



# Caxtonian

Journal of The Caxton Club of Chicago

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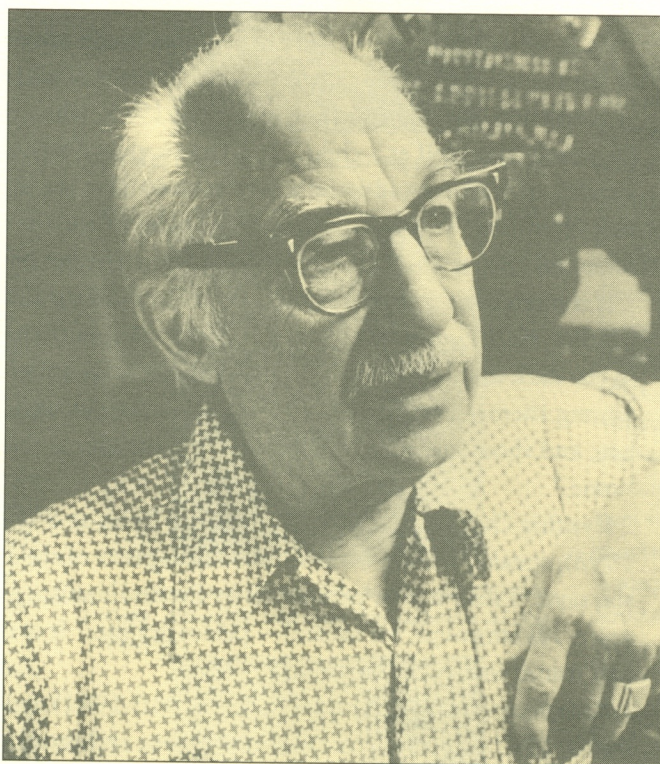
October 1998

## The Professional Bookman: Middleton at Ludlow

Robert Hunter Middleton's long and distinguished career was touched on by guest speaker Gretchen Lagana in her talk at the August 19 dinner meeting of The Caxton Club. Long-time Caxtonians, of course, knew and admired Bob Middleton as one of the stalwarts of our club (and of every other book-related organization in Chicago). For those of us not privileged to have known him, a brief summary of his career with the Ludlow Typograph Co., a Chicago manufacturer of type-setting machinery, seems in order. I speak, of course, as an historian. I "know" Middleton because I sorted his papers at the Newberry, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him. Others of you can fill out my picture with real-life detail; perhaps you can correct my readings, too.

Middleton studied at the School of the Art Institute under Ernst F. Detterer, a Johnstonian calligrapher and founder of the Institute's Department of Printing Arts. Middleton went to work for the Ludlow company on Detterer's recommendation in 1923, right out of school. In 1933 he became Ludlow's design chief, a post he held until his retirement in 1971. Such length of service with a single company is rare today, and we might ask what effect it had on the creative life of this talented man. Clearly his service at Ludlow gave him many opportunities: first, to mature as a designer, then to achieve national and international fame, and to create 24 type families in 98 series, each of them personally drawn and re-drawn by Middleton himself. Above all, his Ludlow career gave him the chance to create a coherent body of high-quality work.

Were there also disadvantages? Well, an obvious one is the narrow scope and short term of Middleton's direct influence. The Ludlow was a flexible typesetting system manufactured to very high standards, and it was widely used, but it was employed mostly for newspaper headlines and commercial job work, so Middleton's faces



*Robert Hunter Middleton stands in front of his Washington press in his private printshop, Cherryburn, circa 1980. (Photo from the private collection of Bruce Beck.)*

were rarely used in books or other large projects, even during his lifetime. And since the company never made the transition to phototype and has not successfully remastered its types for computer use either, even Middleton's most distinguished faces are virtually unknown today. The only exception is the reworked version of Eusebius — really an original creation of Caxtonian Paul Baker — that was used in the Caxton centennial history by Frank J. Piehl, *Celebrating a Century of the Book in Chicago* (1995). It is almost impossible to actively experience the effect of the exquisite drawing and careful fit that characterized Middleton's work unless you can find a museum or small printer still making Ludlow slugs. Some of Bruce Beck's recent work uses the system, because he still has a Ludlow caster

in his basement chamber of wonders. He owns some of Bob Middleton's tools and art work too; and rarest of all, Bruce has in his basement the mats for the never-released proto-type of Middleton's Eusebius face.

When we look at a Middleton face, we usually admire first the elegant draftsmanship and precise, fluid outlines. These qualities were not peculiar to Ludlow types, however; they represent the best design principles of the first half of our century. If we look closer, the modernism of each Middleton design is apparent in the concentration on clean, functional forms that either capture the spirit of an historical model or convey a contemporary mood. But Middleton claimed on several occasions that the engraving of the punches and the correct striking of the matrices was the crucial moment in creating a successful

Ludlow face. He referred to drawing as a simple act, and claimed that the real challenge was precise measurement that would conform to the needs of industrial engraving and manufacturing processes.

