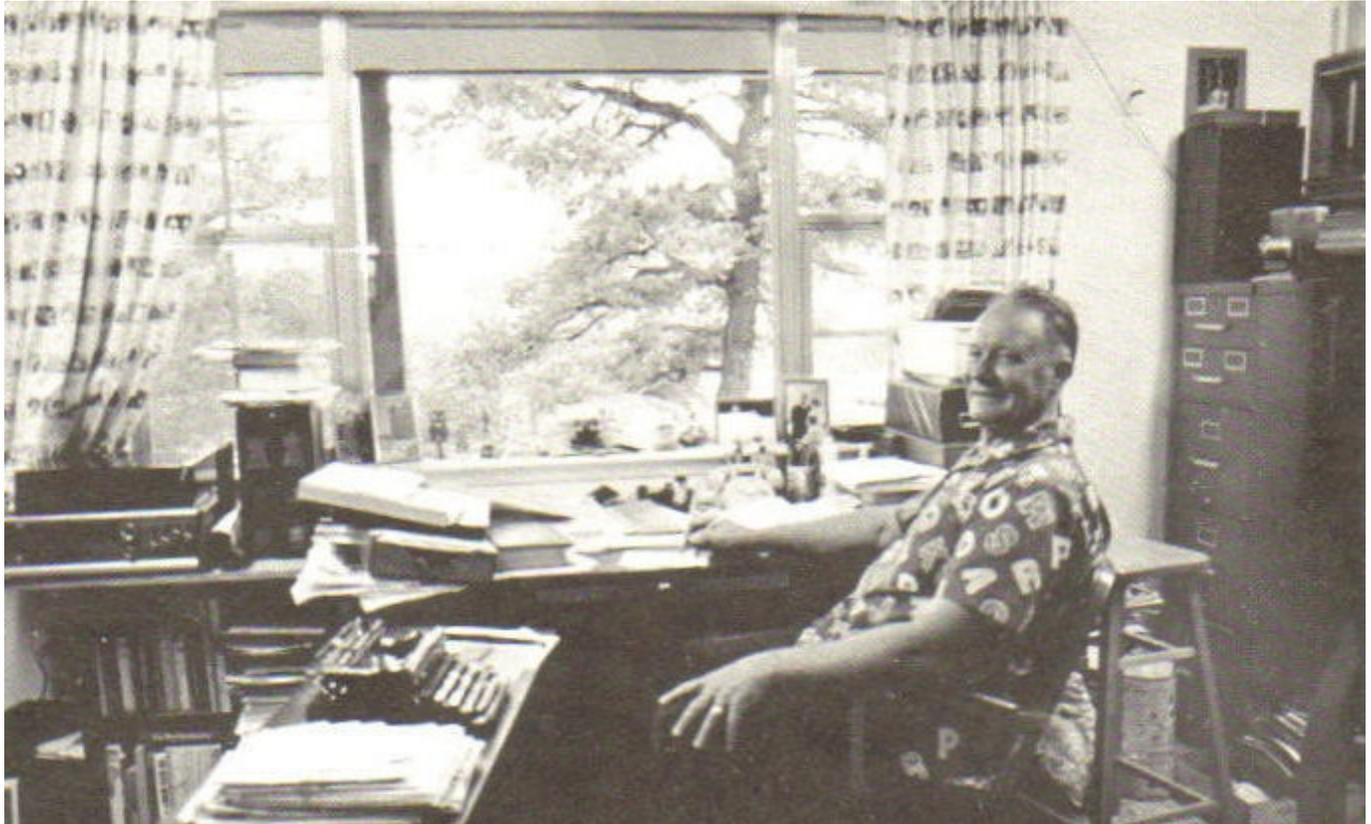


The National Amateur

The official organ of The National Amateur Press Association

Volume 127, Number 3

March 2005



♪ AIRE SONORO ♪

NUMBER FOUR SILVER CITY, N. M. APRIL 1981

Presidential Perambulations

SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO DECIDE TO do something and *do* it! our daughter Carolyn Barrett told me during a telephone conversation from England on a Tuesday morning last February. She had just found an ad for

Number Fourteen *Salvo!* December 1966

Guilty Conscience, Anyone?

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS we have been searching for a volunteer to be NAPA Mailing Bureau Manager for 1967. No one volunteered in response to the pleas issued by Mailer Ed Harler. President Moitoret began writing to individuals. We found our new Mailer. Ex-President Viola Paune gave the news this

The Cemetery Rabbit

57th Hop Silver City, New Mexico January 1, 1975

Just in Case You Were Wondering . . .

The Moitorets are alive and well and busy and happy in Silver City, New Mexico!

by Rowena Astry Moitoret

WHEN SISTER VIOLA (a serious professional writer) chided me for not having written any poetry lately, I thought about it a moment and then replied, 'Well, the fact is, I don't write poems when I am happy. When I'm creatively busy furnishing and

ENTRADA - 5

Silver City, New Mexico

October 27-28, 1976

Dinner at V. Antoine's

or, The Night the House Didn't Burn Down

By Dick Fleming

When in New Orleans, having dinner at Antoine's is a gastronomic delight. By the same token, the place to eat in Silver City, New Mexico, is V. Antoine's. Both establishments serve culinary delicacies to please the palate.

The National Amateur

The Journal of the National Amateur Press Association

Volume 127 Number 3

March 2005

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Anyone interested in the hobby, upon endorsement by a present member, will be considered for membership. This includes a subscription to The National Amateur, and entitles a member to participate in association affairs. Dues are \$20 for U.S. members. For members outside U.S., bundles sent surface mail, \$27.50 Europe air mail, \$50, Far East air mail, \$60.

Active members are qualified to vote in the annual election of officers held at the annual convention. Any active member may also participate in the annual laureate competition, use the mailing bureau and the manuscript bureau. Additional members in the same household may join for \$2 annually, but only one copy of the official organ and the bundle will be sent to this household.

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Convention Reception Committee
Chairman: Bob Mills
Mark Barbour

Photo by Arie Koelewyn



Home is the Sailor, Home from the Sea

Uictor Moitoret may well have been the youngest publisher in the annals of amateur journalism. Shortly after his father, Anthony Moitoret (elected president of the National in 1920) and mother, Dora Hepner Moitoret (elected NAPA president in 1952 and in the mid 1920's one of the leaders of the Lovecraft-Daas-Hepner literary United APA) collaborated with their new recruit in the first issue of *The Victorian*.

