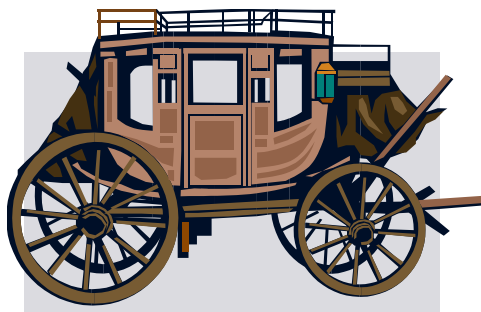


# RECOLLECTIONS



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From his unpublished hand-typed chapters  
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## Acknowledgements

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See: Seven Roads Gallery of Book Trade Labels, [sevenroads.org/Bookish.html](http://sevenroads.org/Bookish.html)

Other images came from the websites in 11/2020 of each given bookstore. Jack listed the address of these bookstores in 1977, but several have moved or ceased business by 2020.



## CHAPTER 14. BOOKMAN IN LONDON/PARIS 1977

In 1977, from March 23 through April 9, Charlotte and I took a package tour to London and Paris. I am sure [now in 1988] that the following pages do not contain all of the account I wrote afterward. I thought I wrote a general account covering where we went, where we stayed, what we ate, what things cost, and how we got around. I do not know what happened to that first part. Maybe it will turn up someday, [not yet found in 2020.]

I wrote a second part, which constitutes this chapter. It deals chiefly with the bookish side of the trip, written for my own use on later trips, and for the information of people at the University of New Mexico Press, to describe the world of bookshops in Europe.

The trade magazine *Antiquarian Bookman* liked this second part and ran it as an article in 9/17/1984. [This chapter was re-ordered, completely re-worked the original typed text, and did not consult the 1984 published version.]

### PREPARATIONS

As part of that 1977 trip to London and Paris, I hoped to buy a quantity of rare books to resell eventually to recover part of the trip expense. Even if this idea only broke even financially, with no consideration of my time, it would help. More important was establishing real-life contacts, so that names on catalogs and letterheads might become real shops and real people, and that doing business might have any strangeness removed. In general, I accomplished this and found much of what I went after.

There were expensive advance preparations, starting more than a year before we left. I checked American book trade periodicals and directories for names and sent a short list of wants [wanted books] to twenty shops [in England and Paris]. Their reply letters and catalogs gave me some clues to the nature of the shops, and many names of individuals.

In this rambling account, I intend to set out as much practical comment as I can, but you will look in vain if you expect to learn where I found the greatest number of bargains, or where I found so many fore-edge paintings. I spent good cash and sweat to find those. I do not intend to hasten their depletion. Even so, the chances are high that the treasures will be gone from one place but accumulated in another location.

### ***Itinerary Timing***

A great deal had to be crowded into a very short time. There was only a Monday through Thursday in London, plus Monday through Wednesday in Paris. I could be sure of only the hours between 10am to noon and 2pm to 5pm, or five good hours a day. This meant only twenty [reliable business] hours in London and fifteen in Paris [for this trip]. This allowed only an hour from the time I entered a shop and started to scan its' stock, through details of completing the transaction. This included travel time to the next shop, if I were to visit thirty-five of forty shops on my lists.

The reasons for these short hours are that shops in the antiquarian field:

- may not open on Saturdays or are open only until noon
- might open at 9am
- may not open until 10am
- might open only in the afternoon
- may close one afternoon during the week in England
- will not close on the same afternoon as other shops
- can sometimes remain open as late as 7pm
- may not open on Monday in Paris

If a traveler has a half-day available upon arrival or departure, his time may be reduced or eliminated by queues, fatigue, and unfamiliarity with surroundings. The hotel porter (whom we would call bell captain) is in England the great source of information. He keeps a railway guide that lists all lines, routes, stations, and departure times.

We utilized all spare moments. We found early shops and late shops, shops that were open all day Saturday, and shops open during the noon hours. We used this spare time for shops not on our list but recommended or simply turned up on the same street we walked. Sometimes a shop on our list had nothing in our field of interest, and we were out in fifteen minutes. This made up for those where we spent over an hour.

On the matter of taking notes during my next trip, I probably shall take along a small tape recorder [to save time within a bookshop]. I purchased such a mini-recorder [in 1988] at \$60. It is the size of two packs of king-size cigarettes placed side-by-side, battery powered and uses small cassettes that record fifteen minutes on a side. It weighs less than a pound and can slip into a coat pocket.



### ***Luggage Secrets***

I had not planned to buy quantity, but quality, and hoped to bring all of my purchases back with me. Several years ago, on a trip to New York City, I tracked down in a warehouse district the firm that makes tough, fibre sample cases that salesmen carry. These cases are black, telescoping cases, as light and tough as aluminum, with strong handles that enable me to carry a heavy weight. I bought two of different sizes, so that one fits inside the other. Together, empty, the two weigh thirteen and a half pounds. The smaller one holds thirty-five pounds of hardback books, as much as a man cares to carry. I can go out on a buying trip with only one case (with the second inside) and can come back with two. On a selling trip, I can go out with two and come back with what seems to be only one.

At times, I have sent the smaller one back by mail, for it is tough enough to withstand any postal abuse. I carry a small quantity of plastic gallon-size freezer bags and slip books inside these for protection against rubbing, shifting, or dampness' yet any customs inspector can see what the book is without handling it much. Both clothes and books go into the larger case. The cases have no locks or hinges but are held by two heavy web straps, although on my small case I add a fillip [as a boost] by using an old Western style belt with an imitation silver “cowboy” buckle.

To a bellhop, porter, hotel clerk, or customs inspector these cases at once identify their owner as a commercial traveler. I have often wished for one of the small, collapsible hand carts (or truck or dolly, the name varies), because forty to seventy-five pounds is too much to wrestle across a vast airport, and one of these days, I will find the model I seek.

These cases can be secured and equipped with small wheels or rollers in town. On a trip, I left the cases at the hotel and worked the town with my cloth bag, which I call my “carpetbag”. Between towns, we used the carpetbag for overnight necessities so that I can keep going for a full day even if my main bags go temporarily astray. These bags are easily spotted in any bus station, railroad terminal, or airport.

When loaded, their weight always surprised a porter unless he was an old-timer accustomed to salesmen. It reminded me of the bags carried by the anvil salesman in the musical comedy, *The Music Man* by Meredith Wilson. There is something strange about handling the same commodity. I find little difficulty in handling a fifty-pound box of books, yet I can barely lift a fifty-pound sack of cement. Perhaps it is that one load has fifty pounds of pleasure and the other contains fifty pounds of future work.

### ***Professional Bookman Etiquette***

Years ago I learned from Fred Rosenstock [of Denver], one of the truly great Western Americana bookmen, some of the manners and mores that separate the “pro” from the non-professional. When Fred came in to buy, there were a few moments of greeting and chitchat. Then he moved to the shelves and worked without comment, scanning, pulling, and stacking books he wanted. If a price was exorbitant, he never commented. After all, you had set your price. Although it is common among antiquarian bookmen to offer a courtesy discount among themselves, usually ten per cent and sometimes as much as twenty per cent, it is not polite to ask in advance. After [the clerk tallies the bill], the experienced buyer pulls out cash and offers to take the books (if the pile is not tall).

