



IT GIVES us great pleasure to herewith present to our patrons and the public the thirty-fourth annual edition of the "Blue Book" for the season of 1922.

Let the mirror of your reflections bring you face to face with the necessity for perfection. A deed well done. The satisfaction of it. Not all the heartache nor fatigue of strenuous effort but will fade to insignificance in comparison with one word of honest praise. You, my reader, have a debt to pay. You owe the world the best there is in you. The printed word is far reaching. We, as publishers, toil on, not grudgingly, but quietly rejoicing in the knowledge that sometime, somewhere, our conscientious and unceasing effort toward excellence will meet its reward in a pleased expression or word of commendation. As the printers of this magnificent Directory (and preceding issues for the past 34 years) we have a pardonable pride. From you also we bespeak of interest as its pages are perused. The many lines of type or the artistic ads in display or the stupendous amount of press work or the vast tonnage of paper or yet the handsome binding—these all might well impress you. Will you join us, in a further thought—a silent tribute to those men and women who nurtured this book with skill and precision from infancy to majority—gave of their untiring energy—their patience and endurance—their zeal and their pride—to the end that a colossal task might be well done. So, in the fulness of our heart with perfect understanding of their faithful and unswerving loyalty, we pledge, with fervor, this simple toast — TO OUR CRAFTSMEN

Respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.