Father Tony served in the Navy during the First World War. His lifelong interest in the Navy League was a major reason why he encouraged Vic to consider a career in the Navy.

When Vic's ship was hit during the Pacific War he floated for many hours in shark-infested waters until rescued. His reward was a month's leave and a cross country trip. Stopping en route in Texas, he visited a talented young lady poetess at his mother's suggestion. At the Santa Fe convention the pair were honored after their fiftieth year together, in an emotional tribute arranged by Dick Fleming. Rowena wept for joy. Vic's eyes were

moist. And "Anchors Aweigh" served as background music.

I first met Vic at a meeting of amateur printers in 1941 the home of Vincent Haggerty in Jersey City. A newly minted officer after graduation from Annapolis, he drove up in a convertible that was a graduation gift from his parents. Vic had leading man good looks. In his white uniform he made a commanding and vigorous presence. If any of the young ladies who went to the APC meetings had any romantic notions, it was no go. Vic was on his way to visit his fiancée' before reporting for his first assignment.

There is a postscript to the previous paragraph. In 2004, just before his last hurrah at the Lexington convention, Vic flew east to visit the long-ago girlfriend he had tracked down to a nursing home in Delaware.

Over the years we spoke, usually by phone, usually about the hobby. His magnificent collection of amateur journals, much of it was passed on by his parents, was a treasure trove for people doing research into the history and literature of the National and United Amateur Press Associations.

That collection, a wide circle of friends and correspondents, strong links to old naval comrades, his books, and his loving children kept him going after the many years of devoted care of his failing wife. Now his ship has come into port forever. Vic was an American patriot, a man who knew his duty and measured up to it. Beyond all else, he was a fine human being.

—William H. Grovemen
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Memories of Vic Moitoret

My first wife, Loretta, (deceased) and I were in a traveling business in minerals and jewelry for a number of years after my retirement from the newspaper business.

One of the weekend shows we did was in Silver City, New Mexico, Vic's hometown. I knew Vic, of course, from the *ajay* world many years ago and his father also.

When we did our first show in Silver City, in one of the years between 1985 and 1990, I called Vic and he immediately set a meeting place downtown and led us up to his home on a hill overlooking the city.

To our surprise, between our call and arriving at his home, Rowena, his wife, had prepared a delicious meal for us. We all had great conversation, although Rowena of course, was in the early stages of a disease.

Vic showed us his immense collection of *ajay* printings, seemingly crammed into every nook and cranny in several rooms.

At a later date and at my request, Vic accommodated me by photocopying all of the copies he had of my 1940s and subsequent years *THE BAY STATER* so I could re-construct my own library of them (there are not that many).

Subsequently I was able to get a couple of still-missing issues from a library at the University of Florida, which also maintains an amateur journal collection.

While I lived in Adams, Massachusetts, I was personally acquainted with a local policeman, a good friend of mine, who was a member of the crew of the ship commanded by Vic.

I unfortunately can't remember the cop's name (blame that on memory fading of a 35-year past event) However, that name is in one of Vic's publications (which I do not have at hand) listing the policeman as an officer of the "alumni" organization of the ship in, I think, a reunion story.

—Charles Hoye



Vic chats with our banquet speaker, Jim Birchfield as JaneGraham and Bob Mills look on. Jack Visser and Bruce Green chat in the background at the convention, July 2004.

Victor Moitoret, My Father

by Carolyn Barrett

My father's parents, Anthony Moitoret and Dora Hepner Moitoret, were both writers and active NAPA members, so Dad grew up aware of amateur journalism as a hobby from an early age. He joined the NAPA when he was fifteen, along with the group known as the Boy Printers: the Babcocks and Harold Segal among others. It was partly through my grandmother, who had read some of my mother's poems and asked if she would like to publish more in amateur journals, that Dad started writing to Mum, and of course later met and married her.

As I grew up, the printing press in the basemant was almost like another member of the family. I know Dad looked at houses to see their printshop potential first, and number of bedrooms, etc. second. He taught me to set type when I was six years old, but never seemed too keen to let me experiment with the press, although I think I could almost get it running now from having watched him so often. He was a night-owl, and we would hear the press humming and clanking away as we went to sleep, when he was working on yet another *Cemetery Rabbit* or a *Salvo!*

My sisters and I had the fun of meeting other printers and their families — the APC meetings at the Segals' house on New Year's Eve were particularly memorable. Dad and the other print-



Vic locking up a form (from Dec 1980 NA)

ers would cluster round the typecases and the press, Mum would be sharing stories in another room, while all the children played together, or later someone would have a guitar and we would sing for most of the night, unless asked to write and set a line or two to fill out a page.

When we travelled to England the press could not come with us, but Dad was a member of the BAPA as well, so the *Cemetery Rabbit* kept on hopping with the help of British printers, and there were more visits to British printshops, and gatherings hosted at our house. I remember that Dad was so thrilled to visit Stephenson & Blake, the typefounders in England, to buy the fonts of Verona type he wanted for the *Rabbit*.

Back in Camp Springs, Maryland, Dad had his largest space for a printshop, with lots of shelves for paper and his collection of other printers' work, his workbench painted Navy blue and gold, and the typecases, with a speaker rigged above, so he could stack records on the turntable upstairs and be bathed in his favourite music as he worked. He printed *The National Amateur* here at least once, I

think, and lots more *Rabbits*. And he was always willing to print leaflets for school PTAs, or to let groups of Camp Fire Girls or Scouts or school classes come to see the press in action and perhaps set up their own names to print on a little card as a souvenir.

Dad helped to host a Convention in Washington DC — and at Conventions he was really in his element. He loved chairing the business sessions; I think he had swallowed Roberts Rules of Order whole as a child and would pounce on anything not done correctly. He could also speak entertainingly without notes at the banquets, and I remember a late night gathering with Tom Whitbread when one or two joint sonnets were produced.

