

THE PASTIME PRINTER

March 1958

Number 8



What is a Printer . . . ?

A printer is a tradesman and an artist

He is a tradesman because he works in blue jeans and gets his hands dirty on the job. He is an artist because the printed page which is his finished product is indeed a thing of beauty and a work of art

A printer uses types as an artist uses pigments

Bodoni, Clarendon, Garamond, Mistral, Spartan - the printer knows them all, and how to combine them into an eye-pleasing whole, as the artist combines colors. Few printers have what is known as "higher education," but they all seem to have academic knowledge. Like master grammarians, they know how to break a long and difficult word at the end of a line, whether to place quotation marks inside or outside of a period, and how to phrase a wedding invitation correctly

No one thinks of printers as mathematicians

But they can calculate and measure spacing down to the minutest fraction of an inch, in order that a page may have perfect symmetry and balance

Printers are men of pride

Some men who work with their hands have a deprecatory attitude toward their trades and longingly wish for more exalted jobs

Printers envy no man

You never met one yet who wasn't proud to say

. . . "I am a Printer!"

The Spangenberg Diary: First Description of the Little River District, North Carolina

HUNTERS and traders frequented the region of the Brushy Mountains, between the upper Catawba and Yadkin rivers, before the year 1750. Lord Granville at that time was landlord of one-eighth of all the Carolinas. During the year 1752, the *Unitas Fratrum* sent Bishop August Gottlieb Spangenberg from the Moravian village of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania to obtain from the Granville agents a large tract on which another settlement of the Moravian Church could be established at the South. Spangenberg and his party proceeded on horseback down the Eastern Shore, crossed over Hampton Roads by boat and again took horse to Edenton, colonial capital of North Carolina. There they picked up Granville's chief surveyor, William Churton, and set out for the wilderness, traversing the Great Trading Path westward to the Catawba River. Spangenberg's diary provides a description of the Three Forks region where James Watts and others from the Alamance resettled after the Regulators' uprising in 1771.

November 4, 1752. Forks of the Little River, in the forest, Anson County, North Carolina, at the Brushy Mountains, about twenty miles from the Catawba to the northwest, counting from the mouth of Little River. This is the first piece of land we have taken up. This tract contains 1000 acres of 160 perches to the acre. The best part is the lowland that lies like an elbow in the angle between two hills. It is very rich and is sometimes flooded by the river. The strip of lowland is about three miles long and even at the narrowest place it is wider than the Long Meadow at Nazareth. Most of it is already clear, and it can be used part for a meadow, part for Indian corn and part for hemp. Hemp will be particularly profitable, for it sells at a good price and there is also a bounty to encourage its culture.

This first tract on Little River we found in October and it was still green with maiden canes, and also has good meadow lands. It might be called 'Grünen.'

The Bishop's diary goes on to describe this tract so completely there is no doubt that his camping spot then was at the future homeplace of James Watts. The party surveyed a second tract of 1000 acres on the second fork of Little River and about two miles from the first tract. Neither was finally purchased by Spangenberg. His diary included these comments about the country:



Our land lies in a region much frequented by the Catawbas and Cherokees for hunting. The Senecas come here almost every year, especially when at war with the Catawbas. Indians in North Carolina behave quite differently from the Indians in Pennsylvania. There no one fears an Indian, unless indeed he is drunk. Here the whites must needs fear them. If they come to a house and find the man away they are insolent, and the settler's wife must do whatever they bid. Every man living alone is in danger here in the forest. North Carolina has been at war with the Indians, and they have been defeated and have lost their lands. So not only the tribes that were directly concerned, but all Indians are resentful and take every opportunity to show it. Indeed they have not only killed the cattle of the whites, but have murdered the settlers themselves when they had a chance.

There are other things to make life hard for those living alone, for themselves. For instance, a woman is ill, has a high fever—where is the nurse, medicine, proper food? The wife of the nearest neighbor, perhaps, lives several miles away, and she has her own children, her cattle and her own household to care for. She can give her neighbor only a couple of hours, or at most only one day or one night.

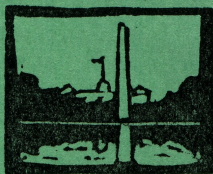
SOMETHING NEW, WITH A CONTINENTAL FLAVOR

December Ornaments, originated by Johannes Troyer, are made on 12, 24 and 36 point bodies. For complete specimen, address Amsterdam Continental Types, 268 4th Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



Pastime Printer for March

TYPESET BY HAND AND PRINTED AS A LABOR OF LOVE BY
STEVE L. WATTS, SKYLINE BEND FARM, FRONT ROYAL, VA.