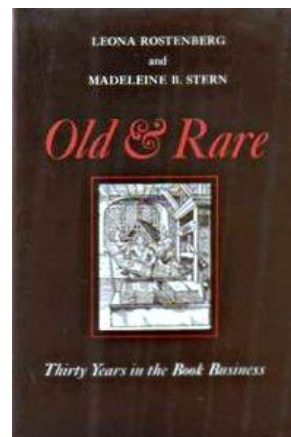
Compare such conduct with the [rank amateur] who asks almost at once if there is a discount, tries to haggle over the price of a volume, and finally asks that the books be shipped with an invoice, which he will pay six months later. Which of these customers on a later call, will the bookman show his backroom treasures for preferred customers?

I never asked for a discount in London and Paris. Two-thirds of the shops gave one, and half of these told me early on while still examining their books.

A business card was an essential and conveyed much more of an impression abroad than it does here. In the United States, we can be freewheeling in a sports jacket and with a snazzy business card done in two colors of modernistic design. In both England and France, I got the quite distinct impression that a conservative business suit and an engraved card with a minimum text conveys the highest degree of professional standing.

Antiquarian bookmen in those countries have a higher book knowledge than is the average in the United States. Some of them are in the second to fourth generation in the same shop. Such book people consider themselves quite professional, and in France may appear to take themselves a bit too seriously. They will screen you with a question such as, “*Of course, Monsieur knows the Monaghan bibliography,*” or some other slight hurdle. If you can demonstrate your own expertise, the barriers lower noticeably.

In preparation for this trip, I read memoirs of American book dealers. David Magee’s book was helpful in England but the best was the 1974 book, *Old and Rare: [Thirty Years in the Book Business]*, by Leona Rostenberg and Madeleine B. Sterne, who went yearly to London and Paris after World War II. Leona had the great advantage of speaking superb French, and dealt in a wide range of subjects spanning many centuries.



## ***Book Trade Associations***

Each of the three countries has a book trade organization for rare book dealers, usually classed as antiquarian dealers. All three groups, plus those of other countries, join in an international organization for annual meetings.

- In the United States, it is the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America A.B.A.A., of which I served a term as a director.
- In England, it is the Antiquarian Booksellers Association, A.B.A. [Est.1906]
- In France, it is the Syndicat de in Librairie Ancienne et Moderne, SLAM.

Each has a publication. In England, it is *The Clique* and in the United States, it is *AB Bookman's Weekly*, although their respective association publishes neither of these. Many English and American dealers advertise their wares or wants in both journals.

The French association has a comparable monthly bulletin issued by SLAM. The French advertise less often in the United States magazine, and few United States shops advertise in the French journal: *Bulletin de la Librairie Ancienne et Moderne*.

There are specific advantages in belonging to one of these associations. It is not easy to join. One must be recommended, must have demonstrated soundness of operation, and must have proved a certain expertise. I have never had a credit problem with any member of any of these groups, for they value their reputation. I have never had an unsatisfactory transaction with any shop. Members usually exchange catalogs, grant each other a small courtesy discount, and help each other, however energetically they may bid against each other in auctions, or race to be first to acquire a new collection.

There are other indications of United States interest in the French group. The roster of the British association lists twenty-eight United States overseas members; the French roster lists only four United States members, and offhand I do not recall that any of these four are among the twenty-eight in the British group.

Undoubtedly, the language problem governs. Not only is there some problem in negotiating in a different language, but there is obviously a smaller market for books printed in a foreign language, and this fact probably is the main cause for less traffic between France and the United States

## ***Expectations***

In England, shops often had two or three stores because the buildings are so narrow. We soon learned that the first floor is the ground floor everywhere. A three-story building had a ground floor, first floor, and second floor. When told that books on America were on the second floor, we went up two floors.

I did not expect to find many books in any single shop, so I took along my own bag. A TWA [Trans World Airways, bought out in 2001] tourist bag would have been a dead giveaway. I left my [tourist bag] back in the house and took instead a [cloth] bag of a dark tartan cloth, in the style often used as a bowlers bag, with a comfortable handle and straps to carry twenty pounds. Each morning I started with it empty. Its nature or design was international. I was flattered by having Londoners ask street directions of me. When entering a shop, I always set this bag down by the information or cashier's desk without being asked, and left it there until leaving.

We had to identify the [regional names for book] categories. In the United States, we ask for the location of Western Americana. In England we started by asking for books on America. This included books on North America, South America, Canada and sometimes with Mexico and the West Indies thrown in. They are usually in a section called Geography or Travels. In France, these same books will often be under Voyages.

I was surprised at the scarcity of books on America. In only one place was there a wall of shelves of such books. In most of the better shops, there might be only two to four shelves of such books. I scanned these first.

In London, as in the eastern United States, bookshops are either antiquarian or are new-book shops. They either sell old books or in-print new books, but do not mix the two, as do bookshops west of the Mississippi. There are [some] shops that sell new books and deal in second-hand copies of recent books. Two such London shops, Foyles and Dillon's University Bookshop, gave me some personal disappointment.

In either country, anything published in the past hundred years is "recent". There is no bargaining and no haggling. Prices are marked in the book in pencil.

There was little difference in prices. In England, we saw on booksellers' desks, the same price guides used by United States booksellers. In the Edwards shop in London, for example, there was a set of the Streeter auction catalogs, the reprinted set of the Eberstadt catalogs, and other such guides. A book selling in the United States for \$90 to \$110 would have the same price (translated into pounds) in England. To get the most books fast, go to the recognized specialists and pay the standard price.

### ***Fast Trips versus Slow Hunts***

In either country, one may find a “sleeper” bargain on which the bookseller did not know the going rate; and there is always a standard book that is hard to find but for which the buyer has a special customer ready to pay a premium. Past memoirs of United States booksellers describe trips to London and Paris full of discoveries made in basements, stairwell crannies, back storerooms, or bookshops that have no specialty but only a general hodge-podge of books. This sort of book hunting requires plenty of time.

In a little shop on Cecil Court in London, a sort of alley converted into a charming row of bookshops just off Charing Cross near some theaters, Charlotte and I had perhaps ten minutes to kill before theater time. I went into their fiction section in the basement looking for books by Edward Abbey or Raymond Otis, or any of a dozen other authors. There was a wall of shelves of fiction, at very low prices, but arranged higgledy-piggledy instead of alphabetical by author. We did not even [attempt the hunt].

If I had a month in England, I might work Cecil Court assiduously, shelf by shelf. The same situation exists among the few general used-book shops remaining in New York City along lower Fourth Avenue. It is not unique to Europe.

Even though time ran out, and many shops were crowded into little time, I felt that I had accomplished what I expected to do, establish acquaintance with certain important shops, set up the procedure for future transactions, and gather up at least a fair assortment of Americana. Should there be a next time, I would stay longer, browse deeper, plan my route more efficiently, and somehow arrange for a good packing case of books to come back by slow boat so that I could acquire some of the more common stock as well

### ***Multiple Copies***

On any such buying trip, regardless of the United States, England, or France, there are always books that turn up repeatedly, as if some strange seller unloaded a vast overstock among all the shops. In England, I found many copies of *Voyages ... en Amerique*, by Francois Jean, Marquis de Chastellux, done in 1785. Chastellux visited chiefly our eastern coast. It is not a Western book. I did not particularly want a copy. Repeatedly this Chastellux title turned up, as did the Barbe-Maurois history of Louisiana book in France. The price was always close to the same in every copy, give or take ten per cent.