When Dad retired from the Navy and went to France the Navy paid to ship his household goods there, so the press was set up on Cap Ferrat for more *Rabbits*, and the occasional *Trophée des Alpes* when another printer visited. And then after five years he came back to New Mexico, to the house he helped to design, with the printshop right in the heart of the house, not in the chilly basement. But it was never really large enough; typecases and amateur papers have spilled out into corridors and other rooms... Here the paper for visiting printers was *Aire Sonoro*.

The main thing for me that will endure is Dad's total enthusiasm for amateur journalism. Whether writing a historical essay for *The Fossil* or setting copy for *The Cemetery Rabbit*

or firing off a *Salvo!* against something he disagreed with, he did it all with great vigour and meticulous attention to detail. He was always warmly hospitable to other printers, and especially generous to anyone starting out in the hobby. Of course he wasn't happy about the rise of computer produced work — what printer is? — so if I am able to put together A Last Hop for *The Cemetery Rabbit* by word processing I need to start apologising to him now for not printing it *properly*. I know he will be missed by all the many people he inspired in the hobby, and I am just so glad that he made it to last July's Convention in Lexington, to meet with and talk to still more.

— 30 —

Memories of Vic Moitoret

It had to be at my first NAPA convention when Vic, arriving a little late burst into the convention. His first words, in his bulleest bull voice were "Where is Bob Orbach?" and we were instant friends.

It was Harriette and my good fortune to drive all the way to Silver City to be their house guests for a couple of days. Days unforgettable as he drug out files of my first amateur journal written in 1934.

Though I had been an army officer, we had spent a lot of time on the French Riviera where Vic and Rowena had spent such a long time after the war—so we had lots to talk about and see on that trip. And time to polish a lasting friendship. —Bob Orbach

More Recollections of Vic

Uic Moiteret truly embodied the belief that “strangers are only friends he never met.”

Several years ago, we published in The Buck Creek Press the prescription that golden raisins mixed with gin ands then taken — after a week’s soaking — nine at a time once a day, not eight or 10 but nine, would ease, if not cure, back pain.

It wasn’t many days after the bundle for June, 1995, was in the mail that a box of golden raisins from Vic arrived at our home. I never met Vic but I envied the very unusual printing shop he had, shown in a photo layout. It was handy to the kitchen from which his dear wife could deliver through a pass-through window sandwiches so as not to interrupt, I imagined, a press run.

—Wilson L. Barto Sr.

I never had the good fortune to meet Vic Moitoret in person. I wish now I had made a more strenuous effort to attend the 2004 NAPA convention in Lexington, KY where Vic received the Gold Composing Stick Award from The Fossils.

I knew Vic primarily as a helper with my two Edith Minter collections. He provided me with an extensive bibliography of Minter material in his own fabulous collection of amateur journals. Like the late Hyman Bradofsky, he also gave me some Minter material. Without his help, both of my books

would have suffered. I know that Vic was a generous helper to other research projects as well.

I remember a few personal incidents concerning Vic. Once he was “imprisoned” to raise funds for a charity event. He was very proud that a fellow amateur journalist (Hyman Bradofsky) was the largest donor toward meeting his “bail.”

He gave me quite a file of his father Anthony Moitoret’s amateur publications. I think Vic was very proud that his father was also a Navy man. Of course, Vic made his professional career in the Navy, rising to the rank of Captain. Needless to say, he was a leader both in his profession and in his hobby.

I talked to him by telephone soon after the death of his wife Rowena in 2002. Rowena had had a long battle with Parkinson’s and Vic was a very faithful daily visitor to her in her illness. Like a Navy captain, he had a lot to say about the logistics of the funeral arrangements for his wife. Despite his loss, he expressed the sentiment that his wife had gone to a better place. Now he has joined Rowena and we feel a sense of loss in our ranks again.

Like his wife’s, Vic’s was a life well-lived. His final illness was precipitated by a fall, but I believe he entered eternity with a firm step. Perhaps he even had some plans for how he planned to spend his time in eternity. I hope his expectations will all be exceeded.

—Ken Faig, Jr.

Son of NAPA: Victor A. Moitoret

by Jake Warner

Foreword: This is not an obituary. It would be unseemly to insert one's self into an obituary. This is as much, or more, about me as it is Vic. What I want to write is a story about my relations with Vic Moitoret over a period of some 40 years, and why I feel such a loss over his death.

In my job at the Office of Naval Research some years before I joined NAPA, I wrote the Hydrographic Office to ask if they could furnish an oceanographer for several months to participate in an underwater nuclear test. Their letter of refusal was signed by Capt. Victor A. Moitoret, the Navy Hydrographer. That was the first time I encountered his name. That does not mean that he ever saw the letter however since numerous people in his office undoubtedly had the authority to sign for him. Not long after that, I attended some Navy symposium where Vic was chairman of one session, and I believe gave a paper.

After I joined NAPA I was surprised to find that he was a veteran member of the association. He was then the Oceanographer at the International Institute of Oceanography in Monaco.

Vic had been shortly before involved in very unpopular enforcements of a couple of constitutional provisions and in the first two years of my membership I was led to think that he was an unreasonable tyrannical ogre. Once in

the *National Amateur* a member wrote "Veteran members can ignore or laugh at Vic, but new members may be intimidated by his nitpicking."

In 1971 Leah and I and son David attended our first convention and much enjoyed meeting many people that we had only read about. I don't think there was any session at the Marietta convention that Vic's name was not brought up by someone. In fact, I felt that he dominated the convention. I was surprised and intrigued that any member could do so, especially a member who was not even present. What kind of a man could do that?

We became acquainted with Harold Segal at our first convention, and probably went to the Segals' for the APC meeting on New Year's eve of 1971. Harold, in one of his *Campanes*, mentioned that Vic was probably his best friend. That really gave me pause. Would Harold have a best friend who had the unpleasant nature that had been attributed to Vic? That didn't seem possible, and I decided that what we had been told about Vic was at least suspect.

When I was president of NAPA in 1973-74, Vic had returned to the states and he sent me several suggestions about my duties. He also published some issues of his journal, *Cemetery Rabbit*, in this period. At that time there was a custom of electing

new members as soon as they were eligible to all the offices of NAPA. This constantly provided officers that didn't understand their jobs, but it had the advantage of quickly integrating newcomers into the association. A major disadvantage was that they were very vulnerable to criticism from older members and Vic, for several years, terrified Official Editors with his criticisms. His criticisms were usually justified and correct but hard to bear. Now and then he sent me a letter about a *Boxwooder* which contained criticisms of my logic, my facts, my grammar, my spelling, and a long list of typos. Once he exulted, "I had to read only the first two words of your latest journal to find a typo."