It is interesting that Middleton should have downplayed artistry and referred to the industrial process as his real professional challenge. He did this out of personal modesty, but also, I think, as a result of a career spent entirely within a single organization. Middleton was responding to manufacturing standards that were often at odds with the creative impulses of other 20<sup>th</sup> Century designers. But Middleton does not seem to have suffered this sort of tension; he accepted precise planning and repeated measurement as essential parts of creativity. In this sense his

*(See MIDDLETON, Page Six)*



# Caxtonian

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# Musings...

An essay is a sermon gone secular with grace. It is a poem in prose clothing. It is a song transforming contemporaneity into classic. Such is the essay, *Knoxville: Summer 1915*, by American novelist, critic, and screen writer, James Agee (1909-1955). Written in the mid-1930s, it was first published in the *Partisan Review* in 1938. It appeared as the preface to Agee's novel, *A Death in the Family*, in 1955.

As in all great essays, this essay is not so much *about* something as it is the very *essence* of the thing itself, made genuine by the artistry of language. This essay, thus, is an evening in Knoxville, TN, during the summer of 1915, when the artist lived "so successfully disguised to myself as a child." It is the sounds of a Southern evening — of water hoses and cicadas, of crickets and quiet conversations. It is the sights within a lower middle class neighborhood, where, if the neighbors weren't friends they lived mirrored lives that gently reflected one another from home to home in the peaceful urban setting of that time.

It is a celebration of the family, the most binding and strengthening of human ties — of mother, father, aunt, uncle, and child — who, in the waning moments of the evening, lie in the dark upon a quilt spread on the back lawn under the summer sky, talking softly among themselves, until the little one is taken in, and "Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her; and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well beloved in that home."

Cynthia Ozick, in "She: Portrait of the Essay as a Warm Body" (*Atlantic*, September 1998), speaks, among other important aspects of the essay, of its *power*. In this regard, she says, "I may not be persuaded by Emersonianism as an ideology, but Emerson — his voice, his language, his music — persuades me." It is the power of Agee's voice, language, and music that is so compelling.

American composer Samuel Barber (1910-1981) was drawn to the power of Agee's essay, and in 1947 he composed a one-movement orchestral song from the masterpiece. After composing the song, Barber met Agee for the first time and discovered both men held fond childhood memories, including "back yards where our families used to lie in the long summer evenings; [and] we each had an aunt who was a musician."

At Ravinia on August 8 the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Christoph Eschenbach, and America's brilliant soprano Renee Fleming performed Agee's and Barber's brilliant works with stunning affect. The sterling quality of Fleming's voice made every phrase soar — according to *Chicago Tribune* music critic John von Rhein — "with a limpid purity not heard since Eleanor Steber, the work's dedicatee and greatest (until now) interpreter." Von Rhein concluded, "It will be impossible to forget the radiant beauty of the high pianissimo she floated in the final words of the piece."

My wife Norma and I savored Fleming's performance that evening, lying upon a quilt spread on the grass under the stars of a Midwestern summer sky, surrounded by — to use von Rhein's words — the "amber beauty" of Fleming's voice and its splendid orchestral accompaniment. The sheer delight in language so eloquently written and in music so marvelously performed was one of many private pleasures of our own *Chicago: Summer 1998*.

Robert Cotner  
Editor



## Culmination of a Cuban Pilgrimage — A Tour of Hemingway's Finca Vigia

*Editor's note: When Caxtonian editor Robert Cotner learned of Kenneth Paterson's planned trip to Cuba, he commissioned Paterson to do for the Caxtonian a literary and book-arts piece on what he found there. Here is the third of three articles on Paterson's recent trip, under his British passport, to Havana and other parts of Cuba. Caxtonian Paterson's articles on literature and travel are published by MAST Publishing.*

© Kenneth H. Paterson

### Part III of III

When I returned to Finca Vigia, Hemingway's home, I brought with me some back issues of the *Caxtonian*, and I sat down with Museo Hemingway Director, Danilo M. Arrate Hernandez, assistant director, Caridad Valdes, and a staff member. They were particularly excited to read the issue devoted to Hemingway (July 1996) and asked me about Oak Park. I also gave them my copy of the Caxton Club edition of *Printer's Marks and Devices*, by Howard W. Winger, as a small gift for the National Library of Cuba. Danilo said that he might come to the United States for a conference, and I extended an invitation to be my guest at home and at any Caxton Club event that might be held during his visit.