When I enter each shop and quickly scan the stock, I feel that will surely find a particular title. It never turns up, but in serendipitous fashion, there will be some [other] quite unexpected happy find.

## ***Methodology***

On this trip, I looked for three kinds of books:

- books on the American West published in Europe, preferably in the range I might retail for \$50 to \$150
- very scarce items in the \$500-\$10,000 range, which I could not buy on the spot but for which I might find a buyer once I knew a copy was available
- [books] in French dealing with the French utopian colony at Nauvoo in the 1850s, for a special customer

I made up two mimeographed want lists, one on Western Americana, mostly of the type “a” items above but with two or three type “b” titles listed, and another want list (or “desiderata”) for type “c”.

Because I expect to correspond with many of these same shops later, I made some sort of purchase at each, even if it was only an average sort of book on which I might barely recover my cost. I pulled this book out and laid it on a table, thus signaling to the bookseller that I was not just a browser. Later, if I found a better purchase, I might replace the lower-margin item.

If my initial scanning turned up a break-even purchase, I then gave one or both of these want lists to the bookseller and continued scanning the shelves while the bookman (or book woman) searched the back room or other sources, once they saw that I was sure to purchase at least one book. They brought books to me from various shelves but otherwise let me browse undisturbed. At the end, I asked them to keep the list(s) and write to me if they had any of the titles for sale in the future.

Occasionally, a quick glance around showed me that they dealt in some special field apart from mine and would have nothing, so I would leave quickly and leave no lists.

I made no appointments and no advance calls' except that on one Friday afternoon, I made telephone calls to line up shops that would be open on Saturday morning. Otherwise, I walked in cold.

If I seem to ramble on in generalities instead of getting down to specifics (which will come later in plenty), it is because I am trying to set down the important things I learned. Most memoirs of other bookmen are fascinating but seldom give much useful information. Shops may change address. Booksellers may die off. The stock on the shelves will most assuredly change each year; but the techniques always apply.

Everywhere I went in London and its environs, the shelves were open to me. Locked glass doors were unlocked, although not always in the first few minutes.

However, in Paris, the stock "up front" might be little more than common sets of standard works, while they shelved the real stock in back. All of the trading bookmen work from "slips," and in Paris this practice was most noticeable.

“Slips” can be file cards or pieces of paper. In the United States, they would probably be 3x5 or 4x6 cardstock. Each contains a brief description such as might be written for a catalog; indeed many were written for that purpose. A dealer would check my want list against his file, usually kept in a few boxes on a desk near the front of the shop, and would then go back to the stockroom to bring the book for me to see. While I was examining one set of books, the bookman would check the file and scurry into the back room for more. In one or two shops, I suspected that they wrote prices in the books just when they brought them forward. In the majority of instances, I am confident that they set prices long before I arrived.

### ***British versus American Dealers***

Owners of a British shop, even if incorporated, handed it down through generations. If the present generation is not one of the active bookmen [on staff], they may still serve on the board. There is a certain continuity.

The English, now and then, made some comment on the large transactions in America that transfer a major stock of rare books [out of circulation.] The English feel that somehow, “in the States” the idea of conglomerate structure, with its manipulation of capital, is creeping into the rare book business, and they deplore this.

There is the feeling in England that the rare books are moving into college libraries at a rate that dries up the market for the private collector. “*Once those books go into the libraries, they are gone from the market forever*” is their complaint. I assured them that while we have a few such “operators”, men who appreciate books for their content and provenance still dominate the field. [However, even I often sold to college libraries.]

Everywhere there was a quiet courtesy and a willingness to seek elsewhere in their stock for things I might want. As a newcomer, they often turned me over to a young assistant. The usual procedure was to guide me to the shelves and then retire to let me browse undisturbed. I never saw a cash register. Inevitably, there were trays of slips or cards.

On my last day in London, I made my rounds again to all of the shops where I noticed good buys and made my final purchases. The choice was so limited and so varied there were only a few cases where there was any kind of comparison-shopping.

There is no need to take the [following] shops in any sequence.

## ENGLAND

### *Farnham: Henry Stevens*

I visited the firm of Henry Stevens, Son, and Stiles, in the town of Farnham, in Surrey. Advisors said any trip outside central London would probably kill most of a day, for while London moves rapidly, travel does not necessarily keep pace. At the end of my four full days in London, we had more time available than expected. Charlotte was on a group excursion to Stratford upon Avon, which I saw before, so I went alone to Farnham.

A train left Waterloo station every half-hour for Farnham, and running time was an hour.

I took the underground [the “Tube”] by the Bakerloo line (from Baker Street to Waterloo, naturally) and reached Waterloo Station in perhaps twenty minutes from the hotel, in time to catch the 9am train southwest to Farnham. It stopped every five miles and in fifty minutes reached Aldershot, a famous military training center. The tracks ran between ploughed fields, some brown with newly-turned earth, some with the parched and dead remains of last year’s crop, and a few in light green spring dress, with here and there great, banks of golden daffodils beneath a leaden sky. Thin showers and mists were intermittent. In a small copse of growth here and there near Aldershot could be seen an abandoned army lorry or a tank that had ground to its last halt.

Next was the town of Farnham. I left the train and looked for a taxi. In London, the standard black cab is everywhere. However, in Farnham, the cab was an ordinary passenger car with a top-mounted taxi light. There was only one, parked some yards across the brick-paved area in front of the station. I gave the cabman the address on Upper Church Lane, expecting it might be somewhere out in the country. When we arrived I could understand why he had given me a questioning look, the distance was only a few blocks, so short that I walked back when I left the shop.

Upper Church Lane was a curved street, narrow, with residences along only one side, and in one of these was the shop I sought. Henry Stevens started his shop in Vermont and moved his main operation to England. The firm still has a branch in Larchmont, N.Y.

A month or two before my trip, I sent a want list to Stevens in Farnham and received a reply that they had none of the specific titles on my list but would be pleased to send me their future catalogues. At any rate, I had a signature from that letter, a Mr. Garratt. I pushed the button and a young assistant admitted me. Many places in England and France have the doors locked but admittance is rapid and easy.

I asked for Mr. Garratt and he recalled the letter of inquiry. He was a slight man with professional manners and wearing a grey business suit. He said he would first explain the arrangement of the stock and would then leave me free to search for myself.



The place obviously was [built as] a home, with three rooms downstairs and three upstairs. The front room had a worktable to consummate sales. There was no counter and no cash register.

*“Along this corner wall,”* said Garratt, *“We keep our cheap books, the miscellaneous things we all get when we purchase a lot, and which we want to get rid of. Nothing is here of any importance at all.”*

In the middle room, *“On these shelves are the books to appear in our next catalog, arranged by catalog number.”*

Then upstairs, through that central room, were books *“all about countries other than North America; not much here for you, I fear.”*

Into a large front room, I met books on all four walls, with a table in the center. Along one side were books on South America.