Leah, Dave, and I were at the San Diego convention in 1974 and met Vic and Rowena for the first time. This was the first convention Vic had attended for five years. I presided over an extremely contentious floor fight on the eligibility of a laureate entry; the controversy was so intense that it resumed at the Cleveland convention the following year and affected the association for years. Vic generously told me after the session: "I didn't think anyone could conduct a convention as well as I could, but you did it." Praise from Vic was praise indeed. He invited us to join him and Rowena for dinner at a seafood restaurant in San Diego. He later wrote an article for the *National Amateur* in which he described meeting us.

High-ranking officers in the navy often have a definite presence or cha-

risma about them. I have seen a number of admirals that could enter a room and at once appear to be in command and the center of attention. I suppose it is one of the characteristics that enables them to be promoted to such positions. Vic had that presence. In his journal, *The Last Leaf* #13, Hugh Singleton put it well: "He commanded great respect; he exhibited great dignity; and few of us can claim the powerful presence that was his." And Hugh met him only at the Lexington convention last year where Vic was only a shadow of his former self. It was painful for his friends to see how difficult it was for him to walk but he was in good spirits and happy to be at a NAPA convention.

Whenever Sheldon Wesson, Tom Whitbread, and Vic Moitoret were at the same convention fireworks were inevitable. Especially Sheldon and Vic would clash loudly—usually about insignificant matters. They did it mainly for their own pleasure. Many members were entertained by their arguments, but also quite a few members did not see the humor in them, and they were likely the source of the reputation that our conventions had as being very contentious.

I often argued on the floor with Vic's position on what I thought were matters of substance. He was a very challenging opponent. He was quite clever and quick-thinking on his feet. He seemed to know every word of the NAPA constitution, and one had to be wary because he did not hesitate to

make his opponent look like an idiot if he could do so. To argue with him you had better be sure of your facts. Now and then we were on the same side of a question. On one such occasion we were involved in an argument about a proposed amendment on activity requirements, and I was convinced that we were losing the battle. Vic then abandoned his usual method of relying on the logic of his position and made an emotional appeal to the convention. I was amazed. One of the things he said was: "Some of you think that I believe I'm the father of NAPA, but that is not correct. The truth is: NAPA is my mother." Quite often the convention votes with its heart and not its mind, and it immediately responded to his appeal. We won our battle.

I became convinced that Vic was slipping a little when we had our last confrontation. Harold Segal and I screwed up an election of executive judges at the St. Petersburg convention in 1982. I believe Harold was in the chair and I was appointed Judge of Elections and this was in the days when the three judges were elected at a time. This was always a confusing hassle, and it often took many ballots. After a number of ballots with still a couple to be elected, Harold and I got confused and allowed one at a time to be voted for. This caused the absentee ballots to be wrongly applied. As soon as the election was over we both knew that we had misconducted the election but didn't quite know what to do about it so we just let it be. Vic

picked up our miscue from the minutes published in the *NA*.

At the next convention, Knoxville 1983, Vic brought up the matter and tried to get the convention to nullify the election as provided in the constitution. He demonstrated that George Hamilton should have been elected as the second judge on the second ballot. For once Vic had not been thorough enough because it turned out that George had been ineligible for office that year probably because of inactivity. Thus Vic was unable to prove that the violation was enough to change the result of the election.

At the next convention in San Diego, Vic brought up the matter again. This time he said he could not prove his point unless the Judge of Elections (me) would explain in detail what happened at the election in St. Petersburg. I then said, "Vic, you surely do not think I'm going to testify against myself." Faced with my refusal, Vic finally admitted defeat. I tell this to illustrate how bull-dogged persistent he could be over a relatively small matter. It also seemed to me that Vic in his prime would not have been so easy to defeat.

No matter how argument raged or what its result, Vic was just as friendly afterward. He never required his friends to share his opinions. We never discussed politics beyond a sentence or so. I once told him he was to the right of Genghis Khan and thought Hitler was a Communist. I also once wrote that Vic and I differed on almost

everything, but that deep down where the metal is we agreed on most things. He was quick to affirm that he thought this was true.

When I heard he was going to attend the Lexington convention, I immediately thought of introducing him to Jane Graham. We had met Arthur and Jane Graham about a year before the convention and I was almost certain Vic and Jane would enjoy meeting. I found Jane delightfully assertive, intelligent, questioning, and confrontational. Perhaps some of this is a carry over from her days as a prosecuting attorney. I was delighted that we were able to have dinner together with Vic sitting beside her. He also rode to the restaurant in the Grahams' car. I heard him posing riddles to her throughout the meal. The next day I asked her what she thought of him. She laughed and said, "He's something all right. He questioned me like a twelve-year-old and I responded like a ten-year-old. I kept thinking of my granddaughters who are nine and of their affection for just those kind of riddles, tests, etc. I was amazed at the ease with which I joined in the game." Jane recently wrote: "He was an extraordinary personality, and I'm sure his memory will be treasured by his colleagues and his friends and me."

Over the years I had published a couple of articles by Vic in my journal. I published many stories by Rowena, and I told Vic that he was the second-best writer in his family. Off and on for several years I had been

trying to get Vic to write about his WWII adventures. He had two aircraft carriers sunk from under him among other things. Somehow I felt it was important to get his stories in print just as I think John Strange's tales of combat are important reminders that there are times of life that are completely foreign to normal experience. We need to know what some people have had to go through and that these people include some of our friends and people that we think we know well. We need this knowledge to better understand and appreciate the lives we lead. Vic agreed but delayed actually writing the articles. The story, "First Ship," in the February, 2005, *Boxwooder* was to be the first installment of several, but it is sadly now the only. At least this story was in print and in Vic's hands at the Lexington convention.

"First Ship" is full of hints about Vic's character and foreshadows what an excellent and dependable naval officer he was to become. You can sense that if Vic assumed a duty it would be fulfilled to the utmost of his ability. Right away one can say that he was exactly the kind of person you want defending your country or for that matter for doing any job within his capability.