Examples of linoleum block engravings



Getting Underway—at the
PRIVATEER PRESS

John De Pol Sculptist

MANY letters ask how this private press was started, and about our equipment and printing habits. No one has to twist an arm to make us talk, and a printed piece on the subject, serving as our contribution to SMALL WORLD, will perhaps also come in handy when correspondence interferes with applied typography.

Background. Your pastimer is not a retired printing craftsman but a superannuated jack-of-many-trades. His retirement income derives from intermittent employment in various capacities with American Type Founders Company between 1919 and 1955, and from service in the Navy and Army, active or in reserve components, 1912 to 1955. While this experience included duty as Chief Printer in the Navy and as Reproduction Officer in the Army, most of his printing work was done from a swivel-chair elevation; and the years with ATF as press erector, salesman, manager or sales executive afforded no manual exercise in the practice of printing. Any dexterity at typecase or press is a hold-over from boyhood apprenticeship and short situations in commercial plants, between other jobs, long ago.

Ye Printery. Our place in the country consists of 110 acres of mountain woodland and a reconstructed farmhouse. The shop is on the ground floor, in a newly-built addition, 12 x 18 feet. An adjoining room provides storage for paper stock and plunder. The shop is on the central heating system and has a porcelain sink with hot and cold water. The floor is cement, and the outside wall, facing east, has three casement windows. Natural and electrical lighting is supplemented by two portable Dazor floating fluorescent lamps.

Some Type Styles at the Privateer Press

Heavy Caslon, Inland Type Fndry

Stationers Semiscript or Inland Palmer

CRAW CLARENDON, Designed by Freeman Craw

Derby, Berthold, Berlin

Modern Roman No. 64, GREAT WESTERN TYPE

RUSTIC, REPLICA T. F.

COLUMBIA / Amsterdam Continental Types, New York City

French Plate Script—B. B. & S.

COLUMBIA BOLD / Amsterdam Continental, New York

Flex, an Amsterdam

Pekin was BB&S Dormer, patented 1888

GRAVURE DECOR.—AC

le MISTRAL, Fonderie Olive

EXTRA CONDENSED TITLE GOTHIC NO. 12, INLAND AND ATF



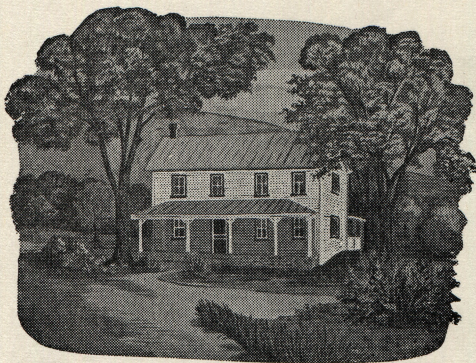
This year we decided to put in only a small garden, what with the Old Man feeling *porely* and the Madam on the binnacle list with an esophageal hiatus that came from the steering wheel of our Plymouth being broken across her chest summer before last. Anyhow we had both our garden plots plowed and harrowed in good season, then a late spring freeze broke up the clods and left the soil in such fine condition that the Skipper promptly put in a requisition for a new Rake, Steel, 14-tooth, w/Handle, and before you could say "Swiss Family Robinson" the old fool was laying off rows enough to provide for a family of ten.

What time he wasn't inventing gizmos to puzzle the crows he was so busy fighting weeds and striving to interdict the sapper operations of moles that all indoor activities on his part were suspended until the whippoorwills sounded curfew at nightfall.

Onions, radishes, green beans and peas are working in relays from staggered plantings to combat the High Cost of Living. Swiss chard has yielded one harvest for the freezer, and kale is flourishing like the w. k. Green Bay Tree. Black-eyed peas succumbed to beetles wearing *Blitz Polizei* helmets before we routed the invaders with dragon dust. Cucumbers, acorn squashes and tomato plants took a beating from cold winds in mid-June but no kills have been noted. Potatoes, turnips and carrots are coming along surprisingly well, apparently bug-free without dusting. Striped klondike watermelon, squaw corn and pink popcorn seed sent to us by Clem Battershell, publisher of *The Desert Clarion* at Yermo, California, were planted after the cold snap and haven't yet had time to demonstrate their intentions.

Last year the deer, groundhogs, raccoons, skunks and other varmints too numerous to mention took every roasting-ear from four rows (all we planted) along the fence. The same have been planted again and will receive separate-but-equal cultivation. Notice is hereby given that four additional rows, closest to the house, are reserved for human consumption.

