were working for George helped to continue the Clubs in his original concept and they are still flourishing. Millard, finally, after George Macy's death, felt compunctions and finished the illustrations for The Beach of Falesá. We printed it and we bound it, also here in Los Angeles, and sent the books on East, where they were distributed to the members, as was the Lucretius, which we finished a few months later.

The next book that we were asked to do for The Limited Editions Club was Jack London's Call of the Wild. We made preliminary plans for this. My wife and I were to be in New York, and Mrs. Macy asked us to come over and discuss the plans for the book with the man that they had selected to illustrate it, Henry Varnum Poor. We arrived in The Limited Editions Club office, and I was delighted to meet Mr. Poor, one of the fine artists of America. He was a big burly, bewhiskered man. We sat down and to the consternation of all present, he produced all of the finished drawings. Mrs. Macy was quite perplexed by this because they were only in the discussion stage with him at that time. They hadn't decided on format; they hadn't actually decided on the treatment, but here they were. He had gotten a letter from her and started reading the book and had become so excited by it that he had gone to work.

Well, it produced a problem for us because the way that the illustrations were done would necessitate our printing them in four-color process, which would have made the book more expensive than The Limited Editions Club wanted. Naturally, they didn't want to throw Poor's work out because it was good. I thought there might be a way of salvaging them and still keeping within the budget. I took a few of the drawings back to California with me, and we photographed them in black and white. We printed these up in single colors--a grey blue, a warm brown and others. These we sent back to Poor and he put an acetate sheet over each of the prints, and with black brush strokes, reconstituted his paintings, so we were able to reproduce the drawings in two colors rather than in four color process as we would have had to do if we'd followed the original drawings. We didn't bind _Call of the Wild_ out here. It was bound in the East, and I was quite surprised when I saw the binding.

George Macy's idea was to dramatise each book and naturally was continued by those who followed him. As for example, when they printed the _Golden Ass_ many years ago, they bound it in ass skin. Macy also wrote a tempting letter which was sent out before each of his books was shipped, telling what was to be expected. He liked to have a gimmick of this sort to excite the imagination and whet the appetites of those who were to

receive the book. For our Call of the Wild, he was able to get some of the material they use in making lumber jackets. It was a heavy plaid material. It made an extremely interesting and possibly unique binding. You can see how it made an interesting tie-in for The Call of The Wild. Though it might not be in the best taste of bookmaking, it added an imaginative punch to the book.

Next time Mrs. Macy was out, we talked about doing another book, and she wondered who would be a satisfactory artist. The book she had in mind was Joseph Conrad's The Nigger of the'Narcissus'. After several considerations, we decided that probably Millard Sheets was the most competent. She had some misgivings after our last experience, but I thought if we could kindle Millard's enthusiasm enough he might get into it and finish it in no time, as he could. He is so extremely facile that once he puts his hand to any work, it takes him a matter of days or a week at the most to finish it. The problem is that there are so many people attempting to excite him for a project. He hasn't the ability of saying no. Almost anyone who comes to him with an interesting position gets a yes, and before he knows it, he is involved in so many places, with so many things, and with so many speeches (because he does that too), that he has no time for any of his projects until a final deadline comes. Then he has to forego everything else and concentrate on this one.

These books of ours were never of that exigency. While, I believe, The Limited Editions Club paid him $2,000 for illustrating a book, the very paintings and drawings that he did were worth many times that. Compared with other projects for which he is commissioned--his buildings, murals, mosaics and paintings--illustrating a book could mean very little in either prestige or money.

In the case of this book, I didn't rush it immediately into type, as I had on the previous one with Millard, because letting type sit around for three years, being moved from place to place, is a little hazardous. Anything can happen to it, including lots of banged letters. We did set up style pages, and we got approval of them. Actually, what I did was to have our own artist, Cas Duchow, rough in some sketchy drawings to show how we wanted the pages to look. After the Limited Editions Club approved them, I turned them over to Millard to go on from there.

Time dragged, and Mrs. Macy would write frantic letters, pleading letters. I would talk to Millard on the phone or see him, when I was in Claremont. He would get enthusiastic about the book. Finally one day he called me and said, "Ward, I have done my color illustrations." He made six illustrations in full color. I shipped them to Mrs. Macy, and she liked them. The time had come, I thought, to set the type--which we did.

But there were a dozen or more incidental illustrations for chapter headings and tail pieces which had to be done. These were things, I thought, which wouldn't take Millard very much time but then the Notre Dame fresco intruded and the Pasadena Home Savings and Loan mural and other jobs. He never had time for these little drawings.

When he finally did them, they didn't look like Millard Sheets' work. They didn't have his quality. Our artist Cas Duchow came to me and said, "Ward, you can't allow Millard to put these into a book. They look like very poor early Rockwell Kent." Well, it's a little difficult to tell an artist of the stature of Millard Sheets that his things aren't good, but I think Millard himself realized this in this instance.

There were many problems. He hadn't followed the spirit of my layout. He had just made some drawings. In attempting to fit them into the pages, it made uncomfortable situations. What I did was to make some line cuts of them (he hadn't done the color part of them) and sent them back to him. I also sent back some of the original layouts to show him that I didn't think these fit very well. Millard called me (I had made no suggestion whatsoever) and said, "Ward, I'm going to do these over." He did and they were completely different in feeling and more compatible to the book and our conception of its

design. The book was eventually finished and we were able to maneuver Millard over to the shop for two days to sign all of the colophon pages, as each copy of a Limited Editions book is autographed by the artist. That was our last responsibility. As we were sitting around afterwards, he said, "Ward, I don't know if we're going to be liked after this book." Of course, I knew what he meant because the word "nigger" is a little touchy.

When the project had first been suggested to us, Millard and I had wondered about the propriety of doing the book at this particular time. I had written Mrs. Macy about it, and she wrote back that this was a classic. It was a kindly treatment of the colored boy in the story. Then she sent the introductory essay, which also felt that this was too great a book to be allowed to be in any way embarrassed by a title which had become unfortunate. We had continued with it, but still Millard had some qualms to the end even though the title was available in paperback in all of the book stores.

Back in 1931 (this was soon after I had returned from my sojourn in Paris and had worked that memorable month for Jake Zeitlin in his bookstore on Sixth Street before Jake had suggested that I might make a better printer than a bookseller), I started working with the firm of Hackett & Newell, which we later changed to Hackett, Newell & Ritchie. Gregg Anderson had come down from San Francisco to work for us as a compositor in this little

printing shop. We had great friendship for Grant Dahlstrom, another printer. And we all were quite close friends of Jake's. Arthur Ellis, a lawyer in town and also an avid collector of books about printing and about the West, suggested one day that we should form a bibliophilic organization.

The idea appealed enough to the four of us to lead us to gather on October 28, 1931 for dinner together at the French Restaurant and then sojourn to Jake's book shop to talk about the formation of such a group. There was another such organization in Los Angeles, the Zamorano Club, which was made up of the older, wealthier and more staid book collecting members of the community. Naturally, we felt deprived, not being members of this older organization, so we decided, with Arthur Ellis' blessings, to form our own.

I believe that I was responsible for initially calling it the Thistle Club because of my great admiration for Bruce Rogers, who used as his mark the little Scotch thistle. As we sat around in Jake's shop, we decided to make some type of formal organization. We selected Grant Dahlstrom as the first president, and I was selected as secretary-treasurer. In order to be secretary you have to take minutes, naturally, and Jake scurried around looking for something on which I could take minutes. He found a dummy book which Bruce McCallister

had submitted to him for Sarah Bixby Smith's Adobe Days. Aside from the title page and the green unstamped binding, it was a completely blank book. I immediately started taking notes of this first meeting. It was decided to meet once a month or whenever the spirit or an incoming distinguished guest moved us.

The members present, the founding members, were Jake Zeitlin, Grant Dahlstrom, Gregg Anderson, and Ward Ritchie. We, at that time, considered some of the other younger men around town--Bill Wooten, for one. Bill had worked or was working with Jake at the time. He had a great flair for calligraphic design, he was interested in printing and books. Later he became more interested in music and forwent the graphic field. Saul Marks, a young printer; Lawson Cooper, another printer; Karl Zamboni, who worked at that time for Jake Zeitlin, a great bibiliographic mind he had; Roland Baughman, who was a young librarian at the Huntington Library; Lindley Bynum, also at the Huntington Library; Orson Durand, who worked for the Satyr Bookstore on Vine Street near Hollywood Boulevard and had a little press up on the balcony of the bookstore; and Thomas Perry Stricker, another blossoming young printer. These were the people to be considered for future membership in the club.

It was also decided that the meetings were to be held the third Thursday night of each month. The next

meeting was held on November 19, 1931, it was still called the Thistle Club, by the secretary. It was held at Jake Zeitlin's home. He lived up in the Echo Park area at that time, at 1559 Altivo Way. Jake, Gregg, and myself gathered there for dinner. Grant Dahlstrom came late, bringing with him Saul Marks. Jake suggested that we should never take in more than two new members at a time. Then, of course, we had to go through this trying session of deciding on what the dues were going to be. Jake suggested twenty-five cents a month, which evidently was considered.

He also thought we should have a publishing venture and in this way support the treasury. We could do a combination book between the various printers. He suggested _Gods in Exile_. There'd been a Mexican artist up here who had done some very delicately-fashioned woodcuts or wood engravings, I believe they were, for Jake and Grant for their Ampersand Press. I think Grant had set some sample pages of the book and had planned to print it on the hand press. It was never followed through. It must have been about thirty years later when Grant finally did a small edition of the _Gods in Exile_, using these blocks which had been around all that time. Jake's suggestion was booed as too much ripe commercialism.

Then some new names were suggested for the club--Rounce & Coffin. I believe Grant was the one who sug-

gested Rounce & Coffin, though Jake may have had an influential finger in this. The rounce is the part of the old hand press, the handle which cranks the bed in and out, and the coffin is the bed of the press upon which the type is placed before it's printed. While it has to most Americans a sort of a college fraternity sound, it actually has a very authentic place in the history of printing. Other names were: the De Vinne Club, after the eminent American printer; and the Merrymount Club, after Updike's press. As usual it was decided to continue thinking about it rather than to make a decision at the time. Grant Dahlstrom was delegated to set up a letterhead with Rounce & Coffin and Ward Ritchie was to make one for the Thistle Club.

Then we got back to dues, and they were confirmed at fifty cents a month. It was also moved that each new member selected must present the club a printed souvenir as a credential. Saul Marks and Paul Landacre were elected to membership. The secretary was required to print and send out announcements for each of the meetings. Sure enough we collected dues of fifty cents from everyone present, as the treasurer's report shows for that month.

For the first year the club was pretty consistent in having a meeting every month at the various members' houses. The next one in December was at Grant Dahlstrom's

house. Landacre was there--his first meeting--and since Landacre wasn't able to produce much in the way of cash he suggested that he would give a print which Jake Zeitlin could sell and that would be enough to cover his dues. We thought this was a great idea. The club still didn't have a name, and typical of procrastinating printers, neither Mr. Dahlstrom nor Mr. Ritchie had come forth with a letterhead as suggested during the previous meeting. But Mr. Zeitlin, according to the minutes, unnecessarily prolonged the meeting with a carefully prepared oration to move that the name of the club be called the Rounce & Coffin Club. The motion was greeted by huzzas and boos. The huzzas seemed to have won. Then it was also decided that Landacre and Dahlstrom, this time, would design and present a letterhead. Zeitlin would write copy for an initiation certificate. The next meeting would be held at Ritchie's, and the presentation of credentials by Marks and Landacre would be postponed until that time.

The next meeting in January was held at Ritchie's house. Hugh King was there as a new neophyte. Hugh King and his brother had worked in Lime Rock, Connecticut with Dard Hunter, who had his little paper mill there. The King boys evidently were the craftsmen in the mill. The money for this mill had been put up by an uncle of theirs, a man by the name of Beach who had staked Dard Hunter in this endeavor.

During the Depression, of which this was about the bottom, the sale of handmade paper was extremely limited throughout the United States and the mill had closed down. The King brothers had moved west to California, still with great enthusiasm for papermaking. One of the first things they did was to have a demonstration in the basement of the Los Angeles County Museum. They actually set up a small paper mill there. They ground the pulp. And with a borrowed paper mold from John Henry Nash, with John Henry Nash's watermark in it, they demonstrated to people as they came to visit, how paper was actually made. The Kings were quite an addition to the small coterie of printers around here.

Also, they brought with them from the east many reams of Dard Hunter handmade paper, which I believe supported them for the first year of their life out here. It is amazing how inexpensive this beautiful paper was at that time. For many of my earliest projects, I bought and used their paper. I used it for some of Mrs. Doheny's books, for one of Mrs.Millard's catalogues, and several others. It was necessary to learn how to dampen paper before printing it, but it had such beautiful texture and such great quality--I've never seen anything better since that time. Hugh King was the newest member of the club, and at this particular meeting, he gave us a talk on the paper that he had made at the Los Angeles Museum. Finally

the man who suggested the founding of the Rounce and Coffin Club, Arthur Ellis, came to a dinner. This was on March 17, 1932, and we held this meeting at Saul Marks' shop, in the Printing Center building on Santee off Pico Street. Mr. Ellis brought a paper mould to show us, which John Henry Nash had given him, and he talked about the history of printing--the earliest printing in the United States by Stephen Day--and told about the two early presses in the Smithsonian Institute and the Franklin Hall in Philadelphia.

The Rounce and Coffin Club from the beginning was informal and fun loving--a tradition which was started in the early years and has continued. Except when there might be a distinguished guest who would be offended by the hilarity and horseplay of the members, the meetings are most informal. Usually the guests quickly acclimated to this jovial informality of Rounce and Coffin Club meetings and joined in the fun. Recently Ray Nash from Dartmouth was at a meeting with R. Hunter Middleton of Chicago. It just broke loose, and they were as witty as any Jake Zeitlin that we ever had.

At a much earlier meeting at Jake's house, Edward Doro came as a guest--later he became a member. He had been born in California and as a young man had gone to England to write. He had a small volume of his poems privately printed there and he sent a copy to Conrad

Aiken. Conrad Aiken was impressed with them and took him under his wing, giving him praise and publicity. Later, he wrote a foreward to a subsequent book of Doro's poem.

With Doro at this meeting it turned mostly into a discussion of poetry, with Doro reading many of his own.

The next meeting was at Saul Marks' home and Doro was further pushing his own ideas on the Club, and he even suggested that we have a supplementary organization devoted to the promulgation of the members' poesy. The lay members applauded the plan, under the influence of vinous liquids. There was an amount of bad verse originated during the evening. Examples of it are:

There was a young printer named Ritchie
Whose type stick was unusually itchy.
In a furious rage
He set up a page
And drowned all his sorrows in Vichy.

There was a fine printer named Dahlstrom
Who spiked all his ink with bay rum
Not inking his type
He guzzled the tripe
And spilled all his lunch on the rostrum.

The devil was his mother
The devil was his dad
Those were the only parents
Landacre ever had.

Most of these sad effusions came from Ed Doro, so Dahlstrom finally retorted:

Eddie the poet
He laughed like goat
The blankety-blank poet.

Finally there was an epitaph for Saul Marks:

Here Marks is spilled
His going was our gain
He went to pi
But by and by
He'll set him up again.

The Rounce and Coffin Club has had a considerable influence on Western bookmaking. Until 1935, the club had followed a haphazard path, having only occasional meetings at various member's houses, when Gregg Anderson returned from a three-year stint at the Meriden Gravure Company in Meriden, Connecticut. Roland Baughman, Gregg and myself formed a steering committee. The three of us had many meetings, and Gregg, being a practical fellow, wanted to make the club into a serious organization. Previously, each announcement had been imaginative. Landacre had made little engravings for some and found old engravings for others and had lots of fun with them. But serious Gregg decided that the announcements would be a plain card saying what was the subject and speakers and where it would be. We changed the meetings away from various members' houses to the Constance Hotel in Pasadena.

A couple of years later, at his suggestion, we decided to have a Western Book Show. The American Institute of Graphic Arts in New York, of course, had had the Fifty Book Show for many years. The conditions

were different here on the West Coast. We usually printed books in small editions, individually designed and produced. It was the product of the individual craftsmen rather than the product of industry, such as it was getting to be in New York where book designers were completely separated from the printing business. There, the books are designed and then put into a printing plant to produce. The printers themselves are not involved in the actual appearance of the book.

So we decided to have a Western book show--the first of the regional book shows. We got out announcements and sent them to all printers that we could think of on the West Coast, and in 1938, the first of these shows was held. They continued until World War II. After the war we had a retrospective show of the books produced during the war years--and since then every year, the Rounce & Coffin Club has sponsored the "Western Books." For the last several years, there have been two showings of each of the selections going to libraries all over the West and some in the East. The American Institute of Graphic Art shows it. It goes to Boston; it goes to Texas; it goes to Kansas; it goes to Chicago. We don't have enough time available for all of the libraries that want to have this show.

The meetings of the Rounce & Coffin Club now are held irregularly and only when a distinguished person in the graphic arts field visits Southern California. For instance, the last one was when Brooke Crutchley, the printer to Cambridge University, was visiting here. We will soon have another one for Beatrice Warde of the Monotype Company in England and we have had one for Hermann Zapf from Germany, when he was here. They are held about three times a year at the most at a variety of restaurants. It still has some of the warm frivolity of years past, though possibly not quite as much as previously because a great many of us who have been members for thirty years or more are not quite as kittenish as we were at one time. But when you get Jake Zeitlin, and occasionally Larry Powell, and some of the others, you have an exciting and interesting meeting, and the visitors seem to enjoy it.

TAPE NUMBER: ELEVEN, SIDE ONE

June 22, 1965

Ritchie: Arthur Ellis, who had suggested the formation of the Rounce & Coffin Club, certainly can be considered the father of book clubs in California. It was he who was primarily responsible for the formation of the Zamorano Club, the oldest book club in California. After its formation, he was also instrumental in starting the Roxburghe Club, a similar organization in San Francisco. The reason for starting the Zamorano Club was to help one of the grand old men of books, W. Irving Way. Back in the '90's, Way had a publishing firm in Chicago, Way & Williams, which did some of the best work of that time. Among other things, he had the Kelmscott Press in England print a book which was distributed in America by Way & Williams, the only commercial work that the Kelmscott Press ever did. This was Rossetti's Hand and Soul. The firm of Way & Williams didn't last too long in Chicago, and Way eventually made his way to California. I don't know if he had any occupation at all; he seemed to support himself primarily by selling an occasional book from his own library. It was in this way that he became acquainted with some of the local book collectors in Los Angeles.

I believe the first one was Gaylord Beaman who was a catalyst of a sort. When I first knew him, he was in the Insurance business, but he was better known as the greeter of Los Angeles. When any distinguished person in the literary or the printing world arrived in Los Angeles, it was always Gay Beaman who met him at the train, escorted him around, introduced him to the people who'd interest him. Gay belonged to all of the clubs to which it was possible to belong. He always circulated at the meetings of these clubs. He was shaking hands with this one and chatting with this person and seldom even sat down to eat. Well, Gay Beaman introduced Irving Way to Will Clary, an eminent lawyer with the firm of O'Melveny & Myers, who in turn introduced him to Arthur Ellis.

These men felt that they would like to do something for Irving Way. They didn't want to offer him money, so they had a meeting one evening in October of 1927 to talk about books. It was on the night of October 19th. Arthur Ellis, Will Clary, Garner Beckett, who later was the president of the Riverside Cement Company, gathered together with Irving Way. The four of them discussed the possibility of a book club for Los Angeles. The seeds were then planted, and on January 25, 1928, a club was formally organized. They had, in the meantime, surveyed the bookish people in the Los Angeles area and among the original members were Robert Schad, curator of

rare books at the Huntington Library; Bruce McCallister, an eminent Los Angeles printer; Charles K. Adams, one of the kindliest and most scholarly of all the early Zamoranans--he worked for the Santa Fe Railroad, was an omniverous reader and collector of all sorts of literary material; Gaylord Beaman ; and Thomas Treanor, who at that time was president of the Riverside Cement Company. W. Irving Way was elected to honorary membership, and he was also made librarian of the club, though at that time they had no books, but by this gesture they were able thus to offer him a small sinecure. I doubt if it was more than $50 a month, but they felt this was a way to give him something, though it's never been in the official records that this was the purpose for the founding of the club. I was told by early members that this was the reason for its formation, and it did give Irving Way a little help in his later years. They had Way's portrait painted in life-size which hangs in the club rooms, but unfortunately, he didn't live too much longer. But the club, founded then, has survived to this day and grown.

The first officers were Arthur M. Ellis as president, William W. Clary as vice-president, and Garner A. Beckett as secretary-treasurer. These in addition to the other members I've mentioned were the founding nucleus, and inasmuch as it was thought important that everyone have a

position (there were eight founding members), a Board of Governors of seven was decreed as the ruling body. The eighth member was the secretary-treasurer. It was decided that each member of the board would serve for seven years, and one new member be elected each year. So the original board had to draw by lot to see who would serve one year, two years, up to seven years. As new members were admitted to the club, they became eligible to eventually be chosen as a member of the board.

The club decided that they would like to have quarters, and early they took a room in the Bradbury Building. Soon after that, they got a suite in the old Alexandria Hotel at Fifth and Spring Street. They paneled it with wood, and it was really a very impressive-looking room. The Depression did not curtail the activities of the club, but it did have its effect on the Alexandria Hotel. One meeting night, the manager explained to them that the hotel was closing down, and they would be expected to get out of their paneled rooms which they had done at their own expense. It was a heartbreaking experience, but the club was able to arrange for new quarters at the University Club on Hope Street, where it has remained since then, in very nice rooms with their library around the walls in bookcases which have been built over the years. It will soon have another move, as the University Club is being

torn down. The University Club itself is being housed in the new building of the Lincoln Savings and Loan Association at the corner of Sixth and Hope. The Zamorano Club, however, will move to the Biltmore Hotel.

I was invited to become a member in May of 1934, at the suggestion of Robert Schad. The club has a luncheon roundtable every Wednesday, except the first Wednesday of the month when they have an evening meeting at which there is a speaker. Occasionally, an outsider is asked to come in and speak to the club, but in general--and this was probably more true during the early years than in the later years--the papers are given by members of the club.

The first one that I gave was on the evening of Wednesday, April 24th, 1935, when I divided the evening's time with Bruce McCallister. We spoke on the subject of private presses; McCallister spoke about those in the United States and I about the private presses of Europe. As it says in the announcement, at the close of the speakers' remarks the meeting will become an open forum for further discussion of this subject. We had many questions at the time, and I had brought along among my notes some of the impressions I had of printers in Europe at the time I had been a student over there. I pulled out these diaries and read the account of Bruce Rogers when he was there working on the Great Oxford Bible, the lectern Bible which he designed and was printed at the University Press.

This evidently impressed Dr. Max Farrand, who was the director of the Huntington Library, because several years later the Huntington Library and the California Institute of Technology sponsored a series of talks by Daniel Berkeley Updike, who along with Bruce Rogers was the most eminent of American printers of that era. Updike, in addition, was a great scholar; his two-volume book entitled Printing Types is considered the greatest scholarly work to be produced in America, or possibly in the world, on the subject. I believe there was a series of three lectures divided between the Huntington Library and the Athenaeum at Caltech. Following these, Dr. Farrand wished to entertain Mr. Updike and the members of the Zamorano Club at his home on the Huntington Library grounds. Farrand had been one of Updike's most ardent admirers and had collected perhaps the most complete library of Merrymount Press books in existence--later given to the Huntington Library as the basis of the great Updike collection now housed there.

Much to my surprise, Farrand called me, at the time he was making arrangements with Updike to come West and asked if I would be willing to be the speaker on that evening for Mr. Updike. With many qualms, I accepted because you don't turn down the director of the Huntington Library. He suggested the subject to be on type ornaments. To be asked to speak before the great authority on

printing types and type ornaments, on a subject of which he knew much more than anybody else, caused me considerable consternation and worry. But it turned out to be a most delightful and educational experience for me because it required that I delve extensively into the subject, not only historically but also into the contemporary use of type ornaments.

These little pieces of decoration had been used by printers since the 15th Century. You can combine them in innumerable ways with an almost endless variety of decoration. They were contrived originally by the printers who couldn't afford or didn't want to use new art work or new engravings for each book. By using these in different arrangements, they could put decoration into their books with material on hand. It stemmed, I suppose, from the decorations of the Arabs. Certainly, it had been suggested by the ornamentation of the bookbinders; the bookbinder's tools were very much like the original printer's flowers and they probably evolved from them. In some eras, they were used to a greater extent than in others--especially in France during the 18th century, when Fournier developed them to the peak. The French arrangements were extremely beautiful and handsome and innumerable variations were available at that time.

During the latter part of the 19th century, there was another vogue in quite a different tradition. The

English and the American type founders created a great deal of pictorial material which could be pieced together in various arrangements. We think of it now as Victorian printing. The style was quite fussy, and went along with the exotic types which were developed during the latter part of the 19th century.

In the early part of this present century, along with the revival of the many classic typefaces following William Morris, there was a revival also of many of the early type ornaments and type flowers. Sir Francis Meynell was one of the first who began delving back into the beautiful Caslon ornaments and his early Nonesuch books used this type of decoration to a great extent. In America, there were many experiments with the geometric ornaments that came into vogue in the 20th century, being considered "modern." They were quite often used to build pictures or as with Alvin Lustig, they were used to make interesting abstract designs.

The man who created the most impressive of these type pictures was Albert Schiller, who worked at one of the type houses in New York. I had seen some of the creations he had made--large, complicated and fairly realistic pictures made of a variety of rules and ornaments and geometrical squares and circles. In working on this paper on printer's flowers, I wrote to Schiller, among others, and he explained that he did one of these

pictures each year to be sent out as a Christmas gift by the firm for which he worked. He devoted practically a whole year to each of these projects--they were so intricate and elaborate. He would start out with a sketch or a design and then gradually piece together the elements over the year. These were printed in many colors and were quite pictorial. You would never realize that they were made out of extraneous pieces arranged together. But, while they are most interesting examples of a typesetter's ingenuity, they are important primarily as curiosities, showing what can be done with this material. They are tours de force and don't have the charm that many simpler and less forced designs using type ornaments have.

I also corresponded with William Addison Dwiggins, who, I think, was the best of the American book designers of this era. He is now dead. While Bruce Rogers and Daniel Berkeley Updike are usually considered the great ones of that time, they didn't create a new style. They absorbed from the past and refined and perfected it. But Dwiggins was originally an artist and his books are conceived more as an artist would design them than as a printer would. He inserted a new feeling, a new quality that no previous books have had. He early illustrated some books for Updike and other printers. But he concluded that as an accompaniment to type one should have

decorations other than a drawn illustration. He envisioned something new, but in the tradition of the printer's flowers type of things.

He started experimenting with stencils. He would cut in stencil various small abstract designs which he would piece together in much the same way that the printer's ornaments were put together. Only he had a more freedom with this method since he could maneuver and manipulate them in various ways, where the printer's ornaments were pretty set and rigid.

During our correspondence--generous and wonderful man that he was--he got out all these stencils and put them on a single sheet, which you'll see. There are literally hundreds of them. Some of them are quite abstract while others show little figures and simple flower shapes. With these, as you can see, he could make a great variety of wonderful decorations to enhance a book. His bindings were especially handsome using these decorations. He loved to use a shiny black cloth with lots of gold stamping.

He wrote on the showing of his ornaments, "Elements for making pattern to be used with type. Cut in celluloid, .075 mostly. These discharges show the stencils as cut. Some of them are made with the idea of touching in the tie breaks with a pen to finish, but mostly used as cut. W. A. D. August 26th, 1940." Then he adds, "The

property of Ward Ritchie. Will he consent to have it copied via photostat if the occasion for so doing might arise. W.A.D." [laughter]

Updike did arrive. Updike gave his lectures and I gave mine too. I had several nice letters from Updike about it. He died a few years later.

The Zamorano and Roxburghe Club, while they had similar purposes and were founded approximately the same year, had had absolutely no contact with one another. There had been a few members who had belonged to both clubs inasmuch as they had moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles or vice versa. So there was some communication and we knew of one another. It must have been about 1952 or '53 that the suggestion was made by Theodore Lilienthal of the Roxburghe Club and Dr. Marcus Crahan of the Zamorano Club that the two clubs join together for a meeting, that the members could become more friendly and get to know one another. The Roxburghe Club in San Francisco made the first gesture and invited us up to meet with them. It was my duty that particular year, as president of the club, to arrange for the Zamorano part of meeting and to herd all ofthe Zamoranans up to San Francisco for the weekend of September 11th and 12th of 1953.

I arrived up there and found out, among other things, that I would have to make a speech to the Roxburghe mem-

bers, as one of their members was to make a speech to us. As I was working on something to say, I thought that there should be a keepsake for this memorable occasion. In one of the little antique shops, I found a battered old pewter plate. [laughter] Albert Sperisen and I inscribed on it the signature of Agustín Zamorano, the first printer of California, for whom the Zamorano Club had been named, and also we tried to put on it the coat of arms of the Duke of Roxburghe for whom the Roxburghe Club had been named. During the course of my presentation of this to the club, I fabricated a meeting between these two great and illustrious men and explained how this particular plate had happened to belong to both of them. [laughter] This "priceless" pewter plate has become a treasured part of the Zamorano-Roxburghe tradition, now, and it is passed back and forth from one club to the next. The next year, the Roxburghe Club encased it in a beautiful leather and velvet box when they returned it to the Zamorano Club.

These meetings started out to be yearly affairs, but it was found that it was too much of a chore to gather forty or fifty men and entertain them for two days every year, so now it's every other year. One year the Zamorano Club will go to San Francisco, and the next time they will come down to Los Angeles. The object is to show off the bibliographical treasures of one part

against another, so naturally we have visited all of the libraries and museums and places of bibliophilic interest in both areas. There is always one big banquet on Saturday night and for the rest of the time we are bussed around to the points of interest, interspersed with food and cocktails.

Both the Zamorano Club and the Roxburghe Club have published several books. The most important one, I believe, that the Zamorano Club has done was the splendid biography of Augustín Zamorano which was written by George Harding of San Francisco, who is a member of both clubs. Many others have been done, including Bullion to Books by Henry Wagner, Islands of Books by Lawrence Clark Powell. A few years ago, in 1961, when the Grolier Club of New York came West to visit both the Roxburghe Club and the Zamorano Club on a tour, the Zamorano Club took upon itself the production of a keepsake for them which was called A Bookman's View of Los Angeles. It was printed by the various printer-members of the Zamorano Club, at that time consisting of Gordon Holmquist, who printed one section; Saul Marks, who printed another section; Grant Dahlstrom, who printed the third; and ourselves, who printed the fourth section. W. W. Robbinson wrote for it a profile of Los Angeles and its cultural background. Then, the directors of the four

important libraries here--the Clark Library, the Honnold Library, the Huntington Library and the Southwest Museum Library--wrote about their libraries. Tyrus Harmsen, the Occidental College Librarian, wrote a history of the Zamorano Club, and I attempted to summarize the history of fine printing in southern California which seemed to flower during the late '20's, and continue through the '30's and '40's, and is still to a certain extent in its bloom. During the '30's there were many small presses developing and trying to do fine printing. It's pretty much come down to Dahlstrom and Marks and our own enterprise now. Each of the printers designed his own piece. The first one, theprofile of Los Angeles by W. W. Robbinson, was done by Gordon Holmquist, and then the section on the four libraries was printed by Saul Marks, and I did the one on fine printing, and Grant Dahlstrom did the little history of the Zamorano Club. We all got our handiwork in.

Back at the time when these book clubs were being founded, the first serious attempt at publishing also started in Los Angeles. Books had been done haphazardly by many printers, as you can tell by going through the section of Los Angeles imprints at the UCLA Library. But they seem to have been the work of printers who were given a job to print by an author or some organization. The

Powell Publishing Company had done a series of books on Western history and there may have been others who actually published, but this is the first legitimate publishing venture in Los Angeles of which I am aware. After Bruce McCallister had done the superb Warner's ranch history, he became bitten by the possibility of doing another fine book. He talked to Jake Zeitlin about it, and Jake was naturally enthusiastic about anything that had to do with creating books. At the time, Marguerite Eyer Wilbur had been translating a German book about Los Angeles. I believe it was called Ein Blumen....I don't know the exact German title (I have a copy of it someplace), but she had translated it under the name of " Los Angeles in the Sunny Seventies. Certain portions of it had been appearing in Touring Topics, the magazine of the Automobile Club of Southern California. Jake talked to Phil Townsend Hanna, the editor of this magazine, about the possibility of making a book out of it, and Phil thought it was a great idea. Naturally, Marguerite Eyre Wilbur was interested in this. Bruce McCallister was happy because this was the type of book he would like to do.

Oddly enough, when I first went to see Bruce McCallister about getting into the printing business and he had sent me over to Frank Wiggins Trade School to learn something about it, he mentioned to me this book and said that he and Jake were planning to publish it. He wanted

it to be a fine book and he would like to have it hand set. And if I could learn typesetting fast enough and was competent enough, he might give me a job, working on this book. But it turned out he was a little impatient [laughter] and couldn't wait that long, and had it set by monotype, I believe. He and Jake issued the book, and it was the earliest book that Jake had really sponsored as a publisher.

It set Jake's mind to work, too, and a young poet that he met through Sidney King Russell came to see him. His name was Leslie M. Jennings who was at loose ends at the time, and they concocted the idea of starting a publishing firm--which they did under the name of The Primavera Press. This was about the end of 1929, or was operating in 1930.

From the early records, it would appear that it was a vanity press and that the earliest publications were paid for by the authors. The first one was a book by the name of Enoch by a Mrs.Nichols; and another book, Cavalcade by David Weisman; and An Anthology of Southern California Verse by the Verse Writers Club of Southern California.

Then a rather important book came to them, Adobe Days, which had been written by Sarah Bixby Smith and had been published or printed for her by the Torch Press of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in a rather miserable looking little edition,

many years before. She wanted to have a really nice edition of this book, which Jake took upon himself to do with the help of Bruce McCallister. It was printed and designed by the firm of Young and McCallister and published by Jake. Jake owned a two-thirds interest in The Primavera Press and Leslie M. Jennings a one-third interest. But the arrangement, while it was profitable to a certain extent to both of them, wasn't completely satisfactory, and Jake, by the end of 1931, had taken it over himself. While there was a still a certain amount of vanity printing done by The Primavera Press, it gradually became legitimate, and they began selecting books because of their intrinsic value rather than because somebody was willing to pay for them.

The first of these was Phil Townsend Hanna's Libros Californianos, or five feet of books on California, which became an important tool for the collector as the first discriminative selection of valuable California books for the collector. Phil Hanna, in addition to his own selection, included those of Robert Cowan, Henry Wagner and, I believe, Leslie Bliss, the Librarian of the Huntington Library. The publication of this book came right after I had been working for Jake, and one of the compensations I got for leaving him was the privilege of printing the book at the firm of Hackett, Newell & Ritchie.

It rather surprises me now in looking back over the records of The Primavera Press to find the invoice for the printing of this book. It was done in the fall of 1931; it was started while I was still working for Jake. Gregg Anderson had come down from the Grabhorn Press. He was working with Hackett & Newell, a firm in which I had one-third interest. He was primarily responsible for the design and the makeup of the book. We printed an edition of 500 copies and invoiced it to Mr. Zeitlin on December 1, 1931, at $145. [laughter] Also part of that was paid by Jake in a book which he sold to Gregg Anderson at $25.00, I don't know what the book was now, but evidently the firm took that out of Gregg's wages. The book sold well; it was a very much needed book and almost immediately we had an order for a reprint, which we finished in record time because it was billed out January 1, 1932, less than a month after the first one. For this second printing of 500 copies, we were paid the munificent sum of $72.00 [laughter]. When I look back at this, I can see why Jake thought the publishing business was great in those days. I must admit this didn't include the binding because Weber-McCrea did the binding. For the first issue they charged him $92.30 and for the second one $73.50. Jake was a good businessman in those days because I see that he took off a two percent discount for paying right away!

Soon after this, the Hackett, Newell & Ritchie enterprise broke up, and I went on my own. One of the first jobs that I did for Jake was also a Primavera Press book called Summer Denial by Madeleine Ruthven. I suspect that this was a vanity book. Being a book of poetry, I doubt if any publisher would put his own money into it.

I was amused, though, in running across a letter from Bennett Cerf of Random House, Jake had evidently sent him a copy of Summer Denial, and Bennett wrote, "Dear Jake, Thanks for sending us a copy of Summer Denial. We will be very glad to keep this book where it can be seen by anyone who comes into the office. I must be frank enough to tell you, however, that I don't think anybody is going to spend $2.50 for a book of poems by somebody they have never heard of in times like this. We will be very glad, however, to send any orders that come in for the book to you and let you bill them any way that you see fit." [laughter]

The next year after Summer Denial, Jake seemed to have found several poets who were willing to have their books printed by The Primavera Press, and we did a book called Wives Come First by Gladys DuBois, The Lay of a Summer's Day or "Love is Mightier than All", by F.H.A. and Weathered Wine by Anita Grey. Now Jake, evidently, had some compunctions because he dropped the Primavera imprint from them, and they were printed under the imprint of the Faun Press.

Then in 1934, Marguerite Eyre Wilbur came forth with a translation from Alexander Dumas, called A Gil Blas in California. Alexander Dumas evidently had a batch of writers working for him. Occasional authors would come to him with a manuscript which he would take over and rewrite, using their first-hand experiences. It's doubtful that Dumas had ever been in California but somebody who had gave him the material for this book. Because of its California interest a first translation into English seemed to have sales possibilities.

Jake made arrangements to have Saul Marks at the Plantin Press print this book, and Saul had worked on some designs for it. It was one of Saul's earliest attempts at book design, and he hadn't quite reached the finesse that he has now. Jake, at this time, began to feel that the publishing venture was a little too much for him to handle alone while he was still running his bookstore, so he suggested that The Primavera Press be formed as a corporation by himself, Phil Townsend Hanna, and myself. Jake was to be responsible for the selling of the books; Phil Townsend Hanna for the editorial work; and I for the production of them. This was done in 1934, while A Gil Blas was in the works and as a result I took over the designing of A Gil Blas, but we still had Saul Marks print and produce the book.

From then on, the books which we did were all legitimate books. We made no attempt to get subsidies for them. There was quite a distinguished group of interesting books. Lawrence Clark Powell had done a thesis on Robinson Jeffers for his doctorate at the University of Dijon in France. We republished it with illustrations by Rockwell Kent. We did the little book, Americans, by Laura Riding. She had sent the manuscript to me from her home in Majorca. We did The Sinister Shepherd, a translation of Fracastoro's 16th century poem in a translation by William van Wyck.

TAPE NUMBER: ELEVEN, SIDE TWO

Ritchie: I'm not quite sure where I left off on our last discussion, but it seems to me that we were right in the middle of The Primavera Press. The Primavera Press, as I mentioned before, had been started by Jake Zeitlin and Leslie Jennings. Eventually, Jennings withdrew from the organization, and Jake continued it himself. In 1933, he made arrangements with the Plantin Press of Saul Marks and Kenneth McKay to print an edition of 525 copies of A Gil Blas in California by Alexander Dumas. At about the same time, Jake also started a discussion with Phil Townsend Hanna and myself about joining him in The Primavera Press. It seemed like a good idea, and on the 25th day of May, 1933, The Primavera Press was incorporated. Its purposes were: the publishing of books about California and the Southwest which might have merit deserving of permanent form; the reprinting or reissuing where sheets are available of new editions of such volumes as having proved their worth and desirability and are now out of print; designing, printing and distributing under a subsidiary imprint privately-printed limited editions where desired by individuals willing to pay the cost; and printing and publishing books for public school and visual education. PhilTownsend Hanna was to be the editorial and head the press promotion; I was to handle the production; and JakeZeitlin, sales and

distribution. Phil Hanna was also secretary; I was treasurer; and Jake Zeitlin was the business manager.

We each invested $75 at that time, and as the original stipulations read "Since Phil Townsend Hanna brings to The Primavera Press, Inc., editorial knowledge and experience of great direct value, and since he agrees to use all his efforts to bring all desirable publication material to which he has access, either through his professional position or personal contacts, to the benefit of The Primavera Press, Inc. so long as such agreement is not prejudicial to his present responsibilities, his proportion of ownership of the one hundred percent of assets shall be thirty percent."

The second stipulation was, "Since Harry Ward Ritchie has an already established private printing business and an expert experience and competence in book production and since he agrees to turn over to The Primavera Press all book production jobs brought to him except private printing undertakings not bearing the imprint of the press and not to be offered for sale by him and also book production jobs done for other publishers. And since he agrees to furnish printing too in his own shop for the Primavera Press, Inc. at a cost of ten percent plus a net time and material cost consumed in the actual production, his proportion of the one hundred percent assets shall thirty percent."

And the third stipulation, "Since negotiations and pioneer work have been carried on in this direction by Jake Zeitlin for several years and since he agrees to discontinue further independent publishing activities exclusive of those already contracted for under The Primavera Press imprint and since he agrees to transfer all valuable titles belonging to him free of cost to The Primavera Press, Inc. and since he agrees to transfer title to the firm name and goodwill of The Primavera Press and to discontinue its private use at the termination of all present contracts, his proportion of the ownership of the one hundred percent of the assets shall be forty percent."

The initial plans for The Primavera Press, Inc. were first to publish A Gil Blas in California, the printing of which had already been contracted for. The second was to consider the publication of Lawrence Clark Powell's book on Robinson Jeffers. This had been printed in a limited quantity in Dijon, France as part of Powell's doctorate which he had received from the University of Dijon. At the time, there were a few additional copies available, and Powell allowed Jake to sell them in this country. Of course, they had a ready market through the universities and others who were interested in Robinson Jeffers. So we were quite interested in having a new edition of this book, especially since Larry Powell had received his doctor's degree, he had returned to America

and was working at Jake Zeitlin's bookstore. The book was produced during the next year as one of the Primavera imprints with decorative initials by Rockwell Kent, and some revisions by Powell from his original thesis.

