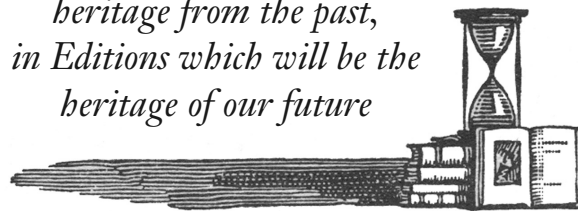


# THE HERITAGE CLUB

# Sandglass

NUMBER 1A      JUNE 1937

*The classics which are our  
heritage from the past,  
in Editions which will be the  
heritage of our future*



## GREEN MANSIONS by W.H. Hudson

PUBLISHED TO GIVE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION ABOUT AN UNIQUE VENTURE IN FINE BOOK DISTRIBUTION: THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

### *What's the shootin' for?*

**G.B.S.** (MORE intimately known to *you* as Bernard Shaw) once took all authors down a peg. He wrote: "Well-printed books are just as scarce as well-written ones; and every author should remember that the most costly books derive their value from the craft of the printer and not from the author's genius." It was a happy coincidence for us, that we picked up the printed clipping in which this Shavian statement was made, upon the selfsame day on which a letter came to us from Elfie Perper. Mrs. Perper lives up in Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York; a friend of hers had suggested that she might be interested in becoming a member of The Heritage Club. But she wasn't interested at all, at all; in fact, she wrote us a letter in which she said: "Why should I pay even \$2.25 for a copy of a book by Dickens when I can get a copy of the same book as a premium, by clipping newspaper coupons?"

We tried to think of a way to answer Mrs. Perper, but we did not succeed. Then we came across the Shavian quotation with which we begin this memoir, and we knew the answer. For all of the great classics of literature can be obtained through the hoarding of newspaper coupons, or even in cheap reprint editions for fifty cents each. These editions have their value; if one's eyes are strong, they can be read while traveling. But no person of discrimination will give them permanent room upon the shelves in his home which house good books. Every person of special discernment realizes that a well-printed book is a rare thing indeed, and knows that, in these days, the collection of a library of well-printed books is both desirable and possible.

The Elizabethan collector bought the folios of his own time, and scrambled for incunabula over a century old. But his own folios became, in turn, the prizes of an eighteenth century library! Today even the esteemed books produced in the nineteenth century are costly, and sometimes rare. Yet it is true that, as book fanciers increase, they include fewer of the wealthy. And it is equally true that, the more book fanciers there are, the more there will be in that group with a special discernment. For people with a special discernment it will not be a matter of regret, that they cannot own the fine old books; they know that all will be available, sooner or later, in public collections. They will content themselves, if they are not rich, with well-produced and inexpensive contemporary editions.

The rich still purchase first folios of Shakespeare. The less rich find

a happy contentment in collecting inexpensive, well-made editions of every book which they admire. But, unless they understand what a well-made book is, they won't know what the shootin' is for.

### *What is A Well-Made Book?*

**T**HE recipe for a well-made book is a simple one; and, once a collector knows it, he will not give shelf room to badly made books.

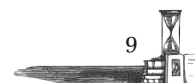
You take a text, whether it is prose or poetry, couched in such beautiful combinations of the language that you admire it, you are not satisfied with having read it once, you want to read it again and again. You have this text composed in a type face large enough for your eye to read it without strain, beautiful enough to caress your eye. You arrange this type in such a manner that, when printed in black ink, it will achieve a lovely and equally caressing balance upon a page of white paper. You then manufacture a paper which pleases the eye when the eye rests upon it, which delights the fingers when the fingers turn its pages, yet which contains materials to give it a long long life. You print the type upon this paper richly and impressively, so impressively that the impression sinks into the paper, to remain there as the centuries roll on. If you would like to have illustrations in your well-made book, you approach an artist who knows how to draw, yet who can intelligently understand the meaning of the author in your text; you ask him to make some illustrations for this text and then reproduce the illustrations carefully and lovingly, so that the illustrations will closely approximate the original drawing. Then you sew the printed pages together, and place them in a case of boards covered with a material which has high possibilities of permanence and loveliness to please both eye and heart.

When your book is finished, it will stir all of your senses pleasurably. It will have the clean smell of ink, it will fit in your hand caressingly, it will be a delight to your sight. When someone tells you that the same text can be obtained in an edition through newspaper coupons, you will find yourself unable to reply, yet the answer will lie somewhere in your heart. Then, when you hear that a new organization is being formed, to be called The Heritage Club and to supply five thousand people like you with wellmade, well-illustrated editions of the true classics of literature, you will rush to become one of the five thousand.

For that matter, if you are reading *these* words, it is more than likely that you have already done the rushing! In that case, you are this month to receive the first publication of The Heritage Club, a wellmade and well-illustrated edition of *Green Mansions*.

### *Green Mansions*

**W**H. HUDSON died as recently as 1922. He was an Englishman; in spite of all temptations to belong to other



nations, he remained an Englishman; so he went traveling, like a true Englishman, into far places. He was an adventurer, he was a naturalist, he was an artist. The combination of these qualities caused him to sojourn for some years in the northern sections of South America, and there he wrote *Green Mansions*, a novel of the places and the people he had seen. Because he was an artist, *Green Mansions* is not an ordinary novel. There is a plot in *Green Mansions*, an exciting one; there is a heroine, Rima, the loveliest of all heroines in all fiction because she flits, a gossamer creature, out of the pages of the book. Under the artistry of Hudson's pen, *Green Mansions* is a rich tapestry, of people and birds and animals and sights and sounds, a tapestry full of the vivid color of the South American forest which Hudson called Green Mansions.

The book was first published in America by Alfred A. Knopf. Some books achieve classic rank; some have classic rank thrust upon them; but some books are *born* classics. *Green Mansions* was born a classic. Its sales run into the hundreds of thousands of copies, in various ordinary editions; it is read far and wide by those people who are interested in reading a book for sheer entertainment, and by those people who read a book because they love to roll the juice of fine English prose over their thirsty tongues.