Finca Vigia is as Hemingway left it in 1960. Liquor is still in bottles although much has evaporated down to a few inches over the years. His personal library of over 9,000 books is still intact, and, as befitted Hemingway's personality, it is a most eclectic collection. It has not been catalogued, and I offered to help on my next visit to Cuba. The range of titles and interests was astonishing — books on religion, geography, warfare, Native Americans, boats, and so forth. Fiction jostled with non-fiction in no apparent order. I saw a volume by Gen. Sir John Glubb on the Arab peoples. He was an army friend of my father and was generally regarded as one of the great British Arabist scholars, as well as the organizer of the modern Jordanian army. The books looked well read, and I started to get an image of Hemingway as the warrior-poet. I get the feeling that his image is stronger now and more vital in Cuba than in the U.S.A. I had visited the memorial to him by the harbor in Cojimar. His bronze bust sits on a column inside a small, almost Greek temple. The fishermen of Cojimar contributed old propellers of bronze that were melted down to make the bust. He would have liked the



*The staff of the Museo (Museum) Hemingway look at the Hemingway issue of the Caxtonian (July 1996). (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)*



*The dining room of Finca Vigia, San Francisco De Paula, Cuba. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)*



*One of the many mounted heads from Hemingway's hunting expeditions. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)*



*Liquor bottles, left as they were on Hemingway's last visit to Cuba in 1960, remain in the living room of Finca Vigia. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)*

gesture. (See photo in the *Caxtonian*, August 1998, p. 1.)

A collection of 78 RPM records reflected Hemingway's wide range of musical interests. These included Benny Goodman, Noel Coward, Cole Porter, Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart among many others. This is a home that had been lived in and loved. It is light and airy with the high ceilings of the tropics. Off-white walls and gentle pastels reflected the light from the many windows around the house. I never felt Ernest Hemingway's presence in visits to the house in Key West, but I did feel it here and felt welcomed not only by my director-friend Danilo and assistant director Caridad, but most strongly by the house itself. In the bathroom was sad testament to Hemingway's obsession with health in his last years. A cardboard chart was on the wall over weight scales and hundreds of entries by him tracked his weight month after month after month — the quiet desperation of a once-vital man watching his health steadily decline, both mentally and physically. Even at this late date, it was painful to look at. I remembered being a lieutenant and teaching at Culver Military Academy in Indiana and hearing of his death in 1961, one year after he left this graceful home. At the side of the home stood a tall white tower not quite graceful and slightly uncomfortable in its masculinity beside the femininity of the house. This was the tower that Mary Welsh Hemingway had built for Hemingway to retreat to when guests started moving in on his writing time. It has three floors and on the top one was a small desk for writing, with a lion skin on the floor. The other floors were used for storage and displays of photographs and fishing rods.

That evening I went to a cabaret held in the Hotel Nacional. Singers, dancers, jugglers, and acrobats put on a wonderful show. The handsome men and the beautiful women of Cuba kept the audience spellbound for two hours. The costumes were extravagant. An American couple asked me to join them at their table since I was alone. The American woman was beautiful, blond and in her mid-30s. The man was rugged, handsome, and perhaps in his early 40s. They were from San Francisco and had recently bought Humphrey Bogart's boat, the *Santayana*. Together we

(See *CUBA*, Page Six)



# CHICAGO DEMOCRAT.

"Where Liberty dwells, there is my Country."---Franklin.

BY J. CALHOUN.

CHICAGO, ILL. TUESDAY DEC. 10, 1833.

VOL. I.—NO. 2.

The masthead of Calhoun's Chicago Democrat, Chicago's first newspaper. (Illustration provided through the courtesy of the John M. Wing collection, Newberry Library.)

## John Calhoun, Chicago's First Printer, Founded City's First Daily in 1833

In September of 1833, John Calhoun, the first printer in Chicago, arrived from Watertown, NY. After enduring a hurricane in Lake Erie that grounded the steamboat he was traveling on, a 20-mile walk to Port Huron, MI, another boat trip to Detroit, and a stagecoach ride from Detroit to Chicago, he might have been inclined to turn back. But he had already shipped his Washington hand press and the rest of his printing equipment ahead to Chicago with two assistants.

It was at the urging of a friend who had been to Chicago that Calhoun saw an opportunity as a printer and newspaper publisher, and he was well suited to the task of starting a printing business in the frontier town of Chicago. At age 16, Calhoun had apprenticed at the Watertown paper, the *Freeman*, then at the Starr & Little type foundry in Albany; later he worked on the city directory in Troy, NY, and then founded his own newspaper, the *Watertown Eagle*.

