

The Pastime Printer

Number 11 / July 1959

More than "Just Another Script"

SOMEbody sticks his neck out, as the saying goes, every time a new "face" of type is originated. It won't be so much longer, for type on photographic film can now be used when a new design is to be "tried out on the dog," thus avoiding the tremendous expense of pattern drawings, engraved patterns or punches, the making and fitting of metal matrices in many point-body sizes, just to find out whether or not a new face is going to "click" with the little printer under the stairs, the one who buys more foundry type than any other.

In his capacity as type merchandising manager, Steve Watts accepted responsibility for making *REPRO SCRIPT*, the type used for headlines on this page, which was introduced by American Type Founders in 1954. The designer, Jerry Mullen, worked with us to come up with a condensed, colorful, joining script letter, shorn of projecting kerns and disturbing curlicues. We envisioned a cursive that would serve as a foil for the recurrently popular News Gothic Condensed, about the same "color" and having tall "x-height" in the lowercase. The lowercase "o" gave us a bad time. That letter was at first a "joiner" on both sides, which worked swell in the middle of a word but looked like an "a" at the end of a word. A running script requires a common connecting point or position, which allows little leeway for juggling. So the terminal stroke is now missing on the "o." That is where the scribe lifted his pen to sigh or to ponder about proper spelling.

The Pastime Printer

PUBLISHED *pour le sport* BY STEVE
L. WATTS AT SKYLINE BEND FARM IN
WARREN COUNTY, BROWNTOWN, VA.

*Genteel address: Box 226
Front Royal, Virginia*

"GIT THEM TROOPS IN OUT OF
THAT HOT SUN!"

Front Royal's name seems to stymie some letter writers. Mail addressed to *Port Royal* or *Fort Royal* has reached us. None, up to this time, for *Font Royal*.

Lugging a large mailing to the post office we were informed by a clerk that PASTIME PRINTER and local opposition to rulings of the supreme school board were about to make the name of Front Royal household words from here unto yon—nothing like it since Belle Boyd and Stonewall Jackson.

According to information supplied by Miss Virginia Hale, the historian of Warren County and one of the founders of our newly dedicated Confederate Memorial Museum, a local legend explains the origin of Front Royal's name. In colonial days a giant oak, the "royal" tree of England, stood in the public square. There, on the

muster days, was drilled the local militia, composed of raw recruits slow to learn military commands and movements. On one occasion the sorely tried drillmaster, being exasperated by the clumsy efforts of the troops and their inability to follow his commands, hit upon a phrase all could understand and shouted: "Front the royal oak!"

Among the spectators was a Mr. Forsythe, who had been a professional soldier. He was so amused by the instructor's improvised command that he and his friends found much sport in telling of the occurrence, repeating "Front the royal oak" until Front Royal's name was the resulting derivation.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE
"UNRECONSTRUCTED"

Amateur printers everywhere contribute to community enterprises initiated by local churches, schools, civic groups and youth organizations. Business printers don't mind such competition for it relieves them from donating work done at chargeable costs.

Privateer Press turned out the invitation shown on the opposite page. Type is University Script.



*Warren Rifles Chapter
United Daughters of the Confederacy
request the honor of your presence
at the
Dedication Ceremonies
of their
Confederate Memorial Museum Building
95 Chester Street
Front Royal, Virginia
Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-nine
at two o'clock
E. S. T.*



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."



This year we decided to put in only a small garden, what with the Old Man feeling *poorly* 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?"

THE COW & THE BULL

by SCOGGIN of BASSETT



THE COW is a female quadruped with an alto voice and a countenance in which there is no guile. She collaborates with the pump in the production of a liquid called milk, provides the filler for hash, and at last is skinned by those she has benefitted, as also commonly happens to mortals.

The young cow is called a calf, and is used in the manufacture of chicken salad.

The cow's tail is mounted aft and has a universal joint. It is used to disturb marauding flies, and the tassel on the end has unique educational value. Persons who milk cows and come often in contact with the tassel have vocabularies of peculiar and impressive force.