He was not the most comfortable friend because of his tendency to pick you apart, but he was interesting, intelligent, knowledgeable, stimulating, loved to argue, and a good friend that will always be remembered and the like of which we will never see again. B

Memories of Vic

by Thomas B. Whitbread

Uictor A. Moitoret first swam into my ken, like Keats' "new planet," in 1950. A Commander (later a Captain), USN, with the voice of Stentor, he was typeset in my NAPA minidrama-of-life as a prime authority figure to rebel against, after the Navy relocated him and his family stateside in Suitland, MD.

At Cleveland '50, we met warily. I was elected President on the "Vote for a Team, Not a Ticket" ticket. "Team" member Dick Branch lost the Official Editor contest to Vic, 33-28. Erstwhile political adversary Vic's handset volume of *The National Amateur* became the glory of my administration.

Subsequently, Vic and I enjoyed sparring in print. In a *Locus*, linotyped commercially to save time, I misspelled Vic's surname "Moiterot" (a typo I left uncorrected); he responded with a ferocious Salvo! calling me "Whitebeard." The controversy was over 1952-53 President Dora (Vic's mother) Moitoret's brash idea of a Nominating Committee!

Even when feuding, our shared love of Gilbert & Sullivan defused tensions. At two conventions— San Diego '84 and Oklahoma City '91 — carolled me to conjointly compose and sing at the banquet Resolutions Committee reports set to melodies of G&S patter songs. This G&S bond began in August 1950, at an APC meet at Sheldon and Helen Wesson's home on Long Island, when Vic, Shep and I beerily bel-

lowed the great trio from the Mikado. This trio's title, "I Am So Proud," was appropriate, each of us thought for the other two.

A tectonic shift for the good in our relationship occurred in 1959 (if memory serves). I can see it now: Verle Heljeson's hotel room in New York City (after a Fossil meet, I think); Tony Moitoret reminiscing with Vondy, dominating the room; Vic sitting on the floor beside me, silent, diminished in the presence of his father. Then he quietly asked me what it was like to teach, and confided that he planned to retire from the Navy, settle in Silver City, NM, and teach 8th grade science! At that moment we became kin???

Vic and his wife Rowena — a wonderful poet and pragmatist — were superb hosts when I visited them in Silver City. All of us being avid readers, the conversations about poems, novels, histories — and Martyn Green — were exhilarating. Once Vic and Rowena drove me north to the Gila National Monument, where Vic professed surprise that I hiked the trail up to the cave dwellings without panting exhaustedly, "But Alf Babcock surprised us, too, when he did it." Vic added. On the drive back, they shared familial details, warming my heart.

Another visit preceded our driving in caravan to the Flemings' in Santa Fe. Gale and Ruth Sheldon were taking son Dale to his freshman year at St. John's, we all were get together

(and did, with great delight). The night before, Vic showed me to the guest room and pointed to Dick Fleming's newly published novel on the bedside table. "Scan the first couple of pages," Vic said, "so you can tell Dick you've read it."

Vic's patriotism was fervent, and reached a kind public apex at Wichita '89, when he led the Pledge of Allegiance, then added that if he saw anyone desecrating our flag, he would tear that scoundrel apart with his bare hands.

An Edmund Burkean conservative, Vic maintained law and order in his book and a jay journal collections, card-catalogued. He was a generous giver

of books to those he knew would appreciate them. His square corners were rounded and softened a bit by Rowena and his children, but were solidly his framework to the last.

At several '80s and '90s conventions, Vic movingly expressed an epiphany he had had. It was that business affairs and rules of order are secondary to the primary reason for attending conventions: to see friends. This is what Vic did, with fullhearted joy, at Lexington in 2004. It was a happy Last Hurrah for my dear friend Vic Moiret, before, to quote W.B. Yeats on Jonothan Swift, he "sailed into his rest." B

Another Giant has Fallen!

by Gary Bossler



Victor A. Moitoret was born April 14, 1919 in Cleveland, Ohio, son

of Anthony and Dora (Hepner) Moitoret, both NAPA members. He died January 19, 2005 Ft. Bayard, NM.

He joined NAPA in 1934, sponsored by his younger brother, Felix Moitoret.

Vic was Editor of *Encinal*, official organ of The Oakland Amateur Press Club at the age of 15.

His publications were: *Victorian*, of which there were 16 issues from a short time after he was born (according to Bill Groveman) to 1952, *The Cemetery Rabbit* ran for 58 issues from Apr 1943 to Jan 1977. *Aire Sonoro* had at least 4 issues through April 1981. *Entrada* issued to celebrate a visiting a jay ran to 13 issues from Feb 1973 to Sep 1989, *Salvo* was issued when Vic had something to say about

someone or something that bothered him. There were 14 issues from Feb 1946 to Dec 1966.

There were two issues of Bang! Bang!, an amalgamation of Ding Dong and Salvo by Vic and father, Tony. One appeared in Nov 1955 in 1974.

Vic wrote many obituaries of prominent members and masterfully articulated their publishing career. My research is limited to the Historian's reports in the National Amateur and it seems there are gaps where no reports were given. Vic had the advantage of his own enormous library. So, please forgive me if I have left out some of his publications.

He won the Prose Laureate- 1945-46, for "Uncle Wesley—A Sketch" in *The Victorian*. There was also a Prose Honorable Mention for "We Want the Facts, Ma'am" published in *Campane*. History of Amateur Journalism Laureate- 1951 and 1969

History of Amateur Journalism Honorable Mention- 1955 "Amateur Bonanza" *Campane*

He was Official Editor in 1950 and president in 1951-52 and again in 1966-67.

Vic and Rowena were Co-Chairs of the Bureau of critics in 1968-69. He served as Custodian of the National Amateur Clearing House from 1980 until his death, an incredible 25 years. He took the job from me as I wanted relieved after a mere five years.

I had the pleasure of having breakfast with Vic at Lexington this past July. I could see that he was

failing some, since he was moving a lot slower than the last time I saw him which was at Santa Fe.

