

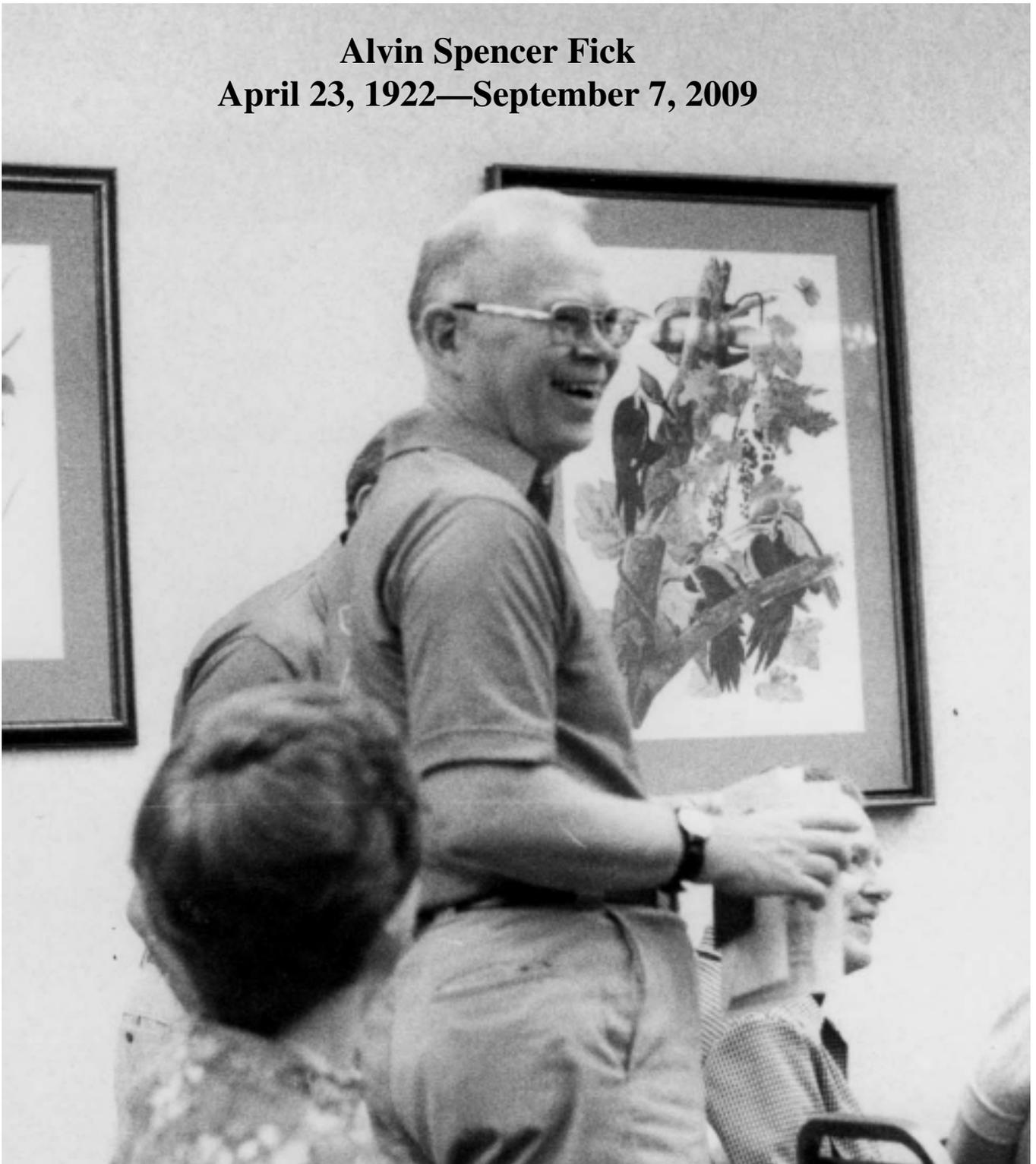
The ***National Amateur***

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The Official Organ of The National Amateur Press Association

Alvin Spencer Fick
April 23, 1922—September 7, 2009



Officers

President **Jack Visser**
335 N. Grant St., Wooster, OH 44691-3424
330-264-6932
visserjh@sssnet.com

Vice President **Bill Volkart**
2278 Berry Road, Amelia, OH 45102
Calmlake@ix.netcom.com

Secretary-Treasurer **William Boys**
6507 Westland Drive, Knoxville, TN 37919
865-584-9222
<wboys@bellsouth.net>

Official Editor **Gary Bossler**
145 Genoa Ave SW, Massillon Ohio 44646
home:330-477-1711 cell 330-309-2161
<gary@bossler.com>