Miguel Covarrubias has been in those forests, he knows the Green Mansions. He is a native Mexican, who has traveled from Bali to the Virgin Islands. He is described in the Encyclopædia Britannica as the outstanding living caricaturist; he draws vivid pictures for the magazines every month; and he is known to be one of the greatest living painters in oils. Because his paintings are always rich with tropical color, because we knew that he had wandered through the Green Mansions of Hudson's book, we asked him to illustrate the Heritage edition of *Green Mansions*. He did; he made twenty-five drawings with pen and ink, he made eight water colors in full rich tropical color, he painted a panorama of the tropical forest itself which we reproduced across the front end-paper and across the back end-paper and across the binding! We proceeded to reproduce all of the pictures by offset lithography, and to print the tropical forest upon a staunch washable linen for the binding. The result is that, outside and in, the Heritage edition of *Green Mansions* is lush with brilliant color.

Then we turned the text and the illustrations over to Frederic Warde, who is one of the world's most famous designers of books. He planned an edition large enough to be a picture-book to look at, yet handy enough to fit comfortably in the hand while being read. The Heritage edition of *Green Mansions* resulted in a book of 372 pages, each page being  $6\frac{3}{8} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  inches in size. The plans for the book were sent to The Haddon Craftsmen in Camden, New Jersey, where it was carefully printed and equally carefully bound.

The text was set in the 12-point size of monotype Garamond. (There are 72 points in each inch, so a 12-point type is one-sixth of an inch high.) This type was selected because it is brave and readable; and because, when set up in a full page, it has a rich black color which will not be dwarfed by the gorgeous brilliance of the Covarrubias illustrations. Although the type is named for Claude Garamond, a French printer who was cutting types in 1640, recent research has indicated that it was really used by a French printer named Dupuys, and was probably originally designed in 1615 by another Frenchman named Jean Jannon. We don't know whether it interests you to know that this type has been reproduced from a type used three centuries ago by a bunch of Frenchies, but there is the fact for your interest.

It should interest you much more, to know that the type is printed on a paper partially made of rags. This paper was especially made by the Worthy Paper Company, and tested by a paper chemist who gave us the assurance that it would last at least two centuries. We make so great a point about the quality of the paper in the Heritage books, because

no publisher has yet been able to use so fine, so permanent a paper in any books at such a price. This paper is slightly tan in color, for the purpose of furnishing a fine background to the Covarrubias illustrations, and has a pleasantly coarse feel in the fingers.

About the binding, we have already told you: linen lithographed with a painting of Green Mansions.

### *How do you like it?*

HERE at headquarters, we would like to know whether the members of the Club like this edition of *Green Mansions*. We are pleased with it ourselves; the fine type, well printed into the fine rag paper, the lush and brilliant illustrations, the gorgeous coloring of the binding, seem to us to combine into a well-made book. We don't even mean to hint that we consider ourselves the first publishers of well made books! The renaissance of fine bookmaking which was launched by William Morris with The Kelmscott Press in 1893, has found a fine culmination in the books published by The Nonesuch Press and The Limited Editions Club and Random House and The Golden Cockerel Press. But no publisher has yet been able to produce such well-made books as we publish, at such a very low price. We hope to continue to do so for many years to come. To do so, it is necessary not only to know that the books are bargains, but also to know whether they give satisfaction to those eager people who pay for them.

### *Coming, coming!*

IT had been our original intention to issue *Leaves of Grass* as the first publication of The Heritage Club; the exigencies of production changed our plans. In July, instead, the members of the Club will receive an edition of *Leaves of Grass* illustrated with 120 drawings by Rockwell Kent, a book of nearly 600 pages containing the unexpurgated copyright text.

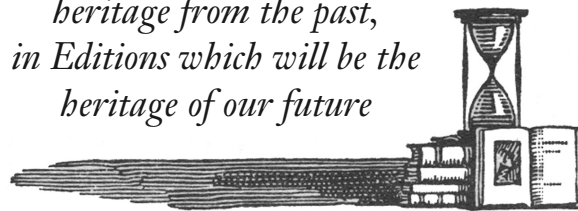


# THE HERITAGE CLUB

# Sandglass

NUMBER 2A JULY 1937

*The classics which are our  
heritage from the past,  
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## LEAVES OF GRASS by Walt Whitman

PUBLISHED TO GIVE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION ABOUT AN UNIQUE VENTURE IN FINE BOOK DISTRIBUTION: THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

### *Re-sid-u-um*

**D**o you want a receipt for that popular mystery known to the world as a beautiful book? You take a text, whether it be prose or poetry, couched in such beautiful combinations of the language that you admire it, you are not satisfied with having read it once, you want to read it again and again. You have this text composed in a type-face large enough for your eye to read it without strain, beautiful enough to caress your eye. You arrange this type in such a manner that, when printed in black ink, it will achieve a lovely and equally caressing balance upon a page of white paper. You then manufacture a paper which pleases the eye when the eye rests upon it, which delights the fingers when the fingers turn its pages, yet which contains materials to give it a long long life. You print the type upon this paper richly and impressively, so impressively that the impression sinks into the paper, to glow there as the centuries roll on. If you would like to have illustrations in your beautiful book, you approach an artist who knows how to draw, yet who can intelligently understand the intentions of the author of your text; you ask him to make some illustrations for this text and then reproduce the illustrations carefully and, lovingly, so that the reproduced illustrations will closely approximate the original drawing. Then you sew the printed pages together, and place them in a case of boards covered with a material which has high possibilities of permanence and loveliness to please both eye and heart. "*Take of these elements all that is fusible; melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible; set them to simmer and draw off the scum: and a beautiful book is the re-sid-u-um!*"

In number 1A of The Heritage Sandglass, we outlined the working of this receipt in the making of the Heritage edition of *Green Mansions*. Now it is possible that you will find it interesting to watch the working of this receipt in the making of the Heritage edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

### *An Act of God!*

**R**OCKWELL KENT is the most admired of American illustrators of books. Now a gentleman of fifty-five summers, he was born in Tarrytown Heights, New York, and launched himself upon a career in art which has brought him to the top. The sea has been his chief love;

his oil paintings of marine subjects hang in many of America's leading museums, and his illustrations for *Moby Dick* make his edition of that book one of the great illustrated books. He has made prints from copper, from the lithographic stone, from wood. But he is most famous for drawings done in pen-and-ink, with a rigid and virile and dashing line. With pen and ink he has illustrated *Candide*, *Erewhon* and many other books. It was obvious that we must require him to illustrate a book for Heritage.