We also considered the reissue of Reminiscences of a Ranger in a new binding, jacket, and format. Reminiscences of a Ranger was a one of the great books about Los Angeles, probably the best book printed in the nineteenth century in Los Angeles about Los Angeles. It had been reprinted by Wallace Hebbard of Santa Barbara a few years before--the printing having been done by the Lakeside Press in Chicago. Evidently Hebbard had either gone bankrupt or not taken all copies of the book, so the Lakeside Press had made contact with us suggesting that we might be interested in taking over the balance of the sheets of this book which they had on hand. So one of our next publications was a reissue of this using the Lakeside Press sheets, with a new title page and binding and jacket which I designed. It's what we would call a real gutsy book, and Phil Hanna who wrote the blurb for the jacket of this new edition played up the gusto and the vitality of the man who had written the book. The original jacket was quite a sensational come-on for the casual reader; however, the family, being still alive,protested violently and the original jacket had to be withdrawn and a new, less lurid one produced. As far as I know none of the original jackets are still extant. I

only have one copy of the book, and it doesn't seem to be that jacket, so I don't know exactly where, or if there are any around. The book itself was issued, as I recall, in an edition of 500 copies in this binding. We didn't buy all of the sheets that Lakeside had available, and I don't know what happened to the rest of the edition.

We also were considering a group of books called "Lurid California Classics," but we never got very far with that project. And we projected a book to be called Around the Year with the Lancer by Harry Carr who wrote his column "The Lancer" in the Los Angeles Times and was a very important figure in California journalism at that time but it was never done.

The next few years--1934, 1935 and 1936--saw us publishing a substantial number of books. The year 1934 had the largest group with a total of eight books including A Gil Blas, Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work by Powell, an Indian book by Dr. Hartley Burr Alexander of Scripps College, and a delightful book called Who Loves a Garden by Louise Seymour Jones, which was one of the pleasantest books that we ever did.

Also we published, though we didn't print, a small edition of Recollections of the Grabhorn Press by Gregg Anderson. After leaving Southern California in 1932 Gregg went East and worked for the Meriden Gravure Company in Meriden, Connecticut. While there he and Harold Hugo

started to do some small projects of their own, and they founded a book club comparable to the Rounce and Coffin Club in Los Angeles, which they called the Columbiad Club. For this club, each of the members was required to print a keepsake from time to time. Since Gregg had worked for about a year and a half at the Grabhorn Press, he wrote this charming account of his memories of those years. He made it as a keepsake with an extra edition with The Primavera Press imprint, which we sold out here on the coast to those who were interested in Gregg and the Grabhorns.

John Hodgdon Bradley wrote a charming little nature book called Farewell Thou Busy World which we did in a very small format. And then we did the play Everyman, Hugo von Hofmannsthal's version of it, which had been translated by George Sterling. The play was being given in the Hollywood Bowl and sponsored by the California State Chamber of Commerce, and they wanted to have copies of the book available for sale at the Bowl. The Primavera Press undertook this. We did an edition of 5,000 copies of which we may have sold at that time 1,000 or so. The book supposedly was being underwritten by the California State Chamber of Commerce, but the play Everyman was not quite as successful as they had anticipated, and they ran into a deficit. Unfortunately on these projects, the deficits seem to be passed on to the creditors. The Primavera Press was never paid for the job, or only in part, and as a result The Ward Ritchie Press was

not paid in full either. That was in 1936.

In 1936, we printed and published China Boy by Idwal Jones--a fine book. As you can see, the books which The Primavera Press published after it had been incorporated were quite unlike the paid-for books which it had published previously. They were all of literary value.

As I have mentioned, upon his return from Europe, Larry Powell worked for Jake Zeitlin in his bookstore, and he was brought into the Primavera organization, primarily as the workhorse. He not only helped us read and decide on the manuscripts, but he filled the orders, wrapped the books, mailed them and did most of the hard work. Carey McWilliams was also brought into the organization inasmuch as he had drawn up the papers of incorporation and handled the legal affairs of The Primavera Press. The third new member was an old college and high school and even grammar school pal of Larry Powell's and mine, Cornelis Groenewegen, who was working with an accounting firm in Los Angeles. He handled the accounts.

According to the original agreement, we were to have a Board of Directors meeting at least once a month to discuss the problems of the press, to consider titles, and in general, get together and discuss things. Originally Jake had his little shop at 706 1/2 West Sixth Street, but about this time he moved down Sixth Street a block and crossed the street and had a charming little bookstore

designed for him by Lloyd Wright. It was here that most of the meetings of The Primavera Press were held. The meetings sometimes turned in to be quite amusing and interesting affairs, as you can imagine with this group of gentlemen. Phil Hanna was one of the most articulate, precise speakers I've ever known. Every word was calculated and was exact. Phil also had a very learned air. He was a bon vivant, he was a gourmet, and he was strangely enough one of the hardest drinking men that I have ever known. He was thin, stooped by arthritis, and you would hardly consider him capable of downing the quantities of alcohol he did.

The meetings were started at Jake's, but next door there was a little bar. During these days a martini would cost about fifteen cents, or twenty-five cents at the most, and usually we would have a bite to eat in the bar and, of course, we would have a drink or two. Sometimes the drinking consumed most of the evening as Phil was not one who enjoyed stopping once he had started. Some meetings were not too productive, [laughter] but they were always enjoyable, and the conversation seemed, at the time, to be rather exciting. Jake was always great, and Larry Powell and Groenewegen added their occasional wit.

We had a statement of the assets and liabilities of the corporation as of April 30th, 1936, from Groenewegen. During the year 1935, we issued three titles and in 1936, we got out one title. So the stream seemed to be running out. Groenewegen, as a postscript to his statement, said,

"It is obvious that the sales for thepast year and the current asset status are both very unfavorable. Unless this is altered, our current publication will probably be our last."

At about the same time, I had petitioned the corporation to allow me out of the stipulation where I couldn't print or publish anything on my own, because it became exceedingly difficult for me to rely completely upon printing the publications of The Primavera Press. They were generous enough to allow me this freedom to work independently from The Primavera Press. The burden of trying to run this independent organization was a little too much for each of us since we all had our own jobs in which we were primarily interested. It had been a pleasant plaything for us. It had started out seriously, but as time went on, it took too much time. So it was decided in 1936 to dissolve the corporation, which was done, and the assets were turned over to me as the surving member of The Primavera Press. I returned to Jake some of the early books which he had done before the incorporation. The rest of them were stored in our cellar on Griffith Park Boulevard until we sold the place. Before I could remove the books the person who had bought the place [laughter] cleared the place out. Evidently the rubbish man who was called in recognized the books to be of some value because for the next few months, I saw stacks of them for sale at various antiquarian bookstores around town.

Dixon: At least they weren't burned.

Ritchie: No, they weren't burned. Well, that is the story of The Primavera Press.

Dixon: Was _Libros Californianos_ published under the incorporation?

Ritchie: _Libros Californianos_, as I recall, was under Jake's own imprint. It was done in 1931. It possibly was a Primavera Press imprint, but it was pre-corporation. It was compiled by Phil Townsend Hanna, published by Jake Zeitlin, and printed by Hackett, Newell & Ritchie before I had started my independent printing company.

In the summer of 1933, our family home in South Pasadena was sold. My mother had died in the spring. I had continued living there with my little printing shop in the back, but the family was in no financial position to carry this house. It was sold that summer, and it was necessary for me to seek other quarters. My older brother, Palmer Ritchie, had always had a great interest in real estate, which he dabbled in--he bought and sold houses and was continually getting something and picking them up. He noticed in the paper a large ad telling of the liquidation of the Moreno Highlands in the Silverlake area of Los Angeles. Antonio Moreno had married a Canfield girl from a wealthy oil family, and they had a huge house on the summit of a hill between Griffith Park Boulevard and Silverlake overlooking all of that area. In the twenties, they had developed

all of that hill which extended from Silverlake on over to Griffith Park Boulevard and up to Rowena Avenue. It was beautifully done with all underground utilities and curving streets up those hills, but the Depression had come and it was impossible for them to sell their lots. In 1933, they offered them at ridiculous prices.

With my brother, I went over to look at some of these--they were selling them for $300 and $350. We had a little money from the sale of our house in South Pasadena and we decided to grab some of them. We bought a total of five lots. The plan was for us to build a small studio on one of them, so I could move theprinting press there. But while Schindler was getting some plans ready for it, my brother noticed that the original old ranch house on Griffith Park Boulevard was also for sale, quite reasonably. It was situated on five lots, high on a bluff, looking down on Griffith Park Boulevard. We bought that, with the plan to move me and the press in there and with my brother living upstairs in the house.

It was a typical early California house. I don't know what the original name of this area was, but evidently at one time all of these hills were a cattle ranch. The foreman of the ranch in the early 1900's who lived in this house was William S. Hart who, being available and suitable at the time that the movies came to Hollywood, was called in to take a cowboy role, and became one of the early stars

of the motion pictures. But this was the old house in which he had lived for many years before he became a star.

It was on the side of a hill, and the lower part was completely unfinished. This being in the depth of the Depression, there was lots of available labor. My brother was running an apartment house in Alhambra in order to keep body and soul together for himself, and there were several people who were unable to pay any rent because they didn't have anything with which to pay it. There was a conductor for the Southern Pacific Railroad who had been let off. There were various people with various skills. He herded a group of [laughter] these together, and each day they would come over. We dug out the hillside under the house and laid a cement floor, paneled it, and created a most attractive studio out of the underportions of this building.

We gathered materials from all over. When I was a little boy I remember on North Broadway the Baker Iron Works. In 1933 they were dismantling it. We went down there and bought half a dozen huge windows. They were about eight feet tall by five feet wide, and we put these around the studio. We whitewashed the inside, and also we had gotten a huge beam, about a 12 x 18, which spanned the entire length of this room, with large 12 x 12 uprights to hold it up, and these we painted black. From my memories of Schmied's home in the suburbs of Paris, I recollected the

great candelabra that he had over the diningroom table, which could be let down by a rope to light the candles and also to replace them as they burned out. I found one of these in a junk yard and fitted it with a similar rope arrangement. I bought some beautiful linen curtains at the bankrupt sale of the Cheesewright Decorators in Pasadena for the windows. We covered the walls with examples of printing which I had gathered from everywhere, Eric Gill pieces and old manuscript pages. Included in there was my family's old grandfather clock, their grand piano and my Washington hand press. It looked much more like a studio or an antique shop than a printing shop when we got through with it. In a little separate room up a handful of stairs was my study, which was completely surrounded with books. It was where I designed while things were going on down below.

It became a hangout for salesmen. [laughter] It was much more interesting coming over to The Ward Ritchie Press and sitting around than it was to be out pounding the pavement, especially since I had a phone available there and each half hour they could phone their office and see if there were any calls for them. There were plenty of books to read, and quite occasionally they would bring along a bottle of booze which they would sip on while reading a book and enjoying themselves.

The movie studios also discovered this hangout. They came over and took dozens and dozens of pictures of all aspects of it and attempted on various occasions to reproduce it for some of their own sets when they needed a printing scene. It helped augment my income at that time because when they would do one of these scenes, they would also want some of my equipment. The Washington hand press was one which they especially liked to use. The building was on a hillside, and the press was one of the most difficult things to move I've ever seen. The poor moving men from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cursed every time they had a picture with a printing scene in it because they would have to bring a truck over to get it. The truck couldn't get up to the studio because of the steep, curved driveway, so they would have to get rope and pulley [laughter] and planks and work the press down the hill and then in a few weeks bring it back up. But the pay was good; I would get about $25 a day for the use of it.

In some instances they even rented books from me because they just liked the appearance of the books on my shelves. They could have gone down to Dawson's or any other secondhand bookstore and gotten any quantity of books. But they always felt that they didn't look like the books which I had--which is true because there were many valuable books. I always worried when they went out because

I didn't know what handling they might get on the sets.

This was the studio which Powell so aptly described as "Ritchie's Road House." Gordon Newell, my sculptor friend, did a plaque of the printers' mark which I'd adopted of the skull and the anchor, which we put down in on the street level in front of the studio. Gordon, about the time that I moved in there, discovered a little house on Hyperion Avenue which was a stone's throw down the hill and which had been the original old mill of that area. In former days before they had built the two highways--Hyperion Avenue and Griffith Park Boulevard, side by side--there had been a little valley with a stream running down the middle of it, and this little building of Gordon's had been the mill which the ranch had evidently used for grinding the grain. He converted it into a studio for his sculpture. We had an intimate little group around there, with continual good times and camaraderie.

Jake was living nearby, in the hills of Echo Park in a typical charming Jake Zeitlin house. I recall, early in 1934--I believe it was--being invited to a party at Jake's. Among his other guests was Sarah Bixby Smith, who had written _Adobe Days_, which Jake had published some years before. She had written innumerable books of verse. She was a very talented woman. During the course of the evening, we chatted a bit, and when it was time for her to go home, and her having no transportation, I offered to

take her. She, at that time lived on Los Feliz Boulevard in one of those ample mansions. As I took her home, we conversed all the way. She evidently enjoyed our conversation because she soon called Jake and said, "I would like you to have another party and invite my daughter to go with Ward Ritchie." Jake accommodated her, and I picked up Janet Smith, her daughter. We enjoyed one another and became engaged and eventually married.

It was a most interesting family. Sarah Bixby Smith's father was Llewellyn Bixby, the first of the Bixbys to come west--in 1852, I believe. He came out here with a cousin, Thomas Flint. They found the digging for gold not as much to their liking as they had expected, but they saw the great possibilities in the State of California. They also saw the need for cattle and for sheep out here. The Bixbys had come from the state of Maine, and Llewellyn went back there as soon as he could and made arrangements with his other brothers and cousins to come west with him. They bought as many sheep as they could, and how they were able to drive thousands of sheep across the perilous badlands and deserts and bring them safely to California is almost incomprehensible. But they did it and that was the beginning of the Bixby's fortunes. The Flints and the Bixbys together acquired a ranch, I believe, near Hollister. Northern California was where they started their sheep ranching. From there, they gradually sent their tentacles

out, gathering in more and more land, which included the Cerritos Ranch and the Alamitos Ranch in the Long Beach area, the Rancho Palos Verdes, and at one time they were partners with the Irvines in Orange County. In time the Flints and the Bixbys decided to separate their properties. The Flints took the northern California ranches and the Bixbys took the southern California ranches. Sarah was born in California, and the story of her early days and experiences is told in her book, Adobe Days. She attended the preparatory school at Pomona, and there she met Arthur MaxsonSmith who was a member of the first graduating class of Pomona College. They were married. He was a handsome man. Sarah was a woman of beauty in her soul, but she was not the most beautiful woman to look at. When I knew her, she was rather plump with very plain features. All of her children were quite handsome though. Sarah was one of the most generous persons I have ever known and one of the most likeable persons, but in many ways she had a tragic life. She was popular partially because of her family's position but mostly because of her vibrant personality. I suspect that she had to support her husbands to a great extent. Arthur Maxson was quite a playboy. He was, at one time, president of Punahou University in Honolulu. But I'm afraid that his amorous inclinations [laughter] were his undoing over there. I have never been told too much about this episode, but I did read the hundred-year anni-

versary history, of Punahou and the tenure of Arthur Maxson Smith as President is glossed over with about one sentence. [laughter] They lived in Claremont where he taught for a good many years at Pomona College, and that is where the children grew up. There he became enamoured of the live-in household helper, who was also a student at Pomona College. Sarah, I imagine, maneuvered him up to Berkeley in order to thwart this romance, and he became pastor of the Congregational Church up there. There was quite a scandal when he and this girl ran away together, leaving Sarah stranded. [laughter] The replacement pastor was an energetic young man by the name of Paul Jordan-Smith. To the surprise of the congregation the new pastor replaced the old pastor in many ways and Sarah Bixby Smith and Paul Jordan-Smith were married. Paul Jordan-Smith had three children; Sarah Bixby Smith had five children. They all grew up together. Eventually they moved back to their house in Claremont, where Paul Jordan-Smith devoted his time to writing. He translated into modern English Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, wrote an explanation of Joyce's Ulysses and several novels. As usual, I believe that Sarah was responsible for the expenses and the raising of the children. Janet was the youngest of Sarah's children and the only girl. Wilbur Smith, now at the UCLA library, was one of Paul Jordan-Smith's children, and he grew up there with the rest of the family.

When I first met Janet, she was living with her mother and Paul Jordan-Smith on Los Feliz Boulevard. Sarah discovering a situation similar to that which had confronted her with her first husband, with Paul Jordan-Smith becoming interested in his cousin, Dorothy, built this house on Los Feliz to divert him. He wanted to be in Los Angeles. In back of the house, she had built a studio for his books and a place to work, but it didn't solve the problem. At about the time I met Janet, Sarah and Paul Jordan-Smith had separated. Sarah had one of those great forgiving hearts--she was so generous, that she never blamed anybody. She brought to her bosom everyone that was involved in her vast family. Thanksgivings and Christmas were always great occasions for the Smith family as long as she lived and after. She not only included her past husbands, but their wives if they were around. Paul Jordan-Smith and Dorothy Smith have always been a part of the Smith family gatherings, even to this day.

She loved people and enjoyed entertaining them. She had a continual series of parties. She would say, "Now this is my time to have lawyers over." So she would get half a dozen lawyers and their families--prominent people in Los Angeles. It was great fun to go to any of her parties because the conversation was stimulating and she would lead it around to subjects interesting to her guests. She knew everybody and everybody knew her. One another

occasion she'd say, "This is my time to have doctors." She would have a half a dozen doctors, and they all had their own points of view, and arguments would go on. It was the same with the artists. We got to know the Arensbergs through her.

Our great loss was her death. Janet and I had been married a little over a year, and our son Jonathan had just been born. We had taken him back to Sarah's apartment for the first few days after Janet came home from the hospital. Sara was soon after taken ill. The doctors couldn't diagnose what it was, and it was feared that it was an epidemic of some sort and she was isolated, especially from Janet and the baby. But after she died, it was found to be trichinosis. She had had a companion, a German girl, who lived with her, and the German girl loved raw meat, which she would make into steak tartar. She had gone to the market and bought some beef and had them grind it, and evidently the butcher had previously just ground some contaminated pork. Both of them were taken ill. The German girl survived, but Sarah Bixby Smith died. I only had about a year of real acquaintance with her, and it was all too short a time.

The family continued the traditions that she had formulated and this vast family of brothers and sisters and sister-in-laws and their children gathered for years at Thanksgiving and Christmas. It's a little more difficult

now because there have been many divorces and new wives and in-laws brought into the family, and the younger members have their own new affiliaties. You just can't continue with so many grandchildren and great grandchildren and all of their separate family relationships.

The Smith brothers were all hellions in their youth. I've heard them tell tales about Pomona College in the early days. Once they got into Sumner Hall at night and, somehow or other,found a way into the college office where there was an old safe in which were kept all of the college records. They cut a hole in the floor and lowered the safe down into the subbasement and then shored up the floor again, put the rug over the spot and the next day when the college officials came, there was no safe! And they couldn't find it! It was months before they finally discovered it. [laughter]

Another time, I remember of their telling of getting into the chapel one night, fixing the seats in the choir section. The choir marched in and standing, sang beautifully. When they finished they sat down in unison and as a group they went phooomp, with their bottoms crashing to the floor! [laughter]

Roger Smith was the next older to Janet. He was thrown out of Pomona College for bootlegging [laughter] but managed to go on to Cal and graduate there and then to Harvard Law School. He's now vice-president, secretary, and

legal counsel for Lockheed Aircraft Company. Llewellyn Smith died several years ago. He was with Paramount Pictures in their business office, a graduate of Harvard Business College. The next oldest brother was with the United States Steel Company as their chief economist. That was Bradford Smith. The oldest brother named after his father, Arthur Maxson Smith, Jr., was a lawyer, at one time with O'Melveny and Myers and later independent. They were all successful, competent men who despite their early proclivities for fun, settled down to sane productive lives.

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Ritchie: Paul Jordan-Smith was the most lively member of this family that I had married into. As a young man, he always maintained that life was only for the young, and he'd never allow himself to live beyond the age of forty. He gradually stretched this limit as time crept by, and now at eighty he is still vital, with a sparkling tongue. I first met him when I was about nineteen--a freshman at Occidental College--and he must have been on the verge of forty at that time. [laughter]

At Occidental, there was a literary club which Carlyle MacIntyre, my heroic Freshman English teacher, thought to be rather dull. He gathered a few of the younger people around him and started a new club. Gordon Newell was also a member of this club, and one day he mentioned the fact that his friend Raymond McKelvey, who was attending Pomona College at that time, had invited a few of us to attend the meeting of their club at Pomona, at the home of Paul Jordan-Smith. We went out there in great anticipation, and that was my first meeting with both Paul Jordan-Smith and Sarah Bixby Smith.

Paul was at his best that night, reveling in all the young people listening and admiring him. Of course, the impressions of a youth about family relationships could be suspect, but at that time I wondered about this youngish,

exhilarating man being married to an older drab woman. Sarah was obviously much older than he and terribly devoted to him. She shadowed and adored him. We were conscious of this and subconsciously felt that he had made a good thing of marrying a rich old widow.

But as we sat around on the living room floor, he talked quite naughty for those days and most stimulating.

He was reviewing literature. He talked about one of his great favorites, James Branch Cabell. I had recently read Jurgen which is a slightly naughty book--or it was considered so then though now it's quite tame compared to what's now available. I was quite excited because I had bought with my hard-earned money, working at Vroman's, a limited and signed edition of Straws and Prayer-Books, by Cabell. Smith showed me his collection of Cabell. He also had a fine collection of Samuel Butler. Another great favorite of his was Arthur Machen. Paul Jordan at that time was greatly influenced by James Branch Cabell with his intricate, ornate style of writing, with none of the simplicity which we usually associate with great literature. P. J. wrote several books there in Claremont in which he aped this style.

Among the possessions of P. J. which I remember at that time with great envy, were two little lanterns which he had on either side of the fireplace. He told the story of how he had acquired them. He had been in France at the time that Anatole France had died. Being a literary

hero worshipper, he went to the funeral. He noticed that following the French custom, two lanterns were lit and used in the ceremony at graveside. P. J. waited until everyone had left and then arranged with the gravediggers to buy them in memory of Anatole France.

P. J. has written his own autobiography, which was published by the Caxton Printers in Caldwell, Idaho, so most of his story is pretty well told in that. My memory is only hazy on many subjects. I know that he went to Emory and Henry College for a couple of years. He was interested in religion at that time and after a falling out with his family transferred and worked his way through Chattanooga College. He went into the ministry. He was a vital and dynamic man, very unorthodox. I recall his getting the pastorate of a broken-down, financially desperate church in Chicago which he managed to build up in no time at all. It always amused me when he told how he'd dramatize everything to get publicity and to draw people into the church. He said that he would wait until the church was filled and people were waiting and restless and then he would dash up the aisle and leap up onto the podium, and as he was turning around, he would start preaching loudly and clearly with gyrations and antics. [laughter] He explained that tricks like this resulted in greatly increased attendance because the people were always more interested in a show than in a message, though he attempted to give them that, too.

World War I found Paul Jordan Smith a most ardent pacifist. I remember, when a boy, that down the street from our house in South Pasadena there was an influential family by the name of Bent who had quite a large house. I don't know why I happened to go to a meeting there because I couldn't have been over nine or ten at the time, but the Bents had mentioned to my mother that they were going to have a speaker and wanted us to come down and hear him. This being before the babysitter era, I was taken along. [laughter] It was a little scary at the time because here was a pacifist speaking vehemently against America's participation in the war, and there was the possibility that the place might be raided, or that there would be trouble of some sort with other neighbors. However, this particular night went along peaceably enough. While I can't now remember now what P. J., who was the speaker, said at that time, I do remember talking to him many years later about his experiences as a militant pacifist. He laughingly told of [laughter] almost being killed several times and escaping from several unruly crowds.

In the Second World War, he had changed completely. He was the most militant of hawks. I believe he felt that there was definitely something to fight for in the Second World War, because of the Nazi and Fascist philosophy, which he thought would make America and the world untenable if they prevailed. He preached that we should go in there immediately and put all of our might behind our Allies.

P. J. is a fascinating speaker. Even at his present age, he's full of mannerisms and facial expressions that make him a born and absorbing story teller. He also has a great presence of mind. One amusing incident shows the resources of this man many years ago when he was the speaker at some banquet. He arrived late, so he wasn't able to prepare himself, and he was taken in and wined and dined at the banquet. Then there were these innumerable speeches and introductions, and he was unable to leave the table, though after all of this there was a need! [laughter] Finally, he was cornered, and when he was called upon to give his talk, he was in such agony that he didn't know exactly what to do. But with presence of mind, he got up and humphed and har-r-rumphed a bit and then took the pitcher of water and started to pour himself a glass, but unfortunately he spilled it all down the front of his suit! [laughter] This gave him the opportunity that he needed, and despite the fact that the audience was greatly concerned--the fact that their poor speaker was soaked with water--he was able to continue his speech. [laughter]

During the many years, when the family would gather at Christmas and Thanksgiving, we always enjoyed most of all the contribution of Paul Jordan-Smith. For the thirty-odd years I attended and for many before I came into the family, one of the requirements for Thanksgiving was that each family would prepare some sort of entertainment. Some of the more talented ones would have a song and a

dance and others, a little dramatic skit, which usually were original. P. J. would do one of his fine monologues which were always of great interest. During the earlier years when most of our children were small, it was also a tradition that there would be a storytelling time for the children themselves. P. J. was magnificent; his stories were always imaginative. He was always the number one man who would take the children into another room, and he would tell his truly wondrous tales to them.

Uncle Maxson Smith was another very articulate man, a lawyer, who had a rather macabre turn of mind in storytelling. His stories were always grisly and full of horror. [laughter] He would almost send the little children into shock with these terrible things. There was always the cutting off of arms and legs and things like that--and war stories.

I was the third who was involved in this, sort of a letdown I'm sure, after the other two. My stories were fantastic stories about a creature, a man called Any Old Thing. I imagine that this had started at the very beginning when I was called upon to help entertain the children, and I asked them what they wanted to hear about and they said, "Any old thing." [laughter] So I started out telling them the story of Any Old Thing, and it became progressively a continuous history of Any Old Thing.

Among other possessions that we had at home at that time was a picture of Janet which Sarah Bixby Smith had painted when Janet was a little blonde girl of eight or nine. It was a sweet little thing. Sarah had a good deal of talent in painting, but it was quite academic. At one early exhibit in Los Angeles, she had submitted the painting, and it was hung among many others. But one of the "smart" young art critics singled it out--it being so academic and so prim--as an example of exactly what the modern artist shouldn't be doing. He wanted more avant-garde painting. This was a long time ago, and America was not in the fore-front in those days, of contemporary art, as it is now. Still there was enough seeping over from France with the Cubists and the others, that this critic was trying to stimulate a new approach to art here. Unfortunately for Sarah, he picked on hers as an example of the old academic style which the Americans should be forgetting. It incensed P. J. to the extent that he said, "Well, if that's the kind of painting they want, I can do it!" He took some of Sarah's paints and started splashing them on some canvas which she had around. One of the first, he submitted to a show in Chicago and was given the first prize for it. He didn't use his own name; it was under the name of Pavel Jordano-vitch. And he concocted a completely false biography which he had sent along with his paintings, about being a poor Russian who had come to America and this-and-that. The painting was reproduced in some international magazines,

and he followed with several others. I don't think any of them quite compared with the first one which was a painting of a Negress at a washtub,in bright and strident colors. There was a watermelon down there, and there was also a small Negro boy that was snatching her purse. When he was ready to send it to the first show, he couldn't find a frame that would fit the whole picture. He sliced the end of it off where the little colored boy was. All that was left sticking out was the hand, [laughter] He fitted it into the frame and off it went. Somehow or other, all these paintings came to us, and we had them around the house for many years, including this little end which somewhere disappeared. I rather suspect that somebody grabbed it. Eventually P. J. exposed himself, and it caused quite a furor that Paul Jordan-Smith could thus hoax American critics. He laughed about it often. It was always a lot of fun to have these paintings because often when we would have a gathering of artists we would get them out and have an exhibition of Jordanovitch paintings.

Dixon: He's been written up for that hoax, hasn't he?

Ritchie: Oh, yes. I remember an article in Newsweek at one time. Previous to that I am certain there must have been considerable publicity when the hoax was exposed. There was an article a couple of weeks ago about him in the Times, and it mentioned this hoax. The story was a little different than my own memory of it because it didn't mention

the Sarah Bixby Smith painting--he was incensed by something else in this story. He used house paint on a lot of these paintings. The way he was splashing colors around, it was a little easier with house paint and a little cheaper [laughter] than ordinary paint and quite as effective.

Walt Kuhn, one of the most eminent of American artists, came to Los Angeles back in the late '30's, and Fillmore Phipps, who was running a gallery out on Sunset Boulevard at that time, invited him to come to a party at our house. Kuhn was in Los Angeles because he had decorated a parlor car or a bar car for the Union Pacific Railroad. They were making quite a to-do about the elegant decorations in this lounge car. They had toured him and the car around the country. When he got to Los Angeles at the end of his trip, he stayed here for a few days. He came over to our place. This was during the Depression when none of us had very much money, but we would often gather and enjoy a party, especially with the artists around this area. When Kuhn came most of the artists joined us to meet with him. In those days we didn't ask, "Do you want gin, scotch, bourbon," or anything like that [laughter]. We would go out and buy a couple of bottles of whatever was the cheapest or what we could afford and that was it. For this party we had a couple of bottles of bourbon out in the kitchen and I asked Kuhn would he like water or soda? He thought for a minute and he said, "Water, please." So I went out and mixed a bourbon and water and brought it in.

He was talking and took one gulp of it and spit it out. He said, "There's whiskey in that!" [laughter] I didn't realize that he was a non-drinker. During the course of the evening, Alonzo Cass said, "Let's get out the Jordanovitch paintings." So we got them out and spread them across one end of the room and all of the artists--Fletcher Martin, Barse Miller, Landacre and others--were there, all chortling because they knew of the hoax.

Walt Kuhn studied them very carefully, and then quite pontifically he said, "You know, these are the best paintings that I have seen since I came West."

Well, this started an argument because we had some temperamental "geniuses" there, each of whom considered himself outstanding in the West. Kuhn's appreciation showed that Paul Jordan did have a certain exciting natural ability, which came through without any formal training. After Janet and I were divorced, we gave the pictures to UCLA. I noticed that they are having an exhibition of his things at the library now, so I expect they would include them.

Well, this little meeting was one of a little organization that we had called, for want of a better name, "The Club." The Club for four or five years was quite an institution among the younger artists of this southern California area. It started at the suggestion of Dr. Remsen Bird, the president of Occidental College. He was always vitally interested in the artistic development of southern

California. He was a man full of ideas, but naturally he had little time to pursue them. But he was always suggesting to others that they do this-and-that. Many a time when he would drop by the studio, he would say, "Ward, what we need is some sort of club, some place for the artists of southern California to get together and stimulate one another--to talk, to transfer ideas." After enough needling, I thought that it might be a good idea.

Our printing plant had been ensconced in our home on Griffith Park Boulevard, where the lower floor had been built to house the presses. But in 1936, we bought a building down on Hyperion Avenue, about a block away, and the press was moved down there, leaving this large studio with the huge windows, empty. A young writer, Peter O'Crotty, from the Disney Studio rented it for awhile. When he moved out the idea of The Club came to mind.

The first meeting was on Wednesday, June the 2nd, 1937. We started out with a luncheon meeting. Gordon Newell and Archie Garner, both sculptors, built a huge table for the occasion and benches made out of 2 x 4's. It was so heavy that nobody could lift it, once it had been built. [laughter] It was twelve or fourteen feet long, with huge legs. Gordon's wife, Amelia, made salad and sandwiches. Onestus Uzzell and Tom Craig brought pictures over with which we decorated the room. Those attending the first luncheon meeting were Dr. Alonzo Beecher Cass; Lawrence Clark Powell; Theodore Criley, the architect; Paul

Landacre, the wood engraver; Onestus Uzzell, portrait painter, who at that time was teaching art at Occidental College; Archibald Garner, the sculptor; Gordon Newell; Peter O'Crotty from Disney's; and Tee Hee, one of the animators at Disney's; Gregg Anderson, who was my partner; and myself.

Originally it was planned to have a luncheon every week, but within a short time we decided to have a sketch class every Thursday night. The luncheons proved to be unwieldy because we never knew exactly who would arrive or how much food to prepare, so they were given up. But the sketch class survived until 1941 when we moved to La Canada. The war started soon thereafter, and it became impractical for people to meet at such a far away spot.

Delmer Daves was the main support for The Club. During the Depression days, Delmer was one of the few of the group who was making ample money, so he was able to pay his own dues, and also he took care of the dues of many of the artists who weren't really able to put out. The dues were quite nominal, I believe, $2.00 a month, which paid for the model each week and also for beer. We would always have a case or two of beer at hand. In general, the sketching would come first. We would sketch for a couple of hours, and then the model would go home and we would sit around and compare our sketches and talk. These talk sessions sometimes were interminable, lasting until

three and four in the morning. But they were wonderful; they were lots of fun.

Occasionally I would make some notes about these things. Here is one: Present at this meeting were: Delmer Daves, Karl Zamboni, Barse Miller, Ward Ritchie, Fletcher Martin, Edwards Huntington Metcalf, who was the grandson of Henry Huntington, and Reginald Pole, a Shakespearean actor and poet, who wasn't a member. (Occasionally we would bring in other interesting people). As I wrote at that time:

> No one arrived until eight thirty when Delmer came. Soon thereafter Zamboni dropped in and we discussed books. Miller came, bringing the drawing for his Christmas Card. About eleven, Fletcher called and said he was on his way over. Barse, Delmer, Reginald, Pole, Janet and I waited for him and then started a bull session which lasted until after one o'clock. Most of the time, Fletcher told us of his experiences in the University of Iowa, and especially his feud with Grant Wood. (Fletcher had been away teaching at the University of Iowa during most of that year, and he was back in Los Angeles during Christmas vacation). It started in New York when Fletch was there recently for the opening of his show at the Midtown Galleries. A girl from Time magazine interviewed him in a bar, and after they had had plenty of drinks, she asked him about Grant Wood. Fletcher let it be known that they didn't like Wood at Iowa and that they had been trying to get rid of him for some time. That he was a lousy artist and that he copied photographs in making his paintings. She sensed a story and so had the Chicago office call Fletcher after he had returned to Iowa City, to the University. Fletch then, sobered, told them that he had nothing to say and that they would have to get in touch with Dr. [Lester D.] Longman, the head of the department, if they wanted any statement. This they did and turned a panic loose among the authorities at the University who prepared an innocuous typewritten statement for Longman to give to the representative when he came down from Chicago. However, the

reporter confronted Longman with a letter from which he read with all of the devastating facts, and Longman had to admit that all these things were true. Then Longman told the reporter that someone had a file of all the photographs Wood had used in painting his pictures. The reporter went to Wood and spent about twelve hours with him. Wood then rallied his staunch friends on the campus, and the place was an uproar of recriminations and fear that the thing would break publicly in Time. Fletch then wrote Wood a letter, telling him that he thought he was an awful painter and that he would say it to his face so that he couldn't be accused of saying it behind his back. In the meantime, Emil Ganso, who also teaches at Iowa, lined up on Fletcher's side because he learned that Wood had tried to squash his appointment. And also the Time reporter managed somehow to get the box of photographs out of Wood. That is how the situation now rests, waiting for Time to use the story, unless enough pressure can be applied by the University to quiet it. Fletcher had said that Wood couldn't draw, so Wood's publicity man went to Ganso and said that after Fletch had suggested that they have a public competition out in the square, that he wouldn't agree to that, but to prove he could draw, he would take a strange model and given eight hours with her in his studio, he would produce a sketch.

Fletch was sleek, well-groomed and newly haircutted. He said he hadn't painted much while at Iowa because of too many social engagements and too many parties at his apartment. This was a practice he was going to have to give up unless he could find a house and give up his present abode. Just before he came out here, he said he gave a party in his apartment that became extremely noisy. After the landlord had phoned a few times, complaining, Fletch told him off. About four o'clock, the last of the drunks were carted out, and he went to bed. Around noon the next day, his cleaning woman came and, after surveying theplace, came in and woke Fletch up, asking him what he wished him to do with that man in under the table. In the meantime, the forgotten man had awakened and staggered into Fletch's room saying, "Well, am I the last one?" [laughter]

These notes are a little loose as you can see, but they were written late that night after they all had left. But this was a typical example of a club meeting.

As I mentioned before, Gordon Newell's studio was across the block on Hyperion Street, in the little old mill. In the back of it, he had flattened out an area which was his yard, full of stones and his tools for sculpturing. He and many of his friends worked there--Archibald Garner, and Jim Hansen. Another sculptor in our group was George Stanley. George made the motion picture Oscar. He also did the piece at the entrance to the Hollywood Bowl. Archie and Jim Hansen also did some outstanding sculptures. In the Los Angeles Federal Building are two figures--one of Lincoln which was Jim Hansen's, which was produced in Newell's little yard, and the other one was by Archie Garner.

The whole group was involved in the Works Projects Administration, the art project during the Depression years. Merle Armitage and Dalzell Hatfield were the men who administered it in this area, and they were sympathetic to the better artists around here. The Federal Building project was one of these projects. There was also the design of the sculpture in front of the Planetarium in Griffith Park. My recollection is that either Archie Garner or George Stanley got that commission. I worked with Gordon Newell on an idea for the project but it wasn't the one selected. Archie Garner also did the murals at the Inglewood Post Office.

My own part was in two or three little projects. One was the Declaration of Independence. I cut a big wood engraved initial letter for it and printed it on handmade

paper in an edition of about fifty copies which presumably was distributed to schools of the State of California. I don't know what's ever happened to them. My own copy is now at UCLA; I think they have it at the library so at least there's one extant. I also did a Lincoln speech and the final was a letter from Armitage to the head of the project in Washington upon its consummation. The way it worked was that they would put you on a salary for a certain number of weeks while you were working on your project or I suppose, if it was big enough, a certain amount of money. They took into consideration your ability and your need and all of such things and also the possibilities of getting works of art to decorate the government buildings.

I had known Gordon since we had started Occidental College together. He transferred to the University of California at Berkeley for his last year and there became interested in sculpture. He got a job working with Ralph Stackpole who was at that time doing the Stock Exchange Building in San Francisco. There, Gordon learned to use the tools and did the rough chipping for Stackpole before Stackpole refined and finished it. In 1930, he married Gloria Stuart who later became quite well known as a motion picture actress. They moved to Carmel where Gordon started working as a sculptor in earnest. Gloria came to Hollywood, and her rise as a young starlet was quite fast. After several years, Gordon began to feel like the tail behind

the dog. She was so active in movie circles, and he became a forgotten man whom she would occasionally introduce at a party as her husband. Their marriage gradually fell apart. They had very little in common except an interest in one another's work, naturally. So he bought this little mill for practically nothing and moved in there. He began teaching at Chouinard Art School, and he there met a White Russian girl, one of his students, by the name of Amelia Bubeshka. I think Amelia took one look at this handsome young sculptor and decided that he was for her, because she left no rock unturned until she had gotten him. They were married by our old friend, Judge Harold Landreth, in the big studio room in our place.

Almost as long as I knew Gordon, I had known Paul and Margaret Landacre. Margaret was one of the sweetest women I have ever known, and so self-effacing. She did everything for Paul, who had been crippled by a disease while he was in college at Ohio State. It was unfortunate because he had gone to Ohio State on an athletic scholarship as the best prep miler in the state of Ohio. During his freshman year, he suffered from some illness that left him a permanent cripple. It caused him in his future plans to realign his life into the field of art. He had a natural talent for drawing; he turned this into wood engraving, eventually. After the therapy of beginning to draw he took up making linoleum cuts because that was an easy way to make saleable

prints. He soon started experimenting with cutting his designs on boxwood. While his technique was unorthodox, it was most effective, and he had such talent. He is probably one of the finest wood engravers that has been produced in America. He and Margaret lived quite an idyllic life, completely to themselves. They had a small house which they had bought up on the Echo Park hills. It was pretty much of a wreck, but Delmer Daves took a great interest in Paul Landacre. While he wasn't obvious about it, he was always helping. He looked at the house one day and soon sent over some carpenters and had them re-roof it and refurbish it.

When Paul was really on his uppers, The Club commissioned him to do an engraving for them, and we each contributed $25 or so which was given to Paul. In time we all got a print of a special engraving from him. Jake Zeitlin was also a benefactor. Jake organized the Paul Landacre "Print of the Month Club," and he got enough subscribers so that Paul had enough to live on during the depression years. Eventually Paul began to teach at Otis Art Institute, and he earned enough money to live on.

The great tragedy for Paul was when his wife Margaret died. Just a short while before, Delmer Daves had called me and said that they were doing a motion picture about an author and a publisher. He wanted me to design some book jacket and he also wanted to use some of

Paul's work. We gathered some of Paul's old engravings and I was able to adapt them to three or four book jackets.

At that time Margaret was complaining a bit about some aches in her back, and she was going to the doctor's to have a barium exploratory. The next thing we knew, she was being operated on. The operation showed that there was very little hope for her. Paul and Margaret were counting their blessings to a certain extent at that time because the money that they were getting for these engravings was defraying the expense of the hospital and the operations. Paul didn't realize how serious it was, and I don't believe they told him right off. Eventually, they both knew.

