



THE PASIME PRINTER

Number 5 ❄️❄️ June 1957

QUOUSQUE TANDEM ABUTERE, CATALINA, PATIENTIA NOSTRA?

LIFE without type books would be a dull and dreary prospect for this drillmaster of little leaden soldiers. Long ago, a specimen book *interlay* on a high stool gave him height enough to reach the top row of caps in a news upper case. This induced an attraction, *per imprimere corpus*, that has shown no wattage diminution when exposed to counter influences in rival fields of excitation.

“How far, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience?” queried M. Tullius Cicero, 2000 years ago, in his oration against L. Sergius Cataline. “To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence?” Cicero read him off in words that ring down the ages and adorn the yellowed pages of specimen books and broadsides issued by William Caslon and many another letter founder.

Specimen lines have run the gamut from Latin classic to pig-latin abracadabra. “Printers like to play,” says George Trenholm, type designer of Boston, “and an occasional object of this urge is the Alphabetic Sentence.” Some examples from GFT’s collection:

Dumpy kabitzer jingles as exchequer overflows
Exquisite farm wench gives body jolt to prize stinker
Jail zesty vixen who grabbed pay from quack
Whizzing jap alky driver subject of next requiem
Virago hocks sixty jewels of emblazoned plaque
Wives seize ribald quarto, junk matrix of gothic type
Flagrant knave coaxes jumpy zebu to chew quid
Zeal of chamber voids wacky poll-tax, jugs quint
The exodus of jazzy pigeons craved by squeamish walkers

The Pastime Printer

Typographia Bucolica

HANDSET & PRINTED FOR PLEASURE AT
THE PRIVATEER PRESS, SKYLINE BEND

Steve L. Watts, Box 226
Front Royal, Virginia

PRINTER! SPARE THE BOOK

Thomas MacKellar

Printer! spare that book!

Cut not a single leaf;

You know not half the pains we took

Or you'd regard our grief.

For many a thoughtful hour

We cull'd our fruitful brain

To set before you type and flower

All strung on beauty's chain.

Printer! spare that book!

It is our fancy's pet:

Turn gently o'er its leaves, and look

How tastefully 'tis set.

There's learning in its page,

There's humor in its lines;

And there the wisdom of the sage

With poetry combines.

Printer! spare that book!

Make it your office Pride,

And keep it in a cheriah'd nook,

Your cunning skill to guide.

When types grow old, and fain

You would your stock renew,

Send us the number and the name—

But spare the book—now do!

[Dr. Thomas MacKellar of Philadelphia was a famous nineteenth century printer, type-founder, author and philanthropist].

Specimen Book Humor

When Penn appeared to receive his charter he came into the royal presence in his usual easy manner, with his hat on and his hands in his pockets. Charles at once removed his own hat.

"Keep your hat on, young man," said Penn, "keep your hat on, and people won't know you are bald." "It is the custom of this place," replied the king, "for only one person to remain covered at a time."

"Then you ought to have more covers," said Penn. "It is a queer custom, but I don't lay my hat around in strange houses unless I get a check. I've traveled."

Cleveland Type Foundry, 1890 Book.

**BACK IN
MY QUAINY GARDEN
JAUNTY ZINNIA'S VIE WITH
FLAUNTING PHLOX**

FABLED READER WITH
JADED, ROVING EYE SEIZED
BY QUICKENED IMPULSE
TO EXPAND BUDGET

**picking just six quinoes, new farm
hand proves strong but lazy**

Breerzly jingling \$3,416,857,200, wise
advertiser ambles to the bank,
his exchequer amplified

Sentences showing complete alphabet,
used to display Oswald Cooper's types.

**PACK MY BX WTH
FIVE DOZN LQUR
JGS &**

**pack my box with five
dzn lqur jgs**

Display sentence used by F. W. Goudy
at Hingham, Mass., circa 1904.

Shop Notes

Types used in this number: Romantique No. 1, Gracia, Columbia, Derby, Gothic Inclined Light, Parisian, Heavy Caslon, Adscript, Authors Roman, and Modern Roman No. 64; some Troyer Ornaments.

