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And We Weren't There

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Papa Lyman Remembers
by Lyman Newlin (Book Trade Counselor)

In 1933 my father and mother scraped together enough money to afford an auto trip from our home thirty miles north of Topeka, Kansas, to Chicago to see the World’s Fair. My mother had been taken as a little girl by her parents from their Missouri farm to see the 1893 Fair in Chicago and she believed her three children should have the same experience. Of course we didn’t stay in hotels. We had some relatives and many friends as Dad had been a pastor of a small Presbyterian Church on the West Side in the early twenties. Of course, we would have no expense.

One of these friends was sister-in-law to Laurance Paine, sole owner of the Economy Book Store at 50 South Clark Street. Laurance had started the business with $500 he had inherited from his uncle who was the Wilcox of Wilcox and Follett. (Wilcox was also responsible for the founding of the original Barnes & Noble in New York, but that’s another story.)

Mr. Paine had just opened a branch store around the corner at 114 West Madison Street because of the prosperity that the Fair was bringing to the City. The Depression had not really hit bottom yet, but enough books were being sold by families to pay bills so that secondhand bookstores were enjoying a fairly prosperous time of it. I think the rent for the store was something like $50 per month. Incidentally St. Peter’s Roman Catholic Church now stands on this site. Does any other book person have a cathedral marking the spot of induction to the world of learning?

And We Weren’t There

Why Spending $100 a Copy to Reprint a $90 Book Made Sense
by Nat Bodian (Publisher’s Marketing Consultant)

Does it make sense to reprint large books at $100 a copy when they’re priced to sell at $90 a copy? You bet it does — but only under special circumstances as I will show you.

As a former marketing manager at Wiley, my responsibilities included monitoring inventories in the Interscience product line and placing reprint orders when I deemed it appropriate. Among the products in my line was the Kirk-Othmer Encyclopedia of Chemical Technology, a 25-volume work that was published over a six-year period and had a 15-year life cycle between editions.

When publication began on the third edition, new volumes of the third edition came out every three months. This meant that from the time a subscriber got volume 1 until the last volume was to be published, there was a six-year wait. In the meantime, orders accumulated for complete sets of the Kirk-Othmer Encyclopedia and many buyers were willing to take the existing complete edition.

However, when the Third Edition was started, more than nine years had passed since the end of the previous edition, for which individual volumes still sold at $90 per copy. I studied my back orders — I could fill at least 25 or 30 set orders if only I had sufficient copies of all volumes of the preceding edition. But two of the volumes in the earlier edition had long been out of print. I got a print estimate for reprint of 100 of each of the missing two volumes. The reprint cost was about $100 per copy, or $10,000 to reprint 100. A quick calculation told me that if I invested the $20,000 on the reprints, I could immediately sell 25 sets at $1500 each for a quick $37,500, or thereabouts.

I did the reprint, immediately made up 50 sets of the Second Edition, and filled all back orders. Over succeeding years, all of the made-up sets were sold. As well, many of the single copies sold at $90 each, so the $20,000 reprint investment was repaid many times over.

At about the time we landed in Chicago, Franklin D. Roosevelt inaugurated the National Recovery Act. The work week was limited to 40 hours and a minimum wage of $15 per week was part of the deal. The Economy had been getting 60 hours of work for ten dollars a week for new people. Of course experienced book clerks might make up to eighteen.

Because Mr. Paine’s sister-in-law Bonnie Patterson, had been my Sunday School teacher, she knew me well enough to risk recommending me as a beginner in the new branch store. Also she knew that I had had some English, philosophy and English courses at the University of Chicago which education I had to abandon because of financial deficiency. I was particularly proud of a good grade I had received in the great Robert Morse Lovett’s course on the English novel of the late nineteen century. My philosophy teacher was George Meade, who would never publish during his lifetime, but I notice that Pickering & Chatto of London has just recently brought out a multi-volume edition of his work.

In mid-August I started at the Economy branch from 5 p.m. to midnight with 45 minutes off for supper (no coffee breaks in those days), six nights a week. One night off per week was allowed, but it was never the same. And fifteen bucks a week was manna from heaven. I was able to secure room and board with a family with four kids who had been parishioners of Dad’s church. The price was $6 per week, including laundry.

Literary luminaries made the rounds of the Loop’s secondhand bookstores. Vincent Starrett was a regular. Carl Sandburg came in once or twice and Carl Van Vechten was another who came frequently.

I kept the shelves stocked, saw to it that the bargain table which we put out on the Madison St. sidewalk was filled with books ranging in price from a nickel apiece to a dime to a quarter. For a dollar we always gave 20% off, that is a dollar would fetch 25 nickel books. I still have some of the fabulous Modern Library titles which came from the nickel table. Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer had recently bought ML from the Boni brothers and remained a lot of the slow moving titles. I still have a lot of them but I lost my Portrait of the Artist, which Cerf said was the first ML, when fire