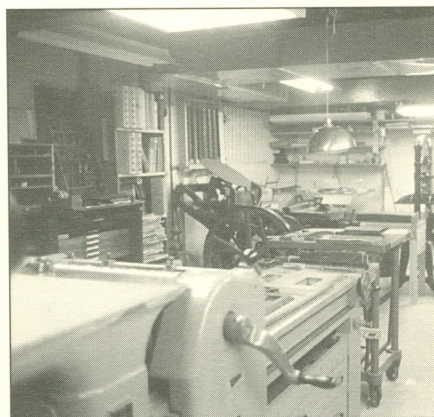
His first printing office in Chicago was at S. Water and Clark streets, and his first printing job was business cards for Mr. Ingersoll's "Traveler's Home," where Calhoun's two assistants were staying. A short time later, he founded the first newspaper here, the *Chicago Democrat*, a four-page, six-column sheet. Despite winter paper shortages brought on by the lack of boat traffic when the lake froze, the paper was successful enough that, in the spring of 1834, Calhoun's wife, the former Pamela Hathaway, came from Watertown and was installed as the proofreader and office manager of the business.

In May of that year, the *Democrat* became the official newspaper of Chicago, and Calhoun also printed the papers of incorporation for the city. But job printing was sporadic; Chicago had fewer than 4,000 residents at the time, and in June competition arrived. T. O. Davis opened a printing office and founded

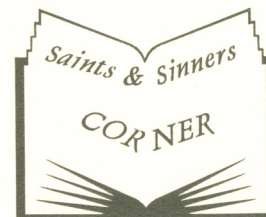
the *Chicago American* newspaper. By 1836 Calhoun was looking for investors and even tried unsuccessfully to sell the paper. He did manage to sell shares to some investors, several of them prominent Democrats. In November, Horatio Hill, who had come from New Hampshire, agreed to buy the paper and hired John Wentworth as editor. But when Hill's bank draft bounced, Wentworth bought the paper himself. Calhoun, who had held a post in his neighborhood fire company, the No. 1 Fire Kings, then took a series of political offices, first as County Treasurer, then County Collector, and then alderman of the Second Ward. Wentworth followed Calhoun's lead in politics and eventually became Mayor of Chicago, and in 1861 the *Democrat* was bought out by the *Chicago Tribune*.

George Everett Thompson

Editor's note: George Thompson is a designer and is on the faculty of Columbia College.



A long view of Bruce Beck's wondrous Turtle Press shop with his Washington press, similar to the one used by Calhoun in Chicago, in the background. (Photograph by and from the collection of Bruce Beck.)



An article on the Newberry Book Fair by Caxton Secretary and bookkeeper Dan Crawford, "One More Book Won't Hurt," was published in *Biblio* (September 1998). Crawford has also assembled a complete author-title-subject index for the *Caxtonian*, 1993-1998, which will be distributed to all members and subscribers later this year.

This issue of the *Caxtonian* has been prepared to coincide with the October 10 meeting of the American Printing History Association meeting at the Newberry Library in Chicago. Copies of the journal will be given to each attendee.

The Newberry Library's upcoming exhibitions and other events are as follows:

Exhibit: "1848: Chicago's Turning Point," October 3, 1998-January 9, 1999.

Exhibit Lecture: "The I&M Canal in the making of a Midwestern Economy," October 3, 10 a.m.

Exhibit Program: "Bus Tour along I&M Canal," October 10, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Lecture and Book signing: *No Constitutional Right to Be Ladies: Women and the Obligation of Citizenship*, Linda Kerber, University of Iowa, October 20, 6 p.m.

For information on these and other programs at the Newberry, telephone 312/255-3700.

The First Columbia Biennial Exhibition of Book and Paper Art will run through Oct. 30, at Columbia College, 218 S. Wabash St., 7th Floor. Caxtonians are encouraged to attend this special exhibition. For information, telephone 312/431-8612.



## Ralph Fletcher Seymour, As Remembered by a Long-Time Friend

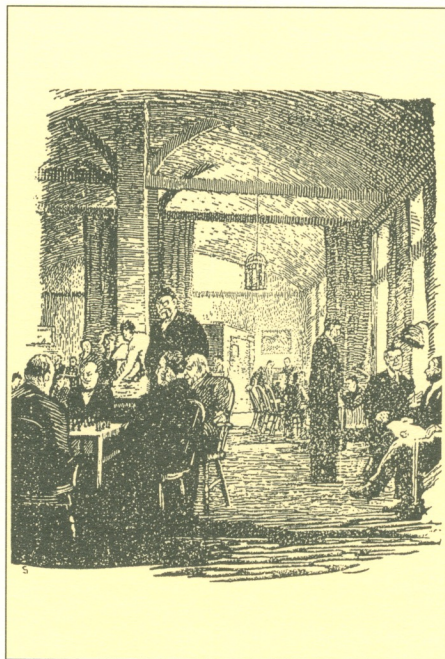
I knew Ralph Fletcher Seymour. We became acquainted about two years before his death in 1965. I learned a great deal about Chicago and Chicagoans in our too-brief friendship.