THE PRIVATEER PRESS had rest while we cut brush, sat and looked at the mountains, whiffled weeds, made a garden and policed up the place for visitors. Among the V. I. P. were the Harold Brodersens of Cleveland and their son Brad. Mr. Brodersen is the designer of the ATF type called *Brody*, on which Stevie took a chance as sponsor. Then came Oh! Alfred Dickman (sponsored for this occasion by Ole Taylor) and Jo, Mrs. "Dick," together with Gene and Pat Ettenberg, in a new Ford, enroute from a pilgrimage to Colonial Williamsburg and Jamestown. For our readers who confine current orientation to television, skipping the public prints, Messrs. Dickman and Ettenberg are Leading Lights in the graphic arts, serving as judges, critics, committee members, *et cetera, et cetera*, besides full time positions as Advertising Production Manager of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* (Dick), and Manager of the Gallery Press (Gene).

Ernie Trotter and his Goodwife Adelaide stopped over on the way back from Virginia Beach. Ernie and the Skipper polished off the subject of TYPE, while the ladies held a husband clinic in the kitchen. Next morning Mr. Trotter photographed our shop installation, to pick up wrinkles for Mrs. Trotter's Cooler Press at Port Jefferson, N. Y., where letterpress will complement silk screen process. Editor Trotter of *Printing*, 466 Kinderkamack Road, Oradell, N. J., published our story about the Indefeasible Cheltenham, in the May number of his magazine.

As this page is being composed, we are standing by for Oom Paul and Madge, who are coming down for the May 30th break. Now what can we say about Paul A. Bennett that everyone in Printerdom doesn't already know? Typographic Promotion Manager of Mergenthaler Linotype Company, and kingfish of The Typophiles, Mr. Bennett is in the spotlight wherever books and printing are discussed. He is currently completing his work on a biography of Frederic W. Goudy. We welcome Paul and Madge for their second stay at Boondockerschloss-on-the-Gooney.

"An Old Fogy's Lament," (PP-3) with new wood engravings by John De Pol, has been reprinted as Typophile Monograph No. 51. The Privateer Press also printed invitations and stationery for the eighty-second annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association at Hotel Statler, Washington, July 4, 5, 6.

Mechanix Illustrated for July, on news-stands June 20, carries a feature article, "How To Become A Hobby Printer."

Skyline Bend Scuttlebutt



TRU BITES

Making a vegetable garden was a new experience for the Skipper, in 1955. First the ground had to be cleared of seven years' wild growth of briars, bull nettles, pokeberry, and other *flora* too numerous to identify. All this was accomplished before warm weather brought out *Crotalus*, the timber rattler, and *Ancistrodon*, the copperhead, whose teeth are sharper than our Tru-Bites.

A neighbor "broke" the ground with a tractor, dredging up a sea of rocks that had to be swamped out by hand and barrow. Ancient stable *débris* from the old log barn was disced into the soil. When dogwood and redbud blossomed on the slopes of Bear Den Mountain, we planted the garden, under the watchful and critical supervision of Miz Gincy Greenthumb.

Putting his trust in percentages, the Skipper set out no less than a hundred tomato plants. Those and all other garden sass flourished miraculously until a long dry spell set in. The gardens in the valley below us turned yellow, and wells were going dry, but our mountain spring at Skyline Bend was unfailing. We led out 150 feet of garden hose, downhill to the garden. Using the pump to fill the hose, we uncoupled it and thrust the end into the springhouse cistern. Hydraulics took over, siphoning free-issue water for irrigation in the garden.

You never saw such tomatoes! It soon became apparent that twenty plants would have been enough. Jillions of cucumbers - Straight Eights and tiny gherkins for pickling. Every day the Yellow Peril distributed our surplus to less fortunate neighbors. The payoff came at hog-killing time in December - pork tenderloins, country sausage, spareribs, livermush and scrapple. There are no chickens or farm animals at our place, but it is nice to spend the winter holidays with greasy chins.

CATS

Alejandro, *el gato completamente*, in residence at our place since 1954, is a cunning and long-suffering tomat. The two-mile hike up from the village, in season, leaves him with barely enough strength to climb up on the porch roof and announce his return with a few chords on our bedroom window screen. He runs off all male visitors, yet never will he learn to cover up. But now, space limitations being what they are, the Exploits of Alejandro will be confined in our next.