Margaret died, and the day after, I went up the hill and knocked at the door. There was no answer, so I went back to my car and wrote a note to Paul and went around to back, where the post box was. I was there pushing it in when I heard a noise, something inside the house, I went back and Paul came out. He sat down and said, "I didn't know who it was. I don't want to see anybody, but with you it's different." So I sat there all afternoon with him while he poured out all of the anguish from his heart. He was quite bitter at the time, as people can be when they see one they love so dearly die in pain right before them. As Paul continually said, "They wouldn't allow it to happen to a dog. And I prayed to them to just let her get out of her misery. But they persisted on keeping her alive as long as they could."

He then told me that he wanted to have a suicide pact with Margaret toward the end. He told her, "With you gone, there's nothing left for me. You can't continue in this pain. You don't like it. Let's take some pills."

And she resisted it. She was a member of the Friends church, the Quaker church, and she thought it wouldn't be right and correct. Finally he almost convinced her, and she said, "Well, let me think it over one more night and I'll tell you." But the next day she had deteriorated so much that she wasn't able to think or talk it over with him. And so she died.

One of the touching things that he told me was of a few days before she died when at she was lying in the hospital bed they had rented for her. She said to him, "I don't want to sleep in this bed. May I come with you?" They had a huge old bed which was out on the porch, and she came and crawled in with him. He said that he put his arm around her and touched her on the thigh, and she said, "Oh, this feels so good, so wonderful!" And that was their life together.

When I talked to Paul, "How can you get along?"

He said, "I don't know. I can't put my hat on. (He was crippled so.) It takes me an hour every morning to put my socks on. The neighbors are good. They will see to it that I get food. I have a half-brother down in San Diego and, though I haven't seen too much of him and don't

know him too well all these past years, he kindly has asked me to come down there and live, but I don't want to."

About a week later, he decided to finish it all, and he turned on the gas in the bathroom but he evidently forgot to turn off a pilot someplace, and the whole place blew up. He wasn't killed, but he was badly burned. The neighbors rushed over and the ambulance came. He fought everybody off just like a demon; he didn't want to leave the place. He wanted to die right then and there. They took him to the county hospital, and he was on the critical list for about a week before he died. I went down there once to see him, and it was pathetic. He was so badly burned all over his face with scars and scabs. At that time I couldn't communicate with him at all. They had given him a sedative, and so I sat around for an hour. Two days later he was dead.

I was asked by his brother to say something at his funeral. It was a pathetic occasion. It was held at one of the little mortuary rooms across from the cemetary on Santa Monica Boulevard. Paul's body wasn't there; it was a memorial service rather than a funeral service. A few of his old friends had come, including one of the models that had posed often at The Club. She had read in the paper about it and had called me and said she had always liked Paul. So she had come, and, of course, Arthur Millier, the critic for the Los Angeles _Times_, was there and many other of his old friends.

TAPE NUMBER: TWELVE, SIDE TWO

August 17, 1965

Ritchie: The preparation of the talk which I was to give recalled many old memories. I read this little eulogy to him,

> We have come here to remember Paul and Margaret Landacre, the warm and loving couple that were friends of all of us. We all have memories of them. Mine extend over many years, and I should like to share them with you. A great many years ago, one night, I thought I'd write something about the Landacres. And I began, "Paul and Margaret live a couple of hills over from Silverlake. Their house, like a redwood dam, lies on a steep slope, backing up a few small areas of flat ground where flowers grow and where in the summertime there is the tallest stand of corn in the West. A twisting dirt road encompasses their place around three sides. It is barely wide enough for a car and always presents the hazard of a traffic snarl. But there is so seldom any traffic that the problem has never become acute. When it rains, people wonder if the Landacres will slide down into the valley below. And when with summer the spring grass has become brown and tangled beneath the oaks and eucalyptus trees and the lot cleaners begin to burn off the hills, people ask if the Landacres have survived. Only the initiate can ever get to their place. It even took the tax collector two years to find it. They don't seem to live where they do. And according to the maps, the streets that should take you to them, don't. Taxi drivers gave up years ago. And yet up there, the stars are very close. The breezes bring nostalgic music from the trains in the valley below. And the lights of the city make a varicolored pattern that the Landacres love and you would love." This was as far as I got in writing at that time. Now, in regret, I wish I had completed that which I had planned. Paul was nearly seventy years old. He was born on July 9th, 1893. Margaret was seventy-two when she died last month. They seemed so much younger. In appearance, I don't think they had aged a trace in all of the years I had known them. Paul was a superb athlete when he was young. He was interscholastic mile

champion of the State of Ohio. It was while he was at Ohio State University that he was struck with the illness that curtailed his physical activity the rest of his life. But because of it, he learned to draw. It was a therapy. And after his marriage to Margaret McCreary on July 9th, 1925, art became a serious part of his life. First, it was etching, then he tried linoleum, before finding his true medium in wood engraving. Back in the late 1930's,he wrote a short biographical note on himself: "My study of wood engraving, which started about thirteen years ago, was conducted almost entirely by trial and error as my only formal art education consisted of some intermittent classes in life drawing. At that time, much less wood engraving was being done, and there was no one in this vicinity to advise me. It was also difficult to find any books on the subject which necessitated my digging it out for myself."

My own memories of the Landacres began in 1928. Margaret was working for Jake Zeitlin in his small 10 x 15 bookshop at 714 1/2 West Sixth Street. It is difficult to imagine how much intense excitement about literature and art could have been concentrated into such a small area of Los Angeles. The books seemed to crowd every cranny, books of the modern presses and artists, and all of the contemporary writers. But there was still room enough for a gallery, and there Jake Zeitlin gave Paul Landacre his first show, and I bought my first print--one of those stark dramatic scenes of the Monterey Hills, which he depicted so well. In 1931, Bruce McCallister printed and published a book of Paul's engravings called California Hills. It was a great local success. And when Carl Zigrosser included some of Paul's prints in his American Printmakers, his work came to national attention, and today his prints are in almost every important gallery in the United States, and his prizes have been innumerable. Several years later to add to his honor, he was made a member of the National Academy.

Paul was both fun to work with and fun to play with. Grant Dahlstrom and Saul Marks remember a book of poems they worked on with Paul back in 1933. They had a little poet trouble before the book was completed, but it was selected as one of the Fifty Books of the Year. Next year Paul was involved in two of the Fifty Book selections. I took him a batch of Peter Lum Quince's poems to illustrate. He was still a little leery of poets, but he agreed for my sake to make some engravings, even though as he said, "The poems are lousy," not then knowing that I had written them. He was a wonderful, honest and forthright man. The

other book Saul Marks, Paul, and I collaborated on was A Gil Blas in California by Alexander Dumas, which was published by The Primavera Press. There are many more books that he has illustrated, among which I should mention those of Donald Culross Peattie. Paul was a perfectionist and for Peattie's Natural History of Western Trees he had hundreds of freshly cut branches sent to him from Glacier, Yellowstone, Yosemite parks all over the West. These beautiful boughs of pine and cedar, spruce and hemlock, were in every room and on the porches as Paul frantically tried to sketch them accurately. For the Landacres it was a beautiful experience, for they lived in their own deep-scented forest for weeks. His last illustrations were for an edition of Darwin, published by The Limited Editions Club. He studied for months, as he always did with Margaret's help, to be certain of the accuracy of his drawings. And then over a period of two years, he cut sixty of his most beautiful engravings. The book was printed in Australia, and it was shipped by slow freight. It arrived just too late, and Paul never saw his last book. Once when Paul was being interviewed he was asked what Margaret did. He thought for a moment and answered, "She takes care of the correspondence, answers the telephone, is Chancellor of the Exchequer, drives me to and from wherever I have to go, helps push the lever of the press when I have to print a large block, delivers prints, checks the manuscripts when I am illustrating a book, keeps house and is an excellent cook, and then she acts as a critic and a balance wheel. She boosts my morale when I am discouraged, and calms me if I get too excited over my work at the wrong time. Any art coming out of this studio is a dual production for sure." For almost forty years these two lived in intimate harmony. Only a few weeks ago, Paul told me how every thought he or Margaret had was for one another, how the only pleasures for either of them in reading, or going shopping for groceries, or to the class Paul taught at Otis was that of afterwards being able to repeat and to share the little experiences they had. They lived for one another. I think Paul is happy to be with Margaret again.

Archibald Garner was another member of The Club during those years. He was known primarily as a sculptor, but his drawings on our Thursday nights were some of the most delicate and beautiful that were done by any of the

members of The Club. At that time there was a feeling of voluptuousness in the sketches he made.

He was married to Marie Garner at that time. Marie was an extremely beautiful girl, whose life had been dominated by her mother. Even after their marriage, they lived most of the time with her mother and her mother's lover. The mother was a dress designer of some importance. She had decided, when Marie was a young girl, that she would make her life important and to that end drove her incessantly. Marie spent most of her childhood practicing on the piano. She had some talent and her mother took her to Vienna to continue her studies. She developed into a really gorgeous creature, and her mother wanting to capitalize on this beauty introduced her to and forced her to accept the attention of those she thought were important in the world of arts and might further her daughter's career. She was allowed, actually forced, to become intimate with several celebrities including, as Marie told me, Theodore Dreiser. She was also forced to work so hard that she became tubercular. To this problem was added a mental one, resulting from her mother's ambitions. For a while the whole menage rented our upstairs apartment on Griffith Park Boulevard. I saw quite a bit of them as I was living in the downstairs apartment. Soon however they moved back to Hollywood, and Jim Hansen, who was working on a sculptured figure, as was Archie, for the Los Angeles Post Office,

became a frequent caller at the Garner house. Before we were really aware of it, Hansen had moved in and Garner had moved out. [laughter] Eventually Jim Hansen married Marie, though this too was only for a short period. They were subsequently divorced. Both Archie and Jim Hansen married again, very happily.

Jim was a tall, angular fellow who looked more like Abraham Lincoln than Abraham did himself. It was only natural that when he was doing this piece of sculpture for the Los Angeles Post Office that he should do one of Abraham Lincoln. He had this great talent at sculpture, but he eventually gave it up to go into the more lucrative advertising field. His talent was such that he could make the transition easily and very successfully. For a good many years he did illustrations for various advertising agencies in Los Angeles, and subsequently moved to San Francisco where he was equally successful, though I haven't seen or heard of him for several years.

Probably the most interesting of the whole group was Fletcher Martin. Fletcher was a broad-shouldered, physical sort of a man with a huge handlebar mustache, black hair, bright piercing eyes. He had grown up in Idaho where his father was a printer and newspaper editor. He would buy a paper in a small town, run it for a while and then get tired and move to another town. Fletcher was brought up on farms near these various small towns in

Idaho. Since he wasthe oldest boy of a large family of children, he was the one on whom his father relieved all his frustrations. Fletcher has told me that he got a beating every day of his life when he was a child. His father would come home from a hard day, and being irascible, if anything was wrong he would blame Fletcher and flog him for this. Of course, it was inevitable that Fletch would eventually run away, which he did, to Seattle, where in time he joined the Navy. I don't recall when he began to draw,but it must have been a childhood talent. In the Navy, he was a rugged individual and became light heavy-weight champion. Many amusing tales he used to tell at these meetings--he was one of the best and most dramatic of storytellers. I recall one occasion when he was telling us an episode in his Naval career. It was in San Francisco when the Navy was there before going on maneuvers down around the Panama Canal. It was the last leave before departure, and Martin with some of his mates took advantage of this last night on the town. [laughter] Fletcher Martin evidently overdid it somewhat because the next morning as he woke up he saw the fleet steaming out through the Golden Gate, and here he was still on dry ground in San Francisco together with another of his buddies. Despite their hangover, they felt that it would be important for them to join the fleet before it got too far away. Knowing that it was going to stop at San Pedro on the way down, they

floundered out in the street and hailed a taxicab and [laughter] asked the driver if he would take them to Los Angeles. Well, the taxi driver thought it over for a little while and looked at them and decided that he would. So they drove pell-mell down the coast to Los Angeles. As they sobered up and began considering their problem, they realized that they didn't have enough money to cover this kind of fare. So as they were going down Broadway in Los Angeles, and the cab had stopped at an intersection, Fletcher hopped out one side of the cab and the other boy out the other side as the cabby screamed like mad [laughter]. Cops chased them. The other fellow got away, but Fletcher not knowing all of the intricacies of Los Angeles, went up a dead end alley where he was caught and delivered to his ship. The officer on board took a dim view of what Fletcher had done, and he was thrown into the brig for the next three months or so. But he also took a dim view of the cab driver who attempted to take advantage of the two sailors, so that he wasn't quite as hard on Fletcher as he might have been. The cabby was severely admonished too. It wasn't until the fleet had arrived in Panama [laughter] that Fletcher was let out, and, of course, it being his first night of freedom for three months, he got into trouble again that night in Panama.

One other experience--Mrs. Millard's estate was being liquidated in Pasadena, her magnificent collection of books, and pieces of art and furniture which she had brought to

Pasadena from abroad--England, Italy, and France, and Spain. For two or three months, these things were sold by the estate at her Frank Lloyd Wright house on Prospect Circle. It got down to the time when they wanted to close out the estate. Though I was terribly poor at the time and cash was an almost impossible thing to come by, I had known Mrs. Millard so well and enjoyed her treasures so much that I used to go over there occasionally and talk to the gals that were selling and was able to buy several little things which people didn't want--some of the correspondence that she had had with Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson of the Doves Press, and certain books which I liked. Toward the end, one thing which I did want was a filing cabinet, but it seemed that the filing cabinets also were something that most people could use, and what was left was primarily furniture. There was one extremely large and handsome Italian, fifteenth or sixteenth century, chest which evidently had been built as a hope chest, with carvings on it of a bride and groom. It was suggested to me that this was something that I could use as a filing cabinet. So I said, "All right. I didn't want to pay over $15.00, but this evidently is much too expensive for that." They said, "Well, why don't you make an offer of $15.00 then." I did, and a week or so later I was called and told to pick up my chest. [laughter] Fletcher and I borrowed a truck from somebody.

We drove to Pasadena, and heaving and struggling we managed to get the chest out and up onto the truck. I don't know how we did it to this day. Getting it back to our place on Griffith Park Boulevard was even worse because it was up on the side of a hill with perhaps thirty or forty steps to get it up to the house. We got it up there and left it right in the middle of the living room. We were completely exhausted, and couldn't move it another foot. So there it sat until the next Thursday night which was sketch class. The first one to arrive was Paul Landacre, full of curiosity, and he looked it over and opened it up and then he had to crawl into it. By that time we heard others arriving and Paul said, "Don't say a word." So he stayed inside of the chest and of course it was quite a topic of conversation. Fletcher, Delmer Daves, and Gordon Newell, all of them gathered around looking at the carving, commenting, marveling and feeling the texture of the beautiful wood. As we sat down to sketch the model, Paul gave out with just a little groan.

Somebody said, "What's that?"

I said, "I don't know, I don't know."

Then they said, "Have you looked inside the chest?"

And I said, "No, it was locked. I haven't been able to get into it."

There was some chatter about it, and then we got back to drawing and then another little groan. By this time the

artists were really getting curious, and there was all sorts of speculation as to what Fletcher and I had brought into the house. [laughter] Well, finally it ended up with Paul coming out of the chest, happy and full of glee. [laughter]

Fletcher went east to teach at the University of Iowa with Grant Wood, as I have accounted in the note of his little running battle with Grant Wood while they were there. One or two wives later, he settled in Woodstock, New York, an artists' colony. He has illustrated several books, a couple for The Limited Editions Club. His paintings have been used by advertisers several times, and he is now one of the artists of the Famous Artists Group--a school sponsored by Norman Rockwell and others. He illustrated a couple of books for me--one, the book called _Of Una Jeffers_ in which he did a drawing of Tor House, the rock house that Jeffers had built by hand, and a unicorn, Una's favorite symbol, which we used on the title page of the book.

Fletcher's closest friend and fellow artist was Herman Cherry, and it was a strange combination because Fletcher was tall and broad-shouldered. Cherry was a small round-faced fellow; his head was like a ball; and his curley, kinky hair came down almost to his eyebrows. Yet, he was an extremely intelligent and jovial fellow and quite a good craftsman. He was married to a girl by the name of Denny Winters, who was probably a better painter than he was, which tends to hurt a man's ego and pride, as it did his.

We did a Scrapbook of Art together. At the time it sounded like a wonderful idea for teaching art to young people. It was made as a loose-leaf book. Cherry wrote an article about each of the famous modern painters which we printed and then added many blank pages after eachpainter on which could be pasted pictures by that artist cut out of magazines. In time, they would have their own scrap-book of modern art. It was an easy way to save pictures which one has no way of handily preserving. Alex Brook, whose painting had recently won the Carnegie first prize, was out here at the time and wrote an introduction for the book. Alvin Lustig did a colorful cover for it.

After Fletcher went back to Woodstock, Cherry followed him back there and became what I would call a scavenger artist. He picked up anything--old pieces of glass, debris of all sorts--which he put together. He had quite a bit of success, enough success that Life magazine once devoted a page to the things which he had made up of the odds and ends which he had found.

Barse Miller was also one of those who frequented the place. Barse was a great watercolorist, one of the most facile that we had. While the others were mainly sketching the model, he quite often would come with his brushes and do two or three watercolors during the evening. We had a commission to do a book for the Book Club of California. It was a collection of early California poems called Ballads

of Eldorado. As I was conceiving the book, I got an idea that I would like to make it a running picture of San Francisco, starting with the cover. Here is a picture of the waterfront which showed on the cover, and as we turned the page, the illustration on the cover continued right on to the flyleaf, across it, as you go up to the hills of San Francisco. Then, as you turn the next page to get to the title page, it flows right into that; so you had a series of paintings.

I talked about this to Barse Miller, and he was quite enthusiastic about the idea. One Thursday night I brought a book dummy along with me, and while the others were sketching, Barse and I sat at the dining room table, he with his water colors, and as we outlined these things he did the whole concept right in the book. When he finally did the finished drawings, all he had to do was copy what he had done. It was so completely perfect, this first thing, that there was really no problem except that we wanted the colors separated and so he did it over from that.

World War II brok up The Club. Barse became a captain in the Air Force and spent most of the war in the South Pacific, painting battle scenes. Fletcher became a painting correspondent for the Life-Time group and was sent over to the African and European sector. Another great friend, Millard Sheets, was sent over to India to draw on

the Burma front. Barse and Fletcher were also extremely good friends and vied in many respects. Fletcher, as you know, was strong as an ox and Barse at that time was almost as strong. I recall especially one incident. In addition to our Thursday night sketch classes, The Club loved to give parties. A good many of them were held right in our studio because it was handy, though every member at one time or another had a party for The Club. They varied; once we had a gin tasting. [laughter] Another time we had a wonderful Halloween party in which everybody had to decorate a pumpkin and bring it. What this particular occasion was I don't recall, but in the dining room we had a round table which we had covered with sandwich makings, mayonnaise, all of the things for later in the evening. As Barse came by, he knocked something off of the table, and he picked it up and went out to get a broom and came back with it just as Fletcher came by. Fletcher said to Barse, "Now don't bother with this, let me do it."

And he grabbed the broom from Barse and Barse said, "No, I spilled it, let me do it." Well, in a moment they were both struggling for the broom. This led to more serious strugglings. The next thing we knew the table had tipped over on top of them, with everything on the floor in a mess, which hardly made them pause. Before long the party was a shambles. Finally as they looked at the complete destruction, they fell into a gale of laughter and left the

cleaning up to us. [laughter]

There were many who came and enjoyed those. Tom Craig, a talented watercolor artist, was a student of Millard Sheets while attending Pomona College. He painted some magnificent watercolor scenes of the California coast before he became interested in raising flower seeds and went down to the Coachella Valley and gave up his art. Onestus Uzzell was primarily a portrait painter, a fashionable portrait painter in Texas and Miami Beach and other places, who had been discouraged by his own success in that field and wanting to do more substantial painting had turned his back on his lucrative clientele to come and teach at Occidental College. Ted Criley, though basically an architect, (a man who now is responsible for a good many of the buildings in the Claremont college complex; he's done all the buildings at Pitzer College, some at Scripps, and Harvey Mudd, and the rest), was a thwarted watercolorist. As an avocation, he would go down to Ensenada and other placesto paint. Tom Craig and Ted Criley both have enough facility to really enjoy the sketch class.

Dr. Alonzo Beecher Cass was an old friend of mine from grammar school and high school, and we had roomed together at Stanford. He's an eminent pediatrician who's done so much work on blue babies. But his chief avocation has always been painting. He has covered the walls at his home with Cass creations. A. Maxson Smith, my brother-in-law,

while a lawyer, also became intrigued with painting and would come to these classes. His drawings were quite pixie, and he had a wonderful linear quality. He had no training at art, and when he started to draw, he seemed to draw a line around an idea. When it ended up, he would have a picture of a girl.

He got into one extremely interesting evening. I had brought a canvas to sketch class one night with a couple of dozen tubes of paint, and a palette. I thought I would do a real painting. I conceived it. It was a woman picking flowers; it was quite a fat little old lady with a kindly face who was stooping over to pick up a single daisy. As the others were sketching, I went to work with my paints. Finally Fletcher Martin came over to look at it and said, "Ward, let me use that brush." So he started and I could just see myself getting into the National Academy with this painting. [laughter] Fletcher was working on it, and he was doing a beautiful job. And then Onestus came over, and he had to add something to it. Then Tom Craig came, and he added his bit, and it was beginning to look pretty good. Then Delmer Daves came over, and he stuck a cigarette in it and then somebody else came and felt that it needed more paint at one place and emptied a whole tube on it. [laughter] Well, before we got through with this, it was the most over-painted object that I have ever seen. Every tube of paint was completely gone and it was a good inch thick on the canvas. That was one of the

great masterpieces of the art group. I wish I had saved it. Today, it would be "in."

Delmer Daves was the most successful of all of the members of The Club. Delmer had been at Stanford when I was there, and he was the type of person who is successful from the beginning. He was chairman of the rally committee; he was the outstanding actor in most of the plays on the Stanford campus. He created the posters that were used. He was a campus politician. He was into everything and on the top of the heap always. When he graduated, his acting ability naturally brought him to Hollywood where he thought he could get into the movies, and he did work in several of them. They were making a college movie which he was in. The typical Hollywood producer's and director's concept of what a college was, was so childish that Delmer sort of took charge, and explained and arranged and helped them along with it. The next thing he knew he was writing motion picture scenarios in Hollywood which was what he was still doing during the era of The Club. He was most successful at it, and since then, he has risen to be his own director and producer, as well as writer, and has done some of the large movies to come out of Hollywood.

There was a chap by the name of Peter O'Crotty who came and rented the lower studio after we moved the presses to Hyperion Avenue. Peter had just gotten a job at Disney Studios as a story board man, and as a writer. He was one

of the most intriguing men I have ever known. He had complete charm, good looks and ability. He wrote several very fine short stores which Rob Wagner had published in his magazine in Hollywood, and had a very checkered career. Before taking his job at Disney, he had been a newspaperman in Hawaii where he had married a cute little girl called Betsy. They had lived for some time in Carmel where he edited and published a small newspaper until he was run out of Carmel.

O'Crotty could never let anything alone long enough to get settled. He could get the best jobs in the world, but after a while he became restless and had to agitate. In Carmel, he got a little tired of the artsy-craftsiness of the place, and so on one occasion he thought, "I'll make the town really interesting." [laughter] So he arranged with some of the more daring girls of Carmel to meet him very early in the morning before anybody was awake. He planned to do a brochure for "Carmel, the Nudist Colony." His approach was very matter-of-fact. Among the pictures there was one of a car in the service station. You could see two or three nude service girls cleaning the windshield, and putting oil into it. Then there was also a picture in which the girls were gossiping in typical housewifely fashion in the entrance to the P.O., "Going to the Post Office." He took dozens of such pictures and gave them such prosaic captions as one might find in any real estate pro-

motion folder. [laughter] He and a printer up there decided they would publish a little book, and they went as far as having all of the engravings made when news leaked out and O'Crotty was asked to leave Carmel. [laughter] He brought the engravings down to Los Angeles and tried to induce me to publish the book for him, but we never got around to it.

O'Crotty could last in a job about six months. He could always talk himself into a new one without any problem, but he could never last long because of this restlessness that got to him. After he had been at Disney about four or five months, he decided what the Disney studio needed was to be unionized. He started agitating and getting everybody upset; and this wasn't the time when Mr. Disney wanted to have the unions in there. So O'Crotty left. He was the most magnificent name dropper I've ever run into. You could go into a bar with Peter O'Crotty and you'd sit down and he would order this. Then obviously he was talking to you in a voice that was just loud enough so that the people nearby could hear. He would drop some names and incidents, and finally everybody would crowd in to hear more about it. Somebody would start talking to you and before you knew it everybody there knew O'Crotty and what a great man he was and what he had done, because he had been almost everyplace and had done almost everything. I saw him quite often in the next few years because every time he got a new

job he would come over to me and have a new card printed. [laughter]

Dixon: He could keep you in business.

Ritchie: It kept me going except that O'Crotty, through friendship, didn't think to pay for these cards. He did get a job with Grover Jones at the Grover Jones Press one time as assistant editor on the magazine Jones which was Grover Jones' hobby. Grover Jones was the highest paid writer in Hollywood at that time, and he lived on Sunset Boulevard, out towards the beach. Somehow or other he got intrigued with the linotype machine, and he found that the linotype operated just fast enough for him to think. He had one installed in the studio in back of his house, and he wrote all of his movie scripts on this linotype machine. He would set a line on the keyboard and it would take just long enough to cast it to organize in his mind the next line he wanted to write. Through this he became interested in printing and having enough money at that time, he decided to do a little magazine for his friends which he called Jones. He had various people write articles, and he wrote a good number himself and got it out every two or three months. It was a substantial magazine of sixty or seventy pages.

While O'Crotty was living at our place, I was working on a screen scenario about Johann Gutenberg, since we were approaching the 500th anniversary of

Gutenberg's birth. As I wrote it, Betsy O'Crotty typed it up for me. I showed it to Delmer Daves once, and he seemed to like it and gave it to his agent. His agent got it around, and finally a director by the name of Lothar Mendes took an option on it and I could just see myself in big money. [laughter] Just at that time (it was around 1940), the Nazis invaded France and the Germans were not the most favored people in Hollywood, and since Johann Gutenberg was a German, the idea of the pictures was dropped. But when O'Crotty started working for Jones on his magazine, he remembered this and told Jones, "Here is one of the most exciting stories you ever had." He asked me if they could publish it. It had to be rewritten because movie scenario style hardly makes good magazine style. Jones got it and was so intrigued by it that he produced it in what he thought to be a fifteenth-century style, looking like a manuscript with great medieval illustrations. He also had a separate edition made which he gave directly to his friends.

But, again, O'Crotty lasted there only for five or six months and wandered on to become a photographer for the Union Pacific Railroad. The last two times I heard about O'Crotty was once when I had an article in the "Chefs of the West" in Sunset magazine. In the same group there was a "Malibu Fish Dinner" by Peter O'Crotty. In 1950, whenever the centennial was of the State of California, they had a great pageant at the Coliseum and Peter O'Crotty was

running that and always appearing in pictures dressed as a politician of the 1850's.

One of the club parties was held at Delmer Daves' place off Sunset Boulevard near UCLA, in the late '30's or early '40's. We decided to place a time capsule (with everyone present putting something into it) into the wall of the new studio which was being built for Delmer at the time. And now twenty-five years later I often wonder, "What's in that capsule?"

TAPE NUMBER: THIRTEEN, SIDE ONE

August 24, 1965

Ritchie: The Club, in addition to its weekly meetings and occasional social events in town, also had some most interesting experiences visiting some of the places that its members had out of town. I remember several parties at the Criley's ranch, the old Stevens' Ranch above San Dimas. But possibly the most interesting of these parties was at Delmer Dave's cabin which was on Crestline up towards Arrowhead and Big Bear. I wrote about one of these parties, saying:

> It was two weeks ago that we went on the Immortal Weekend to Delmer Dave's cabin near Crestline. Gordon, Amelia and Hal Newell (Hal was Gordon's son), George, and Bee Stanley, Fletcher and Henriette Martin, Paul and Margaret Landacre, Tom Craig, Filmore Phipps and his fiancée Helene, Onestus Uzzell, Delmer Daves and Janet and myself. We met at the corner of Allesandro and Riverside Drive a little after noon and started towards the mountains in a caravan. Janet and I went in Delmer's car with the Landacres. The top was down, and the wind was fresh and warm. All stopped at Wilson's in Claremont for lunch. We sat the length of one big table and confused the waitress with our orders. Leaving, we proceeded in caravan, arriving at the cabin a little before dusk. At San Bernardino, Delmer had stopped for provisions and after looking around the cabin the girls started preparing dinner of spaghetti and wine. First we had cocktails which set everyone on a fine edge, except Gordon, who with a cold decided to go to bed. And we had dinner and a long cheery evening before the fire. Jokes, games, stories, and hilarious dancing made it very enjoyable. The next morning, quite early, Tom, Janet, and Fletcher went out to the edge of the mountain that looked out over the San Bernardino Valley and made watercolors. After lunch, we all went to the point and drew. It was quite a sight to see them all sitting around sketching or painting. Tom and Delmer both drew a picture of me sitting on a big stump there. Afterwards Tom and I

went over to where Janet was, all the rest returning to the cabin. But Tom wanted to do a couple of more watercolors and we stayed with him. I brought a couple of cans of beer along and was feeling very jovial. It was beautiful. The sun streamed its light from the far west, the pine trees were a very dark green, almost in blackness, silhouetted, but the young oaks reflected the late light and their leaves shown yellow-green. Down below where the whole valley stretched out, a blue mist held the land with the tops of distant hills and more distant mountains looking like strange dark islands. A long cloud strung darkly across the whole sky. Above it white whiffs hung motionless. Everything was silhouetted in that light. Tom sat painting, trying to get the color in the valley. Janet watched. The wind which whipped us a short time before when everyone was there became still. There was not a sound. The trees stood as in a Japanese painting. The ferns which covered the hills around us were yellow with the fall. A few crickets began to make noise down the little valley at our side. It became darker and Onestus came with the car to take us back to the cabin. Tom finished two pictures there and gave me one which had on the back the one he had done of me on the stump. He was not happy with them. The weekend ended. Each car headed for home separately. We stopped again at Wilson's for dinner. It was a beautiful and perfect time, and everybody was congenial and happy. Nothing could have made it better.

Experiences like these helped to congeal the members of The Club and also interested them in having some permanent place. I mentioned this at one time to Garner Beckett who was president of the Riverside Cement Company which owned Warner's Ranch, and he mentioned that there was an old Butterfield Stage Station, an adobe, down there on the ranch, and possibly if we would like to take it and fix it up it could be ours on a permanent loan. So Roger and Rosamond Smith and Janet and I made the tour down there to see it and it was a most enchanting spot. It had been going to ruins for some sixty or seventy years. We were quite

excited about it, but when we discovered what it would cost to fix it up and maintain it, we felt that even in those Depression happy years, it was a little beyond the budget of the members of The Club. So we had to turn that offer down, though quite reluctantly.

Gordon Newell at one of the Thursday night meetings produced an ad which appeared in the Los Angeles Times offering 640 acres of land three miles from Big Sur, including a stand of redwoods, a gushing stream and a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean. This intrigued us very much, and we called the people who had made the offer. They said that it would be necessary for us to give them $25.00 before they would divulge the exact location. Delmer was so entranced by the idea that he said that he would put up the $25.00, and so we went down to see the people. They explained that it was in back of Big Sur, but that before they could consummate a deal, it would be necessary for some of us to go and personally inspect the property. Once again we made up a small caravan, this time consisting of Peter O'Crotty and his wife Betsey, Hunt Lewis and his wife Rosemary, and Janet and myself. Going up the coast of California is always beautiful and spectacular. Gordon a year or so before had picked up a plot on a hill above Big Sur and had started building there. When we arrived there fairly late in the day, we decided to camp out under the redwoods at his place. The next day we went on to the

forestry station to find out how to get to this particular piece of property. The ranger who had been an old-timer there, puzzled a little while and then said, "Yes, I was there once." [laughter]

We said, "Well it's only three miles from here, isn't it?"

And he said, "Yes, if you were a crow, but it took me three days to get in there by horse."

It developed that in order to get there you had to go up one side of the Big Sur River about twenty miles or so until there was a place where you could cross the river and then you had to climb back and up the hills and over the mountains until you finally got there. And he said, "It is delightful when you get there, but it's practically inaccessible." (It was at that time.) Well, we gave up on that. But he said, "If you are interested in buying property, the Castro family owns plenty of it around here."

We found out where they lived. I've since forgotten the name of the man who was the head of the family then. He had married one of the Castro girls. We saw them and they were delightful to us and took us up through the fire roads to the very top of the hills overlooking Big Sur. We could see the ocean on one side--this vast expanse of the Pacific--and on the other side we could look down into the great wild Big Sur area--the canyon which the river had dug down there. We didn't buy because although this land that he

showed us was beautiful, being on top of the ridge we saw no possibility of getting any water up there. But the family was very generous and kind to us and took us down and fed us jerky and then had us to lunch, and we spent a very pleasant day with them. The idea was good about having some permanent hideaway such as the Bohemian Club has up at their grove, but we were never quite that affluent.

I don't think any who were members of the club will ever forget J. D. Hicks, who was our man-of-all-work around the club. J. D. may have had a first name, but he was always known as "J. D." He was a colored gentleman from Arkansas, and I first met him one day when he was ambling up the street. He came up to the front door and asked me if I was Colonel So-and-so, and I admitted that I wasn't. He said, "Well, I was told that I could get a job if I could find Colonel So-and-so." And he looked around and he said, "Might you have any work that I could do here?"

And I looked around, I saw that it needed some weeding so I said, "All right, I'll pay you so much an hour if you'll go out and weed the garden."

He was willing and able, but as I recall now he pulled out more flowers than he pulled out weeds. Anything that was green was a weed to him. This was when we were living on Griffith Park Boulevard, with the house on the side of the hill. Before the day was over, he knew more about the arrangement than I did. On the one side of the building,

there was a door that led into the dirt hillside where we used to leave tools and things like that. By nighttime, J. D. came to me and asked if I would mind if he cleaned that out a bit and slept in there that night. Well, I was agreeable and that became J. D.'s permanent abode. The next thing he wanted to fix it up and put in a cement floor and a cement wall on the side and that was perfectly agreeable.

J. D.'s method of working was rather crude. He had a great deal of confidence in his ability. And when any question came up, certainly J. D. could do it. In this particular case, he was going to complete this new room to my great satisfaction, and asked if I would give him enough money so that he could buy a sack of cement and get some sand. That was fine. The shop at that time was about two blocks away, and at mid-morning he came and asked me if he could have enough money to get another sack of cement. Well, that seemed reasonable, so I gave him some more. Another hour or so, he came and asked if he could have enough money to get another sack of cement. After this had happened four times, I became puzzled and came back to look at his beautiful handiwork. To my amazement, he had built a form in which to pour the cement for the side of the wall, but in his inimitable way he had very jerry-made it. Every time he poured in a bucketful of concrete the form would spread, and the wall had a fine bulge, and it was at least

three feet thick in the middle. [laughter] Each time that he would pour some more in, it would spread a little more. He was beginning to get frustrated because he never seemed to be able to get the concrete up to the top of his form. [laughter] We solved that problem for him,and eventually it hardened and J. D. had his little room there. He stayed for--I don't know how long--a year or more than that.

As I said, J.D. could do anything. When The Club first started, he became the handyman. He would serve the beer, and he also made up sandwiches which he would sell to us at five cents apiece which is not exorbitant, but it was a good deal for what J. D. gave us. It was two slices of white bread with no butter or anything on and a slab of cheese usually. J. D. also mentioned the fact that he was a fine cook, and any time that we would want to have a dinner party he would be willing and able to cook it for us. We took him up on it occasionally, and truly the meals were quite satisfactory, but we found that he imported a fat girl friend of his who did practically all of the work for him, but it was satisfactory to us.

We enjoyed J. D. especially when he would sing to us Negro spirituals. J. D. always talked about himself as the Reverend J. D. Hicks, and this theological title fitted him quite well at times. I imagine that it was quite easy in some of the Negro churches to acquire a title like

that. He probably occasionally preached at one of them. He looked around our particular neighborhood and concluded that there was an opportunity and he thought that he would like to start a church. Now in order to start a church he had to have money, and in order to have money he had to at least have some service or object to sell. Knowing that I was a printer, he asked me if I would print up the Lord's Prayer for him, which we did, and gave him a bundle of them. Of course, this was done gratuitously but J. D. Hicks also thought that inasmuch as he now had these for sale, that we should buy some too. [laughter] We probably did give him a small gift, and he attempted to sell them around, but with not quite enough success to get his church off the ground.

One day in the kitchen upstairs for some reason or other, a hunk of plaster fell out of the ceiling. This was in the morning, and I was in a hurry to get to work. J. D. came ambling about and he said, "Mr. Ritchie, do you want me to fix that?"

And I said, "J. D., do you know anything about plastering?"

And he said, "Oh, yes, down on the plantation in Arkansas, I took care of all of that."

So I said, "Yes," and gave him enough money to get some plaster. We had the proper tools and I thought nothing more of it until I came home from work that night. I have never seen as complete shambles as there was in that house.

The kitchen was probably an inch-deep with plaster all over, and this included the top of the stove and the refrigerator and everything. The ceiling was a complete mess, and evidently the door from the kitchen to the dining room had been left open and there was plaster all over the rugs. I got J. D.--to ask him what had happened. Then I noticed that there had been a whole bottle of gin over in one corner which was also completely covered with plaster, with handprints on it, and it was about three-quarters gone now.

"Well, Mr. Ritchie," he said, "I mixed the plaster and I got up on the ladder with a trowel and I put it up in that little spot. Then I pulled the trowel away, and the plaster fell on my face. I did it again and I held it up there a long time and I jumped quickly and the plaster fell down again. Now, I don't like to have plaster in my hair or on my face, so I very ingeniously figured out a new way. I got the bowl of plaster and I put my hand in it and then I would throw it up, You know in time, it began to stick?" [laughter] But in the meantime the house had to be thoroughly cleaned up and fixed up after that.

Now J. D. would never admit to drinking because being a preacher it wasn't good policy. He had a habit of talking to himself. Every time he was thinking, the words would come out. We had a bottle of Pisco, a Chilean liqueur which we had gotten many years ago because it had been quite popular at one time in San Francisco--the famous Pisco

punch. At one Wine and Food Society dinner, they had brought in a case of it so that we could relive those ancient San Francisco days with Pisco punch, and I had acquired a bottle of it. Now, it's the type of thing which you don't drink very often, possibly once a year, and it always seemed a little curious why this bottle slowly went down. One day I was in the next room and I heard J. D. shuffling in the kitchen. He was talking to himself, "Poor J. D., he sure feels bad today. I just wonder what J. D. could do to make himself feel a little better. Well, you know, there's some of that stuff up there, but then I don't think so, that's Mr. Ritchie's. But you know, Mr. Ritchie wouldn't really care, not if I just took a little. No, I'm sure he wouldn't care." And then you'd hear a little glug. J. D. would amble around doing something, and then he'd say, "Well, you know, that did help a bit but not quite enough. I think possibly Mr. Ritchie wouldn't mind if I had two drinks today." [laughter] Well, that was J. D.--quite a wonderful character--and he lived with The Club members for a year or so.

One day he came to me and said, "Mr. Ritchie, I'm going to get married."

And I said, "J. D., this is wonderful. How come at your age?"

He said, "Mr. Ritchie, all of my friends are on relief and here I'm working. Now if I get married, I can go on

relief with the rest of them." [laughter] And so J. D. married his fat cook and that was the last we ever heard of J. D. He moved down to Central Avenue and...

Dixon: Presumably went on relief?

Ritchie: I imagine that he did.

In 1941, we moved to La Canada, and while it didn't actually end The Club, for all practical purposes that was the end because we were too far from the center where everybody was and nobody else had the place or the willingness to take over the Thursday nights, though there were many attempts to do this and to revive it. The war came soon after and most of the people were dispersed to other areas. So the little club era of four, five years was quite an interesting, exciting one. Then it ended, and from time to time various members get together but they too are so spread now, all over the United States, that The Club is gone.

In 1936, Remsen Bird, President of Occidental College, asked me if I would give a course in graphic arts at the college. It seemed to me a most interesting project, and I wasn't a bit adverse to adding slightly to my income at that time, though the amount that the college could pay, because it too was suffering from the Depression, was not very great. That fall, I began teaching twice a week. It was a different course than had been given at Occidental previous to it, and the result was I got a very special type

of student. They were eager and interested, and we had great fun.