In 1963, I was fascinated by the early modern movement in the arts of Chicago, particularly in architecture. My reading revealed that several obscure but important publications by Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright had been published by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. At first I assumed he was long gone, but a spur of the moment hunch prompted me to look him up in the Chicago telephone directory. He was listed at 64 E. Van Buren St., Steinway Hall. Bingo!

My job required me to visit a project near the north end of Grant Park every morning. The Monday after finding Seymour's listing, I rushed through my daily inspection and walked down to Van Buren St. At 10:30 a.m., I was at Steinway Hall. Ralph's office was in the southwest corner on the second floor, easily reached by the stair from the lobby. I've never forgotten our first meeting.

Steinway Hall had been designed by architect Dwight Perkins 70 years before my visit. It had been a haven for architects, designers, musicians, and other professionals in the arts for all that time. Ralph's office door was original. A crackled glass panel was neatly lettered "Ralph Fletcher Seymour, The Alderbrink Press." Upon my knock, a wizened little figure, almost elfin, opened the door, looked at me, and said, "What do you want?" I replied, "I'm looking for Ralph Fletcher Seymour." He never took his eyes off me as he said, "You're looking at him." He opened the door and invited me in.

That day was the first of a number of memorable meetings both in his office and elsewhere. I told Ralph of my interest in Sullivan, Wright, and their colleagues, and the response was marvelous. He went to a shelf of books and brought forth several items which he laid in front of me on an incredibly battered table. There were several items printed for Frank Lloyd Wright, including three variant versions of *The Japanese Print*. Ralph went into some detail in describing how Wright had vehemently rejected the first version and had ordered them destroyed. Ralph secretly saved a few copies for his personal file. (A tattered copy turned up a few years ago at the Brandeis



"The Cliff Dwellers Club," a woodcut by Ralph Fletcher Seymour in *Some Went This Way* (1945), the autobiography of Seymour. (From the collection of Will Hasbrouck.)

book fair auction, and it found its way into my collection.) The other two issues of *The Japanese Print* were identical typographically, but one was 1 of 50 on Japanese vellum and the other was the regular issue on elegant soft handmade Japanese paper. (Later, I found copies of each for my own collection, one of which bears Seymour's signature.) He also had a copy of the extremely rare printing of *Experimenting With Human Lives*, outlining Wright's concerns about earthquake design. Most interesting on that first day were two books which Ralph had published in 1912 for Wright and his paramour, Mamah Borthwick Cheney. Both were translations from the Swedish author, Ellen Key. The titles, *Love and Ethics* and *The Morality of Women* pretty much describe their contents. Wright and Mrs. Cheney had, of course, only recently returned from their extramarital sojourn to Europe. These books were as near a thing to justification of their actions that they could find. *Love and Ethics* actually carried the names of both Frank Lloyd Wright and Mamah Borthwick as translators. Mamah Borthwick was the only credit line in the second book. Ralph loved the story of the two lovers coming to him to publish these now rare books.

Later visits to Ralph's office brought forth other material that he had printed for Frank Lloyd Wright, including the English version of the text of the famous Wasmuth Portfolios of Wright's work entitled *Ausgeführte Bauten Und Entwürfe*. A casual mention by me of John Wellborn Root prompted Ralph to bring out a fat file of *Poetry Magazine*. *Poetry's* editor, Harriet Monroe, had been John Root's sister-in-law and, as far as Seymour was concerned, she had been in love with Root even though it was her sister he married. Ralph was the original publisher of *Poetry Magazine*, and he never really forgave Ms. Monroe when she went elsewhere to get the magazine published after its first four years. Ralph had a number of stories about lost opportunities. He was a bit bitter when he didn't get to publish his friend Louis Sullivan's *A System of Architectural Ornament*, which he was convinced would have been far better typographically had he done it. Ralph was very proud of his typographic efforts. He proudly showed me literally dozens of books, mostly poetry, which he had published over the previous 60 years. Some were set in his personally designed typeface. Most were vanity press books issued in very small quantities, seldom more than two or three hundred copies. He remembered every one. Many included drawings or wood-cuts by Seymour. Often they were printed on handmade paper and had decorative bindings. He was equally proud of his etchings. During my many visits to his office, I discovered that many of the piles of paper were anchored in place by metal etching plates.

