

# Skyline Bend Scuttlebutt



**Last of the Railsplitters.** Snow marooned us at the farmhouse time after time last winter. Twice we were shut in for five or six days by drifts that were too deep for penetration, and once the highway crew's grader had to be salvaged by a bulldozer. Our place is at the end of the road, one steep mile from the nearest neighbor. No telephone, so we two were on our own.

The coldest weather came in the middle of February.

By that time our firewood was *fini*. The oilburner ran like mad, yet we were standing watch-and-watch reliefs to keep the kitchen fireplace going. Finally our water supply froze up during the midnight watch; then the oil furnace had to be shut down, radiators disconnected and all water lines drained in a hurry. Canned vegetables and fruit, also bottles and jars of anything that might freeze (from weed-killer spray to liquid laundry starch) were ranged on tables and dressers around the central chimney in the kitchen.

For a week afterward, GI boots and foul-weather gear were uniform-of-the-day (and night) for this army & navy retiree. First, a long section of zigzag rail fence was reduced to firewood. Then dead limbs from apple trees in the old orchard fed the kitchen fire, where Miz Gincy kept the temperature to a minimum of 45 *grad*, baking bread and making pies to pass the time away. Icy winds from Saskatoon, or over the Pole from Omsk, Minsk & Pinsk, made hazardous wood-gathering among the trees. Using a maul and wedges, chestnut logs from the old mule stable were split into rails, dragged to leeward of the kitchen, and bucked to fireplace lengths. ¶ The Management served notice that she will not put in another winter at this here Shangri-La in the Boondocks. We're sholy gonna miss her.

A Stronger Free Press —  
for a Better Free World\*



DR. PAUL FISHER

THE School of Journalism, University of Missouri at Columbia, was established in 1907 by the late Walter Williams. Williams, a country newspaperman without any degree, became the first dean of the School and later president of the University, the only man so unencumbered ever to go so high in higher education. His pioneering school increased with the years. This year, commencing in the early fall and continuing until May 1959, the School will consider its increase as it observes its Fiftieth Anniversary, its fifty years of service to the profession of journalism.

During those years more than five thousand young men and women have been graduated by the School. Some of their names—Inez Robb, Hal Boyle, Mary Margaret McBride—are familiar wherever newspapers, magazines, radio and television are familiar. Not known across the nation but among the best known names in communities across the nation are countless others from Missouri who labor to keep their communities informed.

Today the School is housed in two connected buildings, Jay H. Neff and Walter Williams Halls, shortly to be joined by a third. The lower level of Neff accommodates a small daily printing facility. Six days a week, twelve months a year, students at the School produce the 4,000-5,000 ABC general circulation *Columbia Missourian*. The School possesses a specialized journalism library of about 14,000 volumes; hundreds of magazines and newspapers are received weekly.



ONE of the first of the Anniversary Year events will be issue of a new postage stamp honoring the nation's press and the school that has served the press longest of all schools. Though the design is not yet set, it is certain to carry the Missouri School of Journalism's slogan for its Fiftieth Anniversary: "A Stronger Free Press for a Better Free World."

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Dr. Fisher, of the faculty, modestly omitted mentioning that University of Missouri School of Journalism was the first in the world to offer a degree in journalism. An official first day cover bearing the special commemorative U. S. postage stamp will be issued September 22, 1958. The unit cost of 20 cents will include rag-bond envelope, commemorative stamp, addressing and mailing. Checks for orders, payable to "50th Anniversary Stamp Fund," may be sent to Professor Robert W. Haverfield, at the School of Journalism, Columbia, Mo.

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Recent *communiqué* from Ward K. Schori announces that The William Morris Society lists 65 members over here, THE PASTIME PRINTER among them. Twenty members are on the Pacific Coast, chiefly in California. Write Ward Schori, 2716 Noyes Street, Evanston, Illinois, for mimeographed bulletins.

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THE PASTIME PRINTER is grateful to an old friend, Mr. J. L. Alexander of Erie, Pa., for a set of composing rules, fashioned by hand from discarded brass rule. ¡*Mil gracias!*

## Shop Notes from ye privateer press

This amateur publication is typeset by hand and printed for occasional distribution to his friends by Steve L. Watts at Skyline Bend Farm, Post Office Box 224, Front Royal, Va.

As the Tagalog mess steward subsequently observed *apres* the monkey tangled with the wardroom fan, "things have been vayree damn around here." Between the weather and a lot of maintenance chores that no longer could be dodged with equanimity, we undertook the enchanting but time-consuming task of procuring several antique styles of type to be divided into fonts and distributed among sentimentalists of the private press from Tiverton to Tamalpais.

Unanswered letters have accumulated. Sundry gifts of books, printed keepsakes and cradle masterpieces from fledgling private presses remain unacknowledged and their praises unsung. Woe is us! Any retiree, we truly believe, should have a dictating machine and typist (f) complete w/electronic typewriter as a basic issue.

When one resides in the *tules* he learns that weeds and brush—like the w. k. Time & Tide—wait for no man. All manner of undecorative *flora* comes right behind the rains, and a long day's work in the open with a piggyback spritzer, brush-hook, scythe and rake is rarely conducive to paperwork after sundown. Your Country Gentleman is ready to wash up, eat, and hit the sack.

These, then, under our Shop Notes, to explain why Lulu-the-Banger, like that *sub rosa* heroine of the Marines' unofficial hymn, after a forced march, has had rest. Dust gathered on the splendid new rollers from Bingham Brothers Company, and a shipment of matchless Dorchester Plate from Tileston & Hollingsworth was allowed to stand unopened for months on end.

☞ This issue of PASTIME PRINTER starts the third year of its publication. Heretofore a mailing has gone out quarterly. Since the list has grown to over 2,000 names, it takes more time to do the folding, inserting, addressing and mailing than is required for printing. Our next *feuilleton* will carry a December dateline.