Recorder **Marti Abell**
RR 3, Box 3000-G, Rome, PA 18837-9431

Executive Judges **Leah Warner, chair**
116 Rosewood Dr, Greenbelt, MD 20770
<LGWarner@email.com>
Judge: Guy Miller, Springfield, OH
Judge: Arie Koelewyn, East Lansing, MI

Bureau of Critics **Heath Row**
101 Russell St. #4-R, Brooklyn, NY 11222
<kalel@well.com>

Mailing Bureau Manager **Harold Shive**
501 Sand Gap Rd,
Pennsboro, WV 26415
304-659-3320
<hshive@ruralnet.org>

Recruiting Chair **Vacant**

Interim Manuscript Bur. Mgr **Bill Boys**

Acting Historian **Gary Bossler**

Director of Publicity **Gigi Volkart**
2278 Berry Rd., Amelia, OH 45102-9175
<gigivolkart@yahoo.com>

Librarian **Stan Oliner**
1278 Dexter St. Denver, CO 80220
303-355-9630
<soliner@yahoo.com>

Nominating Committee Chair . **Tom Parson**
157 South Logan
Denver, CO 80209-1821
<typetom@aol.com>

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The National Amateur

The Official Organ of the
National Amateur Press Association
Volume 132 Number 2 December 2009

Published quarterly by the National Amateur Press Association, a non-profit organization established July 4, 1876 to promote amateur journalism as a hobby. Members write, print, publish and exchange journals by direct mail or through the association's mailing bureau which collects and distributes a "bundle" of journals every month. Membership is not restricted by age, sex, or race.

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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Bill Boys, Secretary Treasurer
6507 Westland Drive,
Knoxville, TN
Phone: 865-584-9222 or
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2010 Chicago Convention Committee - Bill Boys, Chair, Harold Cheney, Ken Faig Jr.
2010 CONcurrent CONventions; NAPA-AAPA in the Chicago, IL area, July 22-25, 2009.

The National Amateur

President's Message

by Jack Visser

L Laurels we offer – Not the wreath awarded to victors from ancient times, but the certificate of recognition for excellence in our field of amateur journalism.

We focus this issue on the annual laureate competition – both to share comments by judges for last year's honorees, and to encourage more submissions of material published this year.

Predecessors in this presidential office have remarked to me that the hardest and most time-consuming task for them was to secure good judges. Those selected to serve in this capacity are to be commended for their thoughtful evaluations. Their work should rightly be shared with a wider audience than that of the convention, let alone that of the individual laureate recipient.

Since we did not find space in the last issue of the *National Amateur*, allow me to pass on a few nuggets from the judges (whose names and qualifications have appeared previously in this journal). We cite here only the laureate winners, although those receiving honorable mention also received thoughtful commentary.

Loy McWhirter won in three different categories for the three parts of her "redhanded: a song forre the lost." The Miscellaneous Prose judge wrote of part 1: "For its sophisticated craft, unusually pointed insight and careful

presentation, this is the clear winner." The Art judge on part 2: "The consistency of quality and vision throughout all the illustrative elements in the piece were superior." The Editorial Comment judge on part 3: "a compelling, well-written account of her lost childhood in Paraguay."

The Editing judge wrote of Arie Koelewyn's "commitment to craftsmanship and fine attention to detail" in the winning issues of *Lake Effect*. For the record, and with no reflection upon the submitted material, I would pass on the judge's remark that it is difficult to judge in this area inasmuch as "How do I know how good the editing was unless I know what the editor had to work with?" It's a good point: Without a comparison of the "before" and "after," how does anyone know how much editorial work had to be done?

The Fiction judge commended the late Robert Bierman for the character and setting of his story, "Your Father's Mustache"; they were "as well-drawn as the painting around which the plot revolves." The History of AJ judge found in Jake Warner's *Boxwooder* account of the Townsend Convention not only the record of the outward events but "informed discussions of recruiting efforts among writers' groups and of merger proposals."

The Poetry judge awarded the laureate to Louise Lincoln for her "After the Storm," in which she "masterfully paints a vivid verbal picture of a violent storm and of its peaceful aftermath." The Printing judge found merit

in Bill Boys' *Pennant Bravo* for its "just right design and composition," the "classic imposition of the forms on its pages, the perfect legibility," and the "sharp, crisp, and even" printing of both text and images.

To excerpt like this does not do justice to the fuller evaluations by the judges. It does, however, serve to illustrate our debt to them and our appreciation of those among us who have written and published with distinction. Needless to say, none of these honorees would have received their awards unless their work had been submitted, by either themselves or others, for laureate consideration. Last year we were

lagging in submissions, and it required special appeals even beyond the deadline to garner enough submissions for competition. Fortunately members did respond, and indeed we were able to meet the required quota and present awards in all eight categories. Thanks to all who made this possible – and who will make it possible again by nominating 2009 pieces considered worthy of recognition. Send to the Recorder by April 1, 2010.

