

**THE CRANBROOK  
PRESS**

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The Cranbrook press by George G. Booth

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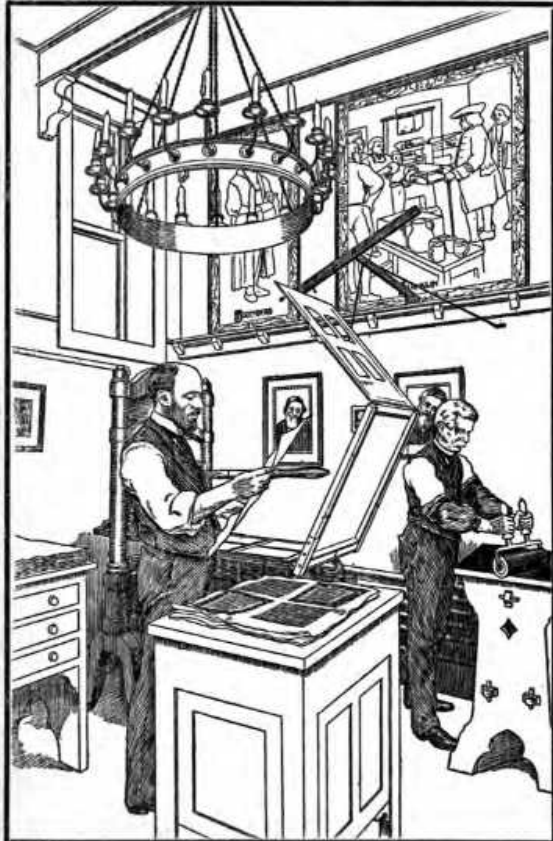
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**GEORGE G. BOOTH**

**THE CRANBROOK  
PRESS**





A portion of Press Room of  
The Cranbrook Press, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A

THE CRANBROOK PRESS.  
GEORGE G. BOOTH   

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CRAN-  
BROOK PRESS AND ON BOOKS  
AND BOOKMAKING; ALSO  
A LIST OF CRANBROOK  
PUBLICATIONS, WITH  
SOME FAC-SIMILE  
PAGES FROM  
THE SAME.



PRINTED BY HAND AT THE CRANBROOK  
PRESS, 65 SHELBY ST., DETROIT,  
U. S. A., IN THE YEAR 1902.

B x 4 55.4

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NOV. 3, 1918

CONCERNING THE CRANBROOK PRESS  
AND SOME BOOKS AND BOOKMAKERS.



OME TIME ago, when visiting The Lenox Library of New York, I remember thinking, as I went from room to room and along unending galleries, looking at the thousands of rare and beautifully bound

books, the treasures collected from all parts of the world, upon which book lovers had lavished care and money, could it be worth while to print any more books?

And I made up my mind that such an act could be excusable only if the printer chose such works as his best judgment told him were worthy of preservation. Not only because the book—that part which was made of paper, ink and vellum—would be every whit good, but the other and greater part also must needs be good, and upbuilding in its influence.

It is a worthy part of a good book to aim to lift people out of their present state in life to a higher plane. And I conceive it also to be the sphere of good books to entertain, if devised only to amuse, providing the influence is good.

So I have drawn no narrow line around the sub-



jects which may be handled within the sphere of good bookmaking.

\* \* \* \*

I remember also when I was in the historic halls of the Doges' Palace in Venice, and was conducted by a keeper into the library where many of the world's greatest book treasures are to be found, that I was struck with the thought again: "Need any more books be printed?" This was when I stood in front of a glass case decipherring the titles upon the backs of the books. The attendant, smiling at my earnestness, took pity upon me and pointed out that I was looking at sham books—nothing but backs carefully arranged within glass doors, put there just to fill out and so as not to have a vacant spot even where the door was. I had thus intently been looking at a book-case built upon the back of the door by which I had entered the room. So I mentally said, "Why make books? Why think it worth our while in far-off, uncultured Michigan to make books, to spread truth, to teach honesty in the little things of life, when here in ancient Venice, the shrine we all worship at—where we willingly tire our feet and twist our necks to look upon the wonders and real things of the world worth seeing which are so far beyond our reach—we find these false notes in the otherwise perfect harmony?"

But as I went along in my travels from the God-given glories of beautiful sun-kissed Capri, through the foul streets of Naples, looked upon the crum-

bling, useless ruins of Rome, and witnessed in Milan and Florence and Venice, among the beautiful and good, many shams of which I, a stranger, was ashamed, I felt that America was the land of hope. She was not affected by a false worship of antiquity. It was for us to see that truth only was preserved. We could select the good and true from the old lands across the sea. We could reject the false.

And so with all these doubtings I clung to a desire to make a few books that should be true, to the minutest particular.

\* \* \* \*

About two years ago I took the first step towards establishing a private press in Detroit. About these first steps, and some subsequent ones, I shall try to give you a brief account, and it seems most appropriate to first explain why I called it The Cranbrook Press. And for this purpose I am going to ask you to come with me across the sea to old London and go from there on a pilgrimage, to the town from which the Cranbrook Press derived its name:

“From the fog, smoke, crowd and ceaseless hum of London I flee southward to the beautiful land where spring in all her gentleness and beauty is blessing the “Garden of Old England” and covering it with glory.

Over the road where princes, kings and queens have traveled to the accompaniment of the clanging armor of attendants and guards, in the days

when horses and men floundered in the muddy roads, stumbled over hidden roots and stones, on to the gates of Penshurst, to be greeted within those ancient castle walls by the earls and ladies of Leicester. On still further, winding my way over hill and dale, till the wells of Tunbridge slake my thirst in the precincts of the venerable Pantiles, so old that the origin of the inns and other buildings is lost in the memory of the days of ancient grandfathers.

I rest and dream under the same roof which gave shelter to England's greatest queen as a little girl, and from the same old windows I look out upon the green hills of Kent; here I drink in the refreshing beauties of a country of which one will always sing the praises who has once reveled in its glory. I look upon it in the tender freshness of spring-time, watered by many rains and warmed by the beaming sun, the early morning disclosing the dew heavy upon the grass heads and leaves, and a misty cloud hanging in the thousand little valleys between a thousand little hills.

Each day I witness the birth of new leaves upon trees and shrubs; each day are brought to view myriads of wild flowers scattered broadcast over the meadows, sheltered in the hedges by the roadside, vying with the gardens already full to overflowing with golden-colored flowery prisoners, and everywhere is seen the blossom-laden branches of fruit trees, while the air is full of their sweet, refreshing perfume.

On again I go over the Kentish hills and mead-