Ralph's system of filing was to save everything and keep it all in piles of roughly similar material. Only his books got space in his bookcases. His office, really one large room, was divided by double-sided bookcases surrounded by what I first thought to be "mission" oak pieces. The table tops were scarred from knife blades and etching tools, as well as being spattered with ink and paint. One day I casually remarked that some of these furnishing were nicely made. "Of course they are!" was his comment, "this stuff was all built for Brownes Bookstore by Frank Lloyd Wright." When the bookstore closed, Ralph had salvaged the tables, bookcases, etc., and

(See SEYMOUR, Page Six)



## Middleton

(Continued from Page One)



*Baskerville, one of the 24 typefaces designed by Middleton in his long career at Ludlow. (Courtesy, John M. Wing collection, Newberry Library.)*

Ludlow career is good food for thought, especially in our own age of the shortcut.

Middleton's work may be studied in several places. The Newberry Library holds the largest part of his professional papers. The University of Illinois at Chicago has his extensive files of printed materials on design and some of his working library, as well as a broad collection of the work of his contemporaries in Chicago, and the archives of the Aspen Conferences, which Middleton helped to found. And then there is Bruce Beck's basement workshop!

Paul F. Gehl

*Editor's note: Caxtonian Gehl is the curator of the John M. Wing Foundation, Newberry Library.*

## Drendel to Show in England

Caxtonian William Drendel is a part of London's Barbican Centre's year-long celebration of North American culture, "Inventing America." In a show called "American Book Works," Drendel, with others, will represent the U.S. The show will run from Oct. 17 to Nov. 15, in the Barbican Centre. In addition, Drendel will be showing his latest bookworks in a show called "Not for Intended Use," at the Judy Saslow Gallery, 300 W. Superior St., Chicago. He is the solo artist showing books/has-been books in a show, which will open October 9 (5-8 p.m.) — and Caxtonians are invited. For information, telephone Caxtonian Drendel at 312/844-5411.

## Cuba

(Continued from Page Three)



*Hemingway's study on the third floor of a tower built by Mary Hemingway was a retreat for the novelist. (Photo by and from the collection of Ken Paterson.)*

watched the show and talked of the arts, boats, and Cuba. These Americans could have been a Hemingway couple.

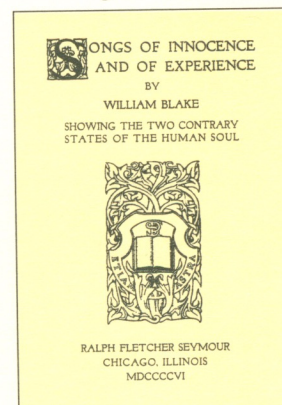
By the week's end, I was saddened to leave Cuba and the many good people I had met and became friends with. I look forward to the day when I sail *Odin* under the shadow of a now-welcoming Morrow Castle. Maybe I'll go down to Cuba and escape a Midwest winter and its low gray skies. I think of Hemingway's words: "*You expected to be sad in the fall. Part of you dies each year when the leaves fell from the trees and their branches were bare against the wind and the cold, wintery light. But you knew there would always be the spring, as you knew the river would flow again after it was frozen. When the cold rains kept on and killed the spring, it was as though a young person had died for no reason.*"

There is a passage from *A Movable Feast* that seems a suitable conclusion to this remarkable pilgrimage to the land so loved by Hemingway — and it seems only fitting that he have the last word: "*There are some things which cannot be learned quickly; and time, which is all we have, must be paid heavily for their acquiring. They are the very simplest things, and because it takes a man's life to know them the little news that each man gets from life is very costly and the only heritage he has to leave.*"

*Ralph Seymour*

## Seymour

(Continued from Page Five)



*One of Seymour's title pages. (Used through the courtesy of the John M. Wing collection, Newberry Library.)*

had taken it all with him when he moved to new quarters in Steinway Hall. It was there where I first met with Ralph, but later most of our visits were at the Cliff Dwellers Club.

My first visit to the Cliff Dwellers Club was after my first visit to Ralph's office. Lunch-time came and he insisted on taking me to the club. Located on top of Orchestra Hall, the club was a short walk from Steinway Hall. I was awestruck and incredulous. Here was the fountainhead of cultural and artistic Chicago, and I was there. All my heroes had been members, and many of them, including Seymour, had been founders of the club in 1907. After our first meeting and lunch at the Cliff Dwellers, we went there on a regular basis. I was embarrassed by Ralph's always picking up the tab, and one day I suggested that we go to the member's room of the Art Institute of Chicago, where, as a new member, I could pay. Ralph agreed, but the lunch was a disaster. Literally every person of any notoriety, and there were lots, who came in the dining room that day knew Ralph, and they all wanted to talk with him. Ralph's comment as we were leaving was that one of the hazards of living so long in the arts world was that "too many people know me and I can't ignore old friends." He decided that if I wanted to buy lunch, the only recourse was for me to become a Cliff Dweller. He didn't ask me, he told me, that he was going to sponsor me. We did the paperwork that day. It was in the fall of 1964, and I have been a member ever since. So far as I know, I am the only current member