We went to him and asked him what book he would like to illustrate for Heritage. He said that he had all his life wanted to illustrate Walt Whitman.

Now, Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* can be had in all kinds of reprint editions, but the firm of Doubleday Doran holds the copyright upon the complete text; so we went post-haste to Doubleday, and argued that firm into giving us permission to use the entire unexpurgated copyright text in an edition to be illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Then we wrote to The Lakeside Press in Chicago, to ask that famous printing firm whether it would like to print this edition of *Leaves of Grass* for Heritage. It was The Lakeside Press which had printed the Kent *Moby Dick*.

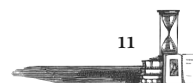
Back came an hysterical letter from William A. Kittredge, who is typographer in charge of the fine books printed at The Lakeside Press. "We consider it an act of God," he wrote, "that Rockwell Kent is going to illustrate Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The greatest American illustrator and the greatest American poet! What an association! The book should be a sensation and one of the finest American books of all time."

Both Mr. Kittredge and Mr. Kent left it in our hands to create the sensation, they worked upon making this edition of *Leaves of Grass* "one of the finest American books of all time." You will have a copy of this book within a few days, and you can determine for yourself whether they succeeded.

Mr. Kent made a symbolic frontispiece in two colors. Anybody's explanation of its meaning is as good as anybody's else; but all will agree it is handsome. Then he made a symbolic title page in two colors: four great dates in American history are imbedded in a ground out of which rise the roots of some leaves of grass which form themselves into the initials W W; it seems to us one of Mr. Kent's cleverest attempts at symbolism.

Then he proceeded to make one hundred and twenty drawings! He had only contracted to do seventy; but, after seventy drawings were done, he found that he was only two-thirds through the book! So he continued on until he had made fifty more. These drawings are done in pen-and-ink and reproduced in black on white. They are drawings which lead the eye from line to beautiful line, full of that grace and strength, that precision in execution, that depth of feeling, which cause most American connoisseurs to agree with Mr. Kittredge in referring to Mr. Kent as "the greatest American illustrator."

Walt Whitman is not always called America's greatest poet;



Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant each has defenders. But his poetry is the most virile of all American poetry; and its virility is marked by mysticism. In his illustrations, Rockwell Kent has attempted to match this virility and this mysticism. He worked long day after long day, long night after long night, studying each poem carefully before essaying to capture its essence in a drawing. Then he packed them all up and sent them to Chicago, to William A. Kittredge at The Lakeside Press. In close collaboration, he and Mr. Kittredge planned the physical properties of the edition of *Leaves of Grass* of which your copy is winging its way to you.

In planning the edition, they faced the task of compressing a very long text into a book which would be easy to read, and of making a book in which Walt Whitman's virile verses would not be dwarfed by the strength of Rockwell Kent's drawings. For that purpose, they chose the Bodoni type.

This edition of *Leaves of Grass* is set in Bodoni, widely leaded. The type is large and readable; it has a rich and glowing black color which makes it harmonize beautifully with the Kent drawings. This version of Bodoni is cut by the Mergenthaler Linotype Company in imitation of a type originally cut by Giambattista Bodoni in the early part of the nineteenth century. Signor Bodoni did his work in Parma in Italy; he was at that time the Italian royal printer. He had become interested in experiments conducted by John Baskerville in England, who was trying to develop a type which would look beautiful upon smooth papers.

John Baskerville had become a printer after making a fortune out of the japanning and lacquering processes. He sought to Japan papers; after developing methods for making the surfaces of papers smooth, he then set out to develop types which would print well on smooth surfaces. Giambattista Bodoni, in Parma, in Italy, carried Baskerville's experiments to a logical conclusion. He designed type letters in which a thick stroke is followed by a thin stroke; all of the printed letters then remain on the surface of the smooth paper, and the effect of the thick-and-thin contrast is one of great beauty. Other, less elegant type letters are designed to be impressed into soft rough papers so that the ink with which the impression achieved spreads, and all the strokes in the design of the letters achieve greater uniformity.

The Lakeside Press composed Walt Whitman's immortal verses in a copy of Signor Bodoni's type, and printed it richly and impressively on a smooth rag paper. The paper is dead-white in color, to serve as a foil for the rich blackness of the Bodoni type and the glowing blackness of the Kent illustrations; it is smooth in texture with a velvety effect upon the fingers. Like all Heritage papers, it is chemically tested for a *belovéd* life of at least two centuries.

The binding was planned by Mr. Kent. He selected a smooth grassgreen Bancroft linen, originally intended by its manufacturers to be window-shade cloth, and drew design for stamping upon it in gold; this design again makes use of the clever working of blades of grass into the monogram W W.

The linen is worked over heavy board into which the sheets have been cased, and the design is stamped upon the front and the shelf-back in gold tissue.

Any of our members who were bowled over by the violent brilliance of color of our edition of *Green Mansions*, will find themselves greatly pleased with the chaste black-and-white of this edition of *Leaves of Grass*. And all others should be pleased too, for it is chaste, but it has virile strength and vigor. Whether it ever comes to be known as "one of the finest American books of all time" or not, we think it will appeal to you immediately as a very fine book to obtain at such a very low price!