And remember as always: The more pieces we all put into the monthly bundle, the better the competition, and the more meaningful the laureate awards. Write on! 🐾

Your Historian has again called upon Guy Miller to write the history of the previous administration. I tried but the words don't flow easily for me. I will be eternally grateful to Guy. I don't think he has ever said "no" when I ask for his help.

Jack Be Nimble ... :

President Visser's First Term, 2008-2009

by Guy Miller

History should record that newly elected President Jack Visser did not hit the ground running. Rather, it was more like jumping hurdles; for, he barely had the chance to grab his track shoes before he was hit by the need to make a series of decisions. In his initial message to the membership (Sept. NA), the newly elected president saw his role during his coming term as "a facilitator." He very soon discovered that meeting the various pressing challenges would require a different course. The fact that he met them "nimblely and

quickly" confirmed him as a first degree problem solver with the readiness to reach out for counsel.

For starters, the executive judges had not yet gotten formally organized before they were called upon to rule on a request from Publicity Chairman Gigi Volkart for an increase in her budget. Response to the request was complicated, first of all, by the fact that the budget committee had not provided a separate budget for publicity. That a total of some 17 pages of e-mails passed among the president, executive

judges, and the secretary-treasurer before final decisions could be arrived at proved President Visser's role as more than a "facilitator." At almost the same time, the president was faced with the task of finding a replacement for our capable mailing manager. In response to his call, veteran Harold Shive agreed to finish the term and, further, volunteered to continue for another term. That problem having been settled, next came the Denver dilemma when hosts Stan Oliner and Tom Parson found it necessary to withdraw their city as the 2009 convention site. This problem, however proved to offer happy alternatives; for, immediately Bill Boys offered to be host again at Townsend TN, the Volkarts, in Cincinnati, and Harold Shive along with Gary Bossler were ready with Parkersburg. President Visser's choice of Parkersburg was speedily approved by the executive judges.

Might our president rest now? Not before he had decided how to respond to the news that we were in danger of not having enough Laureate Award entries. Fortunately, as it transpired, entries were found, although, in the search, the bureau of critics chairman, unwilling to be part of the process, found it necessary to offer her resignation. Immediately, President Visser moved to find a replacement and succeeded in securing the service of new but otherwise experienced member Heath Row who proves his expertise in every successive issue of the NA.

In the meantime, our other officers,

both elective and appointive kept the association humming along. Secretary-Treasurer Bill Boys, Official Editor Arie Koelewyn, and Historian Gary Bossler turned in their usual polished performances. Manuscript Manager Philip Lewis reported once again a lack of contributions; and in the face of any effort of Recruiting Chairman Wilson Barto, most of our successful recruiting still can be credited to the one-on-one contacts.

Including all categories, membership count held at 154, despite a loss of valued members Robert Bierman, Eula (Merry) Harris, Eunice Fontenot, Betty Millar, Elliott Ruben, Harold Segal, and Ruth Sheldon. On a brighter side, we were pleased to welcome 8 new regular members: Donald J. Allen, Ocala FL; Nathalie Spiesser, Chattanooga TN; Eunice Probert, UK; Heath Row, Los Angeles CA; Gerald S. Kleiman, Reisterstown MD; Edwin C. Chubb, La Crescents CA; Floyd H. Palmer; and Deborah J. Greenberg, Pompton Plains NJ. However, publishing activity from August 2008 to July 2009 showed a loss from the previous year of 132 pieces from 35 contributors down to 112 from 29 members. But we did add several new journals from first-time contributors, including karma lapel (Heath Row), Oregon Oration and Oregon Outlook (Kent Chamberlain), Confusion (Frank Hansche), and Rouba's Duck Tales (Marie-Johnne Gibson).

Well, no one can disagree that President Visser, despite his desire to be

merely a facilitator, has proved that, in meeting emergencies, he can be both nimble and quick. Maybe he didn't have to jump over any candle stick during his first term; but, as "they" say, "Stay tuned." We'll see about his sec-

ond term as he enters an arena already aglow with sparks of debate over proposed constitutional changes, discussions which he will be called upon to referee. We'll give you odds that he will clear the hoops. 🐼

2009 Poetry Laureate
published in The Kitchen Stove, 97th Heating, December 2008



After the Storm



*Today dark clouds obscured the land and seas.
The wind swept through and shook the cow'ring trees,
Snatched broken branches, used as clubs to slay
Whatever sought to block its brutal way.
Then lightning ripped the clouds apart, and rain
And hail drummed down on roof and window pane.
The thunder roared to make its screaming breath
A part of Nature's symphony of death.*