(See SEYMOUR, Page Seven)



## Beck's Turtle Press Emerged from Bob Middleton's Cherryburn Press

As the Caxton publication, *RHM, The Man and His Letters* (1984), was being prepared, starting in 1980, my long friendship with Robert Middleton became much closer and, with it, came the opportunity to discover how the artist, the craftsman, and the historian had combined to form the type designer. The boy from Danville, IL, who came to the Chicago Art Institute, at first wanted to become an illustrator (his modest nature wouldn't let him say "artist"), but in his first contact there with Ernst Detterer, he was turned toward the letterform and forever away from illustration. It was by chance that he found such a perfect guide. For Detterer it was equally fortuitous because he had found in Middleton, not only the perfect pupil, but also someone whose facility as a draftsman greatly exceeded his own. Detterer was a calligrapher, had attempted wood engraving, but never was attracted to the private press, which became a kind of magnet to RHM. Thus the Cherryburn, with its truly marvelous collection of myriad tools, allowed one person to do everything connected with the book. Middleton was a natural teacher and welcomed my interest in the press. He showed me how to print, imbued in me a love of craft, and taught me a great deal about letters, although I had been a graphic designer for many years. He never ceased believing that I could learn to cut punches, make paste papers, and master the art of wood engraving although my attempts should have changed his convictions.

Eventually, and inevitably, I came to want a press — not any of Bob's presses since he was still using them — but one like his, a Washington press. He helped me find one, critiqued it, and showed me how to put it back in condition. Then I found a Vandercook cylinder press at a bankruptcy sale. Slowly the amount of equipment at the Turtle Press grew, inspired by and often duplicating that at the Cherryburn. I once asked RHM why he had never owned a personal Ludlow so that he could use the matrixes of the faces he had designed to produce work that would demonstrate the real quality of those faces. The response was not clear, was evasive, or was deliberately vague, and so I do not know the answer. But the question haunted me and the opportunity to purchase at auction a gas-fired Ludlow Typocraft was irresistible. The Turtle Press finally had those matrixes that the Cherryburn

lacked, including the complete size range of Eusebius, Garamond, Goudy, and Caslon.

In spite of the many, many faces RHM designed for Ludlow, his favorite was Eusebius, which he continued to maintain had been entirely created by Ernst Detterer. In the early 1980s he had two foundry castings made from the Ludlow matrixes for Eusebius. The two castings were quite different, not in style or letterform but in spacing, and both were called *Nicolas Jenson*. Bob used them for most of his later books. In addition to Bob, only a few other printers had the type: Carolyn Hammer and Gay Reading in Lexington, Paul Duensing in Michigan, William Hesterberg in Evanston, Will Reuter in Toronto and, of course, the Turtle Press. There were no equal foundry castings of other RHM faces at the Cherryburn Press — not his Garamond, which many critics thought to be the best of his types, and one of the finest Garamonds designed, nor did it have the Goudy, the Caslon, the Delphian, or the Stellar, which Hermann Zaph credits as the model for his Optima. The only foundry face for which Bob was totally responsible was 14pt Andromaque. The face was designed by Victor Hammer, who also hand-cut the punches for the original 12-point type (and instructed Bob in the art). It was a cursive made to accompany Hammer's American Uncial for use in a specific book. Victor died before the face could be used and before he had entirely finished the punches. Bob was asked by Carolyn Hammer to finish the 12-point size and did, but was greatly disappointed in the result, since he found it impossible to completely duplicate another man's style. He decided therefore, to make an entirely new cutting of Andromaque in 14 point. This was cast as a foundry face in 1979. Only two cases were cast. One was used by Carolyn Hammer when she printed Andromaque in 1986. The other was Bob's personal case and although the type was quite wonderful, the casting was seriously flawed, the height of the type varied, and it could be printed only after excruciating make-ready. He used it in a 1980 Christmas card and in the text of Mary Gehr's *Leaves from a South Pacific and Asian Sketch Book*. That case was later given by Bob to the Turtle Press and contains his notes and comments. But the years have not made it easier to print. It has finally become easier because Paul Baker transformed it to a digital face.

These are some of the important fragments of the Cherryburn Press that still remain in a private-press environment. In addition, there are many other items — the tools used by Bob in his wood engravings, as well as a wonderful set, barely used, which belonged to Ernst Detterer. There are excellent antique working glasses that enabled him to work closely on a block or punch, a book which records the countless samples of paste paper that he used in bindings, and the notebooks made by Steven Crook (now Executive Director of the American Printing History Society), which list all of the equipment that comprised the Cherryburn Press and will make it real beyond our faulty memories.

Bruce Beck

## Seymour

(Continued from Page Six)

of the club who was sponsored by a founding member.