I should like to read my introduction to the course which began on September 22, 1936:

> I should like to be able to tell you at this first meeting of the class exactly what the course will cover and how it will be conducted, but I am unable. In truth the whole thing is an experiment inasmuch as Occidental has never given a course similar to this, and I have never taught a course at all. In the catalogue it is listed under a rather technical title, but I want to make it to include more than it there promises. I hope to make it the sort of course that I should have liked to have had in college. I have memories of evenings in the home of David Starr Jordan of Stanford at which a great variety of subjects was discussed, perhaps that was near it. It is not the kind of course that will prepare you for any practicular work. I watched the men who were my classmates in college, most of them entered business to find that the definite preparation which they had made in college was of no very great value. They found that starting at the bottom they had to learn all the practical methods of their particular business as they worked up. What was the value and what gave them an advantage against their less educated working companions was that they knew how to seek out new knowledge as it was demanded of them. They knew what books were for. But their education was of the most value to them in fields outside of their own immediate one. For you too will find that once you've entered upon a career that there is all too little time for grounding yourself in other valuable but not immediately useful subjects. They are easy enough to carry along if you've already mastered the fundamentals during your school days, and they offer many opportunities for relaxation and enjoyment. Books are the granaries of knowledge, and it is my object to make you love them now when you are just starting your intellectual life that, henceforth, you may have the pleasure which they give. Naturally I want you to love the physical book as well as the knowledge which it contains, for that is the apparent purpose of this course. I think it is important for you to start buying your own books and forming a library. You'll never find a happier sport than

> prowling in old bookstores where some odd volume may be hidden that was made to fit your fancy. And you will find still more pleasure when you unwrap it at home and slowly pour through its pages. Your shelves will grow along with your years and you will mark new interests and pleasures. A man's library is the history of his mental life, and its lack is a serious handicap. I don't think it is fair to oneself to read without owning books. There are hundreds of books on my shelves which I shall never read again. Yet the mere sight of them reawakens memories of the emotions or the ideas I had while reading them. I even remember with pleasure the feel of the paper and the touch of the binding. Each of these books remains an important part of my life with which I'd loathe to part and while I am sad often with the thought that they have passed through my mind and I probably shall never read them again, I shall still carry them along my ways until the end. You will have fun with books because there are also booksellers and other avid collectors to help enhance life. And some day you will meet authors and even with great daring send a timid note to one of your favorites and have a happy surprise when he answers you. But primarily I want you to create. I hope that you will write--poetry, criticism, fiction, or whatever is in your mind. I hope that some of you will become interested in illustrating or in making initial letters. I hope that before the course is over that we can gather together all of our creations and form a book, material evidence of our interest in creation.

The course consisted of many things. Basically it was a history of the book from the origin of the written word, of letter forms, on through to the modern creation of the printer. But as we went along, we tried many things. For instance, for several weeks or a month we would do calligraphy. We cut our own pens, made our own quills. They learned the letter forms as the great calligraphers of the Middle Ages had perfected them. They practised them so that they too could write similarly.

We were creative to a certain extent. One year we did a book of poetry, perhaps thirty-six pages. We had a

competition; we allowed students from the college to submit their verse. We winnowed them, laid them out, printed them and illustrated the book. The final examination was always a thesis rather than asking them questions. It was most surprising the amount of research that was done for this little two-unit class. The theses that I received were full of research, good bibliographies to them. Each of them chose a subject, whether it be of books in the Middle Ages or one of the great printers, and did a thoroughly good job.

Dixon: Was this an upper division course?

Ritchie: I imagine it was; I don't recall. It was a fairly selective course. Usually there were about a dozen students in it. It was a seminar-type course where we sat around a large table and chatted and talked. I would lecture to a certain extent, but it was a lot of talk too. When we had our projects, we could all have table room to work.

The greatest help to me in this particular course was not from the Art Department, but from the Department of English. During the time when the students would get their advisors' consent for various courses, the English Department was quite intrigued with this course and would pick some of the brightest, most energetic people to recommend for it. As I recall I gave this course for three years at Occidental College. Then I started a summer school in printing at the plant.

The inspiration for this came from a couple of sources. One was from a most energetic girl who had gone to Occidental College; her name at that time was Helen Dallas. She had been editor of the Annual back around 1933 or '34. President Bird, who was always interested in taking somebody with ability and trying to build new interests for them, brought this girl over to me and said, "Here is the new editor of the Annual. Perhaps with your experience, you can give her some ideas." It ended up that I designed the Annual and set the type and was responsible for all of the makeup. Then it was printed by the printer who had been doing the Occidental Annual for a good many years. But it was a wonderful challenge. The yearbooks that I had seen had been sort of dull, badly arranged picture books. We changed the size and the format; it was a much larger book in format than Occidental had ever had. We made it clean, cut down on the text and gave space for the pictures. The pictures with their captions told the story of the year at Occidental College. It caused quite a bit of turbulence at Occidental because the students weren't used to anything like it. It was resented somewhat by the members of the athletic teams because they feel that they weren't getting as much recognition in this particular Annual as they sometimes did. But in the long run it had a great effect because the succeeding annuals of Occidental reflected

what had been done this year. Other schools, also seeing this, began fashioning some of their ideas to what was being done at Occidental.

Helen Dallas had gone back to Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri. She was back there working on development. They had received a Sloan Foundation grant of some size for "consumer education." She was working on this project which included the publication of the Proceedings of a Conference on Consumer Education. From her past experience working with me on the annual she insisted on sending the job of printing this to me in Los Angeles. While it was only a paperback, it was selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the Fifty Books of the Year. As a result, this enhanced her position back there and also made her interested in knowing more about the graphic arts process. She wrote saying that the college would like her to know more about printing, together with a young chap, Joe Melia, who was their production man. She asked if it would be possible for them to come out during the summer and study under me?

At the same time, Dorothy Drake, the librarian at Scripps College, had become more and more interested in the arts of the book. One day while I was out there, I met Mary Treanor and her mother; I had known John Treanor many years before as a member of the Zamorano Club. He had been president of the Riverside Cement Company at

that time and had been killed. Both Mary and her mother had acquired from John an interest in fine printing. The subject came up at Scripps that it would be nice if there was someplace where they could learn more. Mary Treanor said that she would like to take the course, too.

The fourth member came in, and I am not certain how she heard of it, but a big Cadillac stopped in front of the shop one day and a very handsome woman came in. Her daughter had just graduated from Marlborough School and she was interested in art and she wanted her to learn something about the art of books. So Robin Park was the fourth of the students that came in that year.

This was a month course which I gave during the summer, and it was a real hard hitting course. We started in the morning and had a two-hour lecture session each morning and then questions. After lunch was a laboratory session. The building in which we were located on Hyperion Avenue had originally had two stores down on the first floor and four apartments upstairs. We used the downstairs as our plant, and the upstairs we had rented out to various families--usually some of our employees. I took one of those apartments, and we converted it into a little private press with several cases of type and the little proofing press that I had gotten from Thomas Perry Stricker several years before. We also had all of the facilities of the shop down below if we needed additional type orna-

ments, blocks or other things.

During the afternoon, the students would work on various projects. We started out with simple things; they would just set up a few paragraphs so they would learn how to set type. What I did was to give them a poem by Housman or somebody like that, and each of them would work out a design for it and make it into a little booklet. They did bookplates and they did Christmas cards. Finally they got on to major projects; each one was supposed to do a booklet before he got through.

It was tough on me because I had to prepare a two-hour lecture every night for the next day. During the afternoon, of course, they were pretty much on their own. I didn't have to supervise them tooclosely, so it gave me a certain amount of time to work in and around the shop while conducting the class.

Mary Treanor and Robin Park were so interested in their work that they asked if they could stay on during the winter months. They were pretty much on their own. I gave them a certain amount of supervision, but they had their own projects. The first of these was a talk which had been given at Scripps College which Mary brought in. They set and printed a hundred or so copies. Then they got a commission to do a little book of poems for somebody. Then Robert Cowan wanted to have a keepsake for the Zamorano Club, and he commissioned them to do that.

But their triumph was a book called An Evening With the Royal Family by A. E. Housman. This juvenile work of Housman's had been found someplace. One of the American magazines had printed it, and the girls got permission to reprint it. I think they only did a hundred copies or so--very nicely done--and it turned out to be the first edition in book form. If and when copies can be found, it should prove to be a very valuable Housman item. They called themselves the Greenhorn Press.

The next year I repeated this program and had as pupils Barbara Chapin and Helen Abel from Scripps College and Jane Frampton from Occidental College. Jane went back to Occidental College for her masters' degree after that and wrote the first history of the fine printers of southern California, as her thesis. I saw plenty of her the next year while she was working on it because she relied on me for much of her information. I would take her over to meet people such as Stricker, Cheney, Bruce McCallister, Dahlstrom and Marks. She worked this out with a bibliography of the books that had been printed by each of the presses up to that time. It is a valuable source book.

In the meantime, Scripps College got interested in a printing program, too. Mary Treanor helped stimulate their interest. They were given a grant by Mrs. Phillips to have a typeface designed and to start a Scripps College

press. Frederic Goudy was chosen to do this new typeface, and during the that year I was called in quite often to see what Mr. Goudy had sent out in the way of letter designs, to check them over for possible suggestions and to work with them as closely as possible on this new project. The presentation was made by the Class of 1941, during graduation week on the 5th of June in 1941.
Mary Treanor was still working withus and with Robin Park at the press. Mary set up an announcement for the event. The press was to be called the Hartley Burr Alexander Press in memory of the great Scripps teacher. The program consisted of the introduction of the guests of honor, Nelly Alexander; Catherine Coffin Phillips, who had made possible the type; Frederic Goudy himself; and myself, who had given them the Washington hand press on which I had started. I have further notes about a subsequent dedication:

> September 18th, 1941, was a memorable day at Scripps and the whole campus, especially Dorothy Drake, was excited by the celebration arranged for the presentation of the new type Goudy had designed for their little press. The type had been cast up by MacKenzie and Harris and a couple of paragraphs had been set up, none too well. On Monday Goudy brought it into the shop and we resticked it, making a few corrections and alterations and proofs and he took the type out to Claremont with him for the celebration on Thursday. Here it was placed on the old hand press, and as a miscellaneous group of students, faculty and friends gathered around, Mr. Goudy pulled a proof to inaugurate the Hartley Burr Alexander Press. That evening there was a banquet in honor of Mr.

Goudy and Mrs. Phillips who put up $1,000 for the design of the type. It was formal and Mr. Goudy and I changed our clothes in his room at the Claremont Inn. Thanks to him I did not have to go cuff-buttonless as he had an extra pair which the Boston House of Printing craftsman had given him on some occasion, and I had forgotten to bring any. The dinner was followed by many lengthy speeches by Dr. Jaqua, Dorothy Drake, Mrs. Esterly and Robert Schad leading up to the pièce de résistance, the talk by Frederick Goudy. All of these talks had been elaborate, very finished and fluently given. Mr. Goudy got up and stumbled around a few minutes as he deprecated the many nice things which had been said about him in the previous introductions. Then he told how happy he was, as Christopher Morley had once said: "Fred Goudy has an incalculable capacity for friendship." And now he felt this great friendship enveloping Scripps. Then he turned around and said, "I had a story and I was going to tell you, but I've forgotten what it is." And then, "Now that I am up here I am in a quandary because I don't know how to sit down again." Whereupon everybody clapped and though from where I sat and watched him he appeared to be going to continue on Dr. Jaqua turned to him and said, "Let us all sit down so that Mr. Goudy can do it comfortably." And that was the end of the celebration, except that Goudy told us after the dinner had broken up, the story he had forgotten. He was going to tell of the occasion when the toastmaster got up and said, "Tonight we were planning to have with us, the celebrated wit So-and-so. But unfortunately at the last moment, he found that he would be unable to be present. And so we were pleased and fortunate in getting two half-wits." [laughter] Then Mr. Goudy said, "I was going to hope that the audience would not start looking for the other half-wit."

TAPE NUMBER: THIRTEEN, SIDE TWO

September 7, 1965

Ritchie: A couple of sessions back I was talking about P. J. Smith, and since then I've found some notes on P. J.'s early struggles to get by, which I think will be a little more accurate than the memories that I gave you. This was back in 1939, when I was out at P. J.'s and he told me of his early struggles. He had gone two years to Emory and Henry College when he fell in love with a girl and was so frightened and jealous when she went out with another man that he secretly married her. But his father found out and there was a terrific fight. Paul Jordan walked out, left Emory and Henry and transferred to the University of Chattanooga where he got the teaching fellowship in Chemistry. Also he delivered morning and evening papers and on Saturday worked in a shoe store.

During his senior year, he was taken down with typhoid fever and had a nervous breakdown which took all of his money. Also he had his first child Isabel Smith. When he went back to school, he had to get a scholarship and for several months went on crutches, but was finally well and graduated with his class at the age of twenty-one. He was awarded a Fish Fellowship to Harvard University but didn't have enough money to get there. Through some friends of his family he made arrangements to borrow enough, but

when his father heard of it, he went to the man who had offered to give the money and asked him if he would favor him by not giving Paul Jordan the money.

As a result he didn't go to Harvard, but he went to Atlanta where he shifted from the Methodist church to the Unitarian church, because in the South the Unitarian church was not especially strong and he was able to go to the seminary there. The Unitarian church had been anti-slavery and had been having difficulty getting any Southern college men to attend. He spent a year there and was promised a big church, but when his father and the Atlanta Unitarian minister got together and the Unitarians found out how he had deceived his father, they didn't give him the job they had promised. So he deserted to the Universalist church and got a job near Galesburg in Illinois. By that time he had two or three children, but he was a spellbinder so never had much trouble thereafter. In Kansas City, he built a church to great proportions by keeping its doings in the paper. He threw out the Bible and Prayerbook; he covered the walls with biological specimens and gathered in the IWW's and Socialists. His entrance was always dramatic--a run down the aisle and a leap onto the platform. He was extremely popular except with the orthodox and had trouble with the Mother Church. But already he had a better offer in Chicago, where he stayed three years building up a settlement house. From there he went to Berkeley to teach

in the University but was kicked out for some scandal or radicalness and soon after married Sarah Bixby Smith.

I was talking about Goudy and the dedication of the press at Scripps College last time when we stopped. Goudy had a remarkable career, designing well over a hundred different typefaces; very few of them were major when we think of the great typefaces of all time. But they had a consistently high level, and some of them will probably remain among the standard types from now on. When I knew him, he was fairly well-advanced in age. He was short, dumpy--hardly a man that you would think of as being a playboy, but when Perry Stricker returned from New York one time, told many many tales of Fred Goudy who loved to drive a high-powered car as fast as he could around the New York area. He was not a drinking man--at least he wasn't during his later years--but he seemed to have had a knack with girls. I do recall once when he was here visiting that he mentioned having a girl friend in California. Well, I was sure at his age that it was in memory mostly. [laughter] But he was quite annoyed at one time because I had bought a copy of one of his books on alphabets in which there was a kindly dedication to some girl, and the thought that she had sold this book almost killed him. [laughter]

One story of his which always amused me was when he was asked how he designed a type--a letter. And he said, "Well, it's not too difficult. First, you think of a

letter in your mind and you draw a line around it."
Which is about the simplest way of explaining a design that I can think of.

Now that Scripps had a hand press and some type designed especially for them, they wanted to start producing. They had ambitious plans, being quite innocent of what is required in printing and how limited actually their facilities were. Mrs. Phillips, who donated the money to have Goudy do the type, expected this to be a great publishing house, handling not only all Scripps' printing needs but to issue many books. Since Mary Treanor had been a graduate of Scripps College, they asked her to take charge of the press that year. It was a most trying year for her, I am sure, because technically she wasn't yet equipped to handle it and teach. The technique of using the hand press is quite different from the proof press that she had been operating at our shop. She had kept careful notes during the previous summer when she was taking the summer course from me, and she used this as a basis for her lectures or her talks to the girls. But there was little accomplished during that first year.

The next year, starting in September of 1942, Dorothy Drake, the librarian, asked me if I would consider teaching out there, at least giving them some help. At that time, the war had started and I was working at Douglas Aircraft six days a week. It didn't give me very much time,

but I did agree to go out there one Sunday a month. We did start operations, and there was enough interest that a batch of the girls gave up their Sundays, as I had, to try and operate the press.

It was a most pleasant experience. We had a little room in the basement of the Art Building at that time. The old Washington hand press had been refurbished somewhat by the college. These old presses sometimes do get a bit worn, and this particular one had a little low spot right in the middle where through years and years of hard usage it had worn a bit. The college had it planed off and put into good shape for me. I spent only six or seven sessions out there during the year--hardly enough time to accomplish much. The next year I had left Douglas and was working with an advertising agency which wasn't quite as rigorous from the standpoint of time. I was able to go out every Saturday, and we had a much better opportunity to both teach and produce little booklets. I did this also for the year 1944/45 and for 1945/46.

The classes were always small because with the equipment it was difficult to work with more than five or six. Even so we usually had to allot time at the hand press to print a job. We started out much as the students had at my summer sessions, setting a bit of poetry and progressing to little personal projects--booklets, bookplates, Christmas cards and such things. Some of the booklets

became quite ambitious. As some of the girls were also taking art they did linoleum-cut illustrations for their books, and many of them wrote their own material too.

A few were particularly outstanding. Betty Davenport, who later known as Betty Davenport Ford, has been most successful as an animal sculptor. There was a little girl by the name of Charlene Mahoney who had great ability; she took almost every prize at Scripps during her senior year and was writing what I thought was to be very creditable verse. Of course, she was so attractive that she was very soon snapped up. [laughter] I imagine that she's become a housewife since I've heard nothing more about here. One very amusing girl was Nacky Scripps, who is one of the Scripps family who had started Scripps College. She told one amusing story--her family lived down near San Diego and she had a couple of younger brothers. There was a fire on the street one time, and her mother, being a very sensible woman, took the children down and not wanting them to be frightened by this thing, she explained how beautiful the flames were and such reassuring things. The fire was over and they went home, and within a little while, their house was on fire. [laughter] The children had been so intrigued and this was such a nice thing that they wanted to see more of it.

Goudy was quite interested in the college press, and naturally the college was very proud of having his type

there. I recall that several years before, when I had first had correspondence with Fred Goudy, it was in May of 1933. It has always interested me since because it gives an insight of how Goudy worked and also what a typeface would cost in those days. I had a note from him,

> Dear Mr. Ritchie:
>
> A note from Mr. Carroll Harris from San Francisco received this morning suggests that you might be interested in securing the exclusive rights to my Village text, the redesigned and recut Aries which I offered some months ago to Mr. Grabhorn at a ridiculously low price, as such things go. I have been holding off, as one of the large New York publishers was considering it but who finally decided that times are too hard to incur the expense for the comparatively limited use they could make of it. It is essentially a type for the private printer rather than for the general run of publications. The matter stands this way, I have recut the matrices in what are called masters from which the monotype company can make electro-display matrices and which Mr. Harris could cast on his monotype or Thompson caster. These electro-mats will cost me approximately $100, possibly a trifle more, depending on the actual number of characters. And I would want at least $600 for the exclusive rights to the design or $700 for the matrices and rights. $250 down and balance in one, two or three monthly payments, from time when mats were ready for delivery. If time is any object to you, I might accept $50 less for all cash. This price is practically one-half my usual charge for a type and if not disposed of now will go into my specimen of new faces and sold through Continental Type Founders to printers, specimen now preparing. I am sending you some proofs of it. It has never been shown except in two little Christmas cards of my own, that is none of the type has been sold to any printer. Mr. Harris tells me that you met my friend Bruce Rogers in England. You probably met also my friends George Jones and Stanley Morison. Rogers is here now and is returning to England this month to finish the Bible, now printing at Oxford. We, Mrs. Goudy and I, have just completed the composition for him in Deepdene italics, 16-point for a privately

printed edition in limited number of the letters to B. R. from T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia) on the making of the Odyssey. From what Mr. Harris tells me regarding you it would be pleasant to know that the type which in a sense is an unique design had an appreciative owner and a good home. There are a few slight changes in two or three characters I would make and possibly add two or three to add to its value and usefulness. Additional sizes could be added as needed if wanted and a reasonable charge made for cutting. I shall be glad to hear from you.

Very truly yours.

P. S. It would require from two to three weeks to get the commercial mats from my masters.

This was a great temptation, as you can imagine, to a young printer to have something unique and beautiful, and certainly it would enhance my position as a private press printer. But it was still 1933, and jobs were scarce--money was scarcer--and even though the price seems ridiculously low now, in those days it was quite high. It had been offered to Grabhorn, and subsequently Grabhorn did buy the type and the rights from Mr. Goudy and rechristened it Franciscan. A typeface which he has used quite often and with very pleasant results. As was typical of Grabhorn in those days, he disliked paying bills so years later Mr. Goudy still complained about the slowness with which he was paid by Grabhorns [laughter] for the matrices. But I think all was eventually happy; Goudy too must have been pleased with the numerous books which were set in his unique face.

During the last year that I was teaching at Scripps, I suggested during Christmas vacation that if some of the girls wanted to see a really interesting printing shop they should see the shop of the Grabhorns in San Francisco, which was more of an art gallery than a printing shop, and it was an antique gallery too. Everything was so delightfully arranged that it's unlike any printing shop in the country. Several of the girls went up there during vacation and came back quite ecstatic about it. In the meantime, I was down with the mumps so that we had to postpone classes for a few weeks. When I got back, I was so pleased to find that they hadn't completely wasted the time that I was away. They had printed for me this little poem which had been written by Ruth Kestenbaum:

To our Master Craftsman

Four hearts are now enlightened
And our day was greatly brightened
By our survey of the works of Grabhorn's Press. But
we were in such terror
At the thought of Nature's error
When we heard of Mr. Ritchie in distress.
We stopped our criticizing
Of your work in advertising
Your illness has our spirits in the dumps.
We take back jokes about your age
Knowing now you are a young sage,
For an old man could not ever have the mumps.
[laughter]

I relinquished my job teaching out there with a certain amount of regret, though it was a little trying to spend every Saturday at the press, because the trip out and

back took me a couple of hours and the teaching took three more hours so that I never had a free Saturday to myself. But a professor by the name of Joseph Arnold Foster was coming to teach in the English Department. Joe Foster had had admirable training at Carnegie Institute of Technology where he had been one of the bright lights in Porter Garnett's Laboratory Press. So it was felt that with him full-time on the faculty, that he could take over the printing shop and handle both jobs without too much difficulty.

Joe Foster had never been a professional printer; he had attended Carnegie Tech and later had gotten his doctor's degree and had gone into teaching. He had taught at Oberlin College where Waldo Dunn, the head of the English Department at Scripps, had come from, and so there was a rapport between the two. He was the one who induced Joe Foster to come to Scripps. Porter Garnett was a precisionist--a man who used type ornaments with great delicacy and ingenuity. The specimens which came out of the Laboratory Press reflected his own typographical preferences. Joe Foster followed this pattern of designing and embellishing with type ornaments. From the standpoint of teaching--when you're not teaching professionally but in order to stimulate an interest in amateurs--it has many advantages because in using, arranging and rearranging type ornaments you are able to do pictures and decorative designs. It's like a puzzle, and

it is an intriguing way of handling small projects. Foster has been eminently successful with his girls. As he himself says, "The girls have created things which I would have loved to have produced and would never have thought of their simple variations and the way that they've done it. But when you get half a dozen girls vying with one another on these projects, these delightful creations come."

Joe didn't use the hand press; that was left over in the Art Building for the art students to use for wood blocks. He moved the press over to one of the academic buildings where his own office was, and rather than have the girls do their own presswork, he had a little Chandler & Price and incredibly enough, he did all the presswork for all of these girls. He was a man of great devotion because he had to do this at nights, on weekends, when otherwise he could have been enjoying himself or working on other things. He is such a modest man that, aside from recognition at Scripps, he has had hardly any recognition of what has been done there. For years I have tried to get samples from him and he said, "Well, one of these days, I'll get them together." And it literally took me about ten years before I was able to get a batch of them.

This last year, when Beatrice Warde the eminent English printing historian and one-time editor of the Monotype Recorder in London was here, I spirited her away and took her out to Scripps, after calling Joe Foster,

because I thought that she of all people would be the one to appreciate what was being done. It was a great surprise to her to see what was being achieved. Fortunately Foster had gathered together a considerable bundle of the things that had been done by the girls and she was ecstatic. I've never seen her quite as enthusiastic about any work, and I'm sure that she's going to take these back to England, as she said, and have a series of exhibits in the various schools of England to show what is being done in America. For several years, I have been toying with the idea myself of writing an article about this press, and I do hope that I will get the time one of these days.

Joe, as I've mentioned, is probably one of the most modest men in the world, and from time to time I send him something and get a letter back, and it's always such a delightful experience. One of his letters will give you some idea of the man. This was written to me in 1962. Evidently he had written in a previous letter that I ought to write something about my own press, and, of course, a year or so before I had written a bibliography which had evidently escaped him, so in the meantime I sent him a copy:

> Dear Ward:
>
> For the past two weeks, my face has been fiery red. Not ordinary red, mind you, or pink or vermillion, or even old rose, but just plain ordinary fiery red. I could have bitten my tongue off when I received your letter for if I had known that you had published the very sort of book that I mentioned in my letter,

I certainly never would have said anything about it. This is simply a perfect example of my abysmal ignorance of everything that is going on in the field of printing. And while I can not excuse it, I certainly do apologize for my stupidity. Your book is the sort that reviewers welcome with open arms. There are so many good things that can be said about it that it is hard to know where to begin. One of the chief drawbacks with the field of printing, as far as historians are concerned, is that it is such an impersonal and anonymous affair. Men design beautiful typefaces and print beautiful books. But too often we know the men only as names. I have sometimes wondered what Fournier the Younger for example, what was he like? And his home? And his daily life? He had a wonderful sense of design, one that appeals to me, and for that reason I should like to know the man better, but the answer is silence. For years my favorite book was Mackail's Life of William Morris, but in time even this was replaced by the volume on the Daniel Press. Daniel may not have been a great printer, but his life shines through the pages of the book and everything he did. And what is more, he seems to have a lot of fun in doing it, too. This is what pleases me more than anything else about your book. It is handsomely designed and printed and bound, and the title page is a gem. Damn it all to hell, Ward, you have done things with title pages that I never would have dreamed of. Had the courage to toss out a lot of the old nonsense and take new approaches, all in good taste. In short, you have done the sort of thing that I wish I could have done, and the very thought of it makes me so mad that I am hardly on speaking terms with myself. It is a handsome volume, cover to cover, and a pleasure to leaf through and examine and study. In addition to all this, however, you have done something that is very rare in the annals of printing. You have produced a thoroughly readable and enjoyable account of printers and printing. One that I know for a fact that is without rival to date in this century, and one that will be without rival when the century closes. You have told the story in terms of men and women and their daily lives, their hopes and their disappointments, their ups and their downs. You not only make people come alive on your pages, but you let the reader see them working in a setting. You've done what Rogers and Updike, and even Goudy fail to do. And incidentally you missed your calling, you should have been a biographer. There are enough accounts of presses to make one wonder whether auto-

mation didn't begin in the field of printing. I only wish that you had been charged with writing the stories of Rogers and Updike and Goudy, for further generations would have known them as men and not mere names. There are two other very rare qualities in your book. The first is the frank recognition of the fact that there is a back door as well as a front door in printing establishments. I do not mind amateurs. I certainly am not in a good position to object to my own existence, but I do get fed up with all the blankety-blank yapping of the dilettantes who refuse to take an honest look at life. I admire someone who takes life as it comes and takes life as a whole and then does his best with everything that his hand touches, not just the Sonnets from the Portuguese. The other quality is a generosity that is rare among those that turn their hands to any form of creative activity. Your generosity and warmheartedness in recognizing the good in others, in distributing praise with a lavish hand and keeping none for yourself. Well, sir, this brings us to the secret of the whole book. You have not only breathed life into it and made people and places and things come alive, but you have put so much of yourself into it--the hardest thing to put on paper--that a hundred years hence, men will say, "That was Ward Ritchie." For a book that can be read as well as looked at, and for a book that can be reread and reexamined with ever growing pleasure, a thousand thanks. But hell's fire and damnation, why did you have to go and make it impossible for me to print something, let alone write something that I could send to you without first leaving town.

Sincerely,

Joe.

You can gather from this that he's a man of fulsome praise. He wants you to feel good; he is also a man who deprecates his own great ability. He is such a retiring and modest fellow in many respects.

Some of his projects are quite incongruous. A couple of years ago, he wrote me and asked me if it would be too much of a bother for us to bind some books for him,

and naturally it wasn't. He said that he would like us to buy some brick red cloth, enough for five volumes, one hundred books in each volume. He said that he was working at that time on volume one, and he would send the sheets over to us as soon as they were done, with specifications for the binding. We bought the cloth, and the sheets came over. Surprisingly enough I looked at it and it was called Brickmaking in America, Volume I. And the next year, Volume II, the sheets came over. As yet we haven't seen Volume III, IV, and V, but I assume that as time passes we will get them. How Joe Foster became interested in this particular subject is hard to determine. I imagine that his initial interest stemmed from the fact that he ran into some early accounts of brickmaking. The first volume is devoted primarily to English laws prescribing the rights and duties and so forth of the brickmakers in England and in early America, and it will gradually go on from there. Strangely enough, the subject has a certain interest, and he has had a good many subscribers, primarily libraries, especially after they see the scholarly method in which he works, they are going to have to have the full series. But it is basically a labor of love on his part because he's setting by hand the whole thing and printing on a little press in his extra hours.

Dixon: What is the size of each volume in pages?

Ritchie: Well, the books run about 100 to 120 pages, I

would say. My recollection is that it's about 6" x 9" in size.

The Laboratory Press was one which I greatly admired even before my closer association with Joseph Arnold Foster. Quite early in my printing career, a young fellow came to see me by the name of Ned Sterling, who also had been a graduate of the Laboratory Press at Carnegie Institute. He came to work for me back in 1934, I believe, directly from Carnegie Institute (this was his first job). It was about the time that I was doing these things for the Works Projects Administration. It was he who hand set the Declaration of Independence, which we printed at that time. He worked for me for about a year when he was offered the job of printing instructor at Pasadena Junior College which, of course, paid a little more and was quite a bit more secure. He taught there for several years and later worked as designer at the San Pasqual Press in Pasadena, which had quite an ambitious publishing program going on because the president of one of the large title companies in Los Angeles was sponsoring it. The man had great ambitions, and unfortunately just as it was getting started, he died, and so the San Pasqual Press wasn't able to follow on.

When the war came, Ned Sterling enlisted (I'm not sure whether he had had ROTC at Carnegie Tech, but he was able to go in as an officer), and had one of the most interesting experiences of any printer in the Armed Services.

He was taken to England and put in charge of the mapmaking for the Normandy invasion. It was a very responsible job and one which is not too well-known. I recall when he came back that he told of how he and perhaps a thousand men were put in this compound, almost as if they were prisoners of war because it was so secret and so vital. No man, once he got in there, was allowed to leave, with the exception of Major Sterling himself because he had to have certain contacts. As Eisenhower was making his plans, they would set up the maps themselves, and these were all printed, and were ready. On the eve of the invasion, there was the tremendous job of distribution with the half of a million maps having to be placed in the hands of every man who was going on the invasion ships, so that they would have some idea of the terrain, of the roads, the places that they were going once they arrived in Normandy. Yet it all had to be so secret that no word would get out. I imagine that a very small handful of people knew the exact plan, aside from all of these printers who knew more than they could tell.

Ned came back, though he was never very well after his experience over there. He worked as production manager for the advertising agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn for several years before he finally died from some sort of infection.

The third Laboratory Press boy that I knew quite well was Wilder Bentley, who was of the same era as Joe Foster, I believe, and also went on to get his doctor's degree.

But instead of going right into teaching, Wilder had become so imbued with hand press printing that he decided to set up his own press which he called The Archetype Press. It was located in Berkeley, half a block from the University there, and is one of the few instances--I would almost say it's a unique instance--of a man during our times who has tried to set up a commercial hand press. He had an old Acorn press, which undoubtedly had some early California history, and a couple of other Washington hand presses. For several years, he printed booklets, broadsides, and a certain number of commercial jobs all on the hand press, this too, in the tradition of Porter Garnett of the Laboratory Press. Wilder's family had been associated with the California Packing Company so he had inherited a certain amount of California Packing Company stock. During the Depression years when the stock wasn't worth very much, he had disposed of it gradually to live and raise his family. Certainly the printing business had not been able to support him. He was a wonderful fellow, I liked him. Back around 1933 or '34, I had had a letter from him, and he came down south to see me and stayed all night. He proposed that we should join forces. At that time he had a couple of thousand dollars which he wanted to invest in my little press down here. I had the feeling that even then he wasn't quite making ends meet in his own operations up there. However, at that time I didn't feel that I wanted to, but I did see him many times later.

I got an announcement from Carl Purington Rollins of Yale that he was going to be out here and give a series of summer lectures at the University of California. I did want to go up there and hear them. I wasn't able to make the full session, but I did manage a few of them. It was Wilder Bentley, however, who practically saved my life. I had taken the night train up to San Francisco, and naturally doing it as inexpensively as possible, I sat in a chair car and arriving in San Francisco in the morning almost dead tired.

> Body aching and eyes hurting, I checked my luggage at the station and walked uptown. Had breakfast and called Groenewegen; he had gone to Atlanta. Rode out to see George Fields; his book was still up in the air. Back to town, called Julie Malmouth about the money she owed me; she had returned to L. A. I was very weary and discouraged. Finally got Wilder Bentley on the phone and he told me to come over for lunch. Could barely keep awake on the ferry and train. It was hot and I had to pack bag, overcoat, and typewriter across the campus and up the hill to his house. It was hot and I was exhausted. Four bottles of beer and lunch revived me somewhat. Wilder found me a boarding house for $1.00 a day. I left my things and went to the library for Carl Rollins' class. I sat down, then saw John Henry Nash, went over to greet him. He told me that he had been there regularly. He introduced me to Rollins and later to Mrs. Barr of Mills. Rollins, of course, was very interesting. He spoke on the nineteenth century printers, reading from his typed notes. Later he showed slides. Afterwards we talked; he's coming south after the course. Then I went back to Wilder's for dinner and music, now to bed.

I stayed there for several days and found Wilder to be somewhat discouraged about all and as a result a little bitter, though he was such a nice fellow that that didn't come out too much.

One evening we went over to see some Japanese friends and drank saki and ate raw fish there and met an artist by the name of Obatu who was teaching Japanese art at the University of California. Obatu was extremely talented and had a decisive influence on Bentley. The press, being as unsuccessful financially as it was--though artistically it was a great success--and in order to support his family, Wilder finally had to give up printing, but with his academic background, he was able to get a job teaching at the University of the Pacific in Stockton. While there, he transferred his interest from printing to art, and he has since done some delightful little brush drawings in the typical Japanese way. They have a lot of charm. They're completely Oriental in technique, but they do have a very modern concept. The latest I heard from him, he never wants to hear of printing again. He's completely through with that, but he is continuing to teach and to have his outlet in his drawing.

TAPE NUMBER: FOURTEEN, SIDE ONE

December 16, 1965

Ritchie: Late in 1933 or sometime in 1934, a most remarkable man came to Los Angeles by the name of Carl Wheat. Carl Wheat was a nationally-known lawyer, primarily in the utility field. He had lived for many years in San Francisco, but he had originally come from southern California, graduating from Pomona College. At about this time, he was hired by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power to handle a great deal of their legal work. Usually a job like this would be enough to keep any one man busy but not Carl Wheat. He had his fingers in many many pies. When I first knew him, he had become a member of the Zamorano Club, and a very dynamic and vital member he was.

In addition to this, he became vastly immersed in the doings of the Historical Society of Southern California. The Society had intermittently, presumably every year, issued an Annual, containing a great deal of local history in it. Carl Wheat, late in 1934, was made chairman of the publications committee of the Southern California Historical Society, and the board at that time consisted of Frederick Webb Hodge, the eminent historian and director of the Southwest Museum; Gregg Layne, also well-known as a historian; and the great Henry R. Wagner, whose books have been so instrumental in building interest in California and Western history. These gentlemen decided

that the old method of publishing needed to be revitalized and suggested that a quarterly would be an interesting and a more current way of presenting the material which was accumulated by the various people in the Society. So Carl Wheat came to me and we developed a format and a method of getting the quarterly out each quarter as we hoped.

The first issue came out in March of 1935. Carl Wheat wrote in his introduction, an editor's note to this issue, saying,

> With this issue the publication of the Historical Society of Southern California appears not only in a new dress, but under a new plan. For more than thirty years the Society has issued its publication but once each year, following the practice adopted by numerous other organizations of like character; however, it has been determined to publish a quarterly which will not only serve to keep the members in closer touch with the organization's activities but should result in a renewed interest in the Society's efforts to protect and preserve the important historical values of this area which are today so rapidly slipping away. It is proposed we publish four numbers of the quarterly during the remaining months of 1935, and thereafter it will appear in March, June, September and December of each year. Owing to financial considerations, mere size has not been considered of a particular desideratum, but your editorial board will actively concern itself with the quality of the material to be printed. To this end members of the Society are urged to send articles and other material of historical import to the chairman of the publications committee for consideration,and also to advise him respecting any similar material of value which may come to their attention, which they may believe worthy of publication. With the cooperation of every member, it is felt that this venture on the part of the Society cannot fail to meet with success. The typographic design of this new publication is the work of Mr. Ward Ritchie, one of the members of the Society, to whom likewise the actual printing has been

entrusted. We would appreciate the advice and suggestions of the members about any phase of the appearance, form or content of this quarterly.

The first issue was an interesting one, not followed in any of the subsequent volumes because for the heading for each article, I had Paul Landacre make some woodcuts which added to the appearance notably, but also added to the expense of the project. The first year or two we did a lot of things; we added color here and there. We printed the illustrations by offset on the same paper. We had an insert--the original old Ord survey map of Los Angeles one time--and we beguiled the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco to print another insert of the early drawing of Los Angeles which had appeared in their book, The Santa Fe Trail.

Carl Wheat, with his usual great energy, brought in a great variety of materials--a long serial which we ran in several quarterlies about Tallack's account of his ride in the Butterfield Overland Mail Stage. He was an Englishman who had taken the stage from San Francisco east and had written quite an exciting and interesting account of what traveling was like, especially to a man not used to the hardships of western travel. This later we published as a book for the Society which was, I guess, the first publication which the Society had ever attempted in book form. We only printed 150 copies, and they sold im-

mediately. We continued publishing the quarterly until 1940, and then thereafter several other printers printed it until two or three years ago when it slipped back into our hands, and we have continued printing it since then.

Another one of Carl Wheat's favorite and best projects was a society called E Clampus Vitus. While still in San Francisco, he had run across in some early California newspapers, accounts of this strange little society which had crept into the gold country and had spread throughout many of the mining towns. During his research, he became so interested that he decided to revive it. So a chapter was started in San Francisco. It was a strange combination of conviviality, history, scholarship, and buffoonry. The early initiation rites of the society were discovered someplace. Of course, they were elaborated on by the contemporary members and quite a strange and interesting ritual was concocted. The chief officer was known as the Grand Humbug and other officers had appropriate names. When Carl came to southern California he immediately organized the Platrix Chapter of E Clampus Vitus. During the early years, we enjoyed the frolic and fun of this organization greatly--at least I did. It is still going, but about ten or twelve years ago it became more of a camping group than a meeting organization. The treks which were made to historical spots and everybody camping on the ground overnight is

not a pleasure which appeals to me to any extent.

I haven't gone to many of the meetings recently, but I do recall some of the earlier meetings. One place which we went quite often was the ranch in San Gabriel River which belonged to one of Zamorano's direct descendants. Many years before, when he had a young tree in his patio yard, he had inserted a spigot into it and a pipe which went someplace up in the tree, and as the tree had grown over the years, it looked as if the spigot were an integral part of the tree. He was able to set a barrel of wine out of sight up in the tree, and people would come and turn the spigot and out of the tree would come this fine wine. This was always a part of the ceremony and a part of the entertainment there. On each occasion one of the historians of the organization would prepare some sort of a learned talk on the area or on the events that had taken place near or in the particular spot which gave the organization some useful purpose.

Another memorable occasion that I recall is when they were having a special meeting at Columbia, the gold rush town up in the mother lode country. Many dozens of us from southern California went up to partake in the ceremony. I drove up with Robert J. Woods, the book collector, whose knowledge of Western history is possibly unparalleled because he is one of the few men now alive who reads and remembers all of his books and he has a superb collection of

material. Also W. W. Robinson, the historian, and Lee Shippey, who at that time was a columnist on the Los Angeles _Times_ and who wrote a very interesting column, dealing quite often with historical subjects. We took several days in going to Columbia, searching out and inspecting all of the little mining towns, with Lee Shippey making notes which he would write up at night and send on down to the _Times_ and they would be published within the next day or two as his column. So the whole experience was pretty well recorded.

As we were driving from one town to another, we had various books with us, and one of us would read out all we could find about this particular area. When we arrived at the town, we had a fair background of what was there, what had happened, and what to see. We would snoop around the town and take pictures, and then inevitably we would end up in the local bar. In these local towns the bar is the social hall for most of the old timers, and we found that where the bar would be in the front room, there would be a social room in back where people would sit around and read and play checkers and various games. It turned out that they were as curious of us as we were of them. So after a beer or so and chatting with the bartender about things and asking questions, inevitably one or two would sidle up to us. We would buy them a beer and soon they were telling us all they remembered, and many of

these men were in their seventies and eighties and their experiences in the region went back a good many years. We finally arrived at Columbia and had a hilarious two or three days there. Then I left the party and went with Francis Farquhar and Joseph Henry Jackson on to San Francisco where I spent several days.

Another really exciting time was had in 1948 when the discovery of gold was celebrated by E Clampus Vitus and the governor of this state and almost everybody else, especially around Sutter's Fort which was only a few miles from Placerville. Placerville was the center, and we drove up there. E Clampus Vitus pretty much took over the town. The night before the celebration intself, which was held down by Sutter's Fort, the local chapter of E Clampus Vitus had a hilarious to-do for us. There was an old building which had been converted into a hall which they set out with tables, and barrels and barrels of whiskey were rolled out, and we enjoyed ourselves. After which, Phil Townsend Hanna and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz of Los Angeles and Lindley (Pink) Bynum, the Special Assistant to President Sproul of the University of California, had a room in a motel which was just outside of town; a dozen or more of us went over there to continue the evening which had been so well started.

I have never heard such a recounting of limericks as that particular night. Lindley Bynum had the most comprehensive collection of limericks in his mind of almost any

man that I've ever heard. Also there was Thornton Douglas, the resident partner of Price Waterhouse in Los Angeles, who was almost as thoroughly grounded in limericks as Bynum. While the rest of us were sitting around enjoying the hospitality of Hanna and Biscailuz, Lindley told a limerick and immediately Thornton Douglas replied with another one and then Lindley. And soon they were doing them in unison, and this amazing thing went on for approximately an hour and a half, never repeating themselves. Of course, as all parties do, this party had to break up.