I was once reprimanded by Vic, if memory serves it was at the Greenbelt convention. I believe I was Chairman of the Executive Judges. I had no report ready when called on and I stood up and said "The Executives Judges had no activity during the past year." Vic stood up and said "You mean you didn't get together at last year's convention and approve the budget for the National Amateur?" His demeanor led me to believe he thought I was totally incompetent and I was afraid he didn't like me. Such was not the case. At another point, he wrote to me and said, "I am sure you are going to remain a member and that you have an interest in collecting NAs, so I'm was sending you some bound volumes that have come into my possession. I have no idea where they came from." So, thanks to Vic, I have in my possession 5 bound volumes that cover 1923 through 1957.

Vic was truly a Giant in NAPA and we will miss him sorely. B



(from Dec 1980 NA)

NAPA 2005 IN BEAUTIFUL LOS ANGELES

by Bob Mills & Mark Barbour

The International Printing Museum will be hosting the annual NAPA Convention, July 2nd-4th in sunny Southern California. Convention attendees will be treated to a feast for any amateur printer or publisher; Printing Museum curator, Mark Barbour, will be leading tours of the Museum's vast collection of antique printing presses, type and books throughout the weekend. Featuring the Ernest A. Lindner Collection, the Printing Museum in Carson is recognized as having one of the largest collections related to printing history in the country. Best of all, most of the machines work and the Museum takes great delight in giving access to the back rooms and warehouse, places where gems and treasures are sure to be found. A special highlight for the Convention will be the display of hobby printing presses of the 19th and 20th centuries, many that are set up awaiting your hand to print a keepsake. The Museum's new Book Arts Institute will also be part of the activities, featuring a full casting department with Linotypes and Ludlows (maybe even a Thompson by then), a full press and type lab. You will be able to celebrate the 4th of July with Ben Franklin who will be on hand to regale visitors with stories of his life and many inventions, his work as a printer, publisher and patriot. You can even print a page of Gutenberg's Bible on his press or cast

your first piece of type in a hand mold.

The convention hotel, the Holiday Inn in Torrance, is located only one mile from the Printing Museum and only 20 minutes from either the Los Angeles or Long Beach Airports. The accommodations are beautiful and a shuttle service will be able to take you to and room the Museum. You will be only minutes from a breathtaking sunset on the beach, or from several great shopping destinations and tourist attractions. Plan to extend your visit to enjoy all that Southern California is famous for.

One of our scheduled tours will be to the famous Huntington Library, Gallery and Gardens in San Marino (Pasadena), home to an extensive library featuring one of the best copies of the Gutenberg Bible and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

Registration packets will be mailed to the membership in March with a detailed itinerary. You can address advanced questions to Bob Mills at bobmills21@hotmail.com or Mark Barbour at printmuseum@earthlink.net.

Don't miss the opportunity to celebrate the 130 years of the National Amateur Press Association in a place filled with the energy and enthusiasm of printing history, the International Printing Museum. This promises to be one convention you will remember for years.

B

President's Message:

It Now Falls to Us

—Jon McGrew, *President*

Let again, we have gotten the heart-wrenching news of losing another member of the NAPA family. We are still reeling from the news of Ron Young's passing, and now we have been informed that Victor Moiteret has passed on. Our hearts go out to the families of these fine people.

I am so pleased, though, that we had the opportunity to know them, and even to visit with them at last year's convention. We will treasure those times. We never know what tomorrow may bring, do we?

These people have been such an important part of NAPA for so long that it's hard to picture the organization without them. But we will go on. We must. It's what they would have wanted, after all. We will honor them by carrying on their work.

Losses are inevitable in any organization, and are truly jarring. To move on properly, we really need to attract more new members, and stir up some new activity from the members that we have.

In an earlier message, I urged our membership to help us to find and enroll some additional new members. (You did do that, didn't you?) If you are one of those new members, welcome aboard. As a newcomer, it could be that you feel awkward in suggesting that you could step into an official role

in the organization just yet. You shouldn't hesitate. Although there are some requirements about years of membership for President, Official Editor, Secretary-Treasurer, and Executive Judges, many of the roles have no such limitations. And it's often the newcomers who have the fresh ideas which carry groups forward. If you have ever considered taking on a more active role in NAPA, this would be a good time to do that. We need your talents.

I am not trying to convince those of you who are already handling tasks for the group to take on more work; rather, I am trying to encourage some fresh, additional involvement.

As this is going to press, a position which is still open is the Custodian of the National Amateur Clearing House. Victor Moiteret handled this job for us for many years, and now we really need to find a good home and capable curator for this historic material. Carolyn Barrett (Victor's eldest daughter) tells me that the collection is currently housed in eight filing-cabinet drawers, all well-cataloged, plus a few additional cartons. The curator of the collection handles calls for providing copies of historic materials. Who can take on this important task for the organization?

Many thanks to the people who have agreed to step into new roles for the organization. Have a peek inside the front cover to greet those who have stepped up to bat.

You're next!

B

Newest Technology used in producing The National Amateur

by Gary Bossler

When I was OE back in 1992, the type was set on a computer. The first issue was set by Joe Diachenko and the last three issues were set by me on a computer and all of the issues were produced by Joe. I mailed reproduction proofs to Joe and he printed, finished, stuffed and mailed the issues from La Plata, MD.

This time around, I obtained the second class permit and I do the stuffing and mailing at Massillon, Ohio. I chose The Print Shop of Canton to do the printing. They are long time associates of mine. In the past, I sent out

for bids on printing for the YMCA of Canton, and I know from experience, that they are very competitive and also do quality work.

When I started with Volume 126, I believe they were in their original location, which started as a store front built on the front of a house. Eventually they needed more room and the house was demolished and a nice clean concrete block edition was built in its place. They only did issue 126-1 when they, again pressed for space, moved to a new location in an industrial park. The father, Joe Grametbauer, who is my age, 68, started the business with a couple of 1250 Multiliths and a hand paper cutter, camera/platemaker and table top



Norm Clark at his pre-press work station at The Print Shop of Canton

folder. They were your typical Quick Print. Over their 25 year history they constantly upgraded equipment until they are now pretty much a “state-of-the-art” job shop.

Issue 127-1 was the first issue done on their new booklet making machine which collates, folds, stitches and trims. With issue 127-2, I e-mailed them a .pdf file which I made with a free program that J. Hill Hamon told us about in one of his Whippoorwill E-Comments. From this they went directly to a plate for the press, bypassing all paste up or negatives or stripping. The pictures came out a little darker than I anticipated but I talked to Norm Clark, the pre-press person and he says we can correct that in the next edition. The plates are polyester and are simply placed in tray on the

press, and the press mounts the plate at the press of a button.