### *Now in the bookstores*

WE hope you are the envy of your friends. We hope that your friends come to your home and admire your edition of *Green Mansions* and your edition of *Leaves of Grass*. Because, even if they don't want to become members of The Heritage Club themselves, they can obtain these books in the bookshops. Over the imprint of The Heritage Press, each of these books can be obtained in the bookshops for \$3.75. If any bookseller cannot supply either of the books, we will be glad to supply copies directly.

### *Coming, coming!*

WHILE the combination of Rockwell Kent and Walt Whitman has been described as "an act of God," the combination of Norman Rockwell and Tom Sawyer is generally called "a natural." In August, our members will receive their copies of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* illustrated by Norman Rockwell. Then, in September, will come the gorgeously illustrated edition of *Lust for Life*.

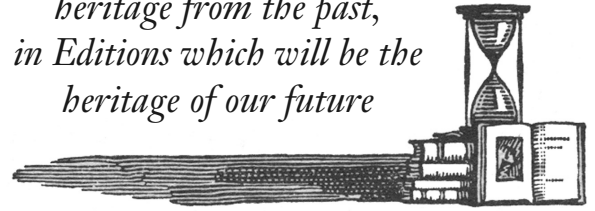


# THE HERITAGE CLUB

# Sandglass

NUMBER 3A      AUGUST 1937

*The classics which are our  
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## THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

by Mark Twain

PUBLISHED TO GIVE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION ABOUT AN UNIQUE VENTURE IN FINE BOOK DISTRIBUTION: THE HERITAGE CLUB, 551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

### *It's a "natural"*

WHILE Rockwell Kent was only last month called by us the most-admired of American illustrators, we realize it is unquestionably true that Norman Rockwell is the *best-known* of American illustrators. His oil paintings which are reproduced on the covers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, his advertising posters for Coca Cola, his innumerable magazine illustrations, have made his name a household word in cabaret and farm. He is famous for his witty, realistic delineations of "character faces;" but he is even more famous for his sympathetic paintings of *The American Boy*. His covers for *The Saturday Evening Post* picture *The American Boy* on the tops of flagpoles, in abandoned caves, taking castor oil or stepping on the trains of sister's dresses. We thought we had the germ of a brilliant idea, when we approached Mr. Rockwell and asked to illustrate *Tom Sawyer*. He agreed with us about the brilliance of the idea, but assured us that it was not an original idea at all. For fifteen years, he told us, publishers had been asking him to illustrate *Tom Sawyer*. He had refused them all, he had been too busy to bother.

But, while he had turned the other publishers down, he signed a contract to illustrate *Tom Sawyer* for Heritage. His explanation was that he has children; he knew we would make a beautiful edition of *Tom Sawyer* with his illustrations, that we would print it upon a rag paper so that he could leave this book with his children, as one of his footprints upon the sands of time.

*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* is the most endearing of all stories of the American boy. In it Mark Twain re-created the scenes of his own boyhood. Although Samuel L. Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, he spent his childhood in Hannibal, Missouri, among scenes which he later immortalized in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. The first of these books was his first masterpiece, and it appeared when he was forty-one years old. Eleven years earlier, he had taken the pseudonym "Mark Twain"; that pseudonym had already been used by a New Orleans newspaper man: it is derived from the call given by the leadsmen on a river boat when a depth of two fathoms is sounded.

It is interesting to know that Mark Twain's selection of a pseudonym now guarantees a revenue to his estate. A copyright on an American book may be taken for twenty-eight years and then renewed for twenty-eight years. The copyright upon *Tom Sawyer*, published first in 1876, therefore expired in 1934; and the right to the text passed into

the public domain. But the right to use the pseudonym "Mark Twain" remains a personal right. You will therefore find the bookshops flooded with reprints of *Tom Sawyer*, if the title page reads "by Samuel Clemens," this means it is likely the publisher is not paying a royalty to the Mark Twain Estate; to proclaim "by Mark Twain," the publisher must pay a fee to the estate.

That we must publish the first of the Mark Twain masterpieces in the Heritage Series was obvious from the first. That no American collector, proud of his books, could afford to be without a beautiful edition of *Tom Sawyer* could not be gainsaid. That the members of The Heritage Club will this month have copies of *Tom Sawyer* illustrated by Norman Rockwell is, *all* collectors must agree, a lucky break for them. For *Tom Sawyer* illustrated by Norman Rockwell is a "natural."

To illustrate the book, Mr. Rockwell left no stone untuned, even going to Hannibal to tum the stones. He packed himself off to Hannibal, that town in Missouri in which Mark Twain lived his early days. He wandered into Mark Twain's old schoolhouse, he sat for hours in the little church in which Mark Twain sat for interminable hours. As a result, Norman Rockwell was communing with *Tom Sawyer*; he saw Tom climbing out of the upstairs window to join Huck Finn in the dark, he went fishing with Tom on the river, he put on overalls that he borrowed from Tom Sawyer, he actually saw the stone upon which Tom kept stubbing his toe.

Then he made a series of thirty-five charcoal drawings to decorate the beginnings of the chapters, and eight full-page paintings in oil. These paintings are reproduced in full color, and they are certain to delight your eye and draw chuckles from your throat, whether you are still Tom Sawyer at heart or an old curmudgeon. In these paintings Tom persuades his friends to whitewash the fence; Tom upsets the church folk by feeding his beetle to his poodle dog; Tom takes castor oil unwillingly; Tom has his first smoke; Tom and Becky get lost in the cave at night. After you have looked upon Norman Rockwell's illustrations for *Tom Sawyer*, you will never again think of Mark Twain's book without thinking of these illustrations. The association of Norman Rockwell and Tom Sawyer must inevitably become as permanent as the association between John Tenniel and *Alice in Wonderland*.

