

# *Sketch*

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J. B. Hungerford, Publisher

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# J. B. Hungerford, Publisher

Katherine Dodds

**I**T WAS press day at the Carroll *Herald*. Grandfather Hungerford said I could come down as usual, but I couldn't go backshop. That was a rule.

The heavy glass door had just squeaked shut behind me when Grandfather came through from the backshop, unloosing all the rain of clacking press and ticking linotypes.

Grandfather chose his steps carefully. His toes pointed out and his shoes were shiny. He walked erectly, head high. His eyes twinkled when he greeted me.

Lifting me into a chair, he unbuckled my galoshes. Grandfather could do anything. When he had to, he could be very stern.

I memorized the white hairs combed smooth over his pink head when he was bending over me. His fingers were wiry and covered with gray hair near the knuckles. They shook a little. His suit was dark blue, and not shiny like Mr. Buehler's. Mr. Buehler was the butcher next door.

**“W**HAT are you going to do today, cherub?” he asked, standing up, lifting me to the floor. His brown eyes followed my brown wandering ones around the front office. Wrinkles spread fan-like from the corners of his eyes. He laughed his deep, knowing laugh.

“How would you like to write a letter? Your mother would be tickled.”

He helped me climb the rungs of the high stool at the high desk. Tossing a yellow pad of paper in front of me, he drew guide lines.

“You won't have to write down hill now,” he explained. “You're my busy little granddaughter today. I'll have to work pretty hard to keep up with you.”

He picked up a pile of copy to take out to the linotype operator. His eyes twinkled, and his smile wrinkles deepened as I set about my important business. Grandfather could think up the most fun.