*Tonight the earth lies still as all the things
Whose clamor tore the world apart are done.
A crescent moon slips down the sky. Then one
By one the stars come out, the lilt each sings
So far away we cannot hear its song.
The lighted homes grow dark. Oil muffled feet
Mist creeps along the empty city street
And dims the lamps the while it moves along.*

*The earth lies still when storm and tumult cease.
A sleeping, dreaming world at last knows peace.*

—Louise Lincoln

2009 Fiction Laureate, published in *The Boxwooder*, No. 473, December 2008
The author, Robert Bierman, passed away April 13, 2009



YOUR FATHER'S MOUSTACH

by Robert Bierman



ONE CLOUDY SUNDAY, Ruben Cartwright stumbled into a flea market across the tracks, and bought a somewhat large, smoky oil painting, a rural scene, for a sawbuck. His wife scrubbed the clingy canvas with a brush and detergent and uncovered the strokes of a master. These are the simple facts that made Mr. Ruben Cartwright the envy of everyone who ever daydreamed over his evening paper. But the details were not quite as black and white.

Cartwright wanted some kind of an original, not cheap copies of famous paintings the likes of *The Gleaners* or *September Morn*. He had been attracted by the turbid picture of the clapboard farmhouse shaded by a giant maple and reached by a winding dirt path, more out of a sentimental longing than aesthetic appreciation. It reminded him of the place where he had grown up, and for which he had no photograph. But Jenny, his wife, wouldn't have such a dirty old monstrosity on her clean living room wall till she washed the grime and germs from the gilt frame and canvas. The harsh cleaner must have caused the old paint to flake, and revealed an older eye peering out of the maple tree. With

an imaginative proleptic leap, the brains of the family, Ruben Cartwright, Jr., suspected a hidden masterpiece.

Although Junior convinced his mother to stop scouring, he brazenly called his father every unspellable psychological name under the maple tree when the old man refused to allow him to show the possible prize to his assistant art Professor. So Junior played a waiting game till his father left the house for his constitutional, and took it upon himself, after eluding his mother's watchful eye, to filch the objet d'art and put it in the trunk of his heap with the tools and transported it to school. With an even higherhandedness, the Prof. oneupmanned Junior, and took custody of the painting with the idea of showing it to some expert at the museum. The humiliated decision maker came home empty-handed with an explanation full of holes.

"First someone takes advantage of an old man to sell him a framed picture done with cheap paint; then his wife ruins the country home with her fanatical cleanliness; then his son, his own flesh and blood, steals the proof of his father's gullibility behind his back."

Ruben Cartwright delivered this dramatic soliloquy to his wife's bored cat. "How come I don't feel the owner of my own painting?" The Angora leaped from his lap and padded away without a purr. With no sympathetic ear, he agonized silently over his pet peeve.

When X-rays revealed the body of a van Dyke portrait of the Duke of Lennox with his dog beneath the landscape, Cartwright was still disgruntled at being shown-up by his smart aleck son, who was still wet behind the ears according to pop. Junior became self-appointed spokesman to tell all those lies to reporters about his father's great cultural tastes. A fuzzy, blinking, wind-blown photo of Ruben accompanied the local newspaper article that Mrs. Cartwright attached to her vanity mirror.

Experts were of two minds about whether it was an original van Dyke or a forgery. (Junior suggested a third alternative: a duplicate not a copy.) Tests on canvas and pigment continued, and research for a reliable provenance compared with the accepted portrait at the Metropolitan back in New York.

It was months before the overpainting was professionally removed and the possible masterpiece restored and re-framed. The modest local museum had sponsored the restoration. Its Flemish exhibit was limited to one work by Jordaens, and hoped the van Dyke would be the prize exhibit (even if proven a forgery). So Cartwright agreed to let them exhibit

his painting for an indeterminate period in payment—at least in part (he still preferred the obliterated maple tree and farmhouse). Meanwhile Mr. Cartwright fantasized about a possible swap of one Duke portrait for several Benjamin Franklins.