Ordinarily a publisher would have been satisfied, to have the right to reproduce these beautiful Norman Rockwell pictures for *Tom Sawyer*. But we couldn't stop there, we owed it to Norman Rockwell, if to no one else, to house these illustrations in a truly lovely book. We did our best, for we entrusted the design for the book to Frederic Warde.

Frederic Warde has designed several of the Heritage books, and this is also a break for our members he is one of the world's great bookmen. An alumnus of Harvard University, he was for some time manager of the Princeton University press and for some time typographer at the famous Printing House of William Edwin Rudge. He studied types and books abroad for years, sometime in the employ of the English Monotype Corporation, sometime working in the Officina Bodoni. He is a surgeon, he is an expert chemist, he is an aviator; he has a taste in



book design which is chaste, impeccable, given to neatness. He planned the layouts of our edition of *Tom Sawyer*.

The resulting edition of *Tom Sawyer*, printed from Mr. Warde's by The Haddon Craftsmen in Camden, New Jersey, contains 328 pages, each page being  $6\frac{3}{8} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  inches in size. The text is composed in Bell, a comely old-fashioned type which is quite new in this country. The size of the type used is 12-point, and there are two points of leading between the lines. No previous edition of *Tom Sawyer* can have been so simply readable.

The Bell type was always intended to be simple and legible. It was originally drawn by Richard Austin, who was an engraver of copperplates in London at the end of the eighteenth century. He drew the letters of the type for the Bell Letter Foundry; and it was named after John Bell, who was the owner of the foundry and also a publisher and bookseller and printer. The type then faded from printing history for a while.

In 1900, when Bruce Rogers was working at The Riverside Press, he found a fount of type which bore no name, he called it Brimmer and used it in setting an edition of *The Rubaiyat*. Then it was used in 1903 by Daniel Berkeley Updike at The Merrymount Press, who called it Mountjoye. Not until 1930 did Stanley Morison of London write a monograph about John Bell, demonstrating that Rogers' Brimmer and Updike's Mountjoye were really Bell. Then the English Monotype Corporation cut a copy of this Bell type for general use.

So you see that the type in your edition of *Tom Sawyer* has a distinguished history. It is also a distinguished type; it is generously rounded, it is brilliantly cut, it is rich in color.

It is printed on a smooth rag paper, delicately toned away from white. The smoothness is necessary in order to catch all of the shadings of Mr. Rockwell's charcoal drawings. And the paper has a rag content, and is, like all of the Heritage papers, tested to last for at least two centuries.

The binding is planned by Mr. Rockwell. He insists that the only binding material to create the mood of *Tom Sawyer* is homespun. So the binding boards are covered with a coarse natural linen, stronger than homespun yet reminiscent of homespun. On the front cover the face of Tom Sawyer, one tooth missing, laughs up at you; on the shelfback, Tom Sawyer is walking off to fish, a knot of cloth tied around his sore toe. The stamping is done in brown ink, the top of each book is stained in orangey brown, and the book is then enclosed for protection in a brown slipcase.

This is the third of the books issued to the members of The Heritage Club. About *Green Mansions* and about *Leaves of Grass*, it could be said that, if you did not like the book, there must be something wrong with us. But about the Norman Rockwell edition of *Tom Sawyer* it must be said that, if you don't like the book, the belligerent assertion is possible that there is something wrong with *you*.

### *Coming, coming!*

**N**EXT month the members of this Club will receive a big and imposing edition of *Lust for Life*, illustrated with one hundred and fifty reproductions of the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh! It will be, unquestionably, the most sensational of the Heritage publications to date.

### *About your friends*

**W**E intend that The Heritage Club should go on down the years, month after month producing a beautiful book for wise people to place upon their shelves. We cannot carry out this intention without the warm, friendly cooperation of these wise people. *You*

are at present one of these wise people, so we ask for your warm, friendly cooperation.

To deserve it, we will leave no stone unturned in order to please you. In this Club, it will not be true that the member is always right; but we will do our best to make him think he is! Whenever we make a mistake, will you gently tell us about it? We will make good immediately! Whenever you think we are letting down our standards, will you tolerantly tell us why? We can't continue successful without your admiration and good-will!

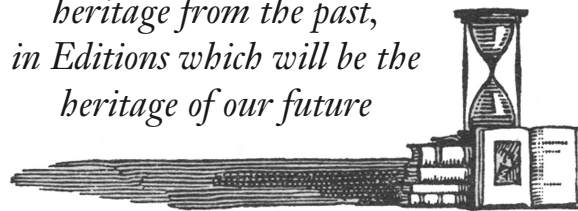
In return, we ask that you help us along the road to continued success. Whenever your friends admire the books we send you, will you tell them that we want *your* friends in our membership! You need only send us the friends' names and addresses; we'll send them invitations to the dance. They *should* be grateful to you; and we *will* be grateful to you.

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in Editions which will be the  
heritage of our future*



## ROMEO AND JULIET

### The Legend

PUBISHED TO GIVE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION ABOUT AN UNIQUE VENTURE IN FINE BOOK DISTRIBUTION: THE HERITAGE CLUB, 551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

#### *In Spite of All Temptations*

EVERY one of us desires immortality, would be delighted indeed if, long after we have turned to dust and our bones have ceased to stir uneasily in the grave, people would be talking about our personality, about the happenings of our life. But it is doubtful whether any of us wants our immortality to be anonymous; wants future generations to talk about us without ever caring who we were.

Yet that form of anonymous immortality has overtaken a young lady who lived, indeed who died, over six hundred years ago.

She was an Italian young lady. She lived, indeed she died, in Verona. The year was 1303, and Verona was ruled by the iron hand of Bartolomeo La Scala. Bartolomeo was assisted by a group of first families; and, within this group, the first families invariably hated each other.

That young lady of whom we write had the misfortune to fall headlong in, love with a young man descended from a family cordially hated by her father. She was told that she could not marry her young man, that she must marry a young man selected by her father.