Robert Woods and I staggered back to town, and it seemed to us much too early to go to bed. Besides I had a great idea at the time. The first day stamps for the occasion were to be postmarked the next day and E Clampus Vitus was given a whole raft of these stamps and put into the care of Robert J. Woods. As we went on back, it occurred to me that if we could mail some letters in a different town and get them with the day previous to this, that they would be stamps of great intrinsic value to stamp collectors all over the world. So we stopped at one of the local bars in Placerville to consider this little question, but Bob Woods unfortunately would not go along with my scheme. Finally he left me, and after entertaining all of the residents there, the bar closed up and I swayed back to the hotel and went to sleep.

The next morning, and I must say it was rudely, I was

awakened by one Robert Woods who shook me and said, "Where are the stamps?" He went through everything in the room; he pulled me off the bed and went through the mattress. He was convinced that I had stolen the stamps from him had put through my diabolical scheme. He stomped off and a little later I understood that he found out exactly where the stamps were. He had preceded me back to the hotel, and as I had mentioned, his state of intoxication was fairly well advanced, and he had stopped into the room of the Noble Grand Humbug and found another group sitting around, still imbibing. He had pulled out the stamps and said, "Here, take your God-damned stamps, I'm not going to protect them anymore!"

In the morning, he had completely forgotten the whole thing, and in his soberer moments he became worried about their eventual disposition. However, it all worked out and the Clampers had one of the most glorious parades through the town, hundreds strong, with fire engines and hearses and everybody in their regalia marching down the street and the townsfolk on either side cheering and yelling. So the hundredth anniversary of the founding of gold in California by John Sutter was celebrated as it should have been celebrated. The next day the governor came down and spoke before all of the gathered group, but it was rather an anticlimax to the Clampers' fine celebration.

Well, this was the kind of thing that Carl Wheat loved. He wrote with great ease and dispatch so that he could roll off publications, do historical work, as a sideline to the great enormous amount of work he had to do in his regular profession.

Another book which we collaborated on was a book for E Clampus Vitus. There had been a couple of books previously done in the San Francisco area, The Book of Vitas which I believe the University of California Press had printed. There was a book about Clampus, the exact title of which I have forgotten at the moment. This was the third one which Wheat edited and gathered material for, which we called The Esoteric Book of E. The full title continued, Being Some Preliminary Materials Looking Toward the Potential Development of Fundamental Data for the Possible Preparation of an Introduction to the History, Development and Characteristics of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus. Gathered, Collected, Arranged and Now Set into Print by Capitualus Platrixi in Exilio at the Queen of the Cow Counties. E.C.V. 5941 (A.D. 1936). This little book was quite small in size being only about 4 x 5 inches with 150 or so pages which we printed in the robust manner of the Clampers.

We printed 250 copies, of which we bound about a hundred which were sold and distributed. It was the time that the press was located over on Griffith Park Boulevard,

and in the depths of the place there was a storage room where I kept the balance of the sheet, waiting for the time for them to be bound up and sold as orders came in. But in the meantime Gregg Anderson had joined The Ward Ritchie Press, and Gregg was a meticulously neat man. From time to time he believed in cleaning the place out, and superfluous things were thrown out. Unfortunately for the great book collecting posterity, the balance of the book was destroyed. So it is probably now the rarest of all the E Clampus Vitus publications because there are only a hundred copies scattered here and there.

Gregg Anderson had been a great help to me in getting started in printing, as I believe I had recounted before. He had worked for the Grabhorn Press after I first got to know him until really enjoying life for the first time in his life. He was not a man who was too outgoing nor too social. He had always been restrained and quiet, extremely studious. When he went to work with Grabhorn, he was involved in a completely new environment of young people who were on the fringes of Bohemianism. He wrote to me from San Francisco soon after he had gotten there about life at the Grabhorn Press, which is an extremely interesting picture of how things were run by these great printers in those days.

> The books Ed finds are something fantastic, he never spends less than $300 a week for books, and that is only the obvious purchases, the books he brags about,

or the ones he orders by mail. He shows up at noon waving a book that he has just bought, the Flowers of Passion, George Moore's first, an immaculate copy that he just unearthed down the peninsula ninety miles or so. Or a dandy early map of California, his latest, that is to say during the last two years--bent. California, Californiana, anything, everything, books by the truckload, magazines, letters, newspapers, land grants, early oil paintings, engravings of the great fire of 1850, manuscripts of Overland journeys.

He supports six or seven book peddlers who appear daily at the shop with a book that they will let him have for $10.00 and which he buys for $2.50. When he was away for a week or so they become noticeably thinner. A hunted look appears. He returns. The joyful welcome. The Zellerbach collector comes prowling. "Well, I'll have some money at the end of the week." He staves them off with additional work and $100 on account, "To hell with them, the robbers, that last bill was too high anyhow, and I just gave them a check six months ago."

And Valenti. (That is Valenti Angelo, the artist, who worked with Grabhorn for a good many years.) "God, but the ad business is awful. No work. My neck, my belly, my back, I won't live a year longer. My wife, my baby, my painting. You bastards, you don't know what art is. You haven't any emotions. I can feel that's the way. The Red Badge ought to be illustrated. I'll be somebody when you're still puttin' those little things in a stick. I'll go to New York. I'll go up and live in the mountains, raise some apples and have a few pigs and play with the baby. The world's coming to an end. A fellow stopped me on the street and I gave him a quarter yesterday. I've got to stop buying books. I'll sell every one I've got. You wait. I tell you we're in for a hell of a time. Money's scarce. The world's coming to an end. Oh, my back, my belly (I can't eat this stuff I know, I worked at the St. Francis), my side aches."

And Tom (Tom was a pressman up there). He runs the press. "Thackeray makes my ass ache. Where was I last week? Oh, I was down at the library doin' a little research. Yeh, I'm gettin' old. Almost sixty. I had a good job in New York. Running a string of platens. Worked for a guy and he was a hell of a good boss too. Best job I ever had. DeVinne? All he had was a bunch of old junk. Why, I wouldn't touch it. I was used to handling good machinery. Say, this woman has a damn clever style. Say Bob, ain't this supposed to be Juniper instead of Junior,

> and there's a couple of bum letters here too. Give me a brass lead and I'll jimmy the form. Drunk, sure I'm drunk.

They lived in a boarding house with Hazel Dreis, the bookbindress, who had several young people who boarded there at the house. It was here that Gregg really had his greatest time. He learned to drink wine; he had his first experience carousing around with the young intellectuals up there and for a while he seemed to thoroughly enjoy this type of life as he enjoyed working with the Grabhorns in their Bohemian, not too practical setup. But with time the sensible Gregg Anderson came back, and he started getting tired of the slap-happy way that some of the work was being done. In June 1931, he wrote me again from San Francisco:

> Just what do you think of fine printing by now? The last six months have seen me gradually losing my awe and reverence for most of it. I have been reading De Vinne and I have become a De Vinne fan; there was a man who knew more about the making of books than all of the modern practitioners thrown together. Scholarship, learning, intelligence, those are the things that now seem to me the ingredients of a good book: more than all the art in the world they are the essentials. I find Ed's utter disregard for the logical arrangement and correctness of the text getting on my nerves now and again; his inability to make a book that can be read standing in the way of my appreciation of his other good and true qualifications as a bookprinter, so I busy myself at learning how to spell, tracing growth of the footnote in an effort to imbibe a learning that will make me competent to print McKerrow's next opus--have you read An Introduction to Biography--or a book of poetry.

Grabhorn must have sensed this change in Gregg Anderson's attitude, but Ed Grabhorn never liked to fire an employee. He always beat around this thing, and usually he would moan and groan about how bad things were in business and so he would close down the shop. After a few days word would get around, and gradually the pressmen would meander back in, and all would come back except the one that he was trying to get rid of. In this way he managed to maneuver people out of a job without really hurting their feelings. So in 1931, he closed down and Gregg was the one who wasn't asked to come back. He came back to southern California where he worked for a short time with me at Hackett, Newell, & Ritchie. But he wanted to go East to work with Updike who had become the great printer-hero to Gregg. He managed to write to Updike telling him of his desires; he wasn't invited to come back but he did it regardless. On February 28th, 1932, he wrote me from Boston:

> I have been waiting patiently for something to happen so that a letter would be of some value, but with the usual laxness nothing goes on happening from day to day.
>
> So you can see that while Mr. Updike has been good and kind, he has not allowed himself to be brow-beaten, and I look about for other brows to belabor. Believe no slurs about the man for he is worth quite a trip if only to talk to; and I have talked to him, been taken to his club for lunch, to his home for tea, and spent an evening with him as well.
>
> He is a little, tiny, dried-up sort of a fellow, a good deal like a needle. A very clever talker, witty and charming, and full of stories, and by no means tied up in his printing. Not sentimental, but not altogether lacking in sentiment. I had expected

something much more caustic, and found that he was quite urbane; expected him to be brusque, and he goes out of his way to give me directions here and there, tells me what I should see, gives me a card to the Atheneum, and letters to all the printers he knows. I think he feels a little responsible for me, as if he had lured me out of the west and here I am, and what can he do about it.

But he still does not feel that he is bound to hire me. I am sure I do not know the technique of breaking down his resistance; maybe there is none. However, he set me right on one point. Writing personal letters to him without being introduced first is an A-1 crime. That was no kind of letter to write. So when I had the opportunity to write to the Meriden Gravure Company which had responded slightly to a line I wrote them, I took it around to him before mailing it, and he pruned and clipped it into what he thought was a straightforward and business-like form, and then off it went.

.But he tells me that when he hires someone, he wants someone he can boss, no bright young fellows with suggestions to offer. And he doesn't want someone with ambitions, who will work a while and then off for the woods. He might hire me, he said, if he needed someone to set type, but no quicker than he would anyone else who came along. And he has all the typesetters he needs at present, thank you. So I have given up hope, as far as he is concerned.

Gregg did get the job at Meriden Gravure Company which was a printing plant in Meriden, Connecticut which was concerned at that time with collotype, which is a method of printing illustrations without a screen in the illustrations, so it is usually used in scientific works or in very specialized books where they want the reproduction as clean and faithful as possible. The problem when scientific photographs are printed in the usual method, either by letterpress or by offset, is that they are photographed through a very fine screen which makes the dot

formations which prints the various shadings. But when a scientist is looking at these through a microscope, they are so distorted by the dot-structure that he doesn't really see what he is looking for. However, this collotype process, which is a completely different type of printing, allows the reproduction to be made without any screen distortion at all. While printing these things, they had a small typesetting unit to do the captions for the illustrations, and Gregg went there to set the type for them.

Soon in his meticulous way he had cleaned up the place; the type had accumulated for dozens of years in this old antiquated printing plant. It wasn't long after he started work that they noticed that the lights were on in a certain portion of the building until midnight every night, and out of curiosity some of the employers went down to see what was happening. It was Gregg working on his own to get the place cleaned up as he had wanted it. Well, they didn't think that he should be doing all of this on his own, but they became quite interested in a man who had their well-being so much in his mind and yet never mentioned it to them that he was doing all of these things. So he became quite a favorite there. Another young fellow there by the name of E. Harold Hugo, who later became the general manager, became extremely fond of Gregg, and the two of them started making plans for the publication of some books. The first one which they got out was called <u>Recollections of</u>

the Grabhorn Press, which is a little book which Gregg had written about his sojurn in San Francisco with the Grabhorns.

Later on, recalled by Gregg's memories of the Zamorano Club and the Rounce and Coffin Club in Los Angeles, both book clubs to which he had belonged, they started another little club in Connecticut which enveloped the whole of Connecticut which they called the Columbiad Club. They were able to reach down to Yale University where Carl Purington Rollins became one of their members, and they gathered many other really worthwhile people into this little club and from time to time they would publish a book.

Gregg also got married during this time to a girl who had been one of his fellow boarders in San Francisco at Hazel Dreis' house, a girl by the name of Bertha Hertzmann. Bertha came east and they were married there. She had never been too well, having had tuberculosis in California, and the weather in Connecticut was too much for her and the doctors finally suggested that she had better get out of New England if she wanted to live. So in 1935, Gregg and Bertha returned to California. He worked for a short while for Bruce McCallister, but times were quite hard everyplace and the McCallister organization was just about on its last legs at that time. He came to see me and would like to work. We didn't really have room for another man at the time. Through his former connections with the Huntington Library, however, he did get some work from them which he would bring over for us to print. In time, he would

pick up a job there and come back and take off his coat and put on his apron and go to work and start setting the type. So he gradually became a part of our organization until his value became apparent, and he continued on.

As work became more prevalent, we did feel the need for additional equipment. One day Gregg came forth saying that he had $500 saved and would I like to use it to make a down payment on a Miehle vertical press which we had been eyeing. It seemed like a good idea, and so Gregg became a part of the press. Later on, I made him a full partner, and as I mentioned he attempted to clean the place up.

It turned out to be a very satisfactory union between two different types of person. I was more gregarious; I was more arty in a sense; I was more interested in the appearance of our books and of our work. Gregg, through his new interest in the technical and scholarly aspects of printing became completely uninterested as time went on, in the artistic appearance of the book. He wanted it correct, precise; he was much more interested in hyphenization, in correct proofreading and those things in the books than in its appearance. As a result, in the later things which he himself designed, he made them just as straightforward and practical as possible. In his earlier days he had been intrigued with typographic ornaments and flowers and had shown a nice feeling about decoration of

books, but as his philosophy changed, he discarded this whole thing and just went for the plainest and simplest way of doing these things.

Bertha his wife died after six months or a year in California, and Gregg devoted more and more of his time to the output of the press. He was always looking toward the future for expansion, and years before we could even think of new buildings or new lots, he was in his mind trying to plan out how he would lay out a new plant, if and when we had the place to put it.

He was drafted. He had attempted to join the Army earlier, but was turned down. But when the draft came along, they took him. He found the Army much to his liking, oddly enough. He was intrigued with their methods of training. He would write me about the magnificent things they were doing--with a minimum amount of material, they were organizing and getting people into their correct slot. After he finished his basic training, he went to Officers Traiing School and was made a second lieutenant. He was sent out to California; he was with Patton's army and was trained on the desert, which was really rugged training.

While he was out here, he informed me that he was going to get married. He married Caroline Bennett, a Pasadena girl, who I believe he had first met when she was at Scripps College and he was at Pomona College. They were married while he was still in training out there; he got

in one weekend and they were married at the Methodist church in Pasadena. He almost immediately went back to the desert for more of Patton's hard life. Their life together was not very long. He was shipped back to the East to go overseas and she followed him back there. They probably had about two weeks of married life all told. It was an interesting two weeks though, because he had much freedom and they got up to see Updike and to Meriden and all the friends Gregg had made back there. He loved England, all of the hedgerows and the beautiful countryside and the animals there.

He was among the Americans who landed in France on D-Day and fought his way inland. On the 3rd or 4th of July, he was decorated for bravery under fire; he had rescued two of his squadron who had been wounded and he was promoted to a first lieutenant on the field by the commanding officer. But on July 5th, he was killed in action by the Germans. So there ended the life of a man who could have contributed a great deal, not only to his printing but to the literary world.

He had an intriguing style of writing. He hadn't done too many things. He wrote one article about the dictionary; he had written the Recollections of the Grabhorn Press, which is a charmingly interesting book. Just before he went into the Army, he compiled a catalogue on Daniel Berkeley Updike for the Huntington Library. While it

was being worked on, Updike died, so it turned out the exhibit was almost a memorial exhibit which the Huntington put on. But in this book of Gregg's, here too he had done such a fine job of organizing material and gathering the material too. After his death, the members of the Rounce and Coffin Club decided that they wanted to do something for Gregg Anderson, and so they issued a book, called To Remember Gregg Anderson. In compiling it, we called upon members of the various clubs to which Gregg had been a member--the Columbiad in Connecticut; the Rounce and Coffin Club in Los Angeles, of which he had been one of the founders; the Roxburghe Club in San Francisco, to which he had belonged when he was up with the Grabhorns; and to the Zamorano Club in Los Angeles, of which he had been one of the early members. We also called on various of his friends who were printers to help with the printing of the book. There was a prefatory note by Robert Schad, the curator of rare books at the Huntington Library which was printed by Richard Hoffman at the College Press in Los Angeles. He is now printing professor at Cal State at Los Angeles. Gregg's brother wrote a very moving little piece, called, "My Brother Gregg" which was printed by Grant Dahlstrom in Pasadena, Roland Baughman, who had been with Gregg at the Huntington Library and is now curator at the Columbia University Library, wrote Gregg Anderson and the Grey Bow Press Era which was printed by Samuel Farquhar at the University of California Press at Berkeley.

TAPE NUMBER: FOURTEEN, SIDE TWO

December 16, 1965

Ritchie: Oscar Lewis, who had once done the accounting work and letter writing for the Grabhorn Press and also had been secretary for many years of the Book Club of California and a well-known author, wrote Gregg Anderson in San Francisco which was printed by the Grabhorn Press. Harold Hugo wrote Gregg Anderson at the Meriden Gravure Company which was printed by Carl Purington Rollins at the Yale University Press. I wrote Gregg Anderson and His Years in Los Angeles which we printed at Anderson & Ritchie. Then a section of Gregg Anderson Portraits and Photographs was printed by the Meriden Gravure Company. Lawrence Clark Powell compiled a bibliography of Gregg Anderson's books that he had written and designed or printed, and this was printed by the Cole-Holmquist Press in Los Angeles. We probably printed a couple of hundred copies of this book which were distributed to members of the various clubs which Gregg had belonged to, and it was a nice way to remember a young man who had started out and done so much in the very short time that he was here with us.

We had moved the press from the little hillside house on Griffith Park Boulevard down to Hyperion Avenue in a prosaic building and had started out using only half of the lower floor, but we gradually expanded, taking all of the lower floor and eventually the whole building. There was

another young man of great talent, almost an intellectual genius whom we got to know. It must have been about 1937. I don't recall the exact circumstances when we first met him, but as with so many of these young people of talent, I suspect that it was Jake Zeitlin who first heard of him and introduced us. His name was Alvin Lustig, and he was a local product of the Beverly Hills school. As a boy, he had been very small.

He became interested in magic and sleight of hand. He pursued any interest with great energy and devotion. As a result he soon become one of the most adept amateur magicians in the area. In high school he used to put on complete shows, and he was in such demand that he was sent around to various schools in the local southern California area to put on these shows for their assemblies. I remember writing about him once after talking over these things. He said he was sent out by the Board of Education almost three times a week to be on programs, and his mother said that they could have put him out on the stage at $300 a week. But she was afraid that it would have ruined him as he was so nervous from the school entertainments that they had to speak to the officials to put reins on the appearances--the schools were just overdoing it.

He became interested in art while making posters for his magic programs. In his final year in high school, he became more interested in drawing the posters than in the

magic part of it. This led him into art in junior college. He went to Los Angeles City College, which was a junior college, I believe, at that time, and he became also interested in reading for the first time in his life. He had a professor who encouraged and stimulated him in art, but his reading was self-induced. He began to read almost everything that he could lay his hands on in the library especially in the fields of philosophy and religion. Spinoza and Goethe seemed to be his favorite authors at this particular time.

He never graduated from any college; he would get interested in a phase of knowledge, pursue it until saturated and then proceed to another field. He became interested in architecture and went to Taliesin East where he worked with Frank Lloyd Wright for a while, getting a great deal from the association with this great and intelligent architect. And then he came back West and went to Art Center School, becoming interested in the graphic arts at that time. When I first met him, he was developing an interest in design through the medium of the geometrical ornaments which are available to printers. I believe I have mentioned his work on the book of Alfred Young Fisher which he did with us. With great ingenuity, he arranged these elements, using both shape and color to make a beautiful abstract from geometrical type units.

Jake had him do a Christmas card for him in 1937 and we printed it, so that may have been the first association. From then on we did various other little jobs which he, Lustig laid out and made the ornamental type arrangements, and we would do the printing. It was obvious from the first that he had a flair for interior decoration, too. He had taken a little office in one of the buildings opposite Westlake Part on Seventh Street and painted it himself and designed and built some very simple furniture out of plywood. He made it so extremely attractive that the landlord, seeing what had been done, rented the studio out to someone else for about twice what Lustig was paying for it, and Lustig was out of a studio in which to work. We invited him to move his case of type and desk into our front office and work out of there. It was a mutually beneficial arrangement. Lustig designed for us a new front office with a background of bookcases. In one corner he had his desk and cases of type ornaments. Here he worked, arranging them into his designs. My own desk was a vast 6 x 12 foot piece of plywood on one side of which I sat and my secretary on the other.

Alvin was there I would say for one or two years. He was not actually an employee of ours, serving as his own salesman, designer and compositor. He did lots of work for decorators and architects--folders and pamphlets--and we would do the printing for him. He also did many decorations

for books which we were doing, ranging from incidental title page spots to the large and monumental work which he did on Fisher's Ghost in the Underblows.

We were not always busy, and Lustig and I would spend hours talking, philosophizing. He was amazing in his grasp of philosophy and religion. By birth he was Jewish, but he had gone through Judaism and Christianity. He enveloped all religion, rather than any particular religion. He had great faith and a tremendous personal ego. I think he was perfectly sincere in his belief at that time of his life that he was the reincarnation of Christ. He felt that as his own ideas and philosophy matured, he would be able to lead mankind back to the basic Christian philosophy of Jesus. One time I asked him about the type abstractions on which he was always working. He said, "This is part of my development. This is developing my philosophy too."

He left our shop in 1940 to start an office of his own off Sunset Boulevard in the Brentwood area. He taught and he did a variety of things in addition to his printing designs. He was extremely interested in furniture design. He had studied with Ken Weber while at Art Center School. He was quite interested in architecture, and as the years went on, he designed several large apartment houses. It's amazing the capabilities he had without too much formal education, but he had the mind. He was one of the most

articulate men, and precise in his articulateness, I've ever known. He could speak beautifully on so many and varied subjects. Of course, he was also quite dogmatic. Being so sure of himself and so sure of his ideas that he didn't readly countenance disagreement. I do believe when one is as exceptional as Lustig such confidence and ego is justified--even necessary for maximum personal development. Some time after this,after the war had started, I am afraid that I antagonized him. I was working at Foote, Cone, and Belding, the advertising agency, and we were right in the midst of the war effort. Alvin Lustig was commissioned by the Dana Jones Agency to do some sort of announcement for one of the war industries telling their customers that due to material shortages there would be delays in deliveries. He did a really magnificent piece, but it was the antithesis of his message--it was large, lush, extravagant and a waste of material. I was quite critical of it from that standpoint, not from its appearance, which was great, but I just felt that this was no time to try to do this kind of a brochure. But, as he said,"it got my message across. Everybody looked at it."

He went East about this time to become an adviser at Look magazine. It was the original intention of Look to have a new publication, and he was to go back there as art director of it. I believe that he did many experimental layouts, but the war curtailed the magazine and he spent

most of his time designing furniture for the Look offices, redesigning the offices, doing personal things for the Cowles and getting to know the Eastern publishers.

While he was with us, a young publisher, James Laughlin, had started his New Directions Press. He was doing a series of little booklets by various poets and he selected us to print one of these for him. While he was in California, I introduced him to Alvin Lustig. Laughlin's New Directions Press was doing primarily advanced and far-out types of literature, and he was immediately impressed with Alvin Lustig's ability and his keen mind. The two of them hit it off immediately, and it wasn't long before he was having Lustig do book jackets for him. He must have done fifty or a hundred during the next dozens of years, all of which are exciting. By this time, he was getting away from his use of the geometric ornaments and was getting a freer, looser style. He stayed in New York for a few years and once again returned to southern California where he was primarily interested in architecture and interior design. He returned to New York to work for the final few years of his life. He taught part time at Yale. He had an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He was doing very well in book design and was still doing jackets.

A very versatile career was building up when diabetes, which he had had from childhood, blinded him. He continued to work even though blind, with the help of his wife

Elaine. He could still visualize and explain to her what to do so he continued this job, but the disease overcame him within a year and he died at the age of thirty-nine. It was another tragic loss. I had read not long before in one of the Eastern art magazines of the great future anticipated for this young man who was so adept in so many related fields of the arts.

TAPE NUMBER: FIFTEEN, SIDE ONE

December 21, 1965

Ritchie: Alvin Lustig, during his stay with us, made decorations for a half-dozen books of which my favorite is probably the one about Robinson Jeffers written about William van Wyck. My interest in Jeffers was a continuing story from the time at Occidental College when I had first read his Roan Stallion and Tamar. I teethed in printing with a little booklet, Stars, and in Paris with a somewhat more ambitious project, Apology for Bad Dreams. When Lawrence Powell wrote his doctoral thesis on Jeffers at the University of Dijon in France, he sent me a copy and later under the imprint of The Primavera Press, we published it. Jeffers wrote a fine and modest introduction for this book.

> When Powell was here lately, on his return from France, my good impressions of him were excellently confirmed. We took him for a drive "down the coast," as we say here, to look at the scenery of the verses that he had written about; but then we were astonished, though used to gray skies here, at the thickness and obstinancy of the fog that curled about the car all the way southward. Nothing could be seen, mountains nor sea nor shore. I heard Powell and my wife conversing gently in the white smother. She said, "Robin isn't the sort of person you expected." "Quieter," he answered cautiously. She said, "You were wondering about those themes of his; did you ever think that perhaps they are chosen simply because they are interesting? Poetry ought to be interesting." "Yes," he said, "But why are they interesting to him? No doubt there are psychological reasons...

In my own copy of Powell's book there is an inscription,

> Well, Richmond, you and I have followed the trail of Robinson Jeffers together quite a few years. First of all, you bought Roan Stallion & gave it to me to read. And then in 1930, at Clyde Browne's, you printed a wretched first edition of "Stars" with four misspellings in one sonnet. And then we shipped out to Europe--& shared lodgings in Paris--you, "Peter Quince," wrote verses; I "Jo Goose," wrote a "novel"--and I went to Dijon to write a thesis on Jeffers, & you stayed in Paris & printed his "Apology for Bad Dreams," chez Schmied. And finally, after much wandering & much travail we brought our own efforts together, still on the trail of Jeffers; and brought forth this slim book. And now if I didn't feel that we could do a damn signt better as we hew the path together,I would go out and fold myself.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> (To the elite) Lawrence Clark Powell
>
> (To the vulgar) Larry
>
> (To the pack) Jo Goose.

In 1935, which is the thirtieth anniversary of Jeffers' graduation from Occidental College, President Remsen Bird suggested an exhibition commemorating his graduation. Powell wrote and I printed a catalogue with introductions by Dr. Bird and Jeffers. Paul Landacre illustrated it with a wood engraving of the Carmel hills and several decorations. This was the first of the recognitions Occidental was to give to Robinson Jeffers. In 1937, he was given a degree. I find that on Monday, June 7th, 1937, I wrote:

Went to the graduation ceremonies at Oxy with Larry. We arrived late and climbed the hill to the top of the Greek Theatre, where we sat looking down on the whole procedure. It was a lovely sight with the trees grown so big. A far cry from the theatre when we first knew it in 1925. Jeffers was given a Litt.D. and afterwards we went down to Dr. Bird's house for a buffet dinner. Gordon had come over, Jeffers, Una and the two boys were there, as were Albert Bender, Dr. [Clinton] Judy of Cal Tech, Mrs. Roy Pinkham and the Zeitlins. Jeffers seemed quite pleased and remarked to Larry who asked him if he had seen the exhibit of his books in Berkeley, that he had gone to see them but had balked at the door. But after today's experience, could probably go anyplace. Tonight was the first time any of us had seen him in a suit. Always he is in leggings. The talk was mostly about D. H. Lawrence, Taos and Ireland. Una's learning Gaelic from the phonograph. Afterwards we went over to the library to see the Bender collection of Jeffers' books. But as the lights couldn't be turned on, we peered by matchlight.

Late in 1938, Harvey Taylor, who was a young, good-looking but impecunious book scout, used to show up at our shop quite often bringing in meager little things to sell, but to talk about books primarily. He knew of my great interest in Jeffers, and on one occasion he brought in a delightful little diary which had been written by a woman who had pioneered down on the Big Sur coast. It was a simple recounting of her experiences there--the day-to-day trivia, the children coming in and the men going up to Monterey to do the shopping and things like that--which I bought from him and thought sometime I might print it as a little keepsake. But years later I gave it to Occidental College for their collection. While it was much before Jeffers' time, it was the area which he loved and wrote about,

and I thought it had something that would be of use in that collection.

I don't know too much of Taylor's background; he did have a great interest in books. He seemed to spend most of his time in Santa Barbara. I guess he lived there, and had many social connections there. Later on, he brought to me the manuscript of a book called Of Una Jeffers, which had been written by Edith Greenan. Edith Greenan had married Edward Kuster soon after Una had left Kuster to marry Jeffers. There seemed to be no lasting bitterness on Kuster's part, and he soon brought this young seventeen-year-old bride to meet his former wife. She wrote, "Meeting your husband's first wife is far more difficult than meeting his mother. It becomes an emotional, feminine crisis. If Adam and Eve had had to face such undercurrents the human race might have ended then and there."

But this seventeen-year-old girl Edith was transfixed by the vision of Una as she saw her for that first time. Every detail remained clear in her memory when she wrote so many years later,

> She made a lovely picture wearing a black velvet gown--Empire style--which she herself had designed. Her dark brown hair with red glints in it was bound around her head, making her look more than ever, with her heart-shaped face, like a Botticelli Madonna. And Una's skin! Unbelievably white, translucent, the texture of jasmine petals. Even her jewelry reflected her individuality. A curious necklace of amber, exquisitely cut. A medieval gold ring and bracelet, set with enormous topazes. A delicate

> far away fragrance clung to her. She told me it was sandalwood and that she had never used anything else. I think Una is fond of sandalwood in a mythical sense. It links her with the past, with another very old world she feels at home in. Robin loves it too, and always says by this fragrance he could recognize Una, even in hell.

Harvey Taylor when he brought this manuscript to us made an arrangement where we would pay him a certain sum of money as a "discovery" fee. After the book was printed, I lost track of Taylor, and didn't see him again until a couple of years ago when the City of Santa Barbara had a Western Book Week and put on quite a celebration. All the members of the Zamorano Club from Los Angeles and the Rounce and Coffin Club were invited as guests of the city. During the afternoon, there was a certain amount of segregation; the men were separated from the women. The men spent the time in the Mission with Father Geiger taking us around and showing the treasures that were there. The women were entertained in one of the magnificent homes in Montecito. That evening they put on a banquet in the library, and both Father Geiger and I gave short talks.

Here I met Harvey Taylor again, now very affluent, having married the widow of the immensely wealthy Van Rensselaer Wilbur. She about twenty years or more older than he, and incidentally is a very well-known author and translator in her own right. As Marguerite Eyer Wilbur she had translated Alexander Dumas' _A Gil Blas in California_ for

The Primavera Press in 1933. She also did a number of other books which Tom Williams in Santa Ana printed for her. I understood from Taylor that he had been buying books for Mrs. Wilbur, and on one occasion when she was in Europe they decided to get married and now he is master of the large Wilbur house in Santa Barbara as well as having a chateau filled with books in France where he spends part of his year, buying and cataloguing and enjoying this life of a collector.

We had started work on the book in the latter part of 1938, and I made some notes on Monday, January 9th, 1939:

> Harvey Taylor came in to try and borrow an advance on his commission for the Greenan book Of Una Jeffers today. About five o'clock Edith Greenan called to tell me she was leaving for the north and to asked me to come over to Marcella Burke's for a drink. I went and she told me the story of Una and Robin's recent 'troubles. Quite recently Una had been at the Greenan's of an evening and Edith had been surprised at her wit. She told that she was really a comedienne rather than a tragedienne as her conversation kept everyone in laughter. Later Jeffers arrived with the dog and had a couple of drinks. After everyone had gone, so Edith said, Una turned on Jeffers with more venom than she had ever seen in a woman. Jeffers quietly said, "Una, you are shattering people's illusions." Later Una broke down and told Edith of the Taos experience. A girl by the name of Hildegarde became infatuated with Jeffers. Una let it go on as it was, but one day Jeffers said to her he was going out. Una asked him where. And he answered that he was going out to see Hildegarde, that he wanted to talk with her alone. Una, so she told Edith, was flabbergasted, replying to Robin that she had not interfered with them and she thought that they had all the freedom necessary and didn't have to be alone. Robin went nevertheless. When he returned he answered that he needed more than one woman in his life, that if they should dissect him, they would

> find nothing but Una in him, just Una, Una, Una. And he was tired of it. When he went out with Hildegarde again, Una went into the bathroom and shot herself. It was very serious but not fatal, for they took her to the hospital and managed to extract the bullet. Edith is certain that their lives will end in tragedy.

The tragedy however was Una's death a few years later from cancer, which left Jeffers a lonely man, no longer protected by the strength and drive of this remarkable woman. He was beset by an unsympathetic city council and had to sell part of his land to pay for exhorbitant sewer assessments. He was jailed for drunkenness. The town had forgotten the stature of its greatest man.

In 1954 after Una's death, we printed her own book, Visits to Ireland, Travel Diaries of Una Jeffers. It is a book of which I am very fond. Paul Landacre cut a fine wood engraving for it, and Jeffers wrote a warm and tender introduction in which his admiration and loving dependence upon his wife is acknowledged gracefully in the beautiful and simple prose that he could so well write. In 1948, Remsen Bird called my attention to another prose piece of Jeffers that appeared in the magazine section of the New York Times and with theirs and Jeffers' permission, we made a colorful little book out of it, hand set by Caroline Anderson and Albert Yarrish. I had great fun with type ornaments and rules in decorating the book. Its title was Poetry, Gongorism and a Thousand Years, and in it he tells us his theory of poetry,

> I write verses myself, but I have no sympathy for the notion that the world owes a duty to poetry, or any other art. Poetry is not a civilizer, rather the reverse, for great poetry appeals to the most primitive instincts. It is not necessarily a moralizer; it does not necessarily improve one's character; it does not even teach good manners. It is a beautiful work of nature, like an eagle or a high sunrise. You owe it no duty. If you like it, listen to it; if not, let it alone.

(And he continues to tell us that the poet must not be distracted by the present, its business is with the future.)

> For thus his work will be sifted of what is transient and crumbling, the chaff of time and the stuff that requires footnotes. Permanent things, or things forever renewed, like the grass and human passions, are the material for poetry; and whoever speaks across the gap of a thousand years will understand that he has to speak of permanent things, and rather clearly too, or who would hear him?

Melba Bennett, a long-time friend of the Jeffers and Jeffers' literary executor, has written a biography of Jeffers which we are now in the process of publishing. She has also been instrumental as the catalyst in forming the Robinson Jeffers Society which is formed around the great Jeffers collection which is at Occidental College. There have been two groups--one in southern California which meets in Occidental and one in northern California which is sponsored primarily by Theodore Lilienthal, also a great

and old friend of the Jeffers. Through the years since Jeffers' death, they have brought together people from all over the world who are interested in Jeffers and through the"Newsletter" have informed all who are interested in what is being done by the way of Jeffers' readings, Jeffers' translations, books about Jeffers.

Melba's book is going to be an extremely important source book because she has access to many letters and other documents which would not otherwise be known. It is questionable whether it will be the final biography of Jeffers because as such a close friend she probably is not willing to delve into many of the problems that the Jeffers had, such as the Hildegarde incident. There were problems between Jeffers and Una that were not evident to the general public. Una during her lifetime completely ran the whole show. She was the one who brought in information and lore to Jeffers which he sifted and wrote into his poems. She was his contact with the world. She was the one who wrote most all of the letters and prodded him into doing his work. He was so much under her will that this little escapade with Hildegarde shows that sometimes he couldn't help but break the band that held him so tightly. Naturally, Melba is not going to stress any of these, but in the long run it makes the Jeffers' family relationship a more interesting one than if we just have this perfect wife handling this great genius. Anything that dealt with Jeffers was

of great interest to me and shall continue to be.

One interlude in my life which I wrote down was the strange case of Patty Grant. One day, late in July, in the year 1941, a voice of a woman on the telephone asked if I would be interested in seeing a manuscript which she had written. She said that her name was Patty Grant, that she would be over during the afternoon. She arrived and turned out to be a young girl, eighteen years old, extremely slender, not very tall, with smooth brown hair and a large top-heavy hat. She was nervous and talked jerkily, pouring out excuses for the poem which she had written, telling how bad she thought it was, and smoking one cigarette after another with a ceaseless trembling motion.

The manuscript was called _The Growth of the Mind_, and it was one poem of eighteen pages, a philosophical poem in which she attempted to destroy the truth of religion. She spoke of my old friend Alfred Young Fisher at Smith College where she had spent a portion of the past year as a freshman and on one occasion had gone to show him a thing she had written about the Jeffers. To the best of my ability I tried to allay her nervousness and so talked quite a bit about the Jeffers, his poetry and Carmel, inasmuch as she seemed to know them quite well. Then she told me that she and Donnan Jeffers were planning to get married. She left the poem, and I told her that I would get in touch with her as soon as I had read it and let her know

what I thought of it. For a young girl, it seemed to be a good piece of work, an attempt of course to be extremely erudite and philosophical which led her at times to be incomprehensible. But in all it was somewhat cultivated and I called her and told her to drop in the next time she was by.

She came almost immediately and we talked over the poem, its possibilities and the cost of printing a couple of hundred copies, which she thought she would like to get out. She had attempted to write it in blank verse, which didn't quite come off, inasmuch as she didn't know what blank verse was. Rather than rewrite it all, I suggested that she go over it and retype it and give the lines their natural break as free verse. She did this and returned a few days later for me to read it again.

We took it up to the house and started from the beginning and read the whole thing aloud. When I came to a particular part which didn't seem quite clear I would stop and ask her what she meant. She loved large words, and in many a case it was the use of these words which led her away from the thought which she was trying to express. They were not words which she had in her vocabulary, but as she had explained she had used the _Thesaurus_ almost incessantly while writing, which recalled to her an essay she had handed in to her English professor at Smith during the last year which the professor admitted he could not

understand. He wanted to know where she got all the words she used, and she explained that she had sat down with a Thesaurus and used only the largest words she could find in it. In the case of the poem she had guarded against this excessive use but still had overstepped from time to time.

We cleared up some of these points, and she said her family would be willing to finance the production of her book, that I could probably get started. Her father was an executive of Gladding McBean, and Patty was living with him and his second wife for the time being. Her mother lived in Zanesville, Ohio, and according to her father's concept, "was an extremely frivolous woman." Before Patty had left Zanesville, her mother had bought her ten new hats, much to the disgust of her father. Her mother also owned a pottery plant in Zanesville.

Patty talked much of Donnan and how she hadn't seen him since Christmas vacation which she had spent in Carmel and at whichtime they had evidently become infatuated. She was extremely worried about the fact that he didn't write her more often. About two days later she called up and said to hold everything on the poem, that she had just sold her gold cigarette case, which was studded with little diamonds, for $35, three of which she had spent on taxi fare, and that she was going to run away to see Donnan in Carmel, saying that she just couldn't stand it, not seeing or hearing from him. She hadn't told her family about it at the time, but she called in a little later and said that

she had called her father on the phone and that she was leaving on the train. In the meantime, we were to hold the manuscript.

About a week later she called again and asked if I were alone, saying that she didn't want anybody to know that she was in town because she and Donnan were planning to elope. She had spent the week at the Jeffers' and was full of talk about her experience, about Una, about Donnan, and about Robin. She said that the Jeffers had gotten a little disgusted with Donnan and her toward the end because for each of the last two or three days, Donnan had left to put her on the train and in each case they had managed to miss it. Una from this thought they lacked all sense of practicality and were a bit young to be married. On the final day Una made certain that Patty caught the train, and thus she was down here awaiting Donnan's arrival without informing her family. She was staying with some friends of hers, the Reginald Owens.

During her stay up there, Una became a little intoxicated one night and had talked and talked, saying among other things as Jeffers sat quietly by, "You know, Robin, we have all seen these women shaking their hips at you, and Donnan is just as attractive sexually as you are. Patty is going to have to keep her eyes open." She squabbled with Jeffers from time to time, and Donnan yelped to his mother on one occasion when he and Patty were sent out, "At least our natures are compatible," speaking of himself and Patty.

Patty's life was run to a certain extent by the spirits, and daily she has seances, talking with them through the medium of a table. Thus it was that she learned that she was the reincarnation of her grandfather, Frederick James Grant, who died at sea September 30th, 1894, at the age of thirty-one, that he had been the reincarnation of Percy Bysshe Shelley, who also died at sea at the age of thirty-one; so Patty felt that she too undoubtedly would die at sea at the age of thirty-one and thus she must hurry to get all of her life's experiences and her poetic outbursts completed before that time. She has talked with Shelley many times and with her grandfather and of course with numerous other people from the realm of the spirits.

During her sojourn at Smith College, she and a few of the other girls had started talking with the spirits and now it was part of her life, though she claimed as soon as she got married she was going to give it up because even the spirits had told her it was bad for her. While at the Jeffers', she and Donnan had a seance with Mrs. Jeffers' father and also they found a large sword in the house which they had hung around their necks and talked to one of the people who had been murdered with it.

Mrs. Jeffers gave Patty a pair of Chinese bracelets as an engagement present, and Donnan gave her a pin which was a Jeffers' heirloom. She called me later that day and told me she had called her father, though not telling her where she was, and instead of being angry with her,

he had said that he thought they should go up and see the Jeffers and if she really wanted to get married, make arrangements in the usual way rather than having her run off and do it. So she was going home and the next day they were planning to go up to Carmel.