The longest wall had books on North America *“the more standard sort of thing, at average prices.”*

Along the other side were books on North America *“at somewhat higher prices, from \$50 to \$150.”*

On the street-side wall was a cabinet with glass doors, *“the more valuable books.”*

Prices were marked in each book in pencil, and oddly enough in dollars. Mr. Garratt left me, and I spent nearly an hour and a half circling the room repeatedly, on each circuit pulling another book or two to add to the growing pile on the table.

The trays of “slips” were not evident, but they must have existed. Everything was on open display, neat, dusted, and in good repair, but I knew there was one upstairs room and another downstairs to which I had not been shown. There may have been other rooms kept additional stock.

The assistant or Mr. Garratt came in unobtrusively at times to inspect the books I selected and after noticing their subject matter went away to come back with other books in the same vein as suggestions.

On the first circuit of the room, I looked at books whose title showed on the spine. The next time around I began to pull books with blank spines, to inspect the cover title or title page. On a third tour, I pulled out the thin pamphlets, each in a glassine envelope.

In those books once listed in a catalog, a clipping from that catalog was inside the front cover, to describe the book further. In an hour, I made my selection and was pleased. Nothing was low-priced. Nothing was exorbitant.

I went downstairs and examined the items arranged for the forthcoming catalog.

As a final gesture, Mr. Garratt said, "*Come into the back room. Here are our latest purchases. Not in any order, and as yet not, priced but if you should find anything of interest, we can set a price now.*"

There was nothing in my special field.

The assistant wrote up an itemized sales slip by hand, figured the gross, the discount, and the net. As I had only British currency only in large bills, I could not proffer exact change. Not having change embarrassed equally them, as they kept little money on the premises. I solved the difference by adding my check (cheque) in United States dollars. I offered to add a small amount to cover exchange but this they declined. They wrapped the purchase and it went into my bag.

It was noon. Mr. Garratt left for lunch, and I to return to the station. This time I walked stopping in a quick food shop for a Yorkshire Pasty, a sort of fried pie but with an unusually flaky crust and containing meat and vegetables, with "chips" (French fries) sprinkled with a few drops of vinegar and salted adding a pleasant piquancy that will be tried again at home in New Mexico.

I walked on up the hill, past shops with old fronts but with windows displaying wares no different from a drugstore or hardware store in the States. At the station, the train came in a few minutes and I retraced my journey back to Waterloo station.

On our first afternoon in London, after a short nap to help us conquer jet lag, Charlotte and I took off on a walk to scout the neighborhood of the hotel, heading for Baker Street, of course. We knew that 221-B was fictional but we found its bracketing numbers. If there was a plaque to commemorate the residence of Sherlock Holmes, we saw none. Later we visited the Sherlock Holmes Pub on Northumberland Street, filled with mementoes and a 'replica' of his room.

### ***London: Francis Edwards***

On the way back from Baker Street, we passed the bookshop of Francis Edwards, 83 Marylebone High Street, W1M 4AL. We learned to pronounce the street name as Marly-Bone, and not using the French way.

“*Hey, this shop is on my list!*” I said and we went in.

The shop had the Victorian front that so many of the bookshops fittingly retain. The building was narrow and at least four stories tall. Inside, two young women sat at a desk halfway back. They were all smiles. We noticed that young English women always smiled. I asked for books about America and they directed us to an upper floor.

The section on Geography was presided over by Mrs. Diener, who pointed to the few shelves of Americana. I looked at them all. Charlotte scanned adjacent shelves. The selection was not large or exciting, but good. They had:

- *Noticia de la California*, by P. Miguel Venegas, 1739 three-volume first edition, in Spanish
- Balduin Mollhausen’s diary of a *Journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific* with the Whipple expedition in 1854, in German and also a set in Danish
- Crevecoeur’s *Letters from an American Farmer*, first edition, London, 1782
- Solis’ work on Mexico, 1782, and another with the map in facsimile at less than half [the price]
- a first [edition] of Ruxton’s *Life in the Rockies*
- John Dunn Hunter’s *Memoirs of a Captivity*, the second printing with the portrait printed in the same year as the first (1823) but with the portrait making it the better of the two. I do not recall if the portrait faced left or right, a point that makes a difference to a collector.

I made notes of the prices, for I planned to first make the rounds and do some comparison-shopping, then make another round on the last day to scoop up the books I wanted. However, to appear gracious and to indicate good intent, I bought a less expensive paperback French travel book on California.

Most of the books mentioned above were at stiff prices. The paperback ran only a few pounds. They gave the professional discount without requesting it, and asked if I wanted the book sent by mail. I asked them to mail it as a test to see how much it cost, how long it took, and in what condition it arrived. I carried all other books purchased on the trip. My test was not fair, for the book got put in a wrong mail pouch. It reached Albuquerque in a week and ahead of an airmail letter posted the same evening, although they sent the book by slow “surface” mail. The parcel arrived unopened, packed ingeniously and carefully, but the cost of postage and wrapping was higher than my excess baggage costs. (Excess baggage charges from Paris to New York ran about \$1.05/pound. [1977])

After my return to Albuquerque, I translated Edward’s charge for this book and its carriage into United States dollars. It may sound contrived but I assure you that the first

book I bought on the day I landed in England cost me a total of \$10.66, an auspicious date! [The Norman conquest of England was in 1066.]

### ***London: Dawson's***

On a rainy Sunday afternoon, we wandered through another part of London and found ourselves on Pall Mall, where we might find Dawson's of Pall Mall, not connected in any way with the shop of my old friends in California. While closed that Sunday, Charlotte took my picture [since lost] against the plate glass front in the rain. I later bought some books there from a most courteous young clerk, N. Morrell. They had a copy of the Hunter book with the portrait, and in Rota's I saw a third copy. Dawson's proffered the professional discount with prices most reasonable. Although, as in nearly all stores, the price was so similar to the United States that it was not worth buying them in England.

### ***London: Foyles***

Foyles on Charing Cross Road has one of the largest stocks on the world and I [vainly] thought this might include old books. They had one room on an upper floor filled with miscellaneous old books, which the clerk said were acquired whenever they purchased a collection. They did not seek or deal in antiquarian books. I asked for specific titles or types of books, and mentioned fore-edge paintings. They directed me to Joseph's bookstore, farther down Charing Cross road. I was disappointed when they could not produce even a used copy of the Penguin edition of A.J.A. Symons' *The Quest for Corvo*, but I found some excellent maps of southern England

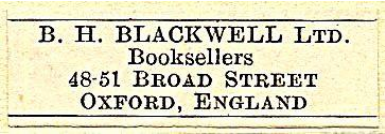
Foyles was crowded with customers, a delight to a bookman's heart, and indeed, they had stupendous stock. Escalators ran to upper floors with an annex across the street.

