

THE PASTIME PRINTER

Number 13



April / 1961

"We Ain't Mad at Nobody"

Many months have slipped astern since our last issue in December 1959. Old friends want to know howcum no recent scuttlebutt from Skyline Bend. Blame it on our physical decrepitude and on two winters that just about broke all records for foul weather here in this Howling Wilderness of Bear Den Mountain and upper reaches of Gooney Run. Survival ranked as the first order of business. For eighteen days at one stretch no living soul came within sight or hearing. Snow and ice, too deep to sweep, baffled the bulldozers. The super hermits of Skyline Bend and non-hibernating wildlife "dependents" shivered and shook under cruel Nature's prolonged assault. Miz Gincy used ninety pounds of meal in baking cornbread for snowbirds, nuthatches, cardinals, bluejays, grosbeaks and one lone redheaded northern flicker. We contributed what we could to the subsistence of Blossom the Skunk, Sooner the Groundhog, et al, but seventeen deer in the yard at one time turned down everything offered except dried apples. Quail blessed us for uncovering grit for their craws. Late in March a couple of intrepid sportsmen gunned down the man-eating crows we had fed for six years.



Skyline Bend Scuttlebutt

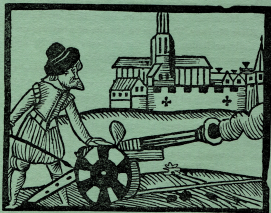
Latest Scoop from the Good Old Farm



Lightning is Unpredictable. We have, in the brashness of our immature sounding off, frequently opined that going out in a *shower of sparks* would be preferable to linger-longer dying from natural degenerative processes. Last year's brush with a high-potential shower pretty nearly shorted-out our mortal coil. Also it shook up our earlier convictions and weakened our resistance to lightning-rod salesmen. ☐ Ours is the last house on the mountain road and the pole line for electrical power terminates here. When lightning struck the line down in the valley and came through the arresters, the explosion started a fire in the load center on our kitchen wall, burning out the switchbox. Flames from the burning phenolic-resin fittings fanned out above the switchbox, filling rooms with acrid yellow fumes. "*Think fast, Skipper!*" shouted Miz Gincy as she toted her chest of Royal Danish to the front porch. Water or extinguishers for electrical fires not having the underwriters' seal of approval, recourse was had to a pair of dungaree pants, to beat out the flames resulting from the initial blast and two subsequent lightning explosions that illuminated the scene with great balls of fire.

Slowing Down to a Gallop. After hitting the ball for fifty years to make a living, it took a little time for us to learn how to loaf. Last year we allowed the garden to go to grass. Bragging on neighbors' gardens brought generous response. We planned a winter trip to the Far West, but winter came before we could break away.





Richard Watts of Rochester

OPENED HIS DOORS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH
— BUT HAD NO TIME FOR LEGAL BEAGLES

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO there lived one Richard Watts, Esquire, a merchant in the ancient city of Rochester, Kent. He was 'appoynted' by his sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth (of glorious memory), to be the inspector and clerk of the works for the building of fortified Upnor Castle. He served as paymaster to the wardens of Rochester Bridge, and represented the city in Parliament from 1562 to 1571.

RICHARD WATTS and Maryan, his wife, resided in a 'noble mansion' situated on Boley Hill, overlooking the River Medway. This was on the site of what was once the Bully or Bailey, one of the outworks of the Norman Keep, popularly called Rochester Castle.

Queen Elizabeth I, making her 'summer progress' to Kent, arrived at Rochester on Saturday, September 18th, 1573. She remained four days at the Crown Inn, 'the only place to entertain Princes comming thither.' On the Sunday, Her Majesty heard a sermon in the Cathedral, and on the fourth day she was entertained by 'that charitable man, but withal most determined enemy to Rogues and Proctors,' Mr. Richard Watts, to whose house on Boley Hill the Queen herself, according to the inscription on a monument in the cathedral, gave the name of *Satis*, in answer, it is supposed, to some apology made by the host on the Queen's departure.

Richard Watts died at Satis House and was buried in the nave of the Cathedral. Barring possible damage in the *Blitz* of Hitler's war, the stone that covers his grave is in good preservation. The stone has first the armorial bearings under which is: RICHARD WATTS ESQUIRE, DIED SEPT. 10TH, 1579.

RICHARD WATTS HIS CHARITY

In Rochester's quaint High Street (before the war if indeed not today) stood a stone-fronted almshouse called 'Richard Watts's Charity,' founded by that benefactor in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Three mural tablets tell of the benevolence of the worthy merchant.