Ralph was proud of having been a founding member of the Cliff Dwellers. He loved the Cliff Dwellers and was there for lunch almost every day in the two years I knew him before his death. One day at the member's table someone remarked that Ralph had also been a founding member of the Lake Zurich Country Club. Ralph looked a little pensive and to no one in particular, remarked, "Yes, I'm the only surviving founder of everything I belong to."

Ralph Fletcher Seymour died on January 1, 1966. He went to a New Year's Eve party at his beloved Lake Zurich Country Club and, as he was leaving, decided to walk home. He rejected several offers of rides because it was a beautiful, cold, moonlit winter's night, he'd had a few drinks, and he thought the walk to his house a few miles away would be good for him. He never made it home. He was hit by a car and killed. His host of friends were saddened, but I recall a remark at the member's table of the Cliff Dwellers, where a now-forgotten member said, "If Ralph could have chosen a way to go, what better could he have asked than to go quickly after a great New Year's Eve party, a little bit tipsy, enjoying a lovely night in his 90<sup>th</sup> year."

I agree.

Wilbert R. Hasbrouck



# Book Marks

## Luncheon Programs

### *Your Special Luncheon Invitation. . .*

**Date:** October 9, 1998

**Place:** Mid-Day Club

**Speaker:** Ralph Carreno

Caxtonian Ralph Carreno will give a farewell talk — he and Sue will soon be leaving Chicago for a move to Massachusetts. He will speak on “Mencken and *The American Language*.” After giving a brief summary of the life of the great American journalist, H. L. Mencken, Carreno will highlight Mencken as an arbiter and as a scholar on English, both American and British.

Mencken believed that the “two English languages” should be thought of as separate and distinct languages. He ultimately came to be regarded as one of the outstanding contributors to the study of English as used in the United States. *The English Language* (1914) is the result of his own very special scholarship in this area.

Known for his cantankerous and opinionated views, Mencken is remembered for the well-turned, if acerbic, sentence: “...there is always a well-known solution to every human problem — neat, plausible, and wrong” from *Cult of Hope*.

This is a program Caxtonians (cantankerous and otherwise) and their friends will not want to miss. Join us to bid fellow Caxtonian Carreno farewell as he leaves for the East, and as we hear of that East-erner, H.L. Mencken, whom many love to hate.

Edward Quattrocchi  
Leonard Freedman  
Co-Chairs

*All luncheon and dinner meetings, unless otherwise noted, are held in the Mid-Day Club, 56th floor of the First National Bank of Chicago, Madison & Clark, Chicago. Luncheon and discussion, 12:30 p.m. Dinner meetings begin with spirits at 5 p.m., dinner at 6 p.m., lecture at 7 p.m. The First National Bank of Chicago's parking garage, 40 S. Clark Street, offers a special parking rate after 5 p.m. to guests of the Mid-Day Club. When you leave, please tell the parking attendant you were at the Mid-Day Club, and your parking fee will be \$6. Members planning to attend luncheons or dinners must make advance reservations by phoning the Caxton number, 312/255-3710. Luncheon for members and guests, \$20. Dinner, for members and guests, \$35.*

## Dinner Programs

### *Your Special Dinner Invitation. . .*

**Date:** October 21, 1998

**Place:** Mid-Day Club

**Speaker:** Richard Lancelyn Green

*"Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!"  
(Chapter 2, The Hound of the Baskervilles)*

Dogs will come and dogs will go — Lassie, Rin Tin Tin, Fala, and Sandy. Some leave memories, but none has excited readers or focused as much interest for as many people and in as many different countries as that anonymity simply called “The Hound.”

Hundreds of articles and countless thousands of words have been written about this creature, delving into every aspect of the animal itself, but also exploring and researching bits about the origin and development of the story itself.

Our London speaker, Richard Lancelyn Green, will present an illustrated talk on “Sherlock Holmes: The Footprints of a Gigantic Hound,” detailing in a comprehensive review with much original materials, the path of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, from its origin to its publication.

In a lifetime steadfastly devoted to the pursuit and study of Sherlock Holmes and Arthur Conan Doyle, Green richly deserves his many recognitions as the expert on these topics. His father, Roger Lancelyn Green, author of many books and a Sherlockian devotee, undoubtedly aroused his son's interest in Doyle and Victorian literature.

Green read English at University College, Oxford, is a recipient of the Edgar Allan Poe Award from the Mystery Writers of America, and, among other distinctions, is currently Chairman of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. His collection of Arthur Conan Doyle and related material can only be admired and viewed with utmost envy; it exemplifies the finest in book collecting.

All Caxtonians will want to welcome to Chicago and The Caxton Club this distinguished collector, scholar, and friend in books.

C. Fred Kittle  
Vice President and  
Program Chair