### ***London: Dillion's University Bookshop***

Dillon's University Bookshop, 1 Malet Street, similarly dealt only in new books, and used copies of the same editions. They assured me through correspondence with their Mrs. A.C. Russell that they keep a request on file for a good used copy but would [only] quote the price when a copy turned up. (Address: London WC1E 7JB)

### ***Oxford: Blackwell***

Charlotte and I took the train to the great old Blackwell's store at 48-51 Broad Street in Oxford. This tremendous store dealt worldwide in new books. Their antiquarian department was a short distance away, first down Turl Street to the first corner, to the middle of the block on Ship Street, and up to the second floor. Here I met Janes Fenemore, the capable young manager of this department, who opened all the cases to me. Again, I was disappointed in the [poor] extent of the stock.



They had a beautiful set of the 1860 first edition of Abbé Emanuel Domenech's ***Seven Years Residence in the Great Deserts of North America*** in two beautiful volumes in full leather, the finest set I had ever seen. There was really nothing else, except a quite common and fairly recent book on New Mexico, which I bought, along with some early issues of the ***Journal of Printing History***, a British periodical, because the issues contained a census of wooden presses and some fine material about the Albion press.

*The Albion press is an early iron hand printing press, designed in London by Richard Cope around 1820. It worked by a simple toggle action, unlike the complex lever-mechanism of the Columbian press and the Stanhope press. The Albion served commercial book printing until the middle 1800s, and until the 1930s chiefly for proofing, jobbing work and by private presses. The toggle-action, distinctive shape, and 'crown' finial make it instantly recognizable.*  
Albion press – Wikipedia (edited)



Figure 1 – Jack at Blackwell - Oxford (C.Rittenhouse 1977)

### ***Oxford: Sanders***

Mr. Fenemore suggested the shop of Sanders, where Mrs. Hainsworth, who apologized for the absence of Mr.

**SANDERS OF OXFORD LTD.  
Booksellers,  
104, HIGH STREET, OXFORD**

Jaggard usually in charge, waited upon us. This was an antiquarian shop. We found only the Caxton Club's very limited edition of George Derby's two-volume work on *Phoenixiana*, an unusual California item in such a limited edition. We were amazed to find it in Oxford as the only bit of Americana worth buying. Oxford was not worth the time on a tight schedule. There undoubtedly were more books if we could dig deeper and climb higher, but there was little cream skimmed quickly.

### ***London: Maggs Brothers***

Back in London by late afternoon, we caught a cab to Maggs shop at 50 Berkeley Square, London W1X 6EL. From its ancient reputation, massive catalogs, and superb quality, we expected only great rarities at high prices and treated with cool politeness. Instead, we received no warmer welcome and no more courteous attention anywhere in England.

John Maggs visited with us, sharing a moment now and then with other customers, and offered to help in any way. For instance, should we buy more books than we could carry, even if purchased from various shops; he offered to combine them into a single shipment. He kept an aide scurrying until he found something we could buy. This became a standard clothbound edition of Domenech, which we took because it is an important work on the Southwest. He made valuable suggestions about other shops.

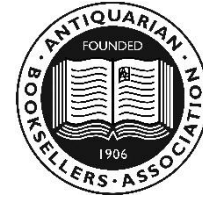
We regretted that we had not gone first to Maggs. Mr. Maggs personally knew and spoke well of several of our antiquarian colleagues in the United States. I remember the ironwork. John Maggs pointed to the torch snuffers [barely visible in front of each side window of the front door]. He assured me that they were the original cones, like candle snuffers, large enough to snuff out the torch of a footman when the carriage arrived.



Figure 2 - Maggs Brothers – London (maggs.com, 2020)

### ***London: Antiquarian Booksellers Association***

We visited the Antiquarian Booksellers Association, at 14 Buckingham Palace Road [in 1977], after five flights of stairs, to find that it only an office staffed by two pleasant women, with Mrs. Sandford in charge. They gave us the current directory of antiquarians. This would have helped earlier, as my international directory lacked adequate data.



### ***London: Joseph's***

Foyles suggested that I might find some fore-edge paintings at the shop of E. Joseph, at 48 Charing Cross Road. Joseph has another shop, which I did not have time to visit.

*A fore-edge painting is a scene painted on the edges of book pages. There are two basic forms: fanned and closed. For the first type, the [pages] must be fanned, exposing the pages' edges for the picture to become visible. For the [less costly] type, the image is visible only while the book is closed, being painted directly on the book's [exposed edge] (opposite of the spine side).  
Fore-edge painting - Wikipedia (edited)*

At this Charing Cross Road shop, looking like lower Fourth Avenue in New York City, I found some fore-edge paintings, and made my first purchase. Later in another shop, I found several more at somewhat lower prices. Joseph's had no Americana. They directed me to Cecil Court, a tiny street that enters Charing Cross Road.

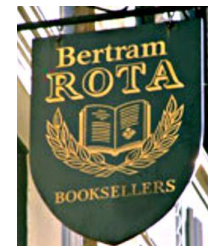
There were many bookshops here: Suckling at No. 13, dealing chiefly in prints; Harold Mortlake at No. 24; H. M. Fletcher at No. 27; and nearly a dozen others. It was late in the day and most shops closed. Those that were open had little or no Americana.

### ***London: Bernard Quaritch***

I went, to Quaritch's at 5-8 Lower John Street, not far off the Regent Street center of big department stores. I corresponded with Miss Irene Wildman before my arrival, and she showed me their shelves of Americana. There was little to select, since most sells quite readily and except if held for catalog use, it does not stay long on their shelves.

### ***London: Bertram Rota***

The shop of Bertram Rota at 4-5-6 Savile Row [in 1977], had carpeted elegance. This "young" shop began in 1923, specializes in modern first editions, literature, and private presses. They carry little before 1850, but they had three shelves of Americana including another John Dunn Hunter edition and a three-volume edition of Edwin James's account of the *Long Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*. This rebound book had margins trimmed so close and ownership stamps of a private library defacing some plates that I did not take it. I found another book that I was happy to get.



### ***London: Sotheby's Auction***

We attended a book auction at Sotheby's, on Chancery Lane. The arrangement was like that of a bookshop, with the stock on shelves along the walls. At the far end was a dais where the auctioneer sat, with clerks beside him, not unlike a sort of simple courtroom. Below the dais were tables in a U-shape where some of the prominent dealers sat. Between the tables and the entry door were rows of seats for the rest of the people in attendance. Each person had a catalog describing the wares. They assumed that each person previously examined the items.

The auctioneer had none of the frantic excitement of a country auctioneer. He simply announced the item by number and title, and followed by mentioning the maximum bid already entered by mail. If anyone cared to go higher, the bidding moved along rapidly; sometimes there were no higher bids. The "hammer" was some small metal desk object sufficiently heavy to give a polite thump when banged to close the sale. The auctioneer could usually call out the winning bidder by name, as all of the known dealers were present. Book and art auctions in the United States follow this same procedure. We did not stay long, for the catalog contained only one or two items on Western Americana. There was a fine lot of Victorian literature and a few volumes on carriages and coaches, a field in which I once specialized but had since closed out. Prices were quite high.