What did the young lady do? There's the rub! She took a sleeping potion, and the potion killed her. Immediately her story was the talk of Verona. *See now*, said every frustrated lover, *if you don't let us marry the person of our choice, we will take a sleeping potion!* *See now*, said every romantic serving-maid, *such is true love; to die for love, such is true love.*

Massuccio heard of the death of this young lady who died by her own fine Italian hand. He wrote one of his little novels about her. Her story spread to France, where Pierre Voisteanu published a novel in 1562, in which her death proved as final in the French language as it was in the Italian language. The historian Girolamo wrote his history of Verona in 1596, and in it he recorded her tragic action.

Even the English, always slow to show concern over happenings in Italy, heard about that young Italian lady. Late in the sixteenth century, Arthur Brooke wrote a poem, in which he referred to the young lady as Juliet, and to her young man as Romeus; his poem, indeed, was called *Romeus and Juliet*.

It is probable that Arthur Brooke's poem came into the possession of a playwright named William Shakespeare. We seek to start no arguments: if you are a Baconian, then it is probable that Arthur Brooke's poem came into the possession of Francis Bacon; if you are an Oxonian, it is probable that Arthur Brooke's poem came into the

possession of Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford. At any rate, Shakespeare (or Bacon, or Oxford) was touched by the tragedy and founded upon it one of the very greatest of his plays, *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*.

For Shakespeare Juliet, in taking her sleeping potion, was only attempting to escape from an enforced marriage by sheer cunning. Romeo, not appreciating her cunning to the full, as what man appreciates what woman's cunning to the full, proceeded to think her dead and killed himself. Then Juliet, finding Romeo dead, killed herself. Latins were satisfied with only one death in their legend, the bloody English had to have two deaths.

But Shakespeare wrote of these deaths with such fervor and gusto, the tears of the whole world now mingle above the graves of both Juliet and Romeo. But the tears of the whole world are intended to be salty Italian tears; for Shakespeare kept Juliet in an Italian family, kept Romeo in an Italian family, wrote his great play upon an Italian background. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, they remained Eye-tal-i-an!

Yet Shakespeare's play has been illustrated upon dozens of occasions; and the illustrator nearly invariably proclaims that the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is a universal tragedy. So he proceeds to visualize the lovers as young English people of Shakespeare's time, or as young lovers of his own time. To so vile a practice, we considered it high time that a stop was put.

We cast about, through the length and breadth of the world, for the proper illustrator. We decided upon that French artist, Sylvain Sauvage. Monsieur Sauvage is one of the best known and most admired of French illustrators. He was not known to us until four years ago, when he entered some drawings in a contest for book illustrators conducted by The Limited Editions Club. His drawings were water-colors to illustrate *At the Sign of the Queen Pidaque*. He carried off third prize. His pictures were printed in an edition of that book by the Lakeside Press and the members of The Limited Editions Club voted the resulting edition the best of all the books they had received. For The Limited Editions Club, he has illustrated *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* since that time, and is now at work upon illustrations for *Penguin Island*.

His pictures are always pretty, they always give pleasure to the eye. But they are intelligently done, with a literary man's understanding of the book to illustrate, and they are profoundly full of wit. He read Shakespeare's play with the literary man's understanding. He has not considered Romeo and Juliet to be English just because Shakespeare was an Englishman. He has not considered them to be French just because he himself is French. He has remembered that Juliet and Romeo were Italians and so were their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, and he has drawn them as Italian people walking Italian streets. The ballroom in Capulet's house full of Italian coloring; Romeo woos Juliet upon a rococo Italian balcony; Friar Laurence marries Romeo and Juliet in an Italian cloister; Juliet stabs herself, and falls dead over Romeo's body, in front of an Italian tomb.

*We think you will like the Sauvage illustrations for Romeo and Juliet,*



although we would like very much to hear from you if you don't. We *know* you will like the book into which these illustrations have been built, for every aspect of it reminiscent of the best in bookmaking.

The book was planned by Frederic Warde. The shape was dictated to him by the shape adopted by Sauvage in making his drawings, nearly square shape. But Mr. Warde set out to make an Italian-looking book, out of sentimental sympathy as with the Italian-looking watercolors. So the book is rather large in size, 8 1/4 by 11 1/4 inches. This the largest of the books issued the members of The Heritage Club, but it is fervently to be hoped that it will not be considered too large.

The pages of type, and the illustrations themselves, are placed by Mr. Warde within borders built up of rules printed in a red-brown ink which artists call sanguine. That color is a color frequently used by the early Italian printers. The borders built up of rules are also imitative of the style used by the early Italian printers.

And the type is Italian. You can determine for yourself whether you consider the letter shapes of this type face to be handsome, because the very words you read at this moment are set in that type. The type is called Bembo; the size in which you are now reading it is only eleven point, whereas the size used for setting the text of *Romeo and Juliet* in the Heritage edition is sixteen point. That is a big brave size; if you will remember that there are seventy-two points in one inch, your elementary arithmetic will help you to discover that the sixteen-point size of any type is nearly a quarter of an inch in height.

This Bembo type is not familiar to most American printing establishments. It is a copy of the letter designed for Aldus Manutius in the early part of the sixteenth century. It was designed by Aldus's son-in-law, and was used for the first time in the composition of a book by Pietro Bembo. It is therefore what is called a pure old-style letter; the shapes of the letters are clean and crisp, they print upon paper with rich blackness and with downright elegance. The Heritage edition of course is not printed from the types originally used by Aldus! It is printed from a copy cast by the English Monotype Corporation in 1929, and imported into America by the Printing-Office of the Yale University Press in New Haven.

The setting of the Heritage edition was therefore done at Yale. The type was carefully composed and plated, and then printed by the Haddon Craftsmen. The type is printed in black on every page, and it is surrounded on every page by a border of rules printed in a sanguine color. The type and the rules are printed on a special rag paper.