Cartwright, himself, spent his evenings contemplating the nail and small surrounding plaster crater in the wall over the mantle where the pastoral scene was to have hung. His horizontal picture was now vertical. Days he spent either in the museum and the two or three local galleries studying the permanent pre-Raphaelite and temporary nineteenth-century French exhibits or digging through junk shops to compare his memory of what he had seen with the still lifes and prints of dead fish, drawn ducks, bowls of spotted fruit and flaccid flowers. He bought two more smaller paintings: a boy in a straw hat and rolled-up jeans fishing on the bank of a leaf-flecked stream, and a snow-capped volcano (like an ice cream sundae) surrounded by anonymous classical ruins, both for little more than the price of one van Dyke. This time the motive was reversed: it was not with an eye to nostalgia, but with an appreciation of the economic value of aesthetics. But now his willful son, who had become the arbiter of taste in the house, developed a deaf ear when Mr. Cartwright suggested the boy show them to his professor—either for some overlooked prize or perhaps even a hidden Whistler (and his dog). And his finicky wife, despite the recent ex-

perience, called the purchases hare-brained and refused to give them wall space. So after a few strategic scratches with a pocket knife (revealing only an old canvas bottom beneath the stream and a hole inside the volcano), one wound up nailed beside some monkey wrenches in back of the workbench in the cellar, and the other propped against the hope chest in the attic.

Though his name was read daily by strangers at the museum as the owner of the van Dyke, the notoriety surrounding his discovery was soon forgotten by his less artistic neighbors. Cartwright, himself, mourned for the anonymous pastoral artist whose life's work had ruthlessly been destroyed. His wife wanted to cash in on his possible windfall, but deferred to the wishes of her more educated son. Then on his birthday (a painful reminder) they both surprised him by finally hanging the masterpiece over the mantle. A benefit of doubt; authenticity was still equivocal.

Ruben Cartwright, having seen the painting hung and admired in a public place, now looked at it in private with new eyes. He stared at it from his Morris chair, trying to memorize every detail into a significant whole. Since he was kept in the dark during the assessments and preparations, why should he not wonder if the portrait he was viewing had really been under the earth and sky of the painting he lugged from the flea market? He tried to discover what unique technique or aesthetic made this a memorable work of art. Serendipity,

however, doesn't qualify one as an art expert. But he did note the pose of the figure itself. With one hand on hip, one leg flexed at the knee in front of the other (like a dress model), there was something fruity about the man in knee britches with his long hair and sensual lips (who was the deviant: the model or the artist?). Cartwright was suddenly embarrassed. Not because the picture was in his house. On the contrary, from thinking of it hanging in the museum with his name on a brass plate beneath. It might give others the wrong impression about him. At least here he could hide it like a skeleton in the closet.

But junior installed a spotlight to illuminate the portrait, and the Mrs. fussed over it as she did her own heirlooms. (And, after his family had finished showing it off, Ruben Cartwright, Sr. was forced to have a regular burglar alarm installed and to take out an insurance policy to protect it.) The ten-dollar painting was proving to be expensive. Cartwright could no longer feel comfortable with the airs in his own living room.

But, as milder weather approached, so did the time for Cartwright to be left the run of the whole house. Jenny Cartwright prepared for her annual visit to her nonagenarian mother, rocking toward her centenary in seedy splendor on the porch of her ramshackle southern "mansion." Mrs. Cartwright left with more gray hair than usual because her son was also away at camp where he had gotten a summer job as counselor. She always

worried that her husband would eat out of a can, and would not faithfully change his socks and shorts during her absence. But she dare not remind his nibs lest he feel he was being treated with condescension, and he seemed to be growing more sensitive and touchy these days about being patronized.

It was in the gloaming on a warm evening when she returned on schedule but a bit out of sorts, fully expecting to see Himself standing on the corner in front of the convenience store chewing the fat with some cronies as they waited for the evening paper. Or in a disheveled living room with his shirt and shoes off watching sports on TV.

At least the house seemed to be all in one piece. No light but the spotlight, surprisingly, seemed to be on in the living room, and the front windows open, but she heard not a sound. She punched the bell briefly.

When no one answered, she let it ring a full five seconds. Then she be-

gan to search through the sundries in her handbag (her one careless habit) for her key—when the door opened.

“Dozing?” she asked as she stepped into the stagnant air of the hall, and moistened her lips on his damp forehead.

“No, just admiring an ancestor.”

“Ancestor?” Mr. Cartwright’s last close blood relative, his father, died ten years ago.

As he padded ahead in stockinged feet, she followed the shine on the seat of his dark blue pants into the light of the living room. “Don’t you think he’s the spittin’ image of your late, old man in his Sunday best?” he asked pointing upward.

Jenny Cartwright stopped and placed a hand over her low left bosom, as a man might his hat in homage. She always said idle hands do the devil’s work. Mr. Ruben Cartwright had used a paint brush to daub a lampblack handlebar mustache on the James Stuart portrait. 

More Remembering Harold

by Bill Groveman

Harold and I met for the first time I believe at a meeting of the revived Amateur Printers Club at Vincent Haggarty’s home in Jersey City in early 1941. There he extended an invitation to drive to Cleveland in his new Chevrolet for the upcoming NAPA

convention along with Burton Crane, Robert Telschow and Sheldon Wesson.