### ***London: Sier Paper Merchant***

I had an unexpected visit in a book-related way. A mutual acquaintance directed me to visit Mr. Taylor, managing director of H. V. Sier Paper Merchants, on Tennis Street, London SE1, below the Thames. Mr. Taylor was one of the warmest, outgoing people I met in London. It may have been only that we had a kindred interest: fine hand papermaking. He taught a course in the history of papermaking. His office held working models of old beaters and bits of paraphernalia books on odd aspects of papermaking such as paper made from esparto grass. His desk was strewn with samples of fine old papers with beautiful watermarks. We spent a full hour. When I left, he pressed many samples on me, saying that during World War II, the military stationed him for a few weeks in Brooklyn and came to understand and enjoy the Americans.

### ***London: Falkiner Fine Papers***

I asked Taylor about some pieces of genuine vellum. He made a telephone call and directed me to the tiny shop of Falkiner Fine Papers at 4 Mart Street, in the Covent Garden district. A most pleasant, young woman there expected small pieces or offcuts of vellum to come in. I paid her in advance to ship some pieces. She gave me the shop catalog, for they cater to calligraphers, artists, hand bookbinders and carry handmade papers of all types. I noticed quills of the sort for quill pens, so I bought three to use in an experiment in cutting my own pens, for the quills came uncut.



### ***London: Paperchase Products***

One of the most enjoyable shops was Paperchase Products at 216 Tottenham Court Road W1, not far above Charing Cross Road. This firm carries all sorts of papers from tissue wrappings to handmade sheets of marbled papers, and all sorts of objects made of paper such as paper eggs and other novelties. At first, I was overwhelmed. Upon closer examination, I found few things that I could not [already] acquire in the United States, although I would have to go to several different shops to cover such a variety.

I bought two items.

One was a kit of equipment and materials for making handmade paper in the classroom. I bought the largest size kit and left instructions for its shipment.

The other was a [tunnel or peepshow] book, a revival of an 1850 novelty. It consists of a sequence of die-cut sections that open out like an accordion or bellows on a camera. One looks through an eyehole at one end and sees a three-dimensional panorama. I purchased one showing Queen Elizabeth's coronation parade, with the various regiments, bands, guards, coming through the gate from Buckingham Palace.

### ***London: Hatchards***

I visited Hatchards Bookshop at 187 Piccadilly. Like Scribner's in New York, it has chiefly new books but has one end of an upper floor devoted to rare books. I approached the thin, scholarly-looking man at the desk in that upper floor section, offered my card, and asked for Americana. He gave little of a greeting beyond a wave toward one set of shelves. It was soon apparent that there was nothing there. I assume he thought I was just another tourist in search of something on Custer or Buffalo Bill.

I wandered around the room and saw an expensive-looking book under glass, opened to title pages but without any one page apparent or any other label of identification. My own knowledge of printing suggested that it might be a Kelmscott Chaucer, so I asked if it were. This brought quite a change in the department manager's attitude, and he quickly told me that it was not the [actual] Kelmscott Chaucer but an expensive replica (\$4,300) done by a photographic process in a limited edition.

He warmed up and said "*It's not truly good Chaucer, you understand; they took some liberties with the true text.*"

He was now more willing to discuss my want list, although in the end they had nothing I could use. It was another instance of breaking down certain reserve barriers, and of gaining professional acceptance.

## PARIS

Apparently American (by which I always mean United States here) dealers are not as enterprising in going to France as in visiting England.

Scouting Paris bookshops was challenging and rewarding. I expected most of the booksellers had someone who spoke a little English. However, among the twelve largest shops visited, ten shops had no one who could or would speak English.

There was [in that year] a bit of huffiness reported on the part of the French because of American unwillingness to welcome their Concorde aircraft [just introduced in 1976]. However, I honestly doubt that any bookseller held back on his English because of that. There was enough of a professional relationship plus exchange of cash to prevent such pettiness.



French Foreign Legion Recruiting

There are more bookshops per thousand population, in either England or France, than in the United States. I do not know how many shops of all kinds in Paris, but there are 187 antiquarian dealers in Paris alone who belong to SLAM. This does not include many second-hand dealers, cubbyhole shops, and the famous stalls along the bank of the Seine. Of these 187, I set out to visit twenty whom dealt in books about America (not necessarily in English), or in such fields as economics and social studies.

Parisian shops differ in the hours they are open, or in the length of time taken for lunch. Twenty “arrondissements” or districts divide Paris, numbered from one to twenty. They administered each separately. The number serves as a mailing zone code, Paris 75006, Paris 75001, etc. I saved time and taxi costs by working within one arrondissement before moving to the next, unless the locations was close to a common boundary.

I intended to work out a specific set of phrases or questions, for I studied French for only one year in college, back in 1931-32. I forgot much in forty-five years, although wide reading kept bits alive. I had no time to work out sentences. Naturally, I could get together enough French to ask the questions but did not know enough to understand their answers. My brashness and their forbearance worked together enough to handle most dealings, although not as well as wished

In France, the term for bookshop is “librarie” while library is “bibliotheque” quite similar to the comparable Spanish of “libreria” and “biblioteca”. Still, it felt odd to refer to myself as a “librarian”. [Book] prices were high everywhere in Paris. It is hard to understand how the market there can absorb so many titles between \$500 and \$1500.

I came down with the grandfather of all colds, acquired from the rain and cold in London. I could not spend as much time in bookshops as I might have, but I no regrets except for

the annoyance of that cold. Throughout the visit in Paris, as in London, there was much sightseeing and travel with Charlotte, to places such as Chartres and out to Vincennes.

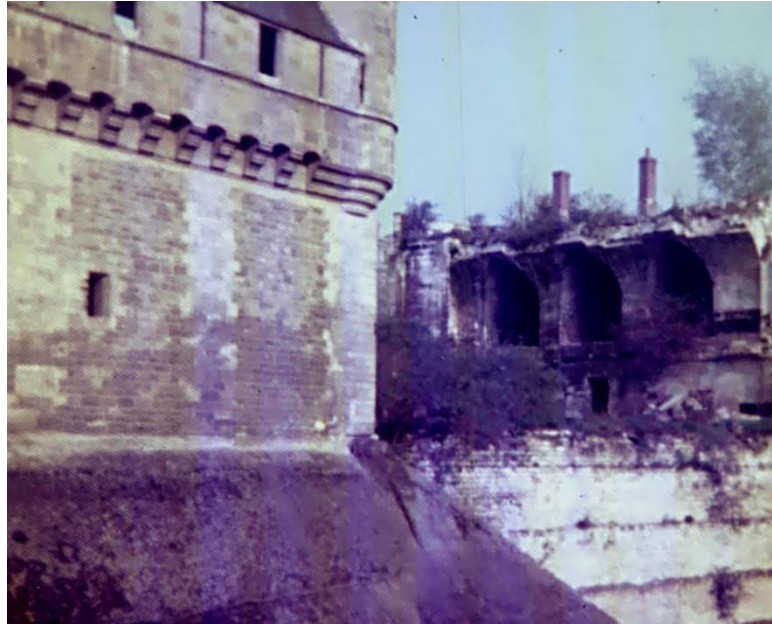


Figure 3 – Donjon Wall and Moat - Chateau de Vincennes (C.Rittenhouse 1977)

We arrived in Paris on Friday afternoon. I telephoned three dealers, who held books for me, to ask if they would be open on Saturday. Two were open until noon. As in London, as soon as we settled in the hotel and made those first telephone calls, we walked around the vicinity of the hotel. As in London, we hit pay dirt.