Now one would think with all of this high dollar, sophisticated equipment, the price would be out of site. But the operation is so fast that their prices remain very competitive. The morning I was there, the pressman did about 9 small jobs, ranging from 20 lb. bond to 110 lb. index in 90 minutes (all black ink, of course). I watched him make a change from 8.5x11 paper to 11x17 index and it took about 90 seconds until he was ready to start printing. The press also has an infra-red dryer unit on it, so sheets can be backed up with a minimum amount of time between runs.

It is also a very clean operation. The pressman has very clean hands. They touch ink very little and when they do they wear rubber gloves.



This is the 12x18 Heidelberg Offset that printed the *NA*



This machine collates, folds, stitches, and trims the NA



This is where they send the computer file to the machine that makes the plate.

SECRETARY'S REPORT Nov 19 thru Jan 15, 2004

Renewals — Regular (10)

Hawes, Leland M., Jr., Exp. 11/30/05.
Koelewyn, Arie C., Exp. 10/31/05.
Schwartz, Ron, Exp. 10/31/05.
Singleton, Hugh T., Exp. 1/31/06.
Bierman, Robert, Exp. 1/31/06.
Calkins, Jean, Exp. 12/31/05.
Johnson, Nancy, Exp. 12/31/05.
McWhirter, Kore Loy, Exp. 12/31/05.
Millar, Betty B., Exp. 12/31/05.
Orr, Richard, Exp. 12/31/05.

Renewals — Family (2)

Greene, Bruce, Exp. 12/31/05.
Johnson, John R., Exp. 12/31/05.

Reinstatements — Regular (0)

Reinstatements — Family (0)

New Life Members (0)

New Members — Regular (2)

Greig, Ian, PO Box 273508, Tampa FL
33688-3508, email:
iangreig@ij.net. Exp. 4/30/05. Internet
contact, sponsored by Bill Boys.
McClure, Scott W., 706 E. 6th St.,
Russellville AR 72801-6212,
email: scottmphoto@yahoo.com. Exp. 4/30/
05. Internet contact, sponsored by
Bill Boys.

New Members — Family (0)

New Members — Trial (3)

Benas, Tim, Windmill Graphics, 8509
Atlas Dr., Gaithersburg MD
20877; phone: (301) 869-9456; e-mail:
windmillgrafix@msn.com. Exp. Feb. 28,
2005. Sponsor: Harold Shive.
Manson, Chris, 508 Mannakee St.,
Rockville MD 20850. Exp. Feb. 28,
2005. Sponsor: Jake Warner.

Taylor, Matthew, 520 Beall Ave.,
Rockville MD 20850; phone (301)
838-3095. Exp. Feb. 28, 2005. Sponsor:
Jake Warner.

Dropped — Regular (0)

Dropped — Family (0)

Dropped — Trial (0)

Resignations (0)

Deceased (0)

Subscriptions (0)

Address Changes/Corrections/Additions

O'Connor, Michael J., email address:
mikeatfh@cox.net"

Barto, Wilson L., Sr., 413 Ruth Ct.,
Harleysville PA 19438-2553,
phone (215) 513-0152. (Email unchanged.)

Fasano, Christina, PO Box 2373,
Gresham OR 97030-0654 [sic;
verified on www.usps.com]. (Email un-
changed.)

Greene, Bruce, email:

heal2grow@aol.com.

McWhirter, Loy, email:

heal2grow@aol.com.

Neuschwanger, Debra, email:

NEUSCH77@peoplepc.com.

Simmons, Betty, phone change due to
new area code: (325) 646-8375.

Respectfully submitted

William E. Boys, Secy/Treas



Treasurer's Report

July 1 through Dec. 31, 2004

Opening Balance, July 1, 2004 . \$ 30,857.88

Income

2004 Convention Auction \$ 446.50

2004 Convention Banquet Tickets . 1,167.00

Fossil Lunch Subsidy
(gift of The Fossils, Inc.) 230.00

Gifts Received 82.00

Interest Income

AmSouth Bank Account 93.61

Life Member Fund CD 43.15

Membership Dues

Renewals, Regular 700.00

Reinstatements, Regular 40.00

Reinstatements, Family 2.00

New Members, Regular 40.00

Weixelbaum Trust Fund 982.88

Total Income \$ 3,827.14

Expenses

2004 Convention Expenses \$ 2,532.48

2004 Post-Convention Luncheon 220.00

Mailing Bureau 1,547.23

The National Amateur 1,500.00

Secretary-Treasurer 90.00

Total Expenses \$ 6,497.42

Net Gain (Less) (\$ 2,670.28)

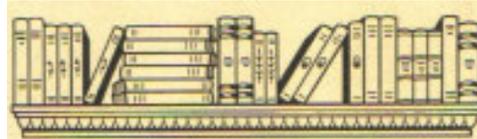
Closing Balance, Dec. 31, 2004 \$ 28,187.60

Other Assets

Life Member Fund CD \$ 8,376.37

Respectfully submitted,

William E. Boys, Secretary-Treasurer



Recorders Report

The following people have met the activity requirement to date and are eligible to vote in the 2005 election:

Abell, Martha

Barto, Wilson L Sr.

* Bauer, Donald

Bossler, Gary

* Boys, Bill

Calkins, Jean

Cheney, Harold

Clarke, David S.

Coleman, Milton

Frick, Al

Gage, Fred

Gray, Speed

Groveman, William H.

Hedges, Jim

* - new entry in the list

Holt, Lisa B.

Kaplin, Jim

Klosterman,

Michell

* Koelewyn, Arie

*Lewis, Philip

Liddle, Fred

Lincoln, Louise

Miller, Guy

Miller, Martin H.

Mills, Bob

Nelson, Robert F.

Orbach, Robert

* Orr, Richard

Segal, Gussie

Segal, Harold

Shirley, Linda

Shive, Harold

Simmons, Betty

Strange, John

* Visser, Jack

Volkart, Bill

Volkart, Gigi

Vrooman, Ann

Warner, Alice M.

Warner, Jake

Warner, Leah G.

Wesson, Helen V.