Type for these pages was set steady-by-jerks, with numerous interruptions. Wild raspberries are ripe, and who are we to pass up Nature's bounty? regardless that berries are in the *NO* column of our diet list and the seeds get under our dentures. Our going-on-three grandson *likes* raspberry jelly. He is the observant one! That diet has impaired our waistline. Watching us at work, he wanted to know: "Granddaddy, are you losing your pants?"



Skyline
Bend
Scuttlebutt

It is easy for city folk to talk about a place in the country where they can get away from it all and live on a farm without farming. Doing something about it is "a gray horse of another color." The one who agitates for such will find out when the chips are down that others who "helped him look" and enthused the loudest will be the first to bug out when the time comes for a decision and overt action.

So he goes ahead and buys the place anyhow, and from then on must be content to take the blame for vagaries of the climate, power failures, pestiferous insects, crooked roads, tax increases, &c, &c. Compensation comes when he mentions the possibility of selling the farm and all hands want to know where else in all the world one could have so much for so little.

Frederic Goudy once wrote in a letter to Clarence Marder: "I haven't been feeling pretty good for a week over." While it goes against the grain for us to plead excuses, we haven't been feeling so hot lately and there has been no issue of *The Pastime Printer* since that puny little folio last December. We drove to New Jersey before Christmas, after draining down and securing things here for the winter. We planned on sailing from New York for a lazy trip to Panama, but the jaunt was abandoned and we came home in January. Again we had severe winter weather here on the mountain but no freeze-up as before. Since January we have commuted pretty regularly for out-patient treatment at WRAH. Prognosis: "Barring accidents the Major should last indefinitely."

[NOTE: The insert printed for SMALL WORLD, being
restricted to two pages, did not include these specimens.]

Engravers Old English Bold, att
University Script, American Type Foundrs.

CRAW Clarendon BOOK, American Type Founders

Murray Hill, a new American Type

Modern Italic 64, Barnhart Bros. & Spindler

TUSCAN FLORAL, RTF

Columbia Italic, cast in Holland by Lettergieterij Amsterdam

Abbey Condensed, Farmer

BASKERVILLE ITALIC, of American Type Founders Company

Plate Text No. 4, Barnhart

GRACIA, by Amsterdam Continental Types

GOthic CONDENSED NO. 521, AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS

Cancellaresca Bastarda, Enschede, Haarlem, Netherlands

ROMANTIQUE : FRANCE

Printing Press. Before leaving New Jersey for the farm, we acquired a second-hand 6x10 Excelsior press. While the shop was being built, Ralph Babcock got a 10x15 Chandler & Price new series platen jobber at an auction sale in New York, and the smaller press was never used here. Before bringing the C & P into the shop, it was taken apart completely, cleaned with lye-water, bearings refitted and parts repainted with two coats of dark gray floor enamel—a job that took a week. Parts were dragged in and reassembled.

Workbenches. After fixing up the house, there was very little money to spend for printing equipment. We had 34 second-hand type cases of assorted sizes and patterns, plus a discarded sorts cabinet containing 100 wooden “dividing galleys” on sloping shelves. Using our trusty Shop Smith, and utilizing salvaged rails and posts from two double-deck Army surplus wooden bunks, three sturdy frames were constructed. The first is 37 inches high, and occupies a space 32x81 inches. Tongue-and-groove flooring was used for the flat worktop, sandpapered smooth and level. Flooring felt, covered by a panel of quarter-inch Masonite, was cemented to the floored surface, heavily weighted and left to harden. This made an excellent worktop, but still we need a more rigid slab of marble or castiron upon which to plane down type forms. Using Masonite strips, separated by rails cut from crating lumber, run-openings for twenty full-size type cases in two tiers were provided. One of the smaller tables holds ten two-thirds cases and is mounted on casters.

Type Styles. This hobby printery has too many kinds of type, most of which will be sold or traded in the coming year. We have decided to confine our choice to 11-on-12 pt Wayside Roman and Italic for straight-matter composition, retaining only those fonts that march well with the Wayside for use in headings and for title pages.

This insert for SMALL WORLD has been handset in 18 pt Original Old Style Italic, 6 & 8 pt Modern Roman & Italic, by Steve L. Watts, Front Royal, Va.



by Paul W. Ashby, Kendallville, Indiana

DOWN THE ROAD: A Fragment

THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR SOUNDS OFF

"Splinter Village" at Camp Davis, 1943

Redbugs, chiggers and gnats,
Bedbugs, roaches and rats,
The pests of Creation are here *on location*,
With snakes and spiders and bats.
We are learning to live in the jungles,
Survive on the Polar Cap;
Get on with the training—there's no use complaining—
This war is all over the map!