### ***Paris: Kerangue and Polles***

It was a shop not on our list, the shop of Pierre de Kerangue and Malo Polles at 34 rue Vivienne, 75002. It was typical of many of the better stores, a rectangular front room lined with shelves of books, little or no window display, softly lighted by United States standards, and looking more like a gentleman's library than a retail store. Beyond was visible a back room where new acquisitions were processed, priced, and stored

Neither principal was in the shop on that late Friday afternoon. Two pleasant young women tended the place. In my fractured French, I explained that I was a bookman from the United States looking for books about America and especially for any books about Etienne Cabet's utopian colony at Nauvoo.

I handed them a list of twenty-five titles ranging widely in subject and value, from common to rare, from ten dollars to ten thousand dollars. All were French works, and I made extra copies of that list. On the Cabet item, I had an extensive bibliography.

In a short time, the girls produced two books, Baron Marc de Villiers book on *La Decouverte du Missouri*, a good book done in 1925 but at a moderate price, and an

edition of Cabet's *Voyage en Icarie*. I checked the shelves from which these books came but saw nothing else in my line.

After paying for the books, I requested a "facture" or invoice. They understood what I wanted and typed up the document. I said I would be back, and on a later day, I went back and talked with one of the principals, but he knew of no other books in stock.

It is almost inevitable that good books turn up right away, even on a short visit. A later search at some length will produce little more, unless the dealer set something aside.

### ***Paris: Edition-Diffusion***

On Saturday morning, I went to the two shops that were open. They were not far apart. I took a cab to the shop of Edition-Diffusion M.P., managed by Daniel Brun, at 6 rue Clodion, 75015. Brun held a book for me, but his letterhead indicated that he dealt "by mail or appointment only." At the address, an entranceway led to an inner court or patio, off which Brun had his room. It resembled a stockroom, books on all walls and in shelves that divided the center of the room. He had only one book for me, the first of a 1907 work by [Jules] Prudhommeaux [about the Icarian community], in mint condition.

I made an intense, stammering attempt to ask for other books, and I produced my lists. At this moment, a young man arrived who was either a friend or a part-time assistant, looking as if he were a student at the nearby Sorbonne. He knew a few phrases of English, about as much as I knew in French. Except for one other instance, described later, this was the only time I could handle anything in any sort of English. We finally came to the joint understanding that Brun had nothing else in stock that was on my list, but he would keep the lists and write to me if he acquired anything. He even offered to call my hotel if anything turned up before I left Paris, but there were no later calls.

I put the books in my carpetbag. Brun pushed the button that opened the electrically operated bolt on the door, and I left.

### ***Paris: Lucien Dorbon***

The shop of Librairie Lucien Dorbon, at 156 boulevard Saint-Germain, 75006 has no street-front store, but only an arched hall leading to an inner patio or court. Building materials so littered the passageway that I thought they torn down the shop building until I saw the sign of Dorbon at the back.

Presided over by a middle-aged dignified scholarly man in a business suit, it was the more typical bookshop of a front room lined with books that were beautifully bound but which on inspection became more or less standard sets of collected works.

There was a table for books under discussion and back of it a desk bearing the usual boxes of "slips." Through a door beyond, I could see storage shelves, to which the slips were a key and to which a newcomer visitor had no admittance.

Dorbon spoke no English. I produced my copies of our correspondence, and he went into the back room to get the book reserved for me. We then discussed my lists, and he found one other, a 1900 edition of a book by Bonnaud on utopias. The first book was Frignet's 1867 work on California. I got Dorbon to understand that he should keep my lists and let me know if he found anything. Many of the amenities of American dealing were not present. There was no cash register, no handshaking, a minimum amount of smiling, but withal a certain friendliness and professional understanding.

### ***Paris: Librairie d'Amérique et d'Orient***

The shop of Adrien Maisonneuve, at [3 bis, pl. de la Sorbonne, 75005] (Librairie d'Amérique et d'Orient) held a copy of *Etourneurs Les Mormons* for me. It turned up in two other shops at almost identical prices, give or take ten per cent, indicating that professional bookmen know the going prices on most books. Maisonneuve gave me the courtesy discount without asking.



### ***Paris: Jean-Jacques Magis***

The Librairie Jean-Jacques Magis, at 12 rue Guenegaud 75006 required a second trip before the shop opened.

Magis was the current president of SLAM. A collector warned me that his prices were high. Nevertheless, he had more material on utopias than anyone else, and although his prices were not low, he had what I wanted. I purchased more there than elsewhere.

He gave no courtesy discount, nor did I ask for any. I assumed that he adhered to the principle of giving such discounts only to members of the Syndicat. I made hasty notes of titles and prices on some of the more expensive books I might order later.

I hit two snags at Magis, which can be untangled at home. I bought one book ascribed to an author whom I was searching, or was in some way related to him. Internal evidence, when I polish my French, may reveal this.

The other was a thin book that was the first part of a two-part work, on which I acquired a complete set elsewhere. This I can probably return for credit.

Magis had the same store arrangement of front room stock and a restricted back room, with trays of slips. A stocky, amiable man, he was extremely knowledgeable.

### ***Paris: Raymond Clavreuil***

I visited only one dealer in Paris recommended by Leona Rostenberg (and by a scholar whom I knew). Leona described this dealer as the “bonhomie” of a “rotund jovial proprietor who beamed happily.”



Raymond Clavreuil [1907-1991] was that same man and quite gallant toward Charlotte, who came with me. She knows books as well as I, knows as much French as I, and can scan a wall of shelves with as much thoroughness as I. Yet, all proprietors hastened to find a chair for Madame and could not grasp that she also wanted to prowl the shelves.

Miss Rostenberg often referred to “plaquettes” or thin books [not to be confused with medallions, plaques, or badges.] In France, political pamphleteering were much in vogue. These would be similar to individual Congressional documents or pamphlets bound separately in wrappers or stiff covers, ranging from plain paper to fine leather.

These “plaquettes” are important original works, rare and valuable, running at a good price [in France] but also commanding a good price back in the United States. They had the extra advantage that it takes five to ten of them to equal one book in bulk and weight, a good factor for a trip by air.

At Magis, I found seven or eight such “plaquettes”. At Clavreuil’s, I found a “bound with” or a volume that some collector assembled a century ago containing an assortment of a dozen or more separate items. In the center were six valuable items that I wanted. While the adjoining items bore no relation, except in a vague general way, I could keep the book intact or rebound as separates. The spine title was the collector’s choice as a generic entry. This was one of the few “finds” on this trip, and I was delighted.

### ***Paris: Aux Amateurs de Livres***

Aux Amateurs de Livres, at 62 avenue de Suffren, 75015 is owned by Marcel Blancheteau. Sol Malkin, former publisher of *AB Bookman's Weekly*, mentioned it as a regular [bookshop] he visited. In a fashionable district with plate glass windows, it much resembled a bookshop in the United States. They did not have the books I wanted, but it became my most useful visit in Paris.



A personable younger man in a neat business suit was talking to a customer.

He looked at me and asked simply, “*Monsieur?*”

I responded in my broken French that I sought books on America.

