

The Pastime Printer

Number Three  December 1956

Christmas on the Orthopedic Ward

ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL

1944

HERE on these three rows America's heroes
Get better but never get well
(A guy who is zi-ed and rotated Stateside
Brings with him *that* battleground smell).
Here's gangrene that lingers in toes and in fingers,
Here femurs reluctant to mend . . .
*There's nothing that touches a pair of good crutches;
A stout walking stick is your friend!*

Here are the heroes allergic to *Zeroes*,
Who learned from the German and Jap
'Tis not Standard Practice in battling the Axis
To catch *eighty-eights* in your lap.
There'll be amputation before Separation
For Doughfoot and Redleg, and some
Who fought in the air will pilot a chair—
Wheels down—for their missions to come.

Here are the heroes with one, two or three rows
Of color to splash on their jackets,
With battle citations and brave decorations
Beside them in neat little packets.
Pale cripples *in traction*, henceforth out of action,
Are waiting for Santa to come.
The war will go on, but their fighting is done;
They're through and they want to go home.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

The Pastime Printer

Exponent of Printing as a Hobby

Composed and printed by hand methods at the Protosteel Press, Skyline Bend Farm

Sent out occasionally, sans obligation, by STEVE L. WATTS, BOX 228, FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA

Member: TYPOPHILES, of New York, and THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSN.

Life Honorary Member: SEATTLE CLUB OF PRINTING HOUSE CRAFTSMEN, and TYPE DIRECTORS CLUB OF NEW YORK

APOLOGIA

*Verse carpentry is not the craft
wherein my talent lies,
For truth to tell do I excel
at clearing wildernesses;
But yet evolving ditties daft
my fancy satisfies,
And crudest rhyme from time to time
a vagrant thought expresses.*

OOPS! We hope the missing l. c. character in this issue will be as inapparent to the reader as it was to the proofreader's new trifocals.

TYPOGRAM: Typefaces used in this issue have been set by hand, and are identified below for students of typology. Cloister Black, Crew Clarendon and Troyer Ornaments are current ATF products. All others shown here are discontinued faces.

Engravers Old English Bold

Baskerville Italic

Cloister Black

CARD MERCANTILE

Pekin *University Script*

CAXTON

INITIALS

ATF Crew

Clarendon

GOTHIC CONDENSED NUMBER 521 Authors Roman

Modern Roman No. 64

with Italic & SMALL CAPS

EXTRA COND. TITLE GOTHIC NO. 12

Fan Mail for The Pastime Printer

HAL ALLEN, New York City . . . I like it; so does LEO JOACHIM and RAN SAVERY.
LUCIAN BERNHARD, New York City . . Lots of good spirit. Keep it up! and coming.
JOHN COLLINS, Haddonfield, N. J. . . . Owe'd you a letter. PP-1 has done the trick.
PAUL BENNETT, Brooklyn . . . Reflects the flavor and essence of a wonderful retreat.
DOROTHY ARBE, Hingham, Massachusetts . . . My first thought is: what a good title!
VIC MONTORRE, USN . . . Journal that knows quotes from quotes, serifs from seraphim.
MARVIN HANBOLD, Grens Pass, Oregon . . . Of much interest to your friends here.
JIM DOOLEY, Albuquerque . . . Heavy on the historical side? That's fine with me.
FRANK POWERS, New York City . . . Limited equipment can be a blessing in disguise.
VICTOR BOISSODI, Lakeville, Conn. . . . Pegging 6 point by hand must be quite a feat.
GEO. L. HARDING, Palo Alto . . . Apparently life at Skyline Bend has its attractions.
HENRY F. HENRICHS, Litchfield, Ill. . . . It is certainly an excellent job of hand setting.
RALPH GREEN, Chicago . . . Maybe you could say a few words about your print shop?
DR. JAMES ECKMAN, Rochester, Minnesota The tone is warm and appealing.
JAN VAN DER PLOEG, Elizabeth, N. J. The story on kerning was educational.
JOE CONLEY, Toledo, Ohio Please keep me on your distinguished mailing list.
JOHN MICHAEL, Forest Park, Illinois Keep it coming, right off the cob!
JAMES BLAKE, Sheffield, England Amusing, if perhaps difficult for us to understand.

Skyline Bend Scuttlebutt

THE PRIVATEER PRESS at Skyline Bend is no bohemian *atelier*. The Master of the Press wears a regulation haircut and patch-on-patch GI sustans. No smock, no windsor cravat, no red jacket for riding-to-the-bounds. We're getting to be all-fired tetchy when asked about the life of a country gentleman or get mail with *Esq.* on it.

Our house is not a mansion with columned verandahs. Scarcely old enough to be quaintly picturesque; by no means new enough to let us get lazy. No hired help, so we must learn do-it-yourself techniques by trial and error. As these lines are being set, the weather outside is colder than a witch's test. If the oil furnace goes *kaputt*, the Country Gentleman must fix the *Hotzer*; otherwise water pipes and fruit jars would freeze before the plumber came, if he could be induced to come here at all.



Be that as it may, this is the life; so long as both of us remain able to carry on. In the winter there is no neighbor within a mile. You run out of road when you get here, and Shenandoah National Park takes over. Don't let that word *park* fool you. This is the backwoods with the bark on. Mockingbirds sing *basso profundo*, and anchovies snap at one right through the can. Deer graze all over the place. Quail and pheasants nest in the yard. Crows, whippoorwills and bobwhites sound reveille; hootowls and screechowls scare the daylight out of newcome guests. Adolf the Stinker, a sachet kitty, has attached himself to The Skipper's staff, and guards the perimeter while rock rolling and firewood cutting progress. Central heating has its merits, but the Heatalator fireplace in the kitchen is our wintertime post of command. With all *that* explained, let us return to the printery.

The press is a 10x15-inch platen, Chandler & Price New Series, in use for 43 years by previous owner. Housed in a room with cement floor size 11x14 feet, with a space 4x8 feet allotted for copying camera in darkroom yet to be constructed. We have hot and cold water, and the shop is on the heating circuit, lighted by three casement windows.

We have more type than some other amateur printers, having taken advantage of close-out prices when antiquated faces were taken out of production. Modern Roman No. 64 (this type and its *italic*) is in good supply. We have small caps for 6, 10 and 12 point, but 8 point is missing. This is an old Barnhart Bros. & Spindler type, cast from punched matrices. There is a considerable lack of uniformity in the face on different point bodies. 10 point, the handiest size for our use, is poorly fitted; the lowercase 'a' back-slanted and the 'l' too thin. 12 point is far and away the best, with a lowercase alphabet length of 13 picas. *The italics are sharp and crisp; they allow tight word spacing.*

The Description of Jesus of Nazareth

BY A ROMAN GOVERNOR OF JUDÆA

+ THERE LIVES AT THIS TIME IN JUDÆA a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch. He is a tall man, well-shaped, and of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazarites; his forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard, and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent, dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body most perfect and captivating: his arms and hands delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty, he counsels with mildness: his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant, but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest and wise. A man for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men in every sense.

THE DUBITABLE EPISTLE TO TIBERIUS CÆSAR AND THE ROMAN SENATE, WHICH WAS ANCIENTLY ASCRIBED TO LENTULUS, LEGENDARY PREDECESSOR OF PONTIUS PILATE