She also told of her experiences with the Jeffers' poltergeist and how it had taken a dress and glove of Una's off her bed, and though everybody searched through the house for it and were unable to find it, the poltergeist put it back again on the bed where it had been, a phenomenon which no one could explain. The poltergeist also had much fun with them, knocking at the different doors which they would go to and open, only to find nobody there. Evidently he was a very playful spirit, and Patty said that he had followed her down to Los Angeles and was opening doors and playing tricks on her here.

After her return from the trip with her father, they were set to be married. Donnan was coming down and they were to go to Zanesville where the wedding was to take place at her mother's house. Donnan was due in a couple of days, and Patty was beside herself with excitement. From that time on she called at least once a day and sometimes twice to chat for a long time over the telephone inasmuch as she felt the need for talking to somebody and she knew no one else she could confide in.

Soon she began to get more and more worried and nervous. Letters were irregular from Donnan and his projected arrival didn't materialize. Mave Greenan was down, and she and Patty, talking the thing over, decided that they would find out what was wrong so they called up Edith Greenan in Carmel who reported that she had seen Una who had said to her, "Patty only thinks she's engaged. She will never get him," which put Patty into a panic. The Jeffers have no telephone; she wired with no result and finally called the Kusters who live next door to the Jeffers and who went over to bring Donnan to the phone. Donnan explained that he hadn't been down because he had just received his 1-A classification from the draft board and it would be necessary for him to do something about that before he left, certainly before he went as far as Zanesville. Donnan had had heart murmurs and other troubles and had not been allowed to participate in any physical activities during college. So he believed that after another examination he would receive a lower classification, but in the meantime it was necessary for him to stay in Carmel.

Patty was a little worried about the whole thing, especially since Donnan had been quite a ladies' man in Carmel and other places, having at one time been thrown out of the University of California for having seduced one of the professor's wives. Patty had good reasons to believe that she might be in a delicate condition also, and she was

extremely worried about getting on with the forthcoming marriage as soon as possible. While in Carmel the papers had all taken pictures of her and Donnan which had been published not only in the Carmel but in the San Francisco papers, and Donnan had given her an onyx and diamond platinum engagement ring. Still she worried incessantly lest Donnan would back out.

While up there Una had commented that Patty was not much of a woman and to have a husband like either Robin or Donnan, you had to push and push him or nothing would be done. From Patty's account of Donnan, he had never had very much ambition and didn't really want to work. He'd spent a good portion of his time drinking and gambling in and around Carmel and had told Patty that what he would really like to be was a professional gambler, or if not that he would like to take his chances in Europe after the present war as a carpetbagger, feeling that with a little money there were going to be extensive opportunities for making a fortune over there when the hostilities had ceased. (I think this perhaps we should delete too in as much as he's changed a lot since those days, and these were the impressions of a young girl and a young man.) While Patty has kept fairly quiet in Una's presence thus far, she claims that Una doesn't know what she is getting in the family, and though Una has ruled the place to this point, she has never had an active spirit like Patty's to contend with before. And I

can really believe that there will be fireworks if Una attempts to continue her domination.

Patty came over and took her manuscript to send to the Jeffers and then started a period of double waiting: she was nervous about Jeffers' reaction to her poem and also about the possibility of Donnan's final arrival. To a certain point, the latter was relieved by the discovery that she wasn't immediately to have a child, but still her intense nervous passion for him kept her on pins and needles most of the time. She kept his letters around in the pockets of her dress, pulling them out, reading them, talking about them, continually asking for assurance that Donnan would come. Finally she heard that he had been reclassified to 4-F and was to arrive within a few days.

The last time I heard from her she said her face was covered with cold cream which she would have to take off quickly because Donnan was coming, and she didn't want him to see her that way, but that they were leaving the next day for Zanesville, that he had bought the tickets and that she would let me know the developments. Donnan had brought the manuscript down with the report that Jeffers had thought it remarkable for one so young, and Una had advised that while it was good, she would probably feel happier later on if she didn't have it in print.

I have one more letter from Patty dated January 21, 1942:

Dear Mr. Ritchie:

I hope you can forgive me for not having written sooner. Everything straightened out so quickly that it left me in a bit of a daze, I had a thousand thank you letters to write, people for various pickle jars and ash trays. And I am still weak. I am afraid there is little to do in the way of printing the poem right now; Robin and Una don't want me to. But that has actually nothing to do with it, we are definitely broke. The wedding trip and Bergdoff Goodman's marvelous dinner dresses did that. However, I am still trying to start on another long poem. I've written several short ones. One, I think, is a great improvement over past attempts, but I want to study a bit before doing anything definite about the long one. I am going to take Greek lessons; my husband thinks I'm crazy. I know this has been treacherously unbusinesslike, but I think perhaps you can understand how the circumstances of last summer and fall could upset things. I'm terribly grateful to you for the encouragement you gave me last summer. We have poltergeists here in Zanesville. I'll tell you about them next summer if one of our respective families misses us enough to pay our fare west. Please write to me if you have any time, I hope everyone is in your family is well.

Sincerely,

Patty Jeffers.

That is the last I ever heard of Patty. I don't know whether she died at sea at the age of thirty-one or not. I do know that she and Donnan were subsequently divorced, and Donnan is now happily married and living in the Jeffers home in Carmel. Patty, too, brings us a certain insight into the personal life of the Jeffers which would not otherwise be revealed, and that is why I was so interested in this particular girl. She was a strange, exciting, flighty, unstable girl as you could gather from her experience, but on the other hand, a very interesting one.

TAPE NUMBER: FIFTEEN, SIDE TWO

January 4, 1966

Ritchie: Lawrence Clark Powell has always had an incredible perception and appreciation of literary ability. His judgments and enthusiasms have usually been pure and true. Jeffers, D. H. Lawrence, Dobie--all of whom he appreciated--were already established, but Lawrence Durrell he picked out from nowhere, and he introduced me to a young man from Selma in the San Joaquin Valley, as obscure and unexpected a poet as one would ever find. His name was William Everson. I remember him the first time I saw him, a tall thin farmer or grape-picker from the valley, with a plump little wife. They seemed a strange couple. But he had the fire of a poet, an inborn vision, a confidence.

He had read and admired Robinson Jeffers, had himself written a small group of poems which he had paid to have miserably printed in a small pamphlet up in the valley someplace. He sent a copy to Powell because of Powell's Jeffers book, and Powell recognized a talent. When Everson had another batch of poems ready, Powell suggested that we print them, and we made some sort of satisfactory financial agarrangement with Everson. The sum involved was quite modest, what must have seemed large to Everson, coming as it must out of his farm wages. He lived Route 1, Box 25, in Selma, California, and on March 24th, 1939 he wrote me,

Dear Ritchie:

The first of the month will find us ready. At that time we will send you one hundred thirty-five dollars or forty dollars which should cover all but a minor item or two? Provided the pages work out in relation to the ms. There will be copyright and color work and the cut for the drawing to figure however, won't there. Anyway, this first check will enable you to go ahead and we can take care of what is needed later. About Buel's drawing I am very sorry. I have been after him since New Year's to get something done, and the reasons why he has not are of a psychological nature too obscure for me to understand completely. Last weekend he was down with a rough sketch which he said he would send you to indicate the general attempt, but whether or not that sketch has been sent, I do not know.

Powell told you about the binding? We will leave that up to you: i.e. color and material, with the suggestion that we prefer richness to delicacy in the way of color.

Two changes in text: In the poem "Who Sees Through the Lens" in line 13 leave out the phrase "to the physical act" so that the line shall read simply "Come star bruised and broken back to the need. / Come seeking the merciful etc." And in the "Rain on the Morning" line 2 change "closing" to "moving" so that the line shall read "And looking up sun the earth perceived the sky moving/ The sky that slid etc."

About all till the first, with apologies for this tardiness, B. Everson.

I wrote him back on March 27th,

Dear Bill:

I am sending you a proof page of one of your poems so that you can see the size of type and size of page and report whether they are satisfactory before we do anymore. The wide page is necessary unless we run over a good number of the lines which I don't think you would wish.

Your poems are exceptionally good and we are very happy that we are having our part in the production of the book.

Please give my regards to your wife.

Sincerely.

Two days later he wrote,

Dear Ward:

This proof is excellent. I quite agree that the wider page is better. I have more or less written purposely in long-line units, and too many run-on lines would, of course, tend to lessen that effect. I understand that Jeffers in his Selected Poems took pains to have its typography in the long-line manner, feeling that the Grabhorn Solstice printing with its large type necessitating many run-on lines impaired his verse. I do not feel the matter is as important as Jeffers thinks, except for typographic (i.e. appearance) reasons. He seems to think that the actual quality of his verse is affected, whereas my own belief is that verse is basically phonetic, and only its surfaces are either impaired or benefited by its presentation. That statement to a printer is heresy, but it seems to me that typography appeals to a different aesthetic sense than literature. Where I think its great part is played is in the role of conditioner. When well done it satisfies one aesthetic sense and therefore conditions the receptivity of the other. For myself, since developing an interest in typography I find it takes a definite effort to submerge my consciousness of a displeasing page.

Remember that whatever you feel is required in the way of design feel free to use. This is your book as much as mine. If you feel a small initial letter would benefit the page, by all means use it. I only thought that the striking spectacular initial letter sometimes used are a bit presumptuous in a work by an unknown writer.

After your neat and very courteous letter, my hasty, dirty, ill-mannered note of a few days ago deeply shames me.

With best wishes,

Bill Everson.

On April 5th I wrote, "Dear Bill: Thanks for the check for $150 which arrived safely today. We are working on the typesetting, and I'll have some proofs for you soon. Sincerely yours."

A couple of days later I wrote him, "Dear Bill: We received a sketch from your friend Hubert Buel. I just wanted to drop you a line to tell you how pleased I am with his technique and conception. I am sure from this sample that anything he will do will please us very much. We will probably send proofs to you on Monday and will also send a set to Larry Powell who called and said that he would like to proofread them."

Sometime later he wrote,

Dear Ward:

I am returning the proofs with a few alterations. I am sorry I changed my mind about these little points, but I would rather meet what extra expense revisal will entail than feel unsatisfied at the last. Some of the titles Larry changed without letting me know and most of them are O.K. that there is something smacking of a Chamber of Commerce bulletin in too obvious a play up on regionalism, and I think I prefer the original title of "Walls" for "Sierra Nevada." I like these very much as far as I can tell in these proof sheets, and I think the poems will have, in their final form, an appearance of quality that I never dreamed would be there when I wrote them. Also am I glad that Buel's work was successful, for I want very much to have him in my book. We have been friends it seems a long time, and it will be right if we can have a common bond in this project.

Sincerely.

He sent me a postcard on May 10th. "Dear Ritchie: Letter from Powell calling attention to line in poem "Abrasive". This poem is correct, though, as Powell points out is obscure. To change would mean to rewrite the entire poem which I can't do now, nor want to. The thing's dead.

To hell with it. Sorry about Buel's delay. Regards."

On May 26, I wrote, "Dear Bill: Enclosed please find title page. As soon as we hear from you we will be all set to start printing. I hope you like it."

Also I wrote to Lawrence Clark Powell at UCLA on the same day. "Dear Sir: Enclosed please find title page to post on your bulletin board." (Which he had requested.)

On June 2nd, Bill wrote,

> Dear Ward:
>
> It's this way--I don't like dark green cloth bindings, not this sample anyway--which is nice to tell you after you've stewed God knows how much, on the exact shade. It's partly the natural cloth finish which I never did fancy anyway, my leaning being toward the slick or coated cloth. For color I should prefer one of the rust colors--the burnt reds or browns. My precautioning remark about light colors on my card being mainly in terror of those very light blue paper covers so many books possess. Incidentally, if it would save you anything on your end, paper colored boards are quite agreeable, though I know cloth is much more durable as far as the book is concerned. Really I am not as fastidious as this note would indicate--this particular shade and texture being one of the very few that would not take my eye. I don't think it will be necessary to send down another sample--any live warm color you feel is tasteful, and the slick cloth or paper as you prefer(unless of course slick cloth is prohibitively costly--I'm always thinking of the last!) I'm looking forward--this is really one of the big events of my life--and everything so far has been fine.
>
> Bill Everson.
>
> P.S. On the other hand a non-slick finish I like very much is the binding of Powell's book--so I guess it's weave and color!

I have forgotten exactly what we sent up to him, but it's quite evident from the letter that we had chosen

an unfinished green cloth for the binding. For the eventual cover I selected a brown Japanese paper for the sides, with a cloth back. I printed the little drawing which Buel had made in a darker brown ink on both front and back covers. The drawing also appeared on the title page of the book. It all tied together quite nicely with a pleasing effect which is exactly what he eventually found that he wanted.

On June 9th, Everson wrote, "Dear Ward: When shipping time comes, hold out 40 copies for Powell. This will save my sending them back to Van Nuys. Everyone that has seen the title page has liked it very much, and we all think the book is going to be a beauty!" Powell in addition to his discovery of Everson was determined to promote him with these copies which he planned to send out to reviewers and to people whom he thought would appreciate and might abet Everson's career.

On July 11th, I wrote,

Dear Bill:

You have been patient and Spring has turned into Summer. Today it is July and only now can we say that your books are ready. I am sorry that we have kept them from you so very long, but on the other hand we like the poems exceedingly and wanted to make the book as nice a one as we could. It took more time waiting for cover paper, etc. But now that you have them, I hope you'll like them. I hope that very much.

On July 13th, he wrote,

Dear Ward:

It has just arrived and all we can do is sit and look at it. It is so simple and true. It leaves us speechless so far is it above even our most extravagant expectations. I have never seen a book that is more <u>right</u> than this one; the superb title page has that <u>quiet</u> something that takes hold of you inside when you see the real thing. And the binding so fine and true, and the quite sure typography. You speak of tardiness--man, we could wait years for a work half as good as this, and feel jubilant at its arrival. We want to say how extremely grateful we are, that you have done so fine a thing for us, and to say that we are proud and very happy, and that time for all this goddamned ravages will have a hard time trying to obliterate the goodness and the strength and the power of this moment.

Bill and Edna

In those days Everson's handwriting was never too easy to read; it was a scratchy hand lettering job. In this particular letter on July 13th, it was obvious that they were celebrating the arrival of the book and the handwriting is even more difficult to decipher.

A few days later he wrote in a much more legible hand,

Dear Ward:

I am writing now out of a considerably more sober mood than the one that actuated my last letter, but though my frenzy has decreased my admiration has not. I want to say that I have never seen a format that I should prefer to this. I have never seen a book that from cover to cover seemed more tastefully done, with the dignity and the quiet beauty of this one. I know you put into the work far more than you contracted for and far more than you were paid for-- and you have our gratitude for all you have done. Whenever you come through our country we hope that you will stop at our house and be our guest for an evening. We thank you again for the special concern

you have shown us.

Sincerely.

Not many years later, the war came, and Bill, a conscientious objector, was sent to the camp at Waldport, Oregon. Waldport was catalystic in a sense; it brought together an intelligent group of young men, who not having much to do with their time set about churning a variety of creative projects. Among others, Bill Everson, Glen Caulfield, and a chap by the name of Hackett were both early members of the camp, and writers of poetry who wanted to give their creations some circulation. They wrote to please one another, and mimeographed small editions which were circulated around the camp and to their other friends. Naturally, Powell was one of the recipients of many of these things.

There was also a camp paper which because of the nearness to the Pacific Ocean was obviously called The Tide. Quite a group of the fellows were disenchanted with the staid dullness of this official paper. These dissenters decided to start another paper which they called The Untide. At first it too was mimeographed, and the group included these poets whom I had mentioned and also several others who had lately come into the camp. They found a large Chandler and Price clamshell press in a junkyard in town and bought it for $40 and somehow were able to move it into the camp for the precise purpose of printing this new

new sheet, The Untide.

There was a boy by the name of Charles Davis from La Verne, California, a former student at Pomona College who knew something about printing and also there was a professional pressman, Joe Kalliel, who was in camp for about six months while the project was getting underway. He didn't do any of the actual work, but he would occasionally drop in and give advice or help when there was trouble. Bill Everson's father it turned out had been a printer, and though Everson himself hadn't ever worked as a printer, by osmosis he had picked up some knowledge of the craft and a certain interest in it.

The others in the group were all novices. They included Davis, Everson, William F. Eshelman, and Vlad DuPres, (who I understand now is a college professor someplace). This was the original working group at the press which in time came to be known as the Untide Press. Later Kemper Nomland joined the group; Kemper Nomland is now an architect in Los Angeles. Kermit Sheets, another poet, worked as a writer and editor with the group. At one time he was working at Modern Films. I'm not sure where he is or what he's doing now. Tom Miller, an architect, was also on the editorial side. Adrian Wilson and a fellow named Daunch were later transferred to the camp from a camp in the East or South, and they brought along with them another magazine they had edited there called Compass. Adrian Wilson

never worked directly on Untide, but he used the printing press for Compass and for theatre programs which were his chief interest. Adrian hadn't had any printing experience either before running into the press at Waldport.

While there, this group printed numerous books of poetry, including many by Everson. When the war was over and they were discharged, they were working on a book by Kenneth Patchin. Their typographic style was thoroughly modern--way-out modern, in fact. These books are quite interesting examples of an amateur's attempt to create something completely different. I won't say that all of the books are readable. They're quite different, but as aesthetic exercises they are most interesting. Eshelman was one of the last to be discharged, and rather than leave the Patchin book unfinished he shipped the press up to Cascade Locks and finished the book there.

Later Eshelman and Kemper Nomland shipped the actual press down to Pasadena, where it was housed in a shed in back of Kemper's father's house. It's in a beautiful setting of eucalyptus trees, and around the press they built this house for the Untide Press as they still called it. I imagine that the press is still there because the door to the house that they built was not large enough for them to get the press out. Kemper went on to architectural school, and while they continued to print an occasional booklet or pamphlet, as the years went on and

both of them became busier, the actual publication of the press diminished until finally it was mostly Christmas cards and birth announcements that they worked on.

Eshelman went to library school and started his library career at the library at Los Angeles City College and Los Angeles State College on Vermont Avenue (I believe at that time that they had one library for the two institutions). When the two schools were separated physically and Los Angeles State was moved to Eastern Avenue, Eshelman made the move.

He became editor of the California Librarian in 1958 or 1959. I believe it must have been in 1959. Which was a nice break for us, because Eshelman, having this interest in printing, wanted to change the format and upgrade the printing of the California Librarian. He came to us, and I was given the opportunity of redesigning the Librarian at that time and also doing the printing. During the process of redesigning it and trying to get a striking cover format, I thought it would be nice to have a simple, dignified, colorful, and yet fairly modern, appearance to the cover. But I also wanted to have a little change, a little variety from issue to issue. Inasmuch as the history of California printers has always been quite important to me, I suggested that we put one of the California printers' marks on the cover each time. Eshelman agreed with this wholeheartedly, and since I had made the suggestion and we were going to do the printing he suggested that for the first one we use

our own printers' mark. So I wrote a little article in the third person about our particular printers' mark and it set the style for subsequent editions. We printed this as an insert that went into the middle of the quarterly on a different stock.

The original idea changed somewhat subsequently because in the next article that we had with a printers' mark, the author, instead of writing about the mark itself as I had tried to do, wrote a historyof the press using the mark and that became the subsequent custom.

On most of these we had the printer print his own insert, so it made not only the story of the press, butit was also an example of the printing of that certain printer. This went on for the three years that Eshelman was editor of the _California Librarian_. It was planned that these would be gathered and bound together in a small edition. Most of the printers sent additional copies of their insert and Eshelman kept them for this purpose, but in certain instances, there weren't enough to go around for the _California Librarian_ so that project was dropped. Paul Bennett of the Typophiles on one of his trips out here saw these and thought it would make a wonderful Typophiles book, and he prevailed upon Eshelman to edit and bring them up to date and upon Richard Hoffman of the College Press at Cal State LA to print the book as one of the Typophiles books in subsequent years. So perhaps they will appear in book form eventually.

Dixon: I think the Librarian is one of the most exciting quarterlies because of the style and format, the appearance.

Ritchie: We've had a some good editors for it. Henry Madden who succeeded Eshelman was a little skeptical at first of our continuing the printing of the book because he was atFresno State and it's quite a jaunt down here, and his chief contacts in the past have been in San Francisco. But he decided that he would let us do it for a while and since has become one of our great fans, bringing us several books from the Fresno area to do. When the new president was inaugurated, he came down to have us print all of the material for the inauguration up there. Now I believe we have a Stanford man who is the editor for the next three years. So I don't know exactly what our affiliation will be from now on, though he wants to continue for at least one more year to see how the distance will affect his work.

Eshelman, by the way, has now gone to Bucknell College and lives in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, as librarian there. He enjoyed his work very much at Cal State, but he liked the intimacy of a small college better than the great University library that he was finding himself running.

But back to Bill Everson. After the war or possibly during the war, his marriage to Edna broke up and they were separated. From Waldport, he came to San Francisco and became one of the pre-beats in a group of poets that gathered around and surrounded Kenneth Rexroth. In order

to make ends meet he got a job at the University of California Press as night janitor. Samuel Farquhar at that time was director of the Press, and Sam had collected a very creditable library of printing history and technical books on printing. The opportunity for an intelligent and curious young man was great and the temptation was even greater. It was possible for Everson to quickly run through his chores of janitoring at the Press and the rest of the night he could spend in Farquhar's office reading the books. So he gained an incredible knowledge of printing, assimilating it through books. And in doing this, he also created a great desire to do printing himself.

He also met a girl who was another beatnik, an artist, and a writer by the name of Mary Fabilli in some ways as strange and as talented as he was. She had been married and divorced, too, though she was a Catholic. Adrian Wilson was working with Jack Stauffaker at Jack's press in San Francisco at the time, and they prevailed upon Mary Fabilli to do a woodblock for a book about Eric Gill that they were printing. I assume that this was the first block that she did, and it was a good one.

Inasmuch as she and Everson were living together, they thought of collaborating themselves. Bill bought a handpress,

and in autumn of 1947 he announced the birth of the Equinox Press. The announcement is typical of the work which Everson was to do subsequently. It was printed on a hand-press, beautifully and tastefully designed,and immaculately printed. As with all announcements, some of them are kept but most of them disappear in time. It is interesting in the career of Everson to know his original concept as stated in this announcement. It reads,

> The Equinox Press. Announcing the establishment of a private press by William Everson at 2445 Ashby Avenue in the city of Berkeley, California. As a creative man the richest thing I can do is to write a poem, and the next is to print it. Out of that parallelism springs The Equinox Press. The one flows from the other, gives it tangibility, a further dimension. On the page a poem achieves its final form, and goes out to take its place, if it is worth it, in the consciousness of men. What happens on the page for the eye is certainly next in importance to what happens for the ear, and one concerned in all the aspects of his poem follows that concern naturally from the manuscript to the book: not so much to insure its correctness, but simply to create there, to let his hand participate also in what was of such consequence to him, and so to resolve there one more of his deep-set needs.
>
> Follows, then, the handpress, because it is capable of measuring up to all the idealism a man can bring to it, because the human hand is evidenced in it, and because its tradition holds within it the finest achievements of the bookman's craft.
>
> Follows, then, the quarto, chosen because it is ample, and a poem needs amplitude; a type-size large enough so that each letter exists in its own form in the eye, permitting a boldness and masculinity of treatment; hand-made paper when it can be had, printed damp to obtain that dense, lustrous black, set off with rich reds, the true typographical colors, and so conceived in design as to render the impact of modernity, but scanting its exaggerations--a conscious attempt, as exemplified on this page, to integrate the handwork of the past and the temper of the present.

I have ready for the press three series of poems, completed since those of the cumulative edition announced by Mr. James Laughlin of New Directions for the Spring of 1948. I shall begin shortly upon the first of these. They will be issued separately, in slender quarto, with block prints by Mary Fabilli, the size of the edition being governed by the ease with which the sheets can be worked upon the press, and will be offered at prices commensurate with their quality, but with the understanding that the poems will later be issued by a regular publisher. What lies beyond them rests with my pen and the insight to create. For we live to create, out of our love of life and of one another, and our sense of consequence in our own time, affirming that joy we hold as men and women, inhabitants of the earth, its commonality, who may, in the magnitude of God achieve the plentitude of Man.

He printed 500 copies of this and sent it out to the world before he started printing anything more.

I had a letter from him a little later,

Dear Ward:

Thank you for your warm words of encouragement which have given me great pleasure. I have a "Washington" handpress (Robert Hoe, N.Y. & London, No. 5533) from which number and from the excellent condition it is in, I take to be a "late model." I had to improvise tympan and frisket, however, but that is now almost inevitable. Platen size: 23 x 36.

I have heard from Larry about your Albion, and I certainly envy you those set screws on the platen. So far I've used bearing off points, shimming up as required, but I am now working on a scheme to lock up nuts in the furniture, the screws of which will bear off and can be adjusted

Yes, I printed the prospectus on the hand press, and found making ready rather easier than I had expected--hard packing and damped paper going excellently together I love to work the damped stock and wouldn't do anything else now, the whole process becoming more a ritual than the chore most people find it. It's certainly the secret of superior printing. I used three inks on the prospectus: dead black for the cut, sharp black for the text, and red for the

display, pulled them all at one impression. I have worked out a system of stops and trappers along the roller bearers which will permit me to use the bearers without mixing the colors.

I hope and believe handpress printing will come to its own in this country. Thanks again for your warm words and I look forward to seeing the work of your press.

Yours,

Bill

As far as I know and recall at the time, Bill Everson and Mary Fabilli were married. She had become re-interested in the Catholic church. In Time magazine in which there was an article about Bill some years later, he mentioned that Mary "was going to Mass when I met her, so I went along because I couldn't stand being deserted. I hated the religion. Catholicism intruded a ritual between God and man. As an anarchist, I couldn't stand the idea of an institution between God and man." However, when Everson was granted a Guggenheim fellowship about 1948, I believe, he and his friends had a fine party, and at that time he announced that he was going to be a convert to Catholicism. On Christmas Eve in 1948 he joined the Church. It was in a way unfortunate for his relationship with Mary Fabilli since, as both of them had been divorced, the Church would not recognize their marriage. They had to separate.

In the meantime, however, they had been working together on the first of the books that Everson had promised in his announcement of the press, called A Privacy of Speech,

which was a sequence of ten poems by Everson which was printed at the Equinox Press in 1949. In the colophon he said, "This book, which is the first book of The Equinox Press, was made by William Everson: designed, handset and printed on the handpress. The types used are Centaur & Arrighi. The paper is Tovil, an English handmade, printed damp. Done in an edition of 100 copies, it has been completed on Candlemas Day, 1949, and becomes a step toward that visionary book of the imagination, which is the printer's hope, and to which he is once more committed." It is a beautiful book, reminiscent in some aspects to the work of the Ashendene Press. Mary's woodblocks are rich black. It is simple and straightforward in format with just a touch of color--the numbers for the ten poems and the title, contrasting with the deep black of the illustrations. The book is immaculately printed, and it's a marvel when you consider that it is the first work of a printer who is almost completely self-taught through reading and through his self-experimentation.

Bill by this time had quit his job as janitor at the University of California Press. He went to work at Maurin House, a Catholic Worker house for the poor in Oakland. He did continue printing on his handpress and finished another book called Triptych for Living. He changed the name of his press for this book to the Seraphim Press. It was also a magnificent book with Mary Fabilli woodcuts. As would be

assumed, it is more religious than his previous books had been.

His colophons are always of great interest; he writes here,

> Two hundred copies of this book have been printed on the handpress by William Everson at Maurin House, a Catholic Worker house of hospitality in the City of Oakland, California, and have been bound by him in goat vellum. The paper is Tovil, an English handmade printed damp. The type lent by the Westgate Press, is Hammer Uncial, a late cutting of the early Christian book hand; and indeed the book in its design looks back towards the primitive Church in search of a model appropriate to the apostolic character of the text. For though the Church triumphant exists as such only in heaven, its spirit was certainly anticipated in the massive & resplendent volumes of medieval Christendom, from which our subsequent convention of religious typography developed. But the Church militant evolved its own book-forms many centuries earlier, and these Latin codexes, with their comparative lightness, and the open quality of their pages, are nearer to our present tastes. So the current revival to the Uncial, as well as the tragic similarity of the times,provide sufficient occasion to warrant this backward glance. Books as we know them (sheets folded together & sewn) were born in the catacombs, where an incorrigible age was purged of its excesses; and where our age, if we heed not, will be purged in an anguish of its own.

Soon thereafter Bill entered the College of St. Albert the Great in Oakland which is a Dominican Order, as a lay brother. This was in June 1951. As a lay brother his tasks were arduous. He had to be up before dawn, cleaning up, helping prepare the meals since the labor of the monastery is done by the lay brothers. However, he did move in his press and was given a spot in the basement for it, and began thinking of a major work to print.

One of the great early books was the _Psalter_ of Fust and Schoeffer, the second book printed, following the great Gutenberg _Bible_. And it is the first dated book. It's also one of the most beautiful books ever done, being the first one in which color was printed as well as being the first one in which the actual printer was named, with a printers' mark and a colophon in it. In his spare time he was allowed to begin work on this book. Everson was now Brother Antoninus. He thought that he could print forty-eight copies of this three-hundred-page book in approximately six years. Starting in 1951 he would be able to finish it in 1957 which was the 500th anniversary of the completion of the original _Psalter_ in Mainz. By the spring of 1952, however, he had printed only seventy-two pages. The Church at that time felt that he had the qualities of a priest and persuaded him to leave St. Albert's and go to Ross College to study for the priesthood. So he gave up the project of the _Psalter_ with only seventy-two pages completed. It actually didn't turn out too well for him at Ross College. The priest or the man who had sponsored him for this job had died in the meantime, and the dispensation did not come through from Rome, so he eventually returned to St. Albert's, still as a lay brother. In the meantime however, he had written to Muir Dawson of Dawson's Bookstore and told him about the sheets and Muir had purchased them from him. Mrs. Estelle Doheny,

an ardent Catholic bibliophile, bought the sheets from Dawson. The book which resulted is one of the most beautiful ever been issued in the United States, in fact in the world. It was a collaboration. There were a number of extra sheets of some forms, but there were only enough of all of them to make forty-eight copies. These were gathered, together with a long introduction which Brother Antoninus wrote about the work, its inception, the travail, and the execution of it--which in itself is an extremely important document. The printing of the preliminary matter was turned over to Saul and Lillian Marks at the Plantin Press. They did a remarkable job of integrating their work with the beautiful pages that had already been printed by Brother Antoninus. Mrs. Doheny had the Plantin pages and the seventy-two pages of the _Psalter_ bound together in full morocco goatskin at R. R. Donnelley in Chicago by Harold Tribolet, one of the best binders in the United States. It is rich, though chaste, with a gold cross on the front cover and the lettering _Novum Psalterum PII XII_. The book is magnificent in its proportions, in the quality of its press work, in the simplicity of its design--it is just a beautiful work.

Mrs. Doheny was very chary about giving copies away. She did give copies to the major libraries, such as the Huntington Library and UCLA. I was one of the fortunate ones who was given a copy after her death when her library was dispersed. There also were some odd additional pages

which were collated, and issued in another edition of twenty copies with twelve pages of the *Psalter*, together with the Plantin Press preliminaries. These copies were not bound. And I believe that there are a few odd sheets which were not turned over to Mrs. Doheny. At one time I traded some books to Dawson's to get a few of those pages. All in all it's one of the really scarce books of our time.

TAPE NUMBER: SIXTEEN, SIDE ONE

January 11, 1966

Ritchie: During recent years Brother Antoninus has been lecturing nation wide and reading his poetry. I have a letter from Lucille Miller who was for so many years librarian of the Doheny Library at St. John's Seminary at Camarillo. At one time, Brother Antoninus had printed one of his poems on a large folio sheet and had made no effort to distribute it. Brother Mark O'Leary found a stack of sheets in the basement and sent out notices to various people offering them for sale framed. I among others, subscribed for it. It was after this that I received the note from Lucille Miller:

> I too sent in an order for the broadside and in return received a flurried letter from Brother Mark O'Leary O.P. I quote, "Due to the fact that so many responses came through so quickly we didn't get a chance to get all of the copies back from the framer or have the boxes we ordered come through yet in which to send them. I hope you will be patient with us and I promise you that as soon as we can we will send you your copy." The popularity of Brother Antoninus, or at least his printing, apparently bewilders the good Dominicans. I heard Brother Antoninus speak at Immaculate Heart a couple of weeks ago. He has a good deal to say and a fine command of English but I missed a good deal of it because he held his head down and his voice was a low monotone. He read some of his unpublished poems as well as Triptych, and I was very much disappointed that I understood practically none of it.
>
> However, there were some amusing moments. He was introduced by Father Wall, a Dominican who teaches at Immaculate Heart, a very poised and witty man, and of course the large audience was preponderantly nuns who were taking summer courses. Brother A. not only

> talked freely about his marriages but laid into the Catholic church for all of the things he doesn't like about it! His audience took it all in good part and gave him hearty applause at the end. Brother A. certainly would be a difficult person to have around the house and I can see why it was that he did not complete his studies for the priesthood. He could never be a priest. As someone remarked at the end, "he is a Tortured Soul. It is lucky for him that he has the shelter of the Order--the world is no place for him."

Another time, after he spoke in Long Beach on the subject "Poetry and the Life of the Spirit," he wrote to Lawrence Clark Powell,

> I am as usual flattened by the after effects, but yet going over compulsively all the things that I would have liked to have said to the librarians but did not. Here, on the enclosed page, are a few. I only wish I had the inspiration to think of them yesterday. If you can use them in any way, you are welcome. "If I stand before you today a poet it is not so much because of the school system as because of the library. The myth of the frontier is work, production, and that myth still dominated the energies of my home town. In Selma the school thought as much in terms of production norms as Libby, McNeill & Libby, where I had to spend my summers But not the library. The library was the real oasis--archetype, and I drank of its wisdom with a thirst that was holy. For wisdom is its own reason for being. It is the contemplation. It is not made for use. In the Selma library the wisdom was simply there, existent. That's why it was an oasis. The librarian didn't ask what I was going to do with it. It was enough for her that she provided it and I imbibed it. After the day's production norm at school, and the evening household production norm at home, I headed for the oasis, the pure unsullied source. And there among the stately stacks, among the multicolored cases of knowledge, presided over by the mystic, hieratic titles, the symbols of wonder, I sank cross-legged on the floor, in worshiper's immemorial contemplative attitude, and began to live it up. And when the library closed at nine, and I was delivered

again out to the cool darkness, I had all the stars to see me home."

He is an artistic, articulate and creative visionary but as Miss Miller said, he was a Tortured Soul. He wasn't always sure exactly what he was going to do, what he wanted to do. I had a letter on November 16, 1956, from Adrian Wilson saying, "You will be interested to know that Bill Everson, as he is once again known, has left the Order. He is planning a semi-hermit's life in the town of Decoto, hoping to live from his writing. The handpress remains at St. Albert's. Apparently none of his projects worked out there."

A few weeks later, I heard again from Adrian: "Bill Everson is once again Brother Antoninus. After about ten days outside, he decided to return to the monastery. He did come out, however, to do a reading of his conversion poetry from the Poetry Center."

When the Typophiles decided to do the little book about California printers from the articles which had appeared in the <u>California Librarian</u>, there was a request to expand it to cover some of the printers who had not been included, and Brother Antoninus was one of those. He hadn't been excluded by oversight, but the fact thatit would have been impossible forhim to print the inserts on his handpress to be included in the <u>California Librarian</u>.

William Eshelman, who had been such an old friend of Everson's from Waldport, decided to write an article about Brother Antoninus and his work at St. Albert's. He wrote and asked for some material, and Brother Antoninus for some reason didn't want to write anything, but he made a tape recording which he sent down to Eshelman. It is an amazing and a wonderful exposition of the man--his feelings, his background and his method of work. The amazing part of it to me is the soft-spoken confidence that Antoninus has in himself. He is not a boastful man in any way, he merely knows the great qualities which he had. In haring this tape, you have the feeling that this man can do almost anything that he wants to do. He says, without boasting, that he decided that he wanted to be the greatest poet of all times, and he also said that he decided that he wanted to be the greatest printer of all times. You rather have the feeling that he has satisfied himself in both respects.

It's hard for me to judge whether he achieved either. Certainly his poetry has great quality. His printing, I would say, is about as beautiful as it could be made. The fact that it is so limited restricts the appreciation which might be afforded him. There is very little of it and that is impeccable and beautiful, but it's not like the accomplishments of Bruce Rogers, Daniel Berkeley Updike, Bodoni or any of the great printers of the past who have left such an abundance of examples of their achievements in the craft. I don't know to what extent he is going to con-

tinue printing; I suspect he is going to devote most of his future to writing.

The whole Waldport group was of great interest. Evidently at some time during the war, possibly through the influence of the Friends groups, or the Mennonites, or some of the others whose members were conscientious objectors, a decision was made to bring all the intellectuals together in one camp, rather than have them dispersed, where they could stimulate one another and also be out of the hair of the authorities, So this was done in Oregon, at the Waldport camp.

Adrian Wilson was one of these. When we first met him, he signed himself as U. Adrian Wilson. I don't know what the "U" stands for. He was of Dutch extraction--a tall, husky, blonde fellow, with great ability as a clarinetist. In his youth he played in many bands. He came to the camp at Waldport in the summer of 1944 after a stretch in the starvation experiment which the Army was doing at the University of Minnesota.

This group at Waldport consisted--in addition to the poets that we've mentioned--musicians, artists, and actors. Adrian was quite interested in the theatre activities and I have suspected that this may have been induced by the presence of an actress wife at camp by the name of Joyce Lancaster. Eventually she became Mrs. Wilson. They put on such works as Ibsen's Ghosts, Chekhov's The Sea Gull and

Shaw's Candida--all ambitious projects.

Adrian was associate editor of the little magazine called the Compass which was an attempt to do a scholarly magazine in which the various members would write their opinions of different problems which confronted them. In addition to being associate editor, Adrian was also associate in charge of the layout and printing. It was in this capacity that he used the press, which Eshelmann and the others had bought for the Untide Press, and got his first taste of the printer's tribulations. At that time he cared little for the drudgery involved in printing and, in fact, once mentioned that when he got away from Waldport he would be happy not to ever have to mix those little pieces of lead together again and try to get some words out of them.

Upon being discharged, he and his bride Joyce hitch-hiked down to San Francisco, having heard of this magnificent town, and fell quite in love with it. They, however, soon returned to the East, But in the meantime several of those who had been together at Waldport and had been interested in the theatre began corresponding, and decided that they would all gather together in the city of San Francisco and start a theatre. The main participants in this were Kermit Sheets, the poet, and Martin Paunch, a good friend of Adrian's who had been editor of the Compass at Waldport. They all returned by prearrangement in Sep-

tember, 1946. They immediately started working on a play, but in order to survive (since none of them had means) they had to take daytime jobs.

Being a musician and having had some little background in printing, Adrian looked up in the telephone book and found that there was a Pacific Music Press, and he thought he might there learn something about the printing of music which would be of use to him. He was given a job, though he didn't have very many qualifications. He found that instead of working with the music, he was put to work setting display type for the title pages, etc. He worked there, however, for some time earning enough money to live on.

In the meantime, the little theatre project was going ahead and for their first production it was suggested that they have a program. With Adrian being the printer, it was his job to produce it. Either at the Music Press there was not the equipment or else they didn't want him to use it free. So he had to make other arrangements. He did it with some "anarchists and marijuana addicts," as he once stated, who ran a little magazine called the Ark. They had a rented room for which they paid seven dollars a month, and they also had a little clamshell press on which they printed their magazine. The forms were made up on the kitchen sink. There was no motor for the press the wheel had to be turned by hand. It was a two-man job. But the first program of this theatre group, which later was called the Interplayers, was done at this place.

Adrian knew little about the mechanics of business, buthe had heard that paper was available from the Zellerbach Paper Company. He looked up Zellerbach in the phone book and arrived on the umpteenth story of one of the buildings and walked in, asking for paper, not realizing that this great Zellerbach Corporation was interested in many mills and forests and that and instead of going to the paper division he was in the executive offices. [laughter] However, he was set aright and after finding some wrapping paper that would do for the first one, he had better luck from thereon.

In looking for a place to house the Interplayers, they had naturally walked up and down the streets in the lower rent area of San Francisco. One day they had seen a quite interesting looking place on Commercial Street, and walked in. It turned out to be the Grabhorn Press. Adrian explained what he was doing and his problems of getting paper and so forth, and the Grabhorns had lots of end cuts which they threw out and so they piled these odds and ends into Adrian's arms, and he went forth with enough paper to do many programs. Of course, they were of odd shapes and various colors and so the programs of the Interplayers during the next months were made to conform to the size of paper that he had.

The early programs and announcements followed somewhat the tradition started at Waldport, which was semi-Bauhaus. The boys up there were attempting to do things as modern as possible, and so sans-serif types were used with as-

ymmetrical design, and blocks of type. However, after his first few programs, Adrian was given a commission by another organization to do a program for a Shakespearean play. He started out doing it in a very modern manner. But it was explained to him that they wanted something that would look a little more like Shakespeare and Adrian discovered serif types and symmetrical layout. It opened his eyes to the range of variations that were possible and his development started from that time. It was remarkable how capable he was from the very beginning. He had a feeling both for type and for layout that is quite unusual among people who have had little or no experience with printing. He developed, almost self-taught, through the years.