The central and flanking tablets read as follows:—

RICHARD WATTS, ESQUIRE,
by his Will, dated 22nd August, 1579,
founded this Charity for Six Poor Travellers,
who, not being Rogues or Proctors,
may receive gratis for one Night
Lodging, Entertainment and Fourpence each.

(Left)

The Charitable Trustees of
this City and Borough
appointed by the
Lord High Chancellor
16th December, 1836,
are to see this Charity
executed.

(Right)

PAGITT (*Arms*) SOMERS
Thomas Pagitt
second husband of Mary,
Daughter of Thomas Somers
of Halstow
Widow of Richard Watts
Deceased A.D. 1599.

PROHIBITION of a proctor to enjoy Watts's Charity is thus spoken of in Wildash's *History of Rochester*:—
"How rogues and proctors [lawyers] became coupled together in this good man's interdiction we are not satisfactorily informed. The reason vulgarly assigned as motive for his excluding proctors from the benefit of his charity, and thus fixing a lasting stigma on the legal profession, is that, when on the Continent, he was affected with a severe illness; and having employed a proctor to make his will, found upon his unexpected recovery, that the villainous advocate had placed himself in too advantageous a point of view, and being of the opinion that 'charity begins at home,' had perverted his employer's benevolent intentions, and had given to himself that which was dedicated to God and to pious uses."

Washington, D. C., January 26, 1863.

Major-General HOOKER.

GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours, very truly,

A. LINCOLN.



GERALD THE HERALD. Winding the clock is a Saturday night ritual here at *Boondockerschloss*. Our ancient eight-day mantel clock above the kitchen fireplace is a fairly accurate timekeeper, and a windup rejuvenates Gerald so that he goosesteps along as though wishful to jubilate "Hey, hey, Saturday night!"

Gerald was so named by daughter Nancy when Pop liberated the venerable Connecticut Yankee from a dealer in second-hand plunder at Montreal. He hand-carried the clock through repatriation formalities at the Border. The customs inspector passed Gerald as a genuine antique, no re-entry permit required. The man happened to be an old clock hound. He figured that Gerald was made before the War of 1812. Ours differs from the clock shown by Messer J. De Pol's woodcut, the pointed top being round instead of sharp, the door decoration an eagle and shield design under an arc of *fourteen* stars. Printed label inside clock shows it was made in Connecticut by Ansonia Brass and Copper Works. Gerald sounded a 101-bong salute once, on Independence Day!

*"Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise;
He would say, with a thump on his hickory stick,
That it made an American downright sick
To see his boys on the Nation's Day
Sit 'round in a listless sort o' way.
With no oration, and no trained band;
No fireworks show, no root beer stand;
While his grandsons, 'fore they were out of bibs,
Were afraid—Great Scott—to fire off squibs!"*

Shop Notes from the Privateer Press

This issue of THE PASTIME PRINTER is a stopgap measure. Sundry interferences with our favorite divertimento have in the past two years kept the Privateer Press idle much of the time. Consequently, a deluge of inquiries as to our well-being continue to pile up, and this *communiqué* is being issued as a quick means of reassurance that all goes fairly well here.

Starting in 1959, we set some pages of type for what we proposed to call "Pastime Printer, Cool & Collected." Some pages have been printed, starting with those numbered 32 and 33, which obliges us to make the finished job run to 64 pages. We hope to get it done before Christmas. Having paper stock enough for only one thousand copies, distribution of "Cool & Collected" will be made only to those libraries and individuals making special requests for same—*gratis*, while they last.

As is usually the case with pastime publications that are privately printed with limited equipment, these pages show an unrelated mixture of type styles. Front page masthead mixes 24 pt *Pericles* with 14 pt *American Uncial*. The rest of the page was set in 8 pt *Craw Clarendon Book*, with 18 pt *Romany* for heading. Typecuts are *Munder-Hoyle Ornaments* from an upcoming "kittypot" casting. The second page was set in 10 pt *Columbia*, *Columbia Italic* and *Columbia Bold*, with 24 pt *Derby* and 8 pt *Craw Clarendon*. Pages 3, 4 and 5 show 11-on-12 pt *Wayside Roman and Italic*, 24 pt *Derby*, 12 pt *Worrell Uncial* and 30 pt *Caxton Black* letters as initials. Page 6 was set in 10 pt *Modern Roman No. 64* and its companion *Italic*. *Wayside* and *Worrell* again on the seventh page. The headline on this page shows 18 pt *Pacific* (ninth kittypot revival) with the body matter set in the *Columbia* series (Amsterdam Continental).

THE PASTIME PRINTER is typeset by hand and wrought off *pour le sport* by Steve L. Watts, Box 226, Front Royal, Virginia.