This paper was manufactured especially for the book by the Worthy Paper Company. It is chalk-white in color, in order that the paper may serve as a proper foil for the soft Italian colors of Sauvage's drawings. It has a coarse surface in order that the paper may properly absorb the rich black ink of the Bembo type. It has a fine feeling in the fingers, an interesting cloud-weave inside it if you hold a sheet up to the light; and it is guaranteed to last for two or three centuries, for you will have descendants two or three centuries from now ready to weep over Juliet's tragic death.

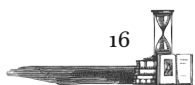
Even the binding is Italian in appearance. The sheets are carefully bound in heavy boards. The back of the boards is covered with genuine leather, a strip of calfskin stained a deep black and highly polished. Upon the leather the title is stamped in gold. The sides of the boards are covered with a decorated paper. The paper itself is of a rich Neopolitan blue; upon this paper a design is embossed in gold.

The Heritage edition of *Romeo and Juliet* seems to our highly prejudiced eye an elegant and gracious book, obviously worth several times what we force you to pay for it. But it is also a fine Italian edition of this great Italian play. If Duce himself, if he can take his mind off the holocaust in Spain, will be proud of us this month!

## Coming, coming!

If you will accept as true the statement we have just made, and which we accept as true, that the Heritage edition of *Romeo and Juliet* is worth several times what you are forced to pay for it, then you will certainly refuse to accept as true the statement we now make, which we nevertheless insist to be true, that next month you will receive from us the biggest bargain of all. Next month you will receive the first of a series of new editions of the works of "the greatest novelist who ever lived." The greatest novelist who ever lived is Charles Dickens, and The Heritage Club plans to issue his novels in editions illustrated by the world's leading illustrators of the present century.

The first book will be the book which Dickens called his "own favourite child," *The Personal Adventures of David Copperfield*. It is a whopping big book, for it contains 832 pages! It also contains seventy-two illustrations by that eminent English artist, John Austen. Since you must pay us only \$2.25 or \$2.50 for a copy, that copy will come to you as a great bargain, for it will have cost us more than three dollars simply to manufacture. This is the secret of The Heritage Club's plan: that you enable us, when you subscribe for twelve books in one year, to average our costs and give you several books which are "stupendous, magnificent, amazing, unprecedented" bargains without ever having to give you any volumes which are not in themselves good value-for-money.

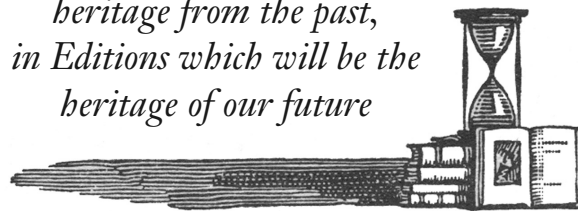


# THE HERITAGE CLUB

# Sandglass

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*The classics which are our  
heritage from the past,  
in Editions which will be the  
heritage of our future*



## DAVID COPPERFIELD by Charles Dickens

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### *The Man Who Invented Christmas*

IT was in December 1833, when Charles Dickens was not yet twenty-two years old, that he wrote his first story. He dropped the manuscript "into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street." One month later he bought a copy of *The Monthly Magazine*, and for the first time he saw himself in print.

Charles Dickens was started as an author. Those years of poverty, those years spent in a blacking warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs, those dark years of hunger and debt, were suddenly dispelled. For the bookseller who published *The Monthly Magazine* approached Charles Dickens to write some sketches for illustrations by Robert Seymour. These sketches became *The Pickwick Papers*, and *The Pickwick Papers* launched Dickens upon a life of fortune and fame.

He wrote and wrote, sketches, travel-essays, novels. *The Cricket on the Hearth* and *A Christmas Carol* were two of five "Christmas books" which celebrated the amenities of plum pudding and holly wreaths to such an extent that Charles Dickens is sometimes known as *The Man Who Invented Christmas*.

Sixteen years later, in 1849, he wrote *The Personal History of David Copperfield*, a novel which appeared in monthly parts following the custom of the day. Not many men have written as many words in one lifetime as did Charles Dickens; and no man is called so frequently "the world's greatest novelist." Yet, when Dickens later wrote a preface for *David Copperfield*, he referred to this story as "my own favorite child."

For he poured himself into this book. Young David worked in a blacking warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs; young David knew hunger and want. Around young David Copperfield, Charles Dickens wove a novel wistful and pathetic. But it was Charles Dickens who wrote it, so the novel is peopled with "Dickensian" characters, with Wilkins Micawber always waiting for something to turn up, with the unctuous Uriah Heep, with lovable old Mister Dick who could not get Charles II out of his head, with Aunt Betsy Trotwood who covered a velvet hand with an iron glove. To read *David Copperfield* once is to come under the spell of Charles Dickens at his autobiographic best. To read it again and again, is to savor the richness of the favorite novel of the world's greatest novelist, to chuckle and weep, to weep and chuckle. A reading of *David Copperfield* is more satisfactory, by actual test, than seventeen evenings spent at the movies or four evenings spent imbibing magnums of champagne.

That is why the members of The Heritage Club are this month

receiving a new and lovely illustrated edition of *David Copperfield*. That is, at any rate, the public reason. The private reason, which you are begged not to reveal to a living soul, is that John Austen offered to illustrate this book for the Directors of the Club.

John Austen is England's most prolific illustrator of books. A simple quiet man, he lives on a farm called Heart's Delight (literally because a man named Hart found delight in it) and he turns out pictures prettier to look at than those of any other English illustrator with the possible exception of Arthur Rackham. He had illustrated *Vanity Fair* for The Limited Editions Club, with soft Victorian colors which made that edition one of the most resounding hits the members of that Club had ever received. He offered to do *David Copperfield* in the same manner, and we snapped up the offer.

While John Austen worked upon his illustrations, Hugh Walpole took a trip to Hollywood and there supervised the making of a film version of *David Copperfield* in which Freddy Bartholomew was starred. The film was completed at just about the time when John Austen completed his drawings.