Preliminary to the trip, we were put up at the Segal home in Philadelphia and shown royal treatment by Harold’s family. Wesson, all 6’3” of him, required a chair extension to his cot. Telschow and I shared a bed. He must have suffered insomnia as he kept me awake for hours recalling long past restaurant dinners featuring lamb chops that he had enjoyed. The Segal

home was on a street car route and at regular intervals throughout the night, the rod leading from the trolley to the overhead electric line would spark and sizzle. In the morning the Segals wanted to know how we had slept. They were so used to the racket of the street cars it didn't bother them.

Almost as soon as we arrived in Cleveland, Helm Spink appeared with the key to Warren Brodies's retirement office and well equipped print shop. They immediately set to work on the convention daily, *The Moving Finger*, and I can attest that Wesson, Segal, Crane and Spink barely slept for three days.

In the spring of 1942 Harold was already off to the war and unable to attend a glorious reunion of old-timers at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City. There Edwin Hadley Smith led me to a bent over octogenarian and introduced Evan Reed Riale who as secretary of the Philadelphia Amateur Press Club had issued an invitation to the amateur journalists of the Northeast to gather in the Quaker City over the 4th of July 1876 to celebrate the centennial of the American Independence, and equally important, at least in our little world, to organize the National Amateur Press Association. Shaking Riale's hand made me feel that I was shaking hands with history.

A few year later in London, during the war, I told Harold about Riale and he said he had met the man a decade earlier when he was eighteen and President of NAPA. And he also recalled

meeting George W. Bertran, another of the Philadelphia boy printers who had been present at the birth of the NAPA.

When Harold returned from the Second World War, he had fifteen years of hobby activity behind him and could easily retired into Fossildom. But amateur journalism was his life and he was just getting started. In the next six decades he set a record for convention attendance, helped to host uncounted meetings of the Amateur Printers Club at his home, published *Campane* on a regular schedule, later teamed with Al Fick to publish a spoof journal, *Shampane* under the pseudonym Harvin Figal, and in his spare time held NAPA office top to bottom several times over and was honored with innumerable Laureate Awards. He was also a gentle critic and mentor to many a novice publisher in matters grammatical and typographic.

Harold Segal was a member of NAPA for 79 years; claimed he wasn't ready to become a Fossil. When letterpress printing became a physical burden he reluctantly parted with his beloved Pearl Press and switched to desktop publishing in his later years when that was the only way he could remain active. He was around for more than half of the life of the association and even predicted it's demise as a result of changes in its appeal to the present generation. Let us hope that he will prove to be wrong.

I have a fantasy of Harold arriving at the place that awaits us all, looking around until he came to a room with

an endless line of computers and passing them all by until he reached a distant corner where, under a coat of dust, he found a Pearl Press. In short order he tracked down Sheldon Wesson, Burton Crane, Victor Moitoret, and the Babcock brothers, Alf

and Ralph. They cleaned and lubricated the Pearl. Washed down the type, and soon were happily at work on the first issue of the Celestial Amateur Printers Club paper. Pi in the sky. This was Heaven indeed!



Alvin S. Fick

by Guy Miller

Among the most complete and intimate profiles of an amateur journalist is that of Alvin Fick by way of a tribute published by editor Leland M. Hawes, Jr., and Thomas B. Whitbread in *The Gator Growl* No. 100 (June 2001). This exhaustive record of Al's life and ajay activity is replete with accounts by Lee and Tom, Al's family, close ajay friends, and by unsuspecting Al himself.

We learn that Al joined AAPA in April of 1954. His credential was *Mohawk Smoke Signal* No. 1. Its headline announced "Blessed (?) Event," followed by "New AAPA Member Launches First Issue of Publication Into Midst of Unsuspecting Group!" We don't have in hand Al's *Mohawk Smoke Signal* No. 2 to report whether a similar greeting was extended to members of NAPA which Al joined in June of the same year. But, nonetheless, it did not take longer that a glance for both organizations to recognize his talents in writing and typography and to realize that "they had a valuable find, one of those natural-born ajays who makes a mark from Day One," to quote

Lee Hawes. Maybe it helped that Al needed little or no initiation into ajay, for he came possessed of a 5x8 Kelsey and was already publishing a private journal for friends.

Al and Alma's first convention was AAPA's gathering the same year 1954 in Newark NJ. It was there that Al met Harold Segal and formed a close 55-year friendship which eventually spawned that memorable production *Shampagne*, composed of what we have summarized in another context as "pages filled with well-directed satire, unbridled hyperbole, zany off-the-wall observations, and preposterous puns." Though he looked upon this joint venture with Harold as his crowning ajay experience, beyond that Al's literary and publishing output was extensive consisting (besides journals for his interests outside of AAPA/NAPA) a number of one-of-a-kind issues, including visiting fireman outputs (Example: *Shamberries* with Bill Boys), brief runs for AAPA such as *Southern Exposure*, and his main vehicles *Banderole* for AAPA and *Shambler* for NAPA. Even after blindness slowed down his publishing activities, he kept up his correspondence with the help of his

template, through letters dictated to Alma, and by telephone.

