

THE PASTIME PRINTER

Number 10

December 1958

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

MAY YOU HAVE

Enough happiness to keep you sweet

Enough trials to keep you strong

Enough sorrow to keep you human

Enough hope to keep you happy

Enough failure to keep you humble

Enough success to keep you eager

Enough friends to give you comfort

Enough wealth to meet your needs

Enough enthusiasm to look forward

Enough faith to banish depression

Enough determination to make each

day a better day than yesterday

THE Pastime Printer DEC. 1958

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CONDITIONS PERMIT, BY STEVE L. WATTS, FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA

Most Kind and Gentle Reader—

This issue of THE PASTIME PRINTER is being printed under adverse circumstances and time is running out. Number 10 was not published in September because there was a deal of outdoor work to do before winter. We planned to make this issue a fat one, with numbered pages, *et cetera*.

A sprained ankle triggered a sequence of deficiencies that made this our Lost Year End. Rest-in-bed for three weeks, prescribed and rigorously supervised by The Management, effected a reduction of the injury, but our family doctor announced that surgical repairs were indicated—the stripping out and/or ligation of thrombosed varicosities, left lower extremity. That tore it! Ginger hauled the old wreck down to Washington and left him in Uncle Sam's lap at Walter Reed Army Hospital. *Major W, Artillery, Retired.*

Home again this first week in December, with a new lot of surgical scars and a slow systemic infection—this Nature Boy reacting unfavorably to every antibiotic agent or medication other than sipping whisky in mountain spring water. Following hospital check-up on December 16, we propose to winterize the farmhouse here at Skyline Bend, spend Christmas with the kids in New Jersey, then hit the road for some warmer place until the middle of March.

Man proposes—but what do you expect at sixty-three?

Skyline Bend Scuttlebutt

Nevermore cats at The Good Old Farm.—"Lonesome as a farm" was an expression that didn't apply to Skyline Bend until this winter. During November, whilst the Skipper was a patient at Walter Reed, Miz Gincy held the fort with 18 cats to guard the perimeter. Loneliness was no problem at all, for every brighteyed and bushytailed feline was a character unto itself and a source of endless amusement.

Alejandro, el gato completo.—Old Alex, mentioned aforetime in these annals, joined us shortly after we came here four summers ago. He complained about the hiking distance to the Browntown reservation, especially in winter when icicles formed on the angora fur of his belly. Came spring and he brought home a wife. This "red" cat set up her abode in the tool shed we call Hooverville and acquired the name Pinky Hoover, even before she found out Alex was getting more than one meal a day at the kitchen.

All the sons were valiant, the daughters dutiful.—Pinky went the way of all flesh, and Alex roamed the road again. Their offspring rolled under the raspberries with visitors in coats of many colors and patterns. The tribe increased. Cats billeted in the printshop on cold nights. The Skipper wheelbarrowed sand from a pit up in the woods to keep emergency bailout boxes sanitary, our cats being very particular.

Nary a slashing tail to greet us.—One of our wayward *Katzen* picked up a bug from some *common* cat, and the tribe came down with a violent distemper. All eighteen, from Old Alex right down to Deucey's four little Fleurettes. The Vet came with his little black bag and put them all out of their awful misery. It's easy now to keep the shop clean, but who cares?—you can't pet an old printing press.

S M A L L - T O W N S N E W S

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

GREAT NINEVEH had given birth
 To mighty kings to rule the earth;
 To Nimrod, Sargon—men of might—
 And dancing queens for her delight.

*But Nineveh was not the town
 Where God's new glory would come down.*

Proud BABYLON had mothered sons
 Who grew to be her mighty ones—
 Nebuchadnezzar, king and beast,
 And young Belshazzar at his feast.

*But Babylon was full of sin,
 And God's Son could not enter in.*

Eternal ROME, in pomp and state,
 Sat pondering that she was great,
 And boasting of her royal fame,
 And all the Cæsars she could claim.

*But wicked Rome was not the place
 Where God would show His shining face.*

Small BETHLEHEM was just a town—
 A village street of no renown;
 But it was near to heaven's heart,
 Divinely blest and set apart;

*And there, upon a Christmas morn,
 The King of Glory would be born.*