Now, John Austen has never been to the movies; as he would put it, the "cinema" does not interest him, he does not care to see people "on the films." So it has been a source of considerable astonishment to us, that his portraits of Wilkins Micawber and Uriah Heep closely resemble the portraits of W. C. Fields as Micawber and Roland Young as Heep! If, when you gaze upon the Austen portraits, you conclude that he made his portraits after seeing the movie, you will be doing a grave injustice to an honest man; and taking all the pleasurable sting out of a pleasurable coincidence.

But you will at any rate find considerable delight in looking at all of Mr. Austen's illustrations for *David Copperfield*. He made eight plates in beautiful soft color. He made sixty-four drawings in pen and ink, each to appear at the beginning of one of the chapters. All of the drawings are done with considerable wit, all of the plates in color are lovely to look upon. The careful evocation of the background of England a century ago, the wistful re-creation of the young lovers David and Dora, the meticulous portraiture of the whimsical "Dickensian" characters, all combine to make these a fine series of Dickens illustrations. It is not easy to illustrate Dickens well. John Austen has illustrated Dickens well. But, we should hasten to add, that's what *we* think.

When we had obtained the drawings, we turned them over to Joseph Blumenthal and asked him to build them into a Heritage edition. Joseph Blumenthal is one of the most admired of American printers. He teaches even younger and equally eager people how to design and print books; and he operates a small and highly respected printing-works called The Spiral Press. He planned the edition of *David Copperfield* of which a copy is going to you this month.

The text is a long one, and the resulting edition makes a whopping big book. The size of the page is 6 x 9 1/2 inches. And there are 832 pages!

But it is probable that the chief claim to fame of this edition lies,



not in the fact that it is so big a book, but in the fact that it is so readable a book. Most of Dickens' novels are long long stories, and most printers of his novels have created editions in which a large gob of type is crammed onto the page. But Joseph Blumenthal has created an edition of gracious readability; it is an open question, whether any Dickens edition of the past has been so eminently readable as the Heritage *David Copperfield*.

The type used is called Baskerville, because it is a modern adaptation of a type-face originally designed by John Baskerville. John was an Englishman; born in 1706, fourteen years after William Caslon was born, he was the next great figure in English printing after Caslon. First he was a writingmaster. Then he went in for jappanning; he built up a big trade, in jappanning trays and snuff-boxes and such things, and made a lot of money. Having made a lot of money, he began in 1750 to interest himself in printing.

What Baskerville did was to bring over into printing his knowledge of jappanning. Until he arrived upon the scene, all printing was done upon rough "antique" papers. He proceeded to press his sheets of paper under hot copperplates, so as to give the sheets a high finish, a glossy appearance. The result was that, when he printed type upon this paper, the ink remained more on the surface of the paper and did not sink into the fibers. He was therefore able to design letter shapes in which the drawing of each letter alternated between heavy strokes and light strokes; he could feel confident that the ink covering the light strokes could not thicken in the paper. The types have therefore become popular because they afford a variety of design which no previous types, not even Caslon's, could approximate.

The Mergenthaler Linotype Company makes a modern version of the Baskerville designs, for use upon its machines; and it is the Mergenthaler version which is used in the Heritage printing of *David Copperfield*. The type is used in the 12-point size, opened up with two points of space between the lines. It is supposed that you know that seventy-two "points" combine to make an inch!

This Baskerville type is printed, in this Heritage book, upon a fine thin paper. If a book containing 832 pages were printed upon a normally thick paper, the volume would be too thick and too unwieldy for you to hold. In the effort to keep this edition of *David Copperfield* portable and wieldy, a special paper has been made. The paper is thin and tough, with a creamy color; a fine, distinguished paper. But, we should add, that's what we think!

The sheets are bound into heavy boards, which boards are then covered with Bancroft's window-shade linen. The color of the linen is soft gray. Upon the linen, a design is stamped in vermilion and gold. This is an ornate design, cleverly drawn by Clarence Pearson Hornung. This is a most unusual design, which we hope to repeat upon other Dickens books issued by us. There is a monogram of Dickens' initials on front and back covers; and Betsy Trotwood and Wilkins Micawber strut across the shelf-back. A similar design on other Dickens novels should prove happy. The top of each book is stained with a matching vermilion, and the book is then encased in a deep red slipcase.

You will get your copy of *David Copperfield* this month. It will be obvious to you immediately, that each copy of this book costs more than \$2.50 simply to manufacture. But we hope you will find it equally obvious, that each copy of this book is a thing of beauty.

### *Coming, coming!*

NEXT month will be December; in December comes Christmas; this Christmas you will be making yourself a gift of unusual beauty. For you will receive from the Club next month an edition of *The Song of Songs*, illuminated by hand with pure gold and bound in genuine leather!

### *No Pennies, Please!*

OUR headquarters are in New York, and most of our members live outside New York. It is therefore our unfortunate lot, not to see our members at all, but to have to correspond with them. That correspondence gives us a rich insight into human nature. There are people who write us guardedly, suspiciously; having been cheated in the past by unscrupulous people with whom they did business by mail, they are suspicious of us, too. There are people who are easy and confiding, who place such trust in us that we would be boors indeed if we violated that trust. There are people who write us sarcastically, there are people who pour salt into wounds which they create in their opening sentences. There are people who write us gently, humorously, charmingly, encouragingly.

But also, there are people who put *cash* in envelopes!

We implore our members to pay for their books regularly and promptly. But we implore them to pay with checks or postal money orders. Cash has an uncanny habit of disappearing; when it disappears, the member who sent the cash accuses us, as a Club, of pocketing the money without giving credit for it, or accuses our clerks, as human beings, of taking the money without turning it over to the Club.

We cannot assume responsibility for remittances sent to us in pennies, in dollars or in postage stamps. We beg that our members do not send their remittances to us in this fashion.