The Interplayers for the first year or so put on their productions at the Friends' Center in San Francisco, but eventually some of their plays were a little too far out--Sartre and others--which made it necessary for them to look elsewhere. Adrian in the meantime had become more and more immersed in printing, and he finally persuaded Jack Stauffacher at the Greenwood Press to give him a job there. Jack's operation was a small one-man operation. As Adrian once described it, "It was a most interesting place because there was a continual flow of beautiful girls who came in to see Stauffacher who was the one bearded printer of San Francisco at that time." Stauffacher subsequently got a Guggenheim fellowship and went to Italy for a year or two, and from

there was offered a job of director of the new Laboratory Press at Carnegie Institute of Technology. From there he came out to Stanford University where he is at the Stanford University Press at the present time. Adrian worked with him for about a year at the Greenwood Press, and here again Adrian had additional opportunities to do his Interplayer programs because Stauffacher had more equipment, a variety of type and ornaments with which Wilson could work.

Eventually the Interplayers found a broken-down, beaten-up, empty warehouse at the corner of Hyde Street and Beach, at the bay end of Hyde where the cable cars stop. At the present time there is a little park across the way, and Ghirardelli Square has been worked out, and it's a beautiful place. In those days it was the end of nothing--warehouses and a little old cafe there called the Buena Vista. The first time I ever saw it was in the early '50's. We had heard about the Buena Vista because they had all of the imported beers, and so we wandered there on a visit to San Francisco and sat around drinking some Danish beer and some Swedish beer, enjoying it. I was intrigued by the menu which they had--which was a little beauty--and inquiring about it, I was told that it was printed by a printer across the street in the place called the Interplayers. We visited Adrian over there.

When the Interplayers had found the building, they amassed all of their fortune together and put in a cement

floor and painted like mad. Adrian had bought an 8 x 12 Challenge Press, and it was placed off the foyer. He became known as the printer to the Interplayers. By this time, I believe it was 1951, he had traded in his original press for a Colt's Armory and had just bought a Kelly B. He was having an awful time because he couldn't make it run, but subsequently with the help of Lawton Kennedy they got it in pretty good working condition, and Adrian managed to learn most of the secrets of the press.

He was doing fairly well with his printing. The menus and material that he had done for the Buena Vista Cafe across the street had come to the attention of many people, and his colorful programs for the Interplayers had also attracted customers. He was beginning to do a number of little books, and the Book Club of California was noticing him as one of the young printers they could count on. He was able to make his living out of the printing and he continued to do the programs for the Interplayers in exchange for the space which he used.

However, as so often happens with artistic groups, the time came when there was a difference of opinion between members of the Interplayers group. The original ones were still interested in democratic procedure. They wanted to talk over the plays; they wanted to be able to express their opinions about how things were run. Another group felt that they would do better if they had a dictator who would say "We do this and you do this." And so the ori-

ginal group pulled away, taking with them the name of the Interplayers and half the equipment, leaving the theatre itself to the other group.

This necessitated Adrian moving his press, being with the dissident moving group. He was then successful enough that he could afford a fairly large loft down on Front Street on the fourth floor of a building in which Lawton Kennedy had his plant, as well as Wallace Kibby, another of the old-time San Francisco printers. It helped a lot because here were experienced men, and whenever he ran into trouble, they, with the usual kindness and perception of printers of this quality, would come in and help him. In about 1956, Adrian closed down his plant for commercial work and went over as assistant production manager to William Goetz at the University of California Press. He remained there for about two years, during which time I worked with him fairly closely on a number of designs which he sent down to me to do for the Press. However, he didn't completely close down his press; he worked there getting out the Interplayers' programs at night. Also he started work on an ambitious book of his own called "Printing for Theater."

During the years he had been doing the programs for the Interplayers, he had saved all of those left over after the performances. With the passing of years, he had become more and more interested in the subject of theatre printing, and the idea developed of doing a book about the

Interplayers and their programs. I don't know exactly when the book was started, I would think probably '54 or '55. It was expected to be published in the year 1956. He had hoped to publish it before he went to work for the University of California Press but that didn't happen. So he had to work the two jobs for a couple of years.

It wasn't until the very end of 1957 that the book was finally published. In his happiness at completing the book he sent out an invitation,

> Come to a publication party. The question of what to do with leftover programs and announcements has faced theater managements since playbills were invented. The Interplayers, San Francisco's distinguished drama group, solved the problem by returning them to the printer. He in turn has hit upon the idea of selling them in the form of a book to his friends: other printers, past and present Interplayers, bibliophiles, booksellers, librarians, etc. To elucidate their various formats, extoll their illustrators, and justify their imperfections, he has written a running exposé of their design and production, some sixty pages of scintillating prose.
>
> The forty-one plays for which the original programs are bound into this book (in a few cases, through pure indolence, the cuts alone appear) range from Molière's _Tartuffe_ to Sartre's _No Exit_, from Chekhov's _Boor_ to Eliot's _Family Reunion_. The artists who embellished the programs in various media include: Petty Conahan, Mallette Dean, Robert Else, Nuiko Haramaki, Dale Joe, Betty Johnson, Zona Kavin, Louis Macouillard, Don Smith, Jean Varda, Richard Wagner, Maxine Weisman, Richard Whalen, Minor White. This work makes a book full of color, a San Francisco anthology of contemporary graphic art, as many-faceted as the plays themselves.
>
> Implicit in an account of the printing for The Interplayers is a history of the theater as seen through the printer's ink-smudged glasses; their rehabilitation by the Quakers, their reformed speakeasy and Champagne warehouse, their wooing of the Fire

Department, their fission, their set-to with the landlady of a notorious house on Russian Hill, and their Bohemian maturity in the historic Bella Union. The story is told against the backdrop of San Francisco, the only city which would permit it to happen, with its flamboyant practicing printers and its gaudy theatrical past. Above all it is an account of how unhibited printing can be done in spite of the power press, machine composition and 37 1/2-hour week.

In order to accommodate the larger broadsides without creasing (their usual fate in the theatre), the book is a 10 x 15-inch folio. The paper is handmade Tovil, a staunch British sheet, replete with ecclesiastical watermarks and decal edges. The paper of the programs is equally intriguing, running the gamut from the Novelty Wrapping to handmade Fabriano and French wallpaper. Caslon in the 18-point size, with all the ligatures and logotypes the linotypers can supply, is the next type, combined with Warren Chappell's Trajanus for the chapter heads.

These ingredients are held together by a stalwart binding composed of linen from Belgium, boards from the jute mills of India and glue from the finest Western stallions. Nuiko Haramaki's linoleum cuts decorate the flanks of the volume, as well as the title page and chapter heads, which bear the following provocative titles: "Floating the Press of the Ark, Under the Greenwood Tree, at the Sign of the Interplayers, The Castle on Russian Hill, the Beautiful Bella Union." With such lures, plus the fact that the edition will consist of a mere 250 copies, it is imperative that you place your order, with a check for $22.50 plus tax, at your earliest convenience. You should receive your copy circa June 30, 1956. The price after that date will be $25.00.

The book actually came out November 30, 1957. The invitation read, "Arrive between 4 and 7 p.m. Saturday, November 30, 1957 at 533 Lombard Street (end of Tuscany Alley) San Francisco, to see the book and mingle with the artists, the author and printer, and the iron hand in the velvet glove. If you have a copy reserved, you may take take it home with you. Otherwise your copy will be mailed posthaste."

Adrian and Joyce had found this little dream house on Telegraph Hill up Lombard Street, and the end of a short extrusion called Tuscany Alley. Their house is right at the end, through a big iron gate, and has three floors looking over the city. The upper two floors have been fixed up for living quarters, and down below is Adrian's studio and pressroom.

He worked at the University of California Press until 1958, when William Goetz was offered the job at the University of Chicago Press of production manager and as designer, which he took. Adrian at the same time decided he and Joyce would take a year off and go to Europe. He wrote me and said, "Here we are at the University of California Press, we need both a production manager and an assistant. Have you any ideas?" Well, they subsequently got somebody else to fill the bill. Adrian and Joyce spent a year in Europe visiting printers and designers and studying. They spent the most time in Cambridge, England with Brooke Crutchley at the University Press and with David Kindersley, learning to cut slate alphabets.

When he returned home, rather than being returning to printing, he decided to concentrate on book design. <u>Printing for Theater</u> had greatly enhanced his reputation. It was selected as the Outstanding Book of the Fifty Book Show for the year 1957. On his way to Europe he had stopped in New York and had met Mrs. George Macy of The

Limited Editions Club, who had been so impressed with his book that she gave him several commissions to design books for The Limited Editions Club. When he set up his design studio he was able to get commissions, not only from the University of California Press but from William Goetz back at the University of Chicago Press and other places.

Despite his earlier antipathy to the drudgery of printing as performed at Waldport, he really couldn't keep away from it. He still owned the old Kelly B press which he had used at the Interplayers and on Front Street. It was almost impossible to squeeze it through the narrow passageways of Tuscany Alley and into his studio, but it was managed. So Adrian again has a small printing shop available to him and even though his primary concern is with design he still is able to do a certain amount of actual printing, too. He recently did a book for the Book Club of California, and I imagine he still does the Inter-player announcements and posters.

There are several contemporary printers in San Francisco who are doing great work. One of the most interesting presses is the Allen Press which operates completely as a handpress. The Allens at one time ran the Allen Clipping Service, which still is successful and evidently runs itself, so that the Allens have been able to devote themselves to their hobby for the last dozen years or so.. They have two or three extremely interesting presses. They have an

old Acorn handpress dated 1830, which they bought from Jackson Burke, and a pilot press. At one time they had a Colt's Armory which they seldom used, and since then they have been to France several times and have brought back a press from there. Some of their books they actually printed in France. They have occasionally gone over there for a year, set up their workshop and printed. Most of the editions are fairly small, a hundred or two hundred, and some are extremely ambitious books to do on a handpress. Fortunately, though the prices are quite high on the recent publications, they have been able to sell them out.

Kermit Sheets, who was another of the Waldport group, for a while printed as the Centaur Press. Adrian Wilson helped him, and also a fellow by the name of James Broughton, who evidently had the capital with which to back this whole thing. They operated mostly in 1949 and 1950, printing mostly poetry. Adrian Wilson printed their first book while he was at the Greenwood Press, and then evidently they started doing their own presswork in the '50's. Sheets, however, was primarily interested in experimental movies. He was one of the founders of the Interplayers group. He subsequently went on to Hollywood to work.

Herbert Evans, who was a bookseller in San Francisco, became interested in printing. He bought from theGrabhorns the small handpress on which Jane Grabhorn had printed her early Jumbo Press items and kept it in the back of his bookstore.

There he set out doing a series of experimental works. Unlike so many fine press printers, he only wanted to do original compositions and original illustrations. So he did a lot of contemporary San Francisco poetry. He followed the usual San Francisco style which had been originated by John Henry Nash and the Grabhorns in making huge and impressive looking works, using handmade paper, printing them beautifully on dampened paper. For a couple of years he put out a series once every month for subscribers to the whole series. As time wenton he began to experiment with linoleum cuts of leaf and flower forms, and gradually his interest in this replaced his interest in contemporary work. At the present time he is devoting most of his time in making these prints which he cuts himself. He called his the Peregrin Press.

TAPE NUMBER: SIXTEEN, SIDE TWO

January 18, 1966

Ritchie: There were a great many involved in the group of artists I knew in the late '30's. We were all poor, but life was a great deal of fun as I recall it. One day in January 1939,

> the shop was not technically open, it being Saturday, but Gregg Anderson and I were there most of the day and it was really was a busy day. Elinor Nef was around several times, getting started on her book. The O'Crottys dropped in, he recently having quit the Federal Theatre Project to start in the story department at Schlesinger's. Jake Zeitlin came by and the telephone was a continual jingle. The Martins phoned, Fletcher Martin that is, and asked me to come over to dinner. Witter Bynner; Bob Hunt, the son of the Pasadena architect, who was Witter Bynner's constant companion in Santa Fe; the Knud Merrills and Frieda Lawrence were there at the dinner. Frieda said that she had two early versions of Lady Chatterly's Lover, which had never been published and suggested that I might be interested in putting them out. Her Italian boyfriend had been able to sneak these through customs; the manuscripts had been in Italy since Lawrence's death many years previous. She said that they had been in a yellow chest Lawrence had decorated himself, and every time she had passed it, the thought of it had given her a fright. Lawrence, she said, had claimed that Blake had gotten away with writing of such things by the use of symbols, but that he was coming right out with the words. She said she had never received any royalties from the sale of Lady Chatterly except from France. She thought that the reason it had been so harshly received in England was because it had been a real lady who was seduced by a servant. She thinks Powell is a fine man who has not as yet received the recognition he deserves, that he is one of the few intellectually honest and forthright people she has met. After dinner we played games ending up with Intentions. They all left after one and I stayed and bulled with Fletcher and Henriette until well after two.

These were all crazy people it seemed, as this experience with Carl Zigrosser in the summer of 1939 makes quite obvious:

> Zigrosser had been in town several days on his Guggenheim survey of the printmakers of America, and he was leaving Tuesday morning. Margaret Landacre took Paul down to his hotel room to say goodbye and since Fletcher Martin was there with his car, she left him (that is Paul). Train time came and they decided to take Zigrosser up to Santa Barbara where he was going to stop in on Donald Culross Peattie. At Peattie's they had several drinks, and when Peattie learned who Landacre was, he said he wanted him to illustrate the book he was just finishing and when they left, Landacre took the manuscript with him. From there they went to the El Paseo to get some dinner and Fletcher remembered that Douglas Parshall had told him to phone him if ever in town and have dinner with him. Fletcher called but Parshall said he just finished dinner and had an engagement for the evening. Fletcher tried a couple of other phone calls before he gave up, and they started wandering off, resigned to buying their own dinner. But they had hardly started when they saw Parshall hurrying down the hall toward them. He took them in the dining room and started ordering them drinks while they ordered their dinners. Before they left at train time, he had spent over $18.00 on their food and drink. Fletcher, Parshall, and Zigrosser went for the car while Paul Landacre and Herman Cherry, who was also along, decided to hide which they did to the others' consternation. Finally they got to the station and found that all reservations were taken. They went to the bar to await the next section, and when it arrived, they found it too was full so then they decided to take Zigrosser to San Francisco. They stayed that night at San Luis Obispo and went up the San Simeon highway. The next morning, stopping off to see Gordon Newell on his ledge at Big Sur and Edward Weston at Carmel. They got up to San Francisco that night, stayed Thursday, and came home Friday, still in their old clothes and still without any money, except what Fletcher had been able to get with cashing some small checks. Paul clung to Peattie's manuscript all the way, but hardly had a chance to look into it until he got home. Then started the panic, because he didn't know what to do and had to have the illustrations finished by August 20th. He

has been over here several times and I was over there encouraging him and trying not to have him attempt anything he couldn't finish in time.

On another occasion I wrote,

Tonight Paul Landacre invited us over. Margaret had gone to San Francisco and Paul was staying home to take care of Susie, the English bull. Margaret is so attached to her that it was painful for her to leave, Paul told us. The occasion for the party was the unveiling of Fletcher Martin's portrait of Paul which should have been sent to the National Academy a couple of months ago. We arrived and sat with Paul and his brother-in-law drinking gin, until the party seemed great fun. And then the Dahlstroms arrived and we called Fletcher and he came without Henriette who was home sick. Later we called the Zambonis and Jake Zeitlin and that made the whole party. It was a grand affair. Karl Zamboni scrambled eggs for us; then we sat in the dark room. Fletcher told stories of his childhood in Idaho where his father was first a newspaper editor and then a farmer. And Jake told of his early life in the farm in Texas. It made a nice evening. When we left we all went down to the road together, and Jake and Fletch started wrestling. Janet and I got in our car and turned the lights on. There in front of us, in the glare of the lights, the two of them fought. They got close to the edge of the road, and suddenly, as quick as an instant, they disappeared completely over the edge. It was comical, it happened so suddenly and we roared with all the laughter we had. They evidently fell a dozen feet and rolled another twenty before they stopped and started back. When their heads appeared over the edge, I sensed that I was picked for a similar journey. And it became a race to get the car started and off before they succeeded in making the road. They came lunging, and I let the car out with such a jerk that we nearly went over ourselves, but the escape was made.

And then the war came on May 17, 1940; I wrote,

People don't talk about anything except the war nowadays. And every time we're near a radio we twist the dial to see how much nearer the Germans are to Paris. The

German army seems so invincible. Even now the radio blasts, Gamelin exhorts, "Conquer or die!" I think of Théo Schmied, who must be in the midst of it, and of Paris. At the shop we have just finished Armitage's book on the United States Navy. What a time for this book. Alvin Lustig, who has been occupying a corner of the shop argues lustily with us, feeling in a way that the conquest of Europe by Germany is a good thing because it will force us to gird ourselves and adopt a positive philosophy. We talk a great deal about things. Alvin hasn't too much to do and he likes to theorize on theological and philosophical subjects. Jesus is his ideal, although he is a Jew (that is Lustig is a Jew), and he has told me the discovery of the New Testament was the greatest revelation of his life.

A few days later I wrote,

This is a grey day. Although everyone has expected Italy's entrance into the war momentarily, the actual occurence has depressed nearly everyone who has come into the shop during the day. We are busy with Armitage's U.S. Navy; and Huxley's Words and Their Meanings, being bound; a Cal Tech aeronautical booklet on the press; Kaufmann's German Dramatists; and Making Consumer Education Effective ready for the press; Mrs. Doheny's Catalogue; Mrs. Nef's Letters; and Fisher's Ghost in the Underblows being set. There are a couple of other books supposed to come in during the week, so it looks as though the summer will be a busy one, despite the war. I rather fear what can happen to our luxury printing though, with the emphasis on defense and the resulting higher taxes.

On June 23rd, 1940, I wrote,

Today France finally got peace from Germany and Italy, though the price of it would seem to be her place in the sun of the important nations of Europe. It is hard to see how she will ever be anything but a third-rate power, unless England can win the war without her. The military authorities hold out little hope for this, but I still believe the English will win. The French as I knew them ten years ago would prefer almost anything to war and fighting. The English, on the other hand, had a proud unconquerable attitude

and I doubt if they will forsake their spot in the sun without being totally defeated. There is still the question of what will become of the French fleet. The next few days may enlighten us on that and give us a better picture of England's chances. I talked with Miss Althea Warren (Librarian of the L.A. Public Library) down at the Public Library yesterday and she told me that circulation of books had dropped way down since the invasion of Holland. People it seems are listening to the radio and reading the war news in papers rather than reading books at the present time.

In the summer of 1940, an old friend returned to southern California to do some research at the Huntington Library.

William Jackson of Harvard (librarian at Houghton Library of Harvard) came by the shop. We went out to UCLA to have lunch with Larry Powell. Later in the afternoon we went onto Paul Jordan Smith's to see his Burton collection and then came back to Hollywood where we stopped at the Brown Derby for several drinks. From there we went on to Lawry's for dinner and sat and talked until about eleven-thirty. We reminisced a great deal about the days when we were in grammar school and high school together. It is amazing with what great affection we think of the girls we knew in those days and how we would so enjoy going back and finding them again. He came to South Pasadena from Canada and entered the third grade with me. Eventually he skipped a couple of years, including the eighth grade into high school. He was student body president his senior year and after staying out of school a year went to Williams College, because of the Chapin Library there. Even though he expected to be a lawyer his interest was in books. He arrived there with his new southern California clothes and found the students wore a different cut in the East, so he borrowed $500 from the college and got new clothes. He was rushed and got bids from twelve fraternities, but not from Alpha Delta Phi, which is the one he wanted, chiefly because John Marble, a friend from high school, was a member of that fraternity at Stanford and it was the only one he knew much about. He didn't join, but two months

later received a bid from Alpha Delt and eventually became president of the chapter. He had promised his father not to drink until he was twenty-two, so he had a good opportunity to see the effects of alcohol and decided he would never drink anything but the best. He was able later to influence the men in the chapter to only drink the best and ever since, this has been a tradition in the Alpha Delt house at Williams. He was awarded a Rhodes scholarship and took the boat to England but he never matriculated at Oxford because on the boat he married a pineapple heiress from Hawaii. He told several good stories about Rosenbach and his methods of getting the best of people. He and Rosenbach used to dine together once every two weeks and afterwards they'd get two bottles of whiskey and sit talking until each had finished his bottle. Rosenbach, having diabetes, drank incessantly believing that alcohol burned the sugar out of his system. Lately, however, he has been cut down to two ounces a day by his doctors. Later on we talked of Larry Powell and I told of the great possibilities in him. And Bill said that perhaps he could be made the head of the Acquisitions Department of Harvard and that he would do his part to see that he would be given the opportunity. (Of course, Larry subsequently continued at the University of California at Los Angeles Library to become the head Librarian.)

With the war and its problems, I philosophized on March 4, 1942,

What is life? A woman to love? Yes, and sun and rain and moonlight. It is a routine of endless days that are so much alike that it finally becomes difficult to realize that so many years have passed. It is plans and dreams, and the gradual realization that most of them are never to be. It is war and politics and the things that swirl around us and are never a part of us. But most of all it is a pencil and a piece of paper, without which our thoughts are never completely born and then last only the minute of our memory.

It had been a new life since war had come to us on December 7th, 1941. That was a Sunday. The Club was having

a party at the Stevens' ranch which is in the mountains above San Dimas--a beautiful spot in the foothills there. We swam in the reservoir. We played paddle tennis and other games and were having cocktails when for some unknown reason one of the party turned on the radio, and immediately all activity was stopped as heard the dreadful news of Pearl Harbor. There were several people at the party who had factories involved in the war effort to a certain extent. The immediate worry was that the whole Japanese community in southern California would rise and sabotage them. Many of the guests immediately hopped into their cars to get down to their places of business to see that they were adequately protected against any such possibility.

Of course, as I had previously suspected, the impact had a serious effect upon our business, which until this time had been primarily in the field of fine books which we were doing for well-to-do patrons. In the field of college literature, we were doing printing for Occidental College, Scripps College, and books and catalogues for the Huntington Library. The plush part of our business ceased immediately; people were no longer interested in printing beautiful books, especially on the west coast of California which was expected to be invaded at almost any time. The educational work which we were doing for the colleges also ceased because at that time these institutions did not realize what a vital part they were going to play in the

war effort. They saw then only that the men attending the schools would be immediately taken into the Armed Forces and that they would be left with only a student body of women and that their student body total would be cut in half. So this part of printing was also curtailed.

The other great problem is that in doing limited editions, we were not great users of paper--in quantity that is. We were more interested in the quality of the paper that we were using. We were still using handmade paper and more expensive papers. But when the quota allotments were made it was on the basis of tonnage rather than on the cost of the paper. So we were left in a precarious spot of having equipment but very little paper unless we could get into war work. We naturally didn't want to cut our staff if we could possibly help it, but it became obvious that we also could not pay to keep all mouths there. I was offered a position at Douglas Aircraft Company in Santa Monica and decided that they could get along without me at the shop and accepted the position in the Education Department.

It was one of the most vivid experiences of my life. I was only there about seven or eight months, but in recollection it seems to me that I saw more, remembered more, did more things during those few months than any other similar period of my life. On September 8, 1942, I wrote;

It is a new life I have had since the 27th of July, a far different cry than that I have been uttering. At five-thirty each morning I hop from bed to the note of the alarm and have arrived at Santa Monica at Douglas Aircraft at seven-thirty to punch in a time clock. Each hour I accumulate another $.80 and for forty-eight hours each week. (Of course, at that time I thought I was being high paid. This was above the average and it's amazing to think how wages have changed since 1942; we were still on the Depression basis at that time.) More than that I am seeing with new eyes and hearing with new ears. It is not perhaps life as I should always wish to live it, but it is war experience and it feels useful to me after a long time of semi-inactivity and financial worry. The month and a half has been immensely exciting from the standpoint of initiation into a new and vital industry. And it has been interesting sitting on the sidelines watching the shuffling around of men and ideas in a madhouse of uncertainty, indecision, jealousy, and ambition. No other industry in the world, except perhaps the government in Washington, could keep on functioning under such a condition of inefficient management. In general the men I have met and talked to in positions of responsibility are very able and sincere. Yet they all seem to be frustrated through a lack of final authority. There doesn't seem to be enough of it delegated and a bottleneck on final decisions results. Then, too, the picture changes so fast, personnel turns over so quickly, that each and every person is conniving for another's job, and the jealousy and intrigue is frightful.

Naturally this would be expected in any business which was changed so radically in such a short time. From a small, integrated little company it was all of a sudden multiplied in size and responsibilities many times. Personnel was recruited from any place it could be found--mostly inexperienced people. The great problem at the time was not getting enough people, because they seemed to be coming in, but knowing what to do with them. Most of them were

inexperienced in the jobs into which they were put. I noticed that once you became a head of a department, it was important to you to have as many people under you as possible. So each one would say that he needed fifty men, when perhaps ten would adequately do the job. Once you got fifty you had to find something for them to do, and so there were lots of odd projects being promulgated.

The department in which I was working was then called the Education Department. We had complete access to any portion of the Douglas plant. Most areas were restricted and the workers could only go into the one little area of their particular business. But we were attempting to find methods of facilitating the worker's job, and so we were allowed to go in and watch them at work. We were able to see the mock-ups of the new planes that they were planning for the future. This gave me adequate opportunity to see a lot more of the effort than most people.

My particular job was in the publications. Since they were attempting to accelerate the production of planes, old men and women were being put on the assembly line; many of them had never seen a hammer or a screw driver in their life. Our first job was to make simple little booklets explaining mechanical procedures--"How to Rivet," "How to Drill," "How to read a Shop Order" and various simple subjects. Also we had to do procedural books about the electrical systems of the planes and others on

safety precautions. We also had a motion picture unit in the group, and we had story boards exactly as they would have in the cartoon industry. A good many artists worked out the ideas on the story boards, and then the camera crew would go out and take the pictures. We did safety pictures this way and a good many others.

There was a certain amount of frustration in all of this. Things were in such a flux that from day to day we hardly knew where we would be located. It seemed to me in the eight months that I was there that we must have moved to new locations at least five times, and of course my desk was moved perhaps fifty times, even in the new locations. As I had mentioned, we were overstaffed in certain respects and in other respects quite understaffed. It was a remarkable group of people we had writing these little books. We had a Rhodes scholar; we had a Carnegie scholar; we had as an artist, Edgar Rice Burroughs' son; and we had several other talented and well-known local artists. It was quite an intelligent group.

Of course, there was a lot of waste time too. I recall that the gentleman at that time in charge of part of the operation was an artist of no mean ability, but he was not an executive. And he was interested in so many different things. Certain afternoons would be set aside, and we would have a lecture on semantics and we would

discuss these things in an intellectual way. There was one girl who he had working on the design for a desk for over six months. There were various people who were put on useless jobs, but it was a reflection of this man's ideas. It was his great opportunity because never before had he been given all of this power to do things, and he was trying to adapt something to conform with his philosophy of how business should be run--but actually as it shouldn't.

We got out an incredible number of books during the eight months I was there. I helped because I had some background in printing. Originally when I went there the books were typewritten and then were photographed and done in the small little plant in the Douglas organization. But there was just too much for them to handle, and it was quite a bottleneck. So we started getting industry in, and we typeset these books. I had a little staff, and we would make all of our paste-ups and send them into Los Angeles where they were done quite efficiently--at least I thought so at the time.

After I left there, I went back some six months later to see how things were going on and was amazed at the changes that had gone on. I thought that we had a fairly efficient, forwardlooking organization. They hadn't finished any new books since I had left in six months except those which were already in progress when I left. But they had the

most magnificient office I had ever seen. The production board was approximately ten feet high and twenty feet long, a great beautiful board on which were placed the various booklets which had been done. It was almost like going into Mussolini's office, with a great backdrop, and there were spots for other books that were going to be done and books that should be done. Well, I could readily see that they had been busy [laughter] during this time but hardly busy on the things that should have been done.

Dixon: Why did you leave?

Ritchie: Other industries were having problems too, and one of the companies which I had known well was the advertising agency of Lord and Thomas. They had been getting along somehow or other without a manager of the production department. I gathered that things were in sort of a hectic state. One of my old friends, Maurice Lesseman, who worked for Lord and Thomas, made the suggestion that I might be given the job, and so they called me and I was interviewed and offered the job of production manager which promised a saner, more comfortable life for me. In 1941, we had bought some property up in La Canada so I was living up there and the trek to Santa Monica each morning was an extremely long one. It took me well over an hour to get there. During the winter time, I never saw daylight. I would be up and away and arriving in Santa Monica, oddly

enough at seven thirty it was dark, and into the building we would go and work all day and get away at perhaps six o'clock. It would be dark by then, and on to home. During the rainy season it was almost impossible, and the fog in Santa Monica was so bad that we would arrive at Beverly Hills and start inching our way on down there. It was also a six-day week so that only Sundays were available for any recreation. So I was greatly tempted by the offer from Lord and Thomas, then to become Foote, Cone & Belding, and I accepted it.

This move to La Canada was a fortuitous one in many respects; I had always lived close to where I worked. Previous to this when the press was in South Pasadena, of course, it was in the backyard of our house. When we moved to Griffith Park Boulevard, we lived in the same building with the press. When we moved it to Hyperion Avenue in 1937, it was only a block away so that it was within easy walking distance. It was my philosophy at that time that a man should never waste time traveling to and from his place of business, and it was a pretty practical philosophy I thought. But our second son Duncan was born in 1941, and my brother-in-law, Roger Bixby Smith, had moved up to La Canada in the large old Lanterman house, belonging to the original developers of the area. We became quite intrigued by the area, and they suggested a little house which was for

sale. I actually didn't expect to buy it, having no money for a down payment; the owner, who had picked up this land on a mortgage which he had had to foreclose, was insistent that we buy it. It seemed to me that every day he was on the phone for a half an hour telling me why, and when I said that we didn't have any money he himself went to the bank and arranged that they would give us a loan of $2,000 on the home which we had on GriffithPark Boulevard. Before I knew it we owned the property in La Canada.

The house itself was a funny little old house which Senator Flint had built on the property as a showplace evidently when they first subdivided Flintridge. There were a couple of acres of land, right on the edge of Flint Wash which at that time was a beautiful sandy little wash with oak trees all around the place, It had been converted in later years into a school, the Flintridge School for girls, which later became Anoakia School out in Arcadia. The little house which we bought was the headmistress's home, and in back there was a paved basketball court, high-jumping pit, broad-jumping pit, a stable and a little athletic house with a series of washbasins and showers in it and lockers down one side of the room.

The school had extended from Commonwealth Avenue on which this house was located on through to the next street, and there were two other large old homes that were used as

classrooms and dormitories for the school. The reason the school moved was that one of the buildings burned down, and they were not able to get permission to rebuild as a school since this was a residential area. They had to move out of the area. The other building was sold to Mr. Schenk the realtor, and our building was foreclosed by the gentleman from whom we bought it.

We moved in the summer just before the war, and it turned out ~~everybody~~ to be a long way, it seemed to me, from Los Angeles and business. But to all of our friends who lived in Los Angeles, it became a delightful wartime retreat. When the war restrictions on gasoline and travel came, it was impossible for them to go very far afield but here was a rural sanctuary, not too far away. It became a haven for fifteen to twenty of our friends, mostly the artists from The Club during the war years.

Each Sunday turned out to be a grand picnic. Each couple would arrive around noon or so. Each would bring his own bottle of whatever he could find in those days, and there was a strange mixture of drinking fluid. We were young and quite athletic. We converted the old basketball court into a softball area, and we would have a spirited game in which men and women and children would partake. (Couples brought their children so it was a family affair.) We had quite a penchant for horseshoes. Out under the oak trees we had horseshoe pits, and later in the afternoon we

would throw those and the clank would roar down the valley. Then other games would go on. It was very congenial. We had a barbecue on the patio and at night we would either barbecue hamburgers for everybody or make a pot of spaghetti--very simple things. Then in the evening we would have two or three card tables of bridge or play what we called "The Game," which was an acting and guessing game.

It was the only recreation we got, working as we did six days a week, and most of these people were in some of the war or related industries. Of course, Monday quite often turned out to be a difficult day [laughter] because we had played so hard during our one day off that we were completely exhausted when we got to work at seven-thirty the next morning.

It was amusing in retrospect because some friends like Philip Brown worked at Vultee, and quite often he would be on an overtime shift, but he never missed a Sunday regardless. He might not even get to bed that night, but as soon as his shift would be off he would head for our place, play all Sunday and go to work again on Monday. Now, these were hard-working but hard-playing people that we knew.

It was on March 4, of 1943 that I left Douglas Aircraft and went to work for Foote, Cone & Belding. Foote, Cone & Belding had been Lord and Thomas until January 1st of that year. It's a strange and interesting story. Lord and Thomas was one of the three or four oldest advertising

agencies in the United States and one of the largest and most famous. It, J. Walter Thompson, and N.W.Ayers were the three oldest, starting in the mid-1850's when an advertising agency's function was to buy all the advertising space in a magazine and then re-sell it to various clients. Gradually the whole idea of what advertising was had to be developed. The earliest advertising was presenting an article or having it appear often enough on the pages so that people would recognize it. It wasn't the great selling that it now is, the "reason why" hadn't been discovered.

Albert Lasker was the driving force of Lord and Thomas. He joined the company as a young man around the turn of the century and eventually became the sole owner. In addition to the advertising agency, he also had bought into many of the firms for which he did the advertising. I believe he was the sole owner of Pepsodent toothpaste, for instance, and other such firms. Lord and Thomas was the holding company for his stocks in all of these, and if you recall, in 1942, the government announced that taxes were going to be doubled or quadrupled in 1943. Albert Lasker's lawyers suggested to him that if he ever expected to liquidate any of these holdings and get a fair amount out of them, he had better do it before the new laws went into effect. So here he had one of the great advertising agencies, which he would have to liquidate in order to salvage his other

investments. It was a shame to allow the name of Lord and Thomas to lapse, but the lawyers advised him that there was a great value in the name itself, and if he sold it or even gave it away, there would be a big tax. So he completely liquidated Lord and Thomas and the various offices.

The main offices were in Chicago, in New York and the Los Angeles and San Francisco area offices. There was also a London office and a Canadian office. He gave each of these to the manager of the office. The American group which consisted of Emerson Foote, who was the executive in the New York office; Fairfax Cone, in Chicago; and Don Belding, who was head of the Los Angeles and San Francisco offices, got together and rationalized, "We can't function alone and separately." Thus, the new company of Foote, Cone, & Belding was created. The Canadian unit separated and became another advertising agency, and the overseas office in London also became a separate agency. But the American group continued and was able to retain all of the accounts which Lord and Thomas had had. Each of these men had to put in all of his personal fortune, which wasn't large enough, and Mr. Lasker, realizing the problems that would confront a new company without sufficient capital, loaned them, I understand, two million dollars so that they could continue working. Now an advertising agency doesn't have many physical assets, so there were no problems there--a few desks and a few typewriters. It is mostly personnel,

men and brains, that make up an advertising agency, so the transition was not too difficult. Only during the first few months, was there a fear that some of the large accounts might withdraw, but they soon realized that it was a change in name only and so there was no loss of accounts.

I went in as production manager and here again was a new challenge. Unless you have worked in an advertising agency, you don't realize the problems. Deadlines are completely final in advertising, If you don't have the proper material to the magazine or to the newspaper when it goes on the press, you may have a blank page staring at you for which you have paid. You have clients who have minds of their own; you have to anticipate what they want. Sometimes when they make an unwise choice, you have to kindly but forcefully steer them back onto the right path. You too have to anticipate the client's needs far into the future because advertising doesn't pay off until tomorrow for the money that you spend today. It is usually the week after or the month after or the year after, and you have to build slowly and gradually so that the products of the firm will be selling next year in greater quantity than this year or you are not adequately functioning as an advertising agency. So I joined the agency with a certain amount of trepidation.

Also I found a new area of terminology. They use terms; they use products; they use a lot of things which

in the printing business or in the aircraft business we had never thought of. The first few weeks in any job like this are quite rugged, especially if you are put into a position such as I was as manager of the department, knowing substantially less than many of the people who were working for me.

At that time it was rather a formless operation, too. It had grown like Topsy. There had been women who had served in their capacities for fifteen, twenty years. They were hardened in their ways; they didn't like the intrusion of a new person, and most of their knowledge of the operations they kept completely in their heads. One of the women with whom I had to work mostly was Fletcher Martin's older sister, and a brilliant mind she had and a terrific memory. Her memory was so great that she never put anything down on paper if she could help it. After my own initiation, my major problem was to work out procedures, require adequate records and prepare a system of schedules. This took time, as it was necessary to a resistance to change and organization.

TAPE NUMBER: SEVENTEEN, SIDE ONE

February 8, 1966

Ritchie: The Los Angeles office of Foote, Cone & Belding was almost unique in the advertising world. During the seven and a half years I was there, it had a stability of personnel that is quite unusual in this hectic and effervescent business. The staff was permanent, and the accounts were permanent. It was considered "the agency" of Los Angeles and dominated the local advertising scene until the '50's. During World War II when there was a manpower shortage, old Robert Crane was called out of retirement to help with copy writing and from him I gathered some of the early history of Lord and Thomas and of the office.

From some of these notes which I took on October 12, 1945, I found that Crane was in the Chicago office of Lord and Thomas from 1906 to 1916. He wrote copy at that time for the California Fruit Growers Exchange account. The advertising manager of the exchange was Mr. Roy Grassly and Don Thomas was the assistant manager. Albert Lasker, the owner of Lord and Thomas, sent Crane to the Pacific Coast in 1916 as Pacific Coast manager of Lord and Thomas. Don Francisco came out at the same time to be in the office of the California Fruit Growers Exchange. The move was made for two reasons: first, because the advertising department of the Fruit Exchange moved from Chicago to its home

office in Los Angeles and for the second reason, because Lord and Thomas had secured the California Associated Raisin Companies' account, which was later known as the Sunmaid Raisin Growers Association. Crane opened the offices of Lord and Thomas in the Citizens Bank Building in Los Angeles, and they soon acquired the W. P. Fuller Paint account. He had a staff of five people in the beginning in Los Angeles. There were no other large agencies in Los Angeles at that time with the possible exception of the McCann agency which had a small office in Los Angeles. The Walnut Growers' account was added in 1924, the Union Oil account in 1920, the All Year Club account in 1921. About 1920 or '21 also Don Francisco left the Exchange and came to Lord and Thomas as manager, while Crane returned to the East in 1927. They were located in the Transportation Building around 1918 and the Chamber of Commerce Building in 1921. By the time that I joined the firm they had moved to the Edison Building at the corner of Fifth and Grand.

Albert Lasker, the prime mover of the Lord and Thomas advertising business, was sitting in his office in Chicago one night when it was announced that there was a man who would like to tell him what advertising was. This was Mr. John E. Kennedy, a Canadian mounted policeman, who during the day, while pursuing his business, began to wonder about advertising. He mused that general publicity, keeping a name

before the people, did not sell goods. At least he felt it gave him no reason for buying. He thought that advertising should tell why the product was of value to the consumer. He felt that advertising should be used as a form of salesmanship and that was what advertising space should be used for. He thought quite a bit about this advertising, although he had never been in the business.

Mr. Lasker had had somewhat the same idea as that of Mr. Kennedy (Mr. Lasker was then about twenty-three years old). He was sitting in his office in Chicago pondering about what advertising really was when a boy knocked at his door and asked, "Are you Mr. Thomas?"

Mr. Thomas, also of Lord and Thomas, was in the office at that time. Thomas acknowledged the question; the boy handed Thomas a note written in pencil as follows: "No advertiser knows what advertising is. No advertising agency knows what advertising is. I know what it is. If you are interested, send this note back with the boy as I am waiting downstairs in the lobby." It was signed John E. Kennedy.

Thomas said to Lasker, "I'm going home. He must be some crackpot. That is your department, so you'd better handle this."

Lasker was curious and he told the boy to bring Kennedy in. In came Kennedy, a typical mounted policeman, with a handlebar mustache and a ruddy complexion. He was

quite a large man, about six feet, three inches tall and weighing between 190 and 200 pounds. He and Lasker started talking about advertising. Kennedy told him his ideas. Brand names did not mean anything except as identification. So if you published a brand name repeatedly, it did some good as identification, but it did not sell nearly the amount of goodsfor the same money as when reasons were given for its use. Nor did the repeated publication of the name of the company mean anything. The net result of the talking between the two men was that they parted company in Lasker's office at two-thirty in the morning, having sat through from five-thirty in the evening, not even going out to dinner. Lasker was interested in this man's ideas, which he realized at once were just what he was looking for. Lasker actually felt the ideas, butKennedy was the one who put them into words for him.

So he hired Kennedy and his first account was the 1900 washer. This was a good washing machine made in Birmingham, New York. It was a mail-order business. All of the washing machine advertising previous to that time had been of the type, "Why be chained to a washtub?" They told about the drudgery of washing clothes and so forth. Kennedy's idea was this--that a woman did not like the idea of having it suggested that she was chained to a washtub. He then introduced, as far as anybody knows, the first free

trial offer on the part of any manufacturer of a product that cost as much as a washing machine. He wrote a very famous advertisement around the idea, something along the line, "You would not buy a horse until you knew that the horse was sound. And the best way to find that out is to use the horse and see how he performs." It was a big success. He wrote quite a number of other successful campaigns, but he was a temperamental fellow and a great salesman of himself. He would brook no interference and would not change his copy once it had been written. He finally left the firm to do free-lance work.

Then came Claude C. Hopkins, the same type of person as Kennedy--he thought along the same lines. As soon as Lasker heard about him, he wanted him and hired him. These two men, Kennedy and Hopkins, brought to Lasker exactly the kind of advertising that he was looking for, and so Lasker introduced these men to clients, sold their copy to them. Very few clients interfered in any way. Lasker, therefore, practically made the careers of these two men and at the same time gave to the advertising business as a whole the first real advertising which they called "salesmanship in print." Lasker was a great salesman, an impresario as well as an advertising man, and a business genius. He discovered the"reason why" copy as well as the "salesman in print" slogan through these two men. It was his use of this that revolutionized advertising in the United States

and created the modern concept of advertising which has been adopted by all agencies at the present time.