The cow has two stomachs. The one on the ground floor is used as a warehouse and has no other function. When this one is filled, the cow retires to a quiet place where her ill manners will occasion no comment and devotes herself to belching. The raw material thus conveyed for the second time to the interior of her face is pulverized and delivered to the auxiliary stomach. There it is converted into cow.

The cow has no upper plate. All of her teeth are parked in the lower part of her face. This arrangement was perfected by an efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. As a result, she bites up and gums down.

The male cow is called a bull and is lassoed in Texas, fought in Mexico and shot in Washington.

A slice of cow is worth 8 cents on the cow, 14 cents in the hands of the packers and \$2.40 at the nearest restaurant.

SHOP NOTES

Not much Wayside Roman is used in this issue because it is tied up in other jobs. However, we like this 10 point Columbia, from Amsterdam Continental, as it packs in a lot of words and is easy to print.

14 point American Uncial, designed by Victor Hammer, is the type used in the number-and-date line. Our font of it came from the Klingspor foundry in Germany.

The words "More than" are 18 point News Gothic Condensed, in a line with the 24-point size of Repro Script. The larger size makes the script look darker. All of the gothic we have is a passel of letters from an experimental casting in zinc. This type is not intended for inked impressions, and apparently does not have the ideal affinity for ink and paper to be found in the same and other faces cast by American Type in their standard formula metal.

The oldtimey newspaper dash on our Scuttlebutt page and a few others came as a gift from Sylvan S. Swink of Utica. Some of the brass dashes are "worn down to first nick," but we love 'em.

This column was intended for "Personalialia," but it would require many columns to mention Lester Douglas and scores of other old friends and their newsworthy activities. So we give the rest of this page over to shop talk, with the fond hope that we can finish printing ere Bruce Gordon Watts and his parents arrive for a visit. We think Bruce will turn out to be a printer like his grandfathers on both sides. He displays promise and a selective interest, since he ratholed all the semi-colons out of four type cases, and genius sometimes skips a generation.

St. Andrew's cross in the UDC invitation is composed of 6 point outline stars, rotated 90° counterclockwise, like in the flag. It was pleasant to again print a "live" job, after all this shadow-boxing.

Our homely old Roman #64 was used for the Scuttlebutt text as appropriate to the subject. A fancier letter would look like a dude in silk overalls or "a horse in mule harness." Mistral, from Fonderie Olive, Marseille, was the only big type that seemed to fit in for the heading.

Yeah, we noticed the missing letters on page one—too late.

Specimen Type Club Exchange

No membership dues
No officers No meetings
No strain!

THE pastime printer of Skyline Bend is dad-blame tired of trying to identify typefaces for one-way galoots who sit on the information and fail to share their knowledge. It is our aim to make everybody happy but not just one at a time.

Nearly every mail brings a most inadequate print of one or two bitsy words showing perhaps one capital letter but no cap H and l/c m (the critical characters for comparison).

If the owner has been thoughtful to look for a pinmark on his beaten-up treasure, this narrows the search by about 30-to-1, and the rest is easy.

Sometimes our eyes ain't so good and our crystal ball is out of focus. Memory lays down on the job, and the selfsame letterform we hit right on the nose coupla month ago now throws us for a cataleptic loss.

Addressing ourself to *aficionados de tipos* at the Boudoir Gutenberg level, here is the fast break:

Next time you feel the urge to break out in print, don't waste your time and substance on platitudinous mottos, limping poetry and piddling pornography. Print for posterity!

Par example, 3x5" specimen card.

18 point Repro Script—ATF

Exquisite Farm Wench Gives Body Golt to Prize Stinkeroo!
Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn
Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz & % ()
. , - : ; ! ? \$ 1234567890 & ' ' " " , -

Other sizes: 24, 30, 36, 48, 60 Page K-16, ATF 1955 SB

Introduced 1954 Designed by Jerry Mullen, New York

A condensed, non kerning, nearly monotone, connected cursive. Designed to work with News Gothic Condensed and other plain sans serifs. Cast on ultra line to permit long descenders without overhang, it does not line up with romans cast on common line.