He answered in English, “*Just a moment please.*”

I knew I had come home. When he was finished with his customer, he spent several minutes with me. He had nothing in my line at all but gave me the roster of SLAM, and marked the shops I should visit, giving his business card that I might show if useful.

“*Was I interested in reprints?*” Yes.

He got out the equivalent of our United States *Books in Print*, and we searched for reprints but found none.

“*Did I want microfilms or microfiches?*” Yes.

He showed me the catalog of a Paris firm and told me how to get to their place. It indicated that I could acquire a microfilm run of a monthly journal published in Paris, 1841-1856. I asked about procedures to secure copies of materials in the Bibliotheque Nationale, and he told me how to reach their Service Photographique if I needed copying.

I showed him my want lists. His firm sent a want list of a thousand titles to dealers all over France each month, and he would be happy to include some of my selected wants.

He dealt only in materials published in France, so that material printed in French but published in England or America would probably not be included. His name was Jacques T. Quentin, with the title “Departement Antiquariat.” Nowhere else [in France] did I find so much friendliness and cooperation. I thanked him profusely. He urged me to keep him posted on my acquisitions, so he could cross them off my want lists.

### ***Paris: ACRPP***

I next took a car to the Association pour la Conservation et la Reproduction Photographique de la Presse (ÁCRPP) at 4 rue Louvois, 75002. This was a side street behind the Bibliotheque Nationale. The firm arranged to copy on reels of microfilm many of the journals, newspapers, and periodicals at the Bibliotheque.

The taxi deposited me at yet another arched entrance, gloomy and decrepit, with great wooden doors opening onto an arched passageway from which stairs curved upward into shadowy heights. I saw the initials ACRPP on a sign nailed to a wall but no other instructions. At that moment, a French woman in a workaday smock appeared with a delightful little girl of perhaps seven years of age out of the backcourt. She asked some question in French. I pointed to the sign. She repeated the firm's name and the little girl scampered toward the back of the passage and pointed up a flight of stairs.

I went up. The room was quite bare; looking little used other than a couple of tables piled with papers. A young man entered and I asked for a catalog. He spoke no English, but I could understand that the old catalog was gone. A new one went to press with higher prices. He brought out the draft where I located the entry for the item I wanted and we managed to arrange the following details. I would pay for the microfilm I wanted which would be run off from the master copy and mailed to me (I prepaid the shipping charges) as soon as it was processed. The firm copied only journals, no books. The reason for the emptiness of the place was that it was lunchtime.

At first, I thought I might not have exact change, and the manager had no change, but went to ask someone down the hall for change. Just as the person arrived with the change, I found that among all my notes and coins I had the right amount. He indicated that the invoice would come with the microfilm. I left quite pleased with what I located and with still more gratitude to M. Quentin of Aux Amateurs.

### ***Paris: Lucien Scheler***

I went to two other shops, both highly recommended, that of Francois Chamonal, at 40 rue Peletier, 75009 (currently the vice-president of SLAM) and to the shop of Thomas-Scheler, managed by Lucien Scheler [1902-1999], at 19 rue de Tournon. Both have high reputations, but they had nothing immediately on my want list.

After I returned home, an issue of *AB Bookman's Weekly* described a new bibliography of French literature compiled by the "eminent scholar Lucien Scheler." There was pleasure of realizing that his name was no longer just words on a page but a man whom I met in Paris. This was the essence of my whole trip, to convert names into realities.

### ***Paris: Bernstein***

Leona Rostenberg mentioned at length and with great respect M. Bernstein, one of a group of outstanding French specialist dealers who do not have street shops, who are



approachable only through an elaborate system of introductions, who allow the customer (really an applicant) to see only the slips, and allows no browsing. I did not try to see Bernstein. Jacques Quentin said that while he was the leading specialist, he retired even more. He was now the guiding mind behind a series of reprints of important French works on the period I sought. Jacques gave me the address of the publishing organization on one of the elusive slips [that I lost] amongst the litter of scraps brought home.

### ***Paris: Librairie les Arcades***

On another interminable rainy afternoon, Charlotte and I went to the Librairie les Arcades, known as A. Grandmaison et Cie., at 8 rue de Castiglione, in a fashionable shopping district. I had corresponded with D. Founes and acquired a 1906 edition of a book by Prudhommeaux I sought. He showed me some other works, including the inevitable history of Louisiana by Barbe-Maurois that turned up often in Paris but which I did not buy. This was one of the better shops with a more of a retail store appearance.

### ***Paris: Jean Polak***

Both Henry Stevens and Jacques Quentin recommended the shop of Jean Polak, at 8 rue de l'Echaude, 75006, as a dealer with Americana. Since his lunch hour stretched to 3pm, I made two visits. He had more books in English than any other dealer visited in Paris. I considered a long time the first edition of *Rich's History of the Hudson's Bay Company* in two volumes' at \$100 for the set, but the heavy tomes weighed eight pounds, the price crowded the limit, and seemed marginal to my major interests.



He had books on the Klondike, but nothing stirred me. I left without making a purchase. Jean Polak, busy with a profitable customer, waved a farewell. The rue de l'Echaude is worth visiting as a picturesque narrow street fit only for bicyclists that even a Parisian taxi will hesitate to enter. The shop is a front-and-back room affair, with every foot utilized by shelves. Polak specializes on travels, both as accounts of travelers and books about named countries. If I return, Polak will certainly be a regular point of call.

As in London, there were places [skipped]. I did not have time to visit the offices of the publication of SLAM, the *Bulletin de la Librairie Ancienne et Moderne*, at 117 boulevard Saint-Germain, nor the shop of Pierre Beres, perhaps the greatest Parisian dealer in rare, high-priced works, nor the shop of Alexandre Baer. Time had run out, my travelling cases were full, and I was ready to go home.

## RETURNING HOME

I wanted to visit [and describe] other shops, but I covered the high spots, the famous names, the great ones, who would no longer be only names on a catalog cover but personalized shops with people I now could recall as individuals.

It would be difficult to say which bookshop gave me the most pleasure. Was it:

- The first one?
- The one where I found the first fore-edge painting?
- The one that had the best bargains?
- The one that had the largest stock of what I sought.
- The one with the grandest of grand old names?

I feared baggage inspection as I left such that [Custom] might declare some of the works national treasures that must stay in the country. I had no problem in getting out of England with my purchases, for they all fit inside my regular luggage.

As I was on a TWA tour, everything went through without any inspection or question and without any declaration, written or oral. It was as if I had bought nothing. They did not notice even the overweight main suitcase. It still held everything except my carryon carpetbag, which held the heaviest books and all the valuable thin “plaquettes”.

I had no trouble with U.S. customs, who assumed that I was just a collector, and books are not dutiable, especially in a foreign language or by a foreign author. I declared the total amount spent, and offered to show the sales slips, but they entered the total amount and the word “books” at U.S. Customs, and we were again back on home soil.

The IRS takes a jaundiced view of “vacation” round-trip plane fare expense being charged off to business, so I have not charged off anything except my basic plane fare, although I might add certain taxes, etc. Personal living expense such as hotels, meals, incidentals, and Charlotte’s entire plane and other expenses were not included

I brought back thirty books. The markup on half of those books covered the total cost of our trip.