We are fortunate that during this period he arranged for many of his essays to be preserved in book form. Through *A Rural Life: Essays and notes from a writer's journal*, handset and printed by Mike O'Connor, we are able to stroll with Al along his favorite paths, reaping rare insights from his minute observations of all that was around him. In his selection of "new and collected poems" for *Turning Out the Ducks* (designed and typeset by Leslie Boyer, printed and bound by Linda Donaldson), we discover a generous display of his virtuosity in this demanding genre. We might add that both books are dedicated to his Alma: "Without her this book would not exist."

We also want to mention a precious miniature produced by Gordon Rouze, presenting Al's short story *A Shroud for the Railroad Man*, which reminds us of his mastery in the field of fiction.

And, we cannot close without turning again to what Lee Hawes so shrewdly observed as Al's "meticulous typography," in this case exemplified by *August and Other Moods*, a bringing together of selections of the poetry of Thomas B. Whitbread, handset and printed by Al and pages sewed by Alma.

Al held several posts in the National. He served as Executive Judge twice (1975-76, 1978-79), as Historian (1977-78), and, earlier (1973-74), as Chairman of the Bureau of Critics. Later, in fulfilling our own role in that office, we were guided by Al's philosophy: "Each piece of writing which reaches the bundles, each journal, is the voice of someone saying, 'Look, I am here, I am unique. The world does not know or care, but I am here in my differentness'...Our thanks ... Your voice was heard."

Friend Al, your various voices were heard, and we remain blessed by them. Our thanks. 

Al Fick—A Multi-faceted Friend

By Jake Warner

AL FICK was a man of many talents; a multi-faceted man with a reclusive quality that made his friends aware that there was much they didn't know about him.

He had many interests and hobbies but seldom volunteered information about any of them. He tended to keep his conversations focused to the environment. Generally he would talk

about books and ideas, not people. In the print shop, his or yours, he would talk about printing, typography, ink, paper, etc. If you brought up the subject of one of his other hobbies, he would discuss it with you, but he had hobbies that he would never mention.

Along with a friend he built one of those ultralight airplanes, the ones that often used lawnmower engines,

when they were so popular. Most of these airplanes looked like lawnmowers with wings, but a picture of Al's airplane shows that it looked like a regular reduced-in-size airplane. It was successfully flown in 1997. He was a gardener, and at dinner time in summer at their home in Amsterdam, New York, would go into the garden and pick ears of corn, shuck them, and put them in the pot within minutes of picking. Fresh, indeed. He was a model railroader and he built HO-gage and N-gage layouts. Alma says he always had a railroad of some kind until they took up apartment living. He donated his last layout, a rather elaborate N-gage layout built in the basement of their house in Cornwall, Pennsylvania, to a charity for an auction on the condition that they not tell him how much it sold for. For his railroads he constructed buildings that any model railroader would covet.

Al was an active member of a fanzine devoted to comics and was a collector of comic books for many years.

He was, of course, a hobby printer and publisher, and he built a print shop wherever they lived. His shops were always well equipped and well organized. Al's printing output in NAPA was not large, but it was skillfully done. He was interested in typography and graphic design.

He edited and designed several books, both professionally and as a favor to friends. In 1984 he printed a book written by Dale Walker: *Jack London, Sherlock Holmes, and Sir*

Arthur Conan Doyle. He printed a miniature book in 140 copies entitled *French Louie* and sold 100 copies, putting the money into his print shop.

Above all, Al was a writer. He wrote both professionally and for his publications and others in NAPA. He had a number of stories published in pulp detective magazines such as *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, and *Mike Shayne's Mystery Magazine*. He was also a poet and won both the laureate and honorable mention for poetry in 1997 in NAPA and honorable mention again in 2003. He wrote one poem that he said somebody had to pay for after it was rejected by several publications, and he finally incorporated it into a story he sold to *Yankee* magazine. It is a measure of his NAPA activity that he won something over twenty laureate awards in various categories.

For the last several years Al Fick and Harold Segal jointly published more than one hundred issues of *Shampane*, a journal that poked good-natured fun at numerous NAPA members and NAPA activities. You had to be well acquainted with the ins and outs of NAPA to fully appreciate *Shampane*. The name of their journal was derived from Al's journal *Shambler* and Harold's *Campane*. At conventions they wore T-shirts with "Sham" on one and "Pane" on the other.