Nancy Johnson, Recorder

Membership List— Alphabetical as of February 4, 2005

Historians Report

(by the Editor until a new Historian
is appointed)

November 2004

Dilemma Parts I & II, #11, 5.5x8.5,
2pp, Philip E. Lewis
Flimsie Excuse, #606, 5.5x8.5, 2pp,
Fred Liddle

Page 26

Humoresque, #74, Nov 2004, 8.5x14,
2pp, Jean Calkins
Impressions by hal, #24, Nov 2004,
5x7, 4pp, Harold Shive
Lake Effect, #9, Oct 2004, 4.25x7,
32pp plus cover, Arie Koelewyn
Letterpress Green Sheet, #12, Nov
2004, 11x17, 2 pp, Speed Gray
Mambrino's Golden Helmet, Vol II,
#3, Fall 2004, 8pp plus cover, Harold
Cheney

The National Amateur

Message From The Manuscript Bureau, undated, unnumbered, 4x5, 1pp, Philip Lewis
National Calamity, #163, Nov 2004, 5x7, 2pp, Fred Liddle
Note: NAPA's 130th Convention, unnumber, undated, 4.25x5.5, 2pp, (Bob Mills)
Notice of NAPA's 130th Convention, unnumber, undated, 4.25x9.25, 2pp, Bob Mills
ORRiginal Thoughts, #110, Feb 2004, 4x5.5, 2pp, Richard Orr
Pendragon, #22, Sept (2004), 5.5x8.5, 8pp, Helen V. Wesson
Squawks of Whizdom, #36 Nov 2004, 8.5x11, 1pp Robert F. Nelson
The Boxwooder, #424, Nov 2004, 5x7, 8pp plus cov, Jake Warner
The Flexible Voice, #282, Nov 2004, 5.5x8.5, 2pp, Bob Orbach
The Vapours, #2, Nov 2004, 8.5x11, 2pp, David S. Clarke

December 2004

Caboose Chronicles, #10, Dec 2004, 5.5x7, 2pp, Donald Bauer
Campane, #232, Dec 2004, 5x7, 12pp, Harold & Gussie Segal
Humoresque, #75, Dec 2004, 8.5x14, 2pp, Jean Calkins
Impressions by hal, #25, Dec 2004, 5x7, 4pp, Harold Shive
In-Between, Vol 1, #7, Dec 2004, 8.5x5.5, 2pp, Harold Cheney
Letterpress Green Sheet, #13, Dec 2004, 11x17, 3pp, Speed Gray
Marty's Monthly Journal, #21, Dec 2004, 5.5x8.5, 28pp, Martin H. Miller
National Calamity/Flimsie Excuse, #164, Dec 2004, 5x7, 2pp, Fred Liddle
Pennant Bravo, Dec 2004, 4.25x7, 24pp, Bill Boys

Squawks of Whizdom, #37 Dec 2004, 5.5x8.5, 4pp Robert F. Nelson
The Boxwooder, #425, Dec 2004, 5x7, 8pp plus cov, Jake Warner
The Buck Creek Press, #45, Dec 2004, 7x8.5, 4pp, Wilson L. Barto, Sr.
The Flexible Voice, #283, Dec 2004, 5.5x8.5, 2pp, Bob Orbach
The Gage Pin, #75, Autumn 2004, 4.5x6, 4pp, Fred Gage
The Vapours, #3, Dec 2004, 8.5x11, 2pp, David S. Clarke

January 2005

Caboose Chronicles, #11, Jan 2005, 5.5x8.5, 2pp, Donald Bauer
Humoresque, #76, Jan 2005, 8.5x14, 2pp, Jean Calkins
Impressions by hal, #26, Jan 2005, 5x7, 4pp, Harold Shive
Letterpress Green Sheet, #14, Jan 2005, 11x17, 3pp, Speed Gray
Mambrino's Golden Helmet, Vol II, #4, Winter 2004/5, 8pp plus cover, Harold Cheney
National Calamity, #164, Jan 2005, 5x7, 2pp, Fred Liddle
Notice of NAPA's 130th Convention, unnumber, undated, 4.25x9.25, 2pp, Bob Mills
Pennant Bravo, Jan 2005, 4.25x7, 30pp, Bill Boys
Scriptus, Jan 2005, #11, 5.5x8.5, 4pp, Gigi Volkart
Shampane, #121, Jan 2005, 4.25x7, 4pp Harold Segal & Al Fick
The Boxwooder, #426, Jan 2005, 5x7, 8pp plus cov, Jake Warner
The Flexible Voice, #284, Jan 2005, 5.5x8.5, 2pp, Bob Orbach
The Flexible Voice, #285, Feb 2005, 5.5x8.5, 2pp, Bob Orbach
The Vapours, #4, Jan MMV (2005), 8.5x11, 2pp, David S. Clarke

The Last Word . . .

Well, I'm about ready to give up the ghost on the Writing and Publishing Contest I have been pushing for the last couple years. I thought I had stirred up some interest when Ann Vrooman e-mailed me with her encouraging comments a few months ago. Now she has changed her tune and also done a lot of communicating with other members. According to Ann, the consensus is that it is just too big of a project for us to take on. I am inclined to think that that really means there is just not sufficient interest. Everyone believes that we need more members and younger members but few are willing to do anything about it. Our old stalwarts and movers and shakers keep dying on us. The ominous quote from Harold Segal that "we won't be around in twenty years," is now about ten years old. And it's beginning to look like he was not too far off.

The fact is, times have changed. Fewer people are interested in our

hobby. Or at least we are not selling it in a way that appeals to them. Certainly letterpress papers have fallen off considerably. People interested in letterpress today are in it for many different reasons but none of those seem to be in publishing little papers.

Ann seems to think that we should advertise on the internet, and she is probably right. I think we have gained a few members through connections made on the internet. But few of those remain very long.

From my perspective, one of the most interesting things about *ajay*, is that there are people all over the country and the world, some that I've met and some that I haven't, that I feel as though they are my friends. How can we convey this to people, especially young people? There must be an answer. We just haven't found the right way to convey the message. I'm also sure there are members who have a completely different idea about why they remain in *ajay*. I would like to hear from you. —Editor

The Gutenberg Bible

The genuine article.
Would you like to see it?

**Come to the 130th
NAPA Convention
July 2,3,4, 2005
Carson California**