One of the outstanding illustrations of this revolution was the Pepsodent business. Thatproduct started from scratch; they had just a formula. Hopkins created the story and the phrase "film on teeth." It was the film on the teeth that became discolored and held the germs in contact with the teeth. Pepsodent advertised what was called a digestant of this film. A test of the "film on teeth" story was made in St. Louis, Missouri, for a small amount of money, about $7500. It proved so successful that it was expanded over the entire United States. It was a pure case of consumer demand in the stores as a result of "reason why" advertising. There were no salesmen. Up to that time, Colgate and others, like Dr. Lyons, had been showing pictures of women smiling and the slogan or a phrase which was more or less meaningless. Some of these companies had been in business for fifty or sixty years before Pepsodent came in, and yet within three years, Pepsodent was up among the one, two, three top selling toothpastes in the country. It amazed the toothpaste people; they could hardly believe it. So they then began to use the "reason why" copy themselves.

Lasker had a brilliant mind. He seemingly made snap judgments, and one would think that he could not have thought things out. He did not have to think things out but had

sort of a natural knowledge, something like intuition. He was very versatile. He could sit down with a king or an ambassador and talk their language or go down in a coal mine and be exactly the coal miner-type. He had vision, knew the public thoroughly, and at the same time was a number-one businessman. He was good with figures too.

He was only about twenty-three when he started with Lord and Thomas and was paid $10.00 a week as a solicitor. For the first three years, he spent about 275 nights a year on a sleeping car trying to get business. He got so much in three years that he became a partner. Mr. Lord had already retired from the business and Thomas died in 1906, at which time Lasker took over the business. As I had mentioned previously, Lasker withdrew from the business in 1942, and the assets were turned over to Foote, Cone & Belding and the name of the firm at that time was changed to Foote, Cone & Belding.

The Sunkist and Union Oil accounts were the busiest during my years at the agency, from 1943 to 1950, though most of the rest of their business was also of a substantial nature--such as the All Year Club of Southern California, Lockheed Aircraft Company, Purex, National Broadcasting Company (until the government forced it to separate the red and blue networks which they had at that time; the blue network becoming the American Broadcasting Company), Cole of California, the Security Bank, Pacific Mutual Life Insurance

Company, Southern Pacific, and several other good accounts. The people working at Foote, Cone & Belding were a stimulating and engaging group. There was hard work but there was also lots of fun among them. The restrictions of the war drew us close together. We had to entertain and help ourselves.

The car pool was one of the most integrating of these forces. Twice a day we had to entertain one another as we plied our way to work and from work to home. We had moved to La Canada in 1941, and when I started working for Foote, Cone & Belding, I found that there were a substantial number of the agency people who also lived up in the same area. So we formed two car pools of about four or five each, and from time to time we would vary those with whom we would go. The one which I rode with most often consisted of Jack Little, who was an accounts supervisor, handling the All Year Club, Cole of California and, I believe, the Security Bank. Jack subsequently went to San Francisco to take charge of that office of Foote, Cone & Belding and because of his great interest in the Presbyterian Church he ultimately left the agency business to become executive head of the seminary up in the San Francisco area. He was a brilliant, delightful man, and it was his wit and charm that entertained us greatly during this period.

Some of the stories which he told are almost incredible. One that particularly appealed to me was the story

of an uncle of his who had married a fairly well-to-do woman so that he really had no economic requirements. But being of the same general nature as Jack himself, he was never satisfied with this, and he was continually looking for some kind of employment so that he could have some of the responsibility and respect which he so much wanted. He even went out on the road selling encyclopedias, but he was never able to succeed at any of these projects; and as a result his friends always took it for granted that he was going to be taken care of by his wife. One day he was getting into the elevator in one of the buildings of New York and somebody hailed him. He looked across and sure enough it was somebody who had gone to college with him. The gentleman invited him to have lunch and they talked over old times. He asked Jack's uncle what he was doing and he told him, "Well, really nothing at the present time."

And Jack's uncle inquired what this gentleman was doing and he said he was executive editor of one of the great woman's magazines.

And Jack's uncle replied, "Oh, yes, we read your magazine. As a matter of fact, I take two copies." The gentleman was curious and asked why. And Uncle said, "Well, you know, my wife likes to have things well-organized, and she doesn't particularly like the way that your magazine is organized. So when it comes each time, I take two copies

and rearrange it, and so when she gets it, everything is concentrated."

And the man was most curious and said, "Would you mind showing me how this is done?" So he took uncle up to his office after lunch and gave him some magazines and a pair of scissors and some paste, and uncle reorganized the magazine, putting all of the articles in one group, all of the recipes and cooking in another. When it was all arranged, the executive director called in his art director and said, "See, this is how our new magazine is going to be." [laughter]

And Jack's uncle was given a job there, and later as I recall from the story rose to be editor. Jack told of visiting his uncle several years later and going up to his office which was on the umpteenth floor with a great picture window looking out across the city, and his uncle got up from the desk and went over to the window and pointed across to another building and said, "You see there, that whole floor is our apartment." And he said, "Jack, I pay the rent." Which was a very satisfying story.

Maurice Lesseman and his brother Wilbur Lesseman were also members of this car pool. Maurice worked on the Sunkist account and Wilbur on the Purex account as I recall. I had first met Maurice Lesseman back in 1933 through Hildegarde Flanner, the poet. Maurice had graduated from the University of Chicago, had worked with an advertising agency

in Chicago for several years until he had accumulated a good bit of money. He was actually a frustrated writer; he had written poetry which had been published in _Poetry Magazine_. He had been one of the "young geniuses" at the University of Chicago during his undergraduate days, and while he had been successful in advertising, he really wanted to devote himself to creative work. So he quit his job and brought his wife out to California and settled down in a little small house in La Crescenta to write his novel. He was so meticulous that the novel went very slowly. A year passed and it wasn't finished. Another year passed. Their capital had dwindled to the point where he was forced to give up and seek employment which he was able to get with Lord and Thomas.

His brother Wilbur was a creative musician who wrote quite a bit, but he too had to forego theuse of this talent to make a living for himself and his family. Dick Stowe was one of the art directors. He also lived up in La Crescenta and was part of this car pool. Dick was a gangling man of about six feet, seven inches tall, and a very capable art director.

In the other car pool there was Jack Smock who was on the Union Oil account which subsequently he took with him to Young & Rubicam where he became head of the Los Angeles office and finally to his own agency, which now

operates as Smock/Waddell, still handling the Union Oil account. William Pringle was the head of the agency. There were many fantastic men in it. Ford Sibley was one of these, a great and brilliant mind. He subsequently also went to San Francisco where he took over the head of the agency from Jack Little, then on to New York where he died quite young of cancer.

One of the wittiest of the men was a great pal of Sibley's by the name of Edward Bosley, "Bud" Bosley we called him. He talked hesitantly and you would never think of him as a brilliant man, but once the words started there was great and ingenuous humor that came out. I recall one time we were listening to a rather dull speaker and as he stuttered along on some minute point he said, "I may be straining at a gnat here."

And Bosley leaned over and said, "Incest!"

This was during the war and Bosley was working on the Lockheed account at that time. Of course, it wasn't necessary to sell airplanes to anybody,but the Constellation was being put into operation, vying against the great Douglas planes at that time. In an attempt to get popular approbation of theConstellation, Bosley started writing a column which appeared in the magazines about people who rode on Constellations and their reactions. In order to do this he had a free standby passage arrangement on Constellations if there were empty seats. He noticed that many people loved

to doodle, and he made a fascinating column about the doodles of eminent people on the planes. He would spot someone on the plane, a movie actress or a business tycoon or something of importance--and he would get into a conversation with him and give him a pad and talk about his doodles. Then he would collect these at the end of his trip and write copy around them, and it made a very interesting ad.

One time he made the mistake of going all the way to Europe in a Constellation. He got to London, and he couldn't get back. Most of these trips were done without much planning; he might take an extra shirt and a toothbrush along with him but that was about all. He lived in London for about a month with one shirt, trying to get back. The only chance he had of getting passage was when there was a free seat, which was pretty hard to find in those days.

He was a crazy fellow. One time a few days before Christmas we were sitting around the office and decided to go down to one of theBiltmore bars, which we called the Pimple Room because it was decorated with red bumps. After two or three drinks, we recalled that it was the day of the annual Christmas party in the San Francisco office. So we sat down there and composed a limerick to send up to them in honor of the great occasion, and we thought it was hilariously funny. I don't recall it now, but I am afraid that it used the word "hell of a time" or something like that.

We took it up to Western Union in the Biltmore and they refused to send it. So this destroyed us and we went down to have another drink.

There were a couple of secretaries from the office sitting there, so we bought them a drink and told them about this. Finally we decided if we couldn't send the telegram, we should take it. We actually didn't have enough money to go to San Francisco, but one of the girls had her Christmas bonus check with her so we hopped a cab and went down to the airport, got on a plane and went up to San Francisco for the Christmas party. Well, by the time we got there, the Christmas party had broken up. So we had to wander around town, trying to see if we could find any of them, but it was of no use. The next morning we came back--unshaven, back to the office--everybody wondering where we had all been.

Christmas was a very special time of the year in the advertising business. It was crowded with parties, not only the parties which we gave to various clients but all of the suppliers attempted to gain favor at that time of the year. The engraving houses would have a big party at one of the hotels, and the artists would have studio parties, and it was a gay, gay round of goings-on.

The company party, however, was the gayest and the one that we always looked forward to. During the first year

when I was there, it was held in one of the larger rooms at the Biltmore Hotel. Woody Armstrong, one of the boys who had a keen ear for music and frequented many of the odd spots around town where it could be heard, ran into a young colored chap who played the piano and only incidentally sang. He had a trio which he called the King Cole trio. For a good many years Nat Cole furnished the music at our annual Christmas party. Subsequently, as you know, he was "discovered" and we could no longer afford him.

The creative talent of the organization also was put to test during this occasion because there was always a Christmas poem in which everybody was ribbed. Everybody's name in the whole agency was brought into it, with great insight into their foibles. It was great fun.

In order to use our excess energy we started gathering on Saturday afternoons and sometimes on Sundays to play a ball game in one or two of the parks around town. We eventually formed a pretty good little team, to the extent that we joined one of the semipro leagues. We were playing against such outfits as the May Company, KFI, and our great rival, the Sunkist organization. There was a great deal of contrast, however, between our team and any of the others that I have mentioned because we were all in our late thirties or early forties, and we were all more or less on the executive level. Most of these teams which

were representing other companies were made of the box boys and the delivery men and those hired specially to play on the team. So we were not always successful.

Our greatest triumph was the first time that we played the Sunkist team. The representative of the American Weekly out here, presented a huge trophy which was to go to the winner of the Foote, Cone & Belding-Sunkist baseball match. We arrived for the game--a rather ragtag bunch. We didn't have uniforms; we all had sweatshirts and long trousers on. The Sunkist team came resplendent in their white uniforms and they took the field first. We went out and watched them, and they hit the ball around and threw it with great agility. It was a frightening experience, a subduing experience as we watched them. So we tripped out on the field--the nine old men--and somebody was hitting the ball at us and we fumbled it, and when we threw it, we'd usually heave it over the head of the man we were throwing it to. It was almost comic because we were so nervous at the time, and we wouldn't do anything right. Well, the game started and the Sunkist boys were pretty cocky; they had seen our ineptness and decided that there wasn't going to be very much problem. But we seemed to take hold of ourselves, and finally it got to be a rather tight game. Then all of a sudden we got a couple of hits off of them, and it was they who fell apart. All of a sudden they got so anxious that they couldn't do anything right, and we scored heavily

on them and finally won the game and the cup.

There were more serious things, too. As I had mentioned, Foote, Cone & Belding was the dominant agency in Los Angeles. However, there were many others coming into the field; the war had brought numerous industries here. There is in the agency field a restriction--one agency can't handle rival accounts--Foote, Cone & Belding having Lockheed Aircraft Company could do nothing about North American or Douglas or any of the others. So there is always room for a variety of agencies in any town. But through the years, there had been very little communication between the agencies on the production man's level, that is the level in which I was. The American Advertising Association did have a chapter here; so there was a top level communication but that is about all. For the first two or three years that I was working at Foote, Cone & Belding, I didn't even know the name of another production man in Los Angeles. I knew more of the heads of the agencies around town because we would come into contact with them, but nobody that was doing the actual work in the produ ction field.

Hi Cassidy at the McCarthy Company wanted to know something about the operation of our production department, and he called and asked if he could send his production man over and if I could show him how we had organized our department. He arrived and we exchanged ideas,

and I showed him the forms that we used and the way that we plotted things through the agency. Afterwards we walked out, and he said that I was the first production man that he had met in town, too. And we thought that perhaps it would be a good idea if we got together some day, got a half a dozen other fellows in and exchanged ideas and talked about the suppliers and various problems--which we did.

After lunch I mentioned this idea to one of the boys working in my department, Frank Clarke, who is now head of production at Erwin Wasey in Los Angeles. He had come from Detroit, and he told how they had a Production Man's Club in Detroit and told some of the things that were done there. It was such a good idea that I called various agencies and found out who their production men were and then arranged a meeting on Tuesday, August 7, 1945. I had written down someplace a little account of that first meeting. It says,

> We had a meeting this noon at the University Club of a few of the production men around town. A few weeks ago Ed Taylor of the McCarthy Company dropped in to ask how we handled our production. I outlined the new procedure we had worked out a few months back. We began talking about production in other agencies. Neither of us knew many other production men and decided we should get them together. Later I talked to Dana Jones, and he thought it a splendid idea. Last week Ed Taylor called and suggested we go ahead with it. I got a room, Number 444, at the University Club and this noon we met. There was Ed Taylor of the McCarthy Company; Ben Connery of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; John Watterman of Kemp; Cecil Smith of Foote, Cone & Belding; Frank Clarke of Foote,

Cone & Belding; and myself. Harry Caldwell and Grove were supposed to have been there but failed at the last moment. Jus t before going over to the meeting, I mentioned it to Burt Oliver of our Foote, Cone & Belding's business department, and he appointed me chairman of the Mechanical Requirements Committee of the Local AAA and suggested we tie this new organization to the Advertising Association of America. At the meeting we decided to do this. I was elected chairman. We decided we would have only production men in the club, no women. Anyone leaving the production department of an agency was immediately disqualified.

The first couple of meetings were held atthe University Club, and then we transferred to the Los Angeles Athletic Club. In those days, the agencies were concentrated in downtown Los Angeles; so it was easy to have luncheon meetings. There were no speeches as such. There was a lot of give-and-take of information. And as I recall during the first couple of years, there was almost 100 percent turnout for each meeting. After a couple of years, the evening meetings were decided upon and we moved to the Roger Young Auditorium on Washington Boulevard. And the club began to loose momentum. When it got down to six or ten of us showing at each of the monthly meetings, we began to reconsider some of our original precepts--one of which had been that there would be no guests and another that there would be no guest speaker. With a change in these rules, the club revived and has continued now as a very flourishing organization. Women are now admitted as members, and there are also associate members. Meetings sometimes get up to more

than a hundred people at the meetings, and it stemmed from this origin back in 1945.

I made my first trip East about 1944, I believe. Foote, Cone & Belding wanted to give me the opportunity of seeing how a department such as mine was handled in other segments of the organization. So I went back to the Chicago office and spent a week there. Later on the Production Man's Club sent me back to a convention in Pittsburgh, and from there I made the trip on to Philadelphia where I went through the Saturday Evening Post operation and then onto New York to see how our New York office handled things.

Also I had a very interesting experience, and one on which I used my entire vacation one summer. During the war, my old student Helen Dallas, now Dallas Johnson, had been in Washington working in the Treasury Department in charge of the war bonds for women. While I was at Douglas Aircraft, she wrote me and asked me if I would do some layouts for her for the little folders which they were sending throughout the country, which I did. She had also been one of the students of the summer school sessions which I had given at the plant. She had an abiding interest in my work and a certain reliance upon my ideas whenever she got into a new job.

After the war she worked for the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, which is a branch of the United States Health Service. She arranged for me to come

East to handle two or three projects at the same time. The American Cancer Society had had their first conference in 1949, and I first went to New York and laid out the proceedings of the first National Cancer Conference which was then sponsored by the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute. After I had worked there for a week, I went to Washington where there were several projects which they had in mind. It was an extremely interesting experience for me.

I worked directly with the Government Printing Office. Ordinarily you don't have the opportunity to work with the chiefs. I was taken in; I was shown everything that was available. The chief designers were at my beck and call if I wanted them. I got to sit in with the government printer who had the only air-conditioned office in the building. But primarily I was working over in Bethesda with the doctors themselves on these projects. One of them was a digest which they were hoping to get out in magazine-form of all of the important medical articles that were published each month in all places; so that in one place the doctors could check and see if anything was of interest to them. Another was a book on cancer, called The Challenge of Cancer, which was printed by the Government Printing Office, and was selected as one of the Fifty Books of the Year the following year.

The method of working almost killed me, though. It

was as hot as it can get in Washington. It was so hot actually that they closed down the government offices about two o'clock every day. But I had an air-conditioned room at the Statler, and the whole crowd came over to my room and we continued there. Of course, it was very nice because there were always refreshments coming up, and we would work until ten o'clock at night when it got cool enough so that we could go out for dinner. Then about midnight, I would get back to my room. We would have another session at nine o'clock the next morning, but in the meantime I had to get on my drawing board and work until three and four to have graphic solutions to the problems to present the next day. A week of this left me a complete wreck and most happy to get home.

TAPE NUMBER: SEVENTEEN, SIDE TWO

February 21, 1966

Ritchie: The years that I spent at Foote, Cone & Belding were extremely interesting to me. It led me into a new and different environment than the slow, almost hand printing life that I had led previously. This was big business, with lots of money being spent, and I learned an amazing lot during these years. The kind of people that I associated with were usually extremely intelligent. They weren't the bookish type that I had known previously, but all in all it was stimulating.

One thing that always amazed me and still amazes me is how luck can help develop one's life. I recall that there was a young chap by the name of Barry McCarthy who came to work for Foote, Cone & Belding. He was a handsome young fellow; he had just graduated from USC and had made application to several of the advertising agencies for a job. Foote, Cone & Belding didn't particularly need his services at that time, but the local branch of J. Walter Thompson was beginning to blossom in Los Angeles, and they seemed to show a certain interest in McCarthy. So rather than let a potent prospect get away Foote, Cone & Belding hired him. He was a great social addition to the staff, but he didn't seem to fit in otherwise. When he had an assignment, he would run around and get help here and there

and talk with the girls and get their ideas. He lasted six months or a year when he was given the word that his employment with Foote, Cone & Belding would be terminated. But Barry always came up on his feet.

There are numerous parties given to the advertising agency personnel by various magazines,and usually at least once a year the magazines like Life and Look and Time will have a tremendous bash. People from the East will come out, and they will present reasons why their particular medium is better than any other for the products to be advertised. At approximately this time, Look had one of these meetings in Los Angeles, and Barry was still employed by Foote, Cone & Belding, although he wouldn't be for long. This was completely secret except within the organization. But Barry, putting on all of his charm, so intrigued the brass of Look who were there that they offered him a job, and so he joyfully went back to New York. I didn't hear much about Barry for some time, but Merle Armitage, who was then art director of Look, came out to visit southern California, and we were chatting about these things and I asked him about Barry McCarthy.

He said, "We're going to have to get rid of him. We send him out on an assignment with a photographer, and he gets back and the photographer has to do all the work. He's perfectly charming and wonderful, affable and all of that, but he just never seems to get the work done."

However, they did send him out on one more assignment, which was to the Ford Motor Company, and Barry met Henry Ford II who became enchanted with him, and the next thing we heard was that Barry McCarthy was in charge of the West Coast operations of the Ford Motor Company. Thereafter I didn't hear of Barry for a good many years and then three or four years ago I noticed in the little weekly announcement of the Advertising Club of Los Angeles that Barry McCarthy, the senior vice-president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, was going to speak in Los Angeles at the Ad Club. I went down to hear him and greeted him afterwards, and we had quite a chat. He was disappointed because I was the only one of the old Foote, Cone & Belding alumni that had shown up to see him. His was an example of how to succeed with mere personality.

Another case that is even more striking is that of a young girl by the name of Heley Gurley who worked as a secretary at Foote, Cone & Belding. She was an extremely ambitious girl, smart, and a good secretary; she was Don Belding's personal secretary. After I had left in 1950, the agency got some women's accounts, and naturally they liked to have at least one woman working on these. She was given the chance of working on the Catalina bathing suit account. In that way got into copy writing and did a fairly good job of it.

A little later the agency was attempting to get the Max Factor account which was up for grabs in Los Angeles, and with a billing of several million dollars a year, a good number of agencies were after it. The young account executive who was making the "pitch" for Foote, Cone & Belding did a thorough job of selling the abilities of the personnel of Foote, Cone & Belding, especially the talents of Helen Gurley. While Foote, Cone & Belding didn't get the account, Max Factor was so intrigued with this girl that had been sold to them that when Kenyon and Eckhardt got the account, one of the stipulations was that they should get this girl to handle the copy. From being an underpaid hireling at Foote, Cone & Belding, she went over to Kenyon and Eckhardt with a salary of $18,000 a year which for a girl was a nice handy sum.

I met her over there some months later, and she told me that she was writing a book which she hadn't a title for, but she had submitted a couple of chapters to the publisher in New York and it had been accepted. Also she got some nice publicity at that time with an article about her being the highest priced advertising girl copyrighter. She acquired a husband by the name of Brown. He was a smart man and realized that the book which she had written wasn't going to be a great smash unless they had a sensational title. He suggested the title, Sex and the Single Girl, which proved a natural. [laughter] I haven't read the

book, but many who have said that the title is not actually what the book is about. But the title was so intriguing that it had an immediate impact, and also the publicity that surrounded it was magnificent at the beginning. There were newspaper articles about how the mother had reacted when she heard about her daughter writing this book, and she appeared on many television shows.

The contract with Kenyon and Eckhardt was for only one year and it wasn't renewed, but she didn't care at the that time. Helen Gurley Brown went East and parlayed the success of this book into many magazine articles and a second book called Sex and the Office Girl, in which she attempted to play on the same theme. Then the Hearst organization, needing somebody to spice up their magazine Cosmopolitan, hired her as editor, and she followed the same line of thinking there, attempting to make it something that would appeal to the lonely of heart who wanted to attract men one way or the other. So here is another example which I like to think of as the success story of the little people who came out of this agency. Oddly enough, these two were not the ones which I would have expected to have achieved national prominence.

In my position, advertising was always a trying experience because each morning there were so many problems that had to be taken care of, and at a breakneck pace. So the luncheon hour was always one of complete relaxation for me. The office was quite close to the University Club where

I usually went for lunch. And the University Club was very close to the bookstores, especially Dawson's which was right around the corner at Wilshire and Grand at that time. It was always such a pleasure to go in there and experience some of those quiet moments looking at books, pawing through them, and buying an occasional volume. Usually I would wander back to the office with two or three books under my arm. Fortunately they had a continual rotation of books at Dawson's, so there always seemed to be something new to look at.

There was a big scrapbook that I ran into one day which had evidently been owned by the secretary of the Sixth Agricultural District which is where Exposition Park is now and where the old racetrack had been back in the '60's and '70's. In this scrapbook, he had kept the samples of all of the tickets and the programs. I was intrigued enough to take it home on approval, but the price was a little higher than I wanted to pay for it. But in it, there was some leaves on which he had started to write his memories of Los Angeles in the early days, and I made a copy of it which is interesting as a picture which probably has never been published. His name was Hewitt. He wrote in this manuscript,

> Thirty years ago today, March 24, 1876, Centennial Year, I arrived in the city of Los Angeles, accompanied by my family, coming from Olympia, Washington Territory. First by steamship to San Francisco, thence by a

change of steamships to the anchorage off San Pedro. There the passengers with such baggage as they could carry were loaded on a little puffing tugboat and brought up the narrow channel to the dock at Wilmington, transferred to the train in waiting and in due time, 10:50 A.M., reached the S.P. station, then at the corner of Alameda and Commercial Streets, about fifty-two hours from San Francisco. In the closing hours of the third decade, rounding out the period from the date above, I am prompted to go back in a reminiscent day and pass a portion of that eventful period in brief review. Los Angeles was scarcely known, and only in a vague way, over the Pacific Coast when we first thought of coming here and was of no very great importance at any time up to a little sudden boom flurry in 1875 and '76. San Diego and Santa Barbara were both much better known. The flurry referred to was caused by the Southern Pacific's starting south through the state with the advertised ultimate terminus somewhere on the Atlantic side passing through Los Angeles. Myself and family were among those who migrated hither. There was no way of reaching the city with any degree of comfort except by way of the ocean, another way being a long stage ride of wearisome duration, crossing the Tehachapi Mountains, the railroad being incompleted. Our first impressions of the city were decidedly unpleasant, a distinct disappointment. To be translated, so to speak, from a beautiful balsamic evergreen forest and the splendid foliage of the shrubbery of Washington to the dry, burnt and desolate appearance of everything in and around Los Angeles was depressing beyond expression. The orange and lemon groves in and south of the city were an interesting novelty, but everything else was seared as though blighted with death. But little rain had fallen up to that time and less fell afterwards. Light showers for the entire season of 1876 aggregating but about four inches. The streets were of dirt, the sidewalks were of dirt, everything looked dirty, and there was nothing pleasing apparently. A depressing feeling I found prevaded every mind. But few realized what was before us. But these conditions preceeded what eventually proved to be one of the most disastrous seasons ever known in southern California, a drought of unexampled severity. After a few hours of rest to overcome the effects of sea travel, I looked around to size up the city I had dropped into. There were between ten and eleven thousand inhabitants, very largely of Spanish and nonprogressive Mexicans. The city was largely north of First Street and east

of Main. The business part wholly in that district, by far the larger part on Los Angeles Street and north of the courthouse on Main and Spring. Los Angeles Street did not extend north of Aliso and Arcadia, the wholesale district being that street north of Commercial. And as freighting to the mines was at high tide, it was practically impossible to get anything but freight wagons through that thoroughfare. There was but three dry goods stores in the city: Dillon and Kenneally, on the corner of Main and Requena, and the City of Paris on the west side of Main, opposite. Of hotels, the chief ones were the United States, St. Charles, Commercial, and the Pico. Of these the Pico was rated the best, or first-class. A few dwellings, more or less pretentious for that day, were scattered along South Main, Spring and Fort Street, the latter now Broadway. The St. Vincent College, almost hidden by a deep, dense, high hedge, like a fortification occupied the block between Hill and Fort Street, Sixth and Seventh Street. This was practically the southern limit in that direction. Our first call was at the home of a cousin, Mrs. Nelson, the corner of Main and California Streets, now Sixteenth Street. One of but three houses between the O.W. Childs residence on Eleventh Street and the Washington Gardens, then as now a place of amusement. Then it was the only place. There was practically no streets open through for general traffic east of Main from First to Washington, the latter only reaching Alameda. First Street from Main to Los Angeles was a narrow passage about thirty feet wide, aligned by "apartments" for underworld purposes. Ogier Lane, now Winston Street, led down to the Winston dwelling. Vegas Street was farther south. Third Street was narrow and about two blocks long, all in reality being private roads. The old Georgetown bakery, on the corner of Sixth and Spring, was a familiar landmark, and the Roundhouse Garden between Spring and Main, a little south of Third Street, with its peculiar allegorical features, both the property of old George Lehman, was well-known. The great prickly pear trees on the Spring Street front acting as unmolested sentinels. But four three-story buildings adorned the city. Sonoratown, the original city under the hill and north of the Old Plaza Church, was adobe, and true to its origin was a certainly typical Mexican pueblo, ancient, and with its attractive features to the stranger. Colonel and Mrs. Arcadia de Baker lived in an old-time, comfortable, Spanish-built dwelling on Main Street at the corner of Arcadia where the Baker block now stands.

> Captain C.E. Thom resided on Main Street just south of what is now Third Street. The Los Angeles and Independence Railroad built by John P. Jones, senator for Nevada, was in operation from Santa Monica, the city station being on San Pedro Street near the present Fifth. Three unpretentious street railways did all the passenger transportation. One of these was a broad-gauge leading from the station above mentioned, north on San Pedro and Los Angeles Street, past the Plaza and zig-zagging its way down to about the French hospital. Another, a narrow-gauge, the Spring and Sixth Street Line, started at the end of Sixth on Pearl and found its uncertain way down through the city down to the present S.P. freight yards, afterwards extended across the river on a precarious bridge to Eat Los Angeles. The third, also narrow-gauge, was on Main Street from Temple block with a turntable, down Main to Jefferson Street and Agricultural Park, none of them doing business after eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Cars run about twenty minutes apart. The Herald, J. M. Bassett, editor, was printed in a one-story brick building on Spring Street where the ___________ now is. The Republican, William Creighton editor, a German and a French newspaper. The Star, Ben C. Truman editor, was issued from an adobe building just to the north; Messrs. Ayers and Lynch, editors, the Express on the second floor of the Temple block opposite the Herald office. The east and south parts of the city was covered with orange and walnut orchards and vineyards. One of the most magnificent orange groves in the world perhaps was the Wolfskill on Alameda Street where the Arcade depot stands, the admiration of everyone who had the opportunity of seeing it.

And there ends this brief description of what Los Angeles must have looked like in 1876.

In 1945, Janet my wife separated from me, and for the next four or five years I was the gay bachelor around town until I ran into a young widow, Marka Detrick, small and vivacious who I met on a blind date. A good friend of mine, Ludwig Lauerhass, proposed that I go to the Camelia Ball with him and his wife, and he told me about this Phi

Beta Kappa, ex-Latin teacher, [laughter] with whom he would like to make a date. I accepted because I was interested in going with the Lauerhasses, and evidently he sold her to me on much the same basis. [laughter] So when we met, we didn't exactly expect to find each other so compatible. We had a very gay and fine time at the Camelia Ball, which was sponsored by the Assistance League and held at the Huntington Hotel. About four months later we were married, and she moved in with three boys aged from twelve to six--Mark, Jan and Peter.

My former wife Janet also married soon after and moved to Baltimore, and my oldest son Jonathan came to live with us while my younger son Duncan went to Baltimore to live with her. So we had quite a household with four boys romping around there. When Janet and I separated we also divided the couple of acres we had, Janet retaining the front house in which we had lived and I taking the back area on which there had been a little house which had been used by the Flintridge School for Girls, when it occupied the place, as their locker room. It was filled with lockers and two toilets and two showers and two washbasins and that was about all. But it was under some beautiful trees, and I turned carpenter. For the next two or three years during my bachelor period, I built a house practically from scratch.

I took out one wall and extended it back and built a brick and glass wall, with really a handsome fireplace. I had seen some pictures of a great copper hood, and so I had one made at one of the local tinsmiths. This, against a huge expanse of whitewashed brick, was quite spectacular. And I had gotten all the government publications on making fireplaces, and somehow or other this fireplace worked beautifully, although every time an architect came in, he couldn't quite comprehend why. [laughter] From Gladding McBean I had gotten three large "l"-shapped pipes. I had studied enough from the government publications to know exactly how much area the pipes could take care of. It was fun; it looked as if there was just a copper hood on a whitewashed brick wall.

After Marka moved in, the first thing we did, in order to placate the kids, was to put in a swimming pool. Then we had to build a dormitory and a big kitchen; these, however, were done by commercial carpenters, but the original part had all been done by hand. All of the rooms in the house were completely decorated with books. There was no wall space available because I had so many thousands of books that it covered everything, and books make an extremely warm wall covering.

Also in 1950, this was just six months or so before I married Marka, I left Foote, Cone & Belding to return to the press. One of my early employees was a young man

by the name of Earl Myers, who had worked at the press as a pressman since 1934 or '35. During the war, we gave him the opportunity of going out occasionally to call on customers, and this appealed to him. He always had the amibition to get up to the white-collar class, and he was quite successful, too. He was our only salesman at that time, the war having taken everybody else, and we had some fairly good accounts, like the Title Insurance and Trust Company. A salesman in a printing organization is always a target for other printers because it takes a long time to train a salesman and for him to acquire customers. But once he gets them, there's usually a loyalty to the salesman as well as to the press, possibly in many cases more loyalty to the salesman than to the press. The press is sort of an impersonal thing, while the salesman is there every day or every other day. Other companies are always trying to get ready-made business, and the easiest way to do it is to lure a salesman away from some other company where he is doing quite a good job. So Earl was lured away by some small firm who offered him a half interest in the company if he would come, and it became incumbent for me to leave Foote, Cone & Belding and rush back to the press if we wanted to save any of these accounts which he was taking care of. That was the reason for my decision to leave advertising and go back to the printing plant. Fortunately we didn't lose any except a few very small accounts. The big ones like Title Insurance remained with us.

Getting back to printing was most interesting again. I still retained so many contacts with the advertising agencies that we were able to get much work from them, too. But in the meantime, books were reintriguing our organization. Originally, when I started printing in 1932 as The Ward Ritchie Press, that was the chief interest--small fine editions, the books which we had done for The Primavera Press and for others. During the war we had had to transfer most of this into commercial printing and war printing, but now that the war was over, we began thinking of books again.

Helen Evans Brown was one of our closest friends, living in Pasadena, and during the war years we had spent much time together on Sundays, and one weekday night when we played bridge. Her husband had worked in one of the defense plants while she was working at Balzar's Grocery Company on Larchmont Boulevard in Los Angeles. While there she, together with Robert Balzar, put out what they called Balzar's Bulletin. Bob Balzar would write a flowerly little article for it each time, mostly about his life and activities, and Helen would do a page with recipes. Then they would fill it in with ads for various Balzar products. She had quite a background in cooking, having earlier run a catering service back in New Haven where she lived with her first husband, and when she and Philip Brown had come out here, she had also started a small catering service.

She was a magnificent, creative cook.

Bob Balzar also was interested in the whole gourmet field, and he wrote a book called California's Best Wines, and it was submitted to us for publication. It was a little ambitious for us at that time, but inasmuch as Balzar agreed to buy 500 copies right off which he would sell through his store, we took the gamble and printed the book. Cas Duchow who worked for us did the illustrations, and it was selected as one of the Fifty Books of the Year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. So it got a push that way. It went into a couple of editions, and Balzar in doing his story of the best wines of California made it somewhat of a travelog. He went to the various wineries and would tell about them. Also at each vineyard he was wined and dined. He included in the book some twenty to twenty-five recipes, and in time we found that people were buying the book for the recipes even more than for the knowledge about wine that Balzar could give them.

Since Helen Brown at this time was writing a column for one of the local fashion magazines (they had put a book out in pamphlet form by her called California Cooks), we concocted the idea that we should get together and publish one of her books. She wrote for us The Chafing Dish Book, which we printed in a small square format. We went out to the local dry goods stores and got samples of various patterned chintzes, and we bound the book in these. We

weren't able to get enough of any one, so it came out in a variety of colors and patterns. It made a colorful display in the bookstores. It too was one of the Fifty Books of the Year and proved our first best seller. Now, of course, in those days a best-selling book meant anything that would sell three to five thousand copies, and this went through three or four editions. We keep it in print; it's still selling. It got us back into publishing in a serious way.

Helen continued to be our main stalwart. She did several more books for us, but in the meantime the success of these little books of ours also brought her to national attention. The New York publishers came courting her, and so she had many, many commitments. Her best book I think was called The West Coast Cookbook which Little, Brown published, and through Helen's influence I designed it for them. So I still had a tie-in with her that way. But she retained an interest in our work, despite the fact that s he could always get a big retainer or an advance from the New York publishers. From time to time, she would give us a manuscript to do.

Whenever she would get an idea, she would present it to us. For instance, Elena, the little blind Mexican cook from San Francisco, was such a success on television and in her lectures that the little pamphlet on Mexican cooking that she had put out had sold about a hundred-thousand copies, and so it was suggested that we do an Elena book. Helen

Brown and my wife Marka went up and lived withElena for a couple of weeks, and during this time, Elena cooked and cooked and cooked, and they took notes and notes and notes and watched everything that she did. They came back, and Marka wrote the book called Elena's Fiesta Recipes. She wrote it completely from these notes, and it was quite interesting because she would write as she thought Elena would have written if she could write. Then she would comment on it in a different style as Marka would comment. There was a lot of testing that had to be done because Elena, being blind, cooks pretty much by instinct. When she says a cup of water, she can feel how much but it may be only half-full, but she'll call it a cup of water. And when she puts flour, she holds her hand out and pours flour over it and she can tell by the feel how much she wants, but she doesn't know whether it's a cup or two cups. All of these things made it an intriguing experience. So we put Elena's book out as Elena's Fiesta Recipes.

Ruth Bateman's book, I Love to Cook Book, was also a collaboration. Ruth is an extremely fine home economist and wonderful recipes, but when the manuscript came in, Helen looked at it and felt that it had to be tied together and worked over. So she and Marka again collaborated on this, though it is Ruth Bateman's book. They pulled it together and made it into the book which we have now.

There were a couple of writers from Virginia City, Katharine Best and Katharine Hillyer who used to visit here with the Browns. They lived in Virginia City and

worked on the Territorial Enterprise which Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg had recently bought and were making into a virile Western newspaper with circulation far beyond the territory. The suggestion was made that we do a Virginia City cookbook. This was lots of fun to do. We all went up to Virginia City, including Harry Diamond who was to do the illustration, and we gathered recipes from every source there. All the old-timers cooperated. I don't know who exactly did the writing, but the two Katies, Helen Brown and Philip Brown, are given credit for putting the book together. And we got Lucius Beebe in on it, and he did a foreword, and Harry did some beautiful little raucous drawings to go with the recipes. We made a book that reflects the lustiness of this early mining environment, and we called it The Virginia City Cook Book. This also was one of those collaborations which came out of Helen Brown.

It was more than fun, knowing her and Philip; Philip was a great wit himself and an extremely intelligent man who collaborated beautifully with Helen. She was a meticulous and inspired cook. Together they have gathered one of the greatest collections of cookbooks extant, three or four thousand copies which they had in their home. Helen, when she started on something, was able to take ideas and then elaborate on them and make something completely original and great. There's always a plethora of food around their house, and whenever we'd happen to drop by, we'd have to stay for

dinner. During the four or five years when I was a bachelor, I practically lived at the Browns because it was always fun to drop by for a drink on the way home. I would try to repay by doing dishes and little odds and ends like that.

She did innumerable books in collaboration, those I've mentioned and several with Jim Beard. It was always a gay experience when Jim would come out to visit. He would usually stay at the Browns, though occasionally with us. He is a huge six feet four man weighing about 350 pounds, jovial and jolly, and the talk when he was withHelen was of nothing but food. Cooks can be gossipy, and, of course, Jim and Helen knew all of the food editors, they knew all of the home economists, and they gossiped and yakked and talked about them. Then they would get an idea, and would rush to the kitchen and they would concoct a dish. Then we would all have the chance of trying it. I can see why he weighed so much, and Helen was no slim elf herself.

It was a great tragedy when she found that she had cancer, and she died a year and a half ago. It was a great loss to all of us, though her husband Philip is continuing her job. He has taken over the editing of the _Jurgensen's Bulletin_ which is the continuation of the _Balzar Bulletin_ when Balzar was bought out by Jurgensen. Also he is undertaking to fulfill several cookbook commitments which she had already made. In his years of work with Helen, Philip was a most able helper in the kitchen as well as on the type-

writer. Helen wrote everything out by hand, and Philip would edit it and type it up for her. In the kitchen, all the barbecue work was done by him. So he is continuing, keeping the same little house as his office and workshop. We hope that he will continue doing books with us,too.

As we did more and more books, we found that our system of distribution was quite inadequate. We had no sales representatives for our books in the early days. When we printed one, we would send out a notice or a prospectus to our mailing list and hope for the orders to come in. Locally we were well-known and through the state of California, but the New York and Chicago and Philadelphia sales were slim. We finally decided that we would like to create some sort of organization which could represent us in various parts of the country. There was a young chap by the name of Bill Webb who was quite a creative man. He had done fabric designs here, but he sold out that business and became interested in books. He took on the local representation for us and for all of the Western states. Inasmuch as he worked with other publishers besides ourselves, he had contact with many representatives in the East, and he was able to build up a certain small representation in the East for us.

This lasted for two or three years until Lane Publishing Company, the publishers of Sunset, wanted to expand their own role in the book field. They put in an IBM machine,

built a new warehouse and had more capacity than they had books to sell. George Pfeiffer at the time was the editor, and George proposed to us that they take over the distribution of our books nationally. It would give us, we hoped, a better opportunity of selling than with Bill Webb and the others. Bill agreed that it was an opportunity, so two years and a half ago we signed a contract with Lane to do this. Now it has restricted us to a certain extent because Lane is great with cookbooks and with Western travel books, but when we get into any other field than that, they don't seem to have the ability or interest to sell. Recently we have had to withdraw our children's books from them. We are now allowing Nourse and Company to distribute those for us.

The book part of it, while accounting for only 20 to 25 percent of our business, is the growing part in which we are all more and more interested. The commercial portion of our business does support us, but the book end is the one which gives us the intellectual and artistic stimulation to make this business of printing as interesting to us as it is. We recently moved the plant to 3044 Riverside Drive near the entrance of Griffith Park because we had outgrown the place that we had been in since 1937. We had added to that building on two different occasions, but we were so crowded that we could hardly move around in it. Now we have ample quarters for another quarter

of a century we hope and also storage place so that we can handle a greater volume of books. I think this is about the end of our story.

APPENDIX

A Chronological Bibliography of Books and Articles by Ward Ritchie

Compiled by Elizabeth Angelico, Assistant Cataloger
William Andrews Clark Memorial Library
University of California, Los Angeles

The majority of the items listed in this bibliography are included in the extensive collection of Ritchiana held at the Clark Library.

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