

Who Said "Gray Hair?" or the Printing of Whitevash IV

WW 9/10/74

It is not only when constabulary duty's to be done that one's life need not be a merry one.

Having learned yesterday p.m. that WW IV had been printed, except for cover, without my inspection of blue prints, it was an uneasy night of little sleep and that fitful. Awoke 3:45 with a problem noted only last night in going into a local funeral home. A neighbor's sub had died. There was a wet spot under the differential of the car. After the recent grease job I assumed the plug had not been re-inserted tightly enough. So, I was ready for the 6:30 a.m. service station opening.

Where they were not ready for me, with one man on duty and people rolling in for gas. (What guzzlers! Several took over 22 gals at a filling!)

The plug was tight. Gas tank has a leak, not the most comfortable condition for a 60-mile drive when there is a hot tailpipe near the leak and wind blows at superhighway speeds. It took only 45 minutes to do two minutes' insoecting.

Sure enough the printing was done, all seven sigs. Mummy folded a set by hand, tried it and he started to check it while I made a phone call. He was about 30 pp into it when I took over.

I had had more than a dream and less than a nightmare about some insane copy on the back cover and I'd wondered in this nocturnal disturbance how in the hell I could have written such Spragucan copy. (Which I hadn't)

The consequences of a cheap ribbon were visible. Type face too thick.

But it went pretty well until p. xix 163. It was printed, only upside down. One-seventh of the expensive paper bound for the junk yard. Thereafter things went smoothly until p. 193, which was there 195 should have been. But neither was lonely or conspicuous because they were joined by 194 and 196. Or, two-seventh of the paper.... And more delays, which may not be all that bad.

I should have checked the cover first because I was in semi-shock by the time I did. The negatives had been made without my seeing even the art work, in which I had full confidence, or the Lecar-retyped copy. It seemed fine. With money appearance could have been improved, but it was neat, clean, etc.

(Until STM/E saw my name spelled with the "i" and "s" reversed. Tonight, after I returned home with this one unbound set, the one blueprint of a cover.)

All I could really do with four figures of paper already spent was check the pagination. I hope I didn't miss anything else.

I was in fine shape when I left the printers'. I missed only two turns I know well. I awakened Lecar before I left the printer's. Turned out to be a good thing because he wasn't in a deep sleep at all when Pensterwald ~~and~~ called him later. So, with detours he had shaved and had his pants on and his socks in his hands by the time I drove from extreme southeast to deep southwest. -las! they are teetotalers.

After we worked on other matters we drove to Dad's office where we worked on still other. I phoned ABC and was invited over for them to xerox the last 19 pages they didn't have. (The kept only two in xeroxing, as STM/E only discovered.) But what was interesting is that whereas I'd phoned his assistant to see if he'd like these pages, when in and I reached there we were ushered immediately into the chief's office for what lasted about 45 uninterrupted minutes. Considering the day's news and the anti-Ford reactions and the admissions of mass pardon consideration, rather long. And friendly. Only not by the guy who decides. Only an expression of personal interest. To that degree encouraging.

Not too bad a day. No single accident or traffic jam on the superhighway or the beltway, not even where there was construction work.

Made P.E. This spine of the cover was computed about 1/8" narrow. Ignoring the duty

P.S. The error on the cover computations, made easier because I'd left a live dummy - this book is identical in size to the first and on the identical paper - to be ignored. Nay, lost.

Not beyond remedy. Simply shift the back cover toward the outside and lo! the x entire spine will be in color, not just 3/4 of it.

Doesn't this go to ~~xxx~~ show that almost any problem can be solved in printing?
Except arithmetical problems.

Computations that need not have been made, the master sheets having been printed and ruled with ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a color to which the film is insensitive were slightly expansionist, which left little or no side margins and cut tops and bottoms of pages off. This meant reshooting and restriping the job, not less than three days of labor plus other costs.

I had offered to be present for the shooting and the striping - free. Not needed.

So, apparently to save a day's work for a man, no blues were made hence I wasn't phoned to check them.

I guess Manny will be lucky if he loses \$2,000 on this job.

And I'll be lucky if there isn't something else I missed!

It couldn't have happened to a less deserving guy. Manny is a great human being.

He shot all the negatives for all my other books at his cost. Materials only, too.

Of the poor quality documents in which the archives specializes I recall only one on which the gray is quite visible. But the diligent reader can put the typing together and make sense of it.

With a hand-folded and hand-cut set assembled, it is never possible to determine whether a page was stripped in crooked. (The page number of 221 slipped after I counted it, so I know it is crooked.) Why not hope none are?

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The largest D.C. distributor had treated me more kindly than most with the first two books. He has been careful not to hurt himself putting them out and he beat me out of no more than \$600. Having heard of a new distributor for the area, the one I couldn't find from his phone book listing in Rockville several weeks ago (he wasn't there) I phoned him from D.C. today and asked for the book-purchasing mgr. "Ever hear of Whitewash?" I asked. "Yeah, when I couldn't find it" he came back. "Book store or student?" Student. We discussed this new one and if the owners don't mix, he'll stock and put out.

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Proofread now?

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Jim's wife would prefer the covers to be printed as blueprints, the sample she saw. She likes it.