Ticks, mosquitoes and fleas
Will eat you by slow degrees,
But inoculation and *atabrine* ration
Will save you for Overseas.
Beware of the cottonmouth serpent
That lurks in the cypress glade;
The rattletail snake that coils in the brake
Can lay you away in the shade.

No good field-soldier complains
Of galls and blisters and sprains;
Patrolling and scouting's the nicest of outings,
And nobody cares if it rains.
Stay away from the Medics at sick-call,
Who practice on lazy and lame;
Scratch where you're itching, shut up your bitching,
And learn how to stay in the game.

Soldiers, sailors, marines
Must know what Discipline means;
Willing and cheerful, be silent and careful
Of rumors afloat in latrines.
If you hearken to me while you're able,
You'll *maybe* go back to your wife;
Like heroes of fable, to sit at the table
And boast for the rest of your life.

S. L. W.

Shop Notes

What is a Printer? appeared as an advertisement for Feltz Printing Service, Jersey City. Mr. Anthony Feltz gave permission to reprint it, with a couple of minor changes.

The Lasky Company, Newark, a plant that does uniformly excellent commercial printing in a big way, was started with an Excelsior hand lever press some forty years ago. Messrs. Lasky booned THE PASTIME PRINTER with enough off-cut paper stock for this issue.

Mr. George L. McKay, brother of Walter McKay, is curator and librarian of The Grolier Club (see article on last page). Walter passed away two years ago at the peak of his career as a type designer. George's story has been set in Walter's *Columbia* type, 10 point.

Mr. Henry Evans, 308 Clement St., San Francisco 18, California, has printed a specimen of "the world's finest printing inks for all letterpress work." He will be glad to send copies of the broadside, on request.

Types used in this issue include:
Gothic Condensed No. 521,
Extra Condensed Title Gothic No. 12, Gothic Inclined Light, Craw Clarendon and CC Book, Modern Roman 64 and Italic, Original Old Style Italic, Columbia, Mistral, Amer. Uncial.

Scuttlebutt

This has been a rugged winter, with few visitors. When the Skipper went to the door, he failed to recognize his former company commander, mistaking him in civilian attire for a preacher. It was Col. Henry Vickrey and the Colonel's lady from Los Angeles, enroute to Colonial Williamsburg.

Henry Owen and Charles Young of American Type Founders Co., returning from a Big Deal up the Valley, sought to improve the shining minute by inducing Privateer Press to *go offset*. Their visions of a Super Chief prospect pooped out on the mountain road. Right behind them came Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Weldon, Altamonte Springs, Florida, who joined the conducted tour with free lecture on How to Retire and Live With It. Harry and Ruth Stoddard, old friends from N. J., found their way here, but wanted to know how mad we got to hide out like this. Tom Yeoman, old shipmate, from Pearl River, N. Y., brought his charming bride to see us.

Carroll and Genevieve Coleman of Iowa City stopped in, and whilst Gennie and Ginger bewailed their type-widowhood, Carroll and Stevie schemed a go-for-broke casting of 11-on-12 pt. Wayside Roman & Italic. *Is there anyone else for Wayside?*



THE GROLIER CLUB was founded in New York in 1884 for "the literary study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books . . ." It is still much interested in the arts of the book. It has become the leading club of book collectors in the New World. Its members acquire books (and prints) in a wide variety of subjects, and many of the members today are more interested in the literary or scholarly contents of books than they are in typography, book illustration, binding, etc.

Robert Hoe, one of the Club's founders and its first president, formed one of the finest private libraries in America; and since his day the Club has numbered among its members many of the greatest book collectors in America. The Club has a reference library of about 32,000 volumes and 7,000 prints—devoted to bibliography, typography, the graphic arts, and related subjects. Each year it presents four exhibitions (which are open to the public) of books and to a lesser extent prints. Many of its one-man book shows, comprising first editions, manuscripts, autograph letters, etc., have been the finest exhibitions of the writings of important American and English authors ever shown anywhere. The Club has published over a hundred books on bookish subjects, together with several prints and medallion portraits.

The Club's first home was at 64 Madison Avenue, New York; its club-house was located at 29 East 32nd Street from 1890 to 1917; and since the latter date it has occupied a five story club-house at 47 East 60th Street. A history of the Club by John T. Winterich was published in 1950. The Club must not be confused with The Grolier Society, a publishing firm which was established many years after the founding of The Grolier Club.—*George L. McKay.*