Al led a long, productive life, but in his last years he went blind. That is tragic for anyone but seems especially

so for a person whose life was bound up in reading, writing, and designing. He says it well in this poem:

Glaucoma

I'm waiting to slip out of this body
Into something more comfortable,
Waiting for the darkness to fade
Into dawn and pure white light.
The world of the bumped into
Knocked over, spilled, fogged,
And vanished, is shrinking to
A kernel of memory locked within.

When the light comes I will escape
from this prison of self.

—Alvin Fick

And finally his attitude toward his
death :

Last Laugh

When I am in my winding sheet
And life has passed me by,
I hope my friends remember
There was laughter in my eye.

As 'round my bier they gather
And olden times be spoke,
Please let some jolly person
Relate a funny joke.

If life's a bowl of cherries,
Don't think about the pits.
Think about the happy times
Enriched by lively wits.

As you leave the churchyard,
Give vent to joyful glee.
Have another hearty laugh,
This time the joke's on me.

—Alvin Fick B

Alvin Spencer Fick 1922-2009

Copy of Al's Obituary (courtesy of Alma Fick)

ALVIN SPENCER FICK, 87, of Cornwall Manor, Cornwall, Pennsylvania became a cosmic traveler, destination unknown Monday, September 7th 2009, after a long and courageous battle with leukemia.

Born April 23, 1922 in Amsterdam, New York, the son of Anna Lampkin Fick and Lauren Spencer Fick, he was graduated from Wilbur H. Lynch High School, worked in the composing room of the Amsterdam Evening Recorder and in the Washington, D.C. Printing Office before enlisting in the U.S.Navy

on 6/30/42 where he served for 3½ years as plane captain aboard the USS Lexington in the South Pacific during WWII. After discharge on 12/10/45, he married Alma Catherine Lasher on February 2, 1946 in the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church in Amsterdam. They celebrated their 63rd wedding anniversary this year.

Al was accomplished in many areas, most notably an author of short stories, published in Best Detective Stories of the year -1978, A Treasury of New England Short Stories (1935-

1975), *Aviation Quarterly* and such periodicals as *Yankee*, *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine*, and the *New York State Conservationist*, where he served for several years as Circulation Manager and as Editor.

As owner and operator of the private press, Pinion Press, from 1950, he published several books as well as myriad papers and articles for the National Amateur Press Association and the American Amateur Press Association.

He continued his writing and graphic arts career throughout his lifetime working with his partners to publish *A Pride of Palaces*, a compilation of the collective glass print photography of Edwin Lincoln Hale for the Lenox Library in Lenox, Massachusetts. During his free lance graphic arts career he worked for such groups as Maria College in Albany, New York, Seton Health Systems in Troy, New York, and The Norman Rockwell Museum in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

His early work before enlisting was as a Linotype operator and in advertising design with the *Amsterdam Evening Recorder* and later with the *Schenectady Gazette*. He left the newspapers to work for several years selling Volkswagons in Johnstown, New York. He was well known for his integrity and fairness in business as well as his sharp wit and ability to make people laugh.

Al loved the outdoors hiking many miles alone and with friends and or family. He climbed Mt. Washington in

New Hampshire with 2 friends, a trip he talked about for years.

During the last years of his life he continued to talk and correspond with his many friends. He enjoyed his family around him.

He was a proud father and grandfather. Besides his wife, Alma, he leaves his son Paul Raymond Fick of Deansboro, New York and daughter Selma Lizabeth Fick Hamilton of Falls Village, Connecticut, seven grandchildren, Amy Morris Guachione, Scott Morris, Glenn Fick, Brian Fick, Dale Richard, Joshua Newey and Lauren Newey, two great grandchildren, Brenden and Sera Richard. He delighted in their various accomplishments and loved talking with them.

A memorial service will be held at Zerr Chapel at a later date. 🐾

Memories

It was the spring of 1978, Harold and I were driving to Amsterdam, NY to visit Alma and Alvin Fick. These were very good friends of Harold's — what if they didn't like me? I needn't have worried, it was love at first sight. And it has remained that way for these many years. I have great admiration for Alma, who has been Al's eyes and connection to the outside world during the recent years Al was unable to see; and for Al, who handled his disability with few complaints. He never lost his sense of humor which he shared with Harold. I'll miss you, Al.

—Gussie Segal



Reprinted from Gator Growl #100, June 2001

Al Fick: Close Friend

By Harold Segal

Hey, Al, what's the 'S' stand for? In all the fifty years I have known him, I never asked what the "S" stood for. The thought never approached me. All I knew was that Fick stood for friendship. It was in 1973, in the third issue of *Shampane* (the first appeared 1963), that appeared this quote: "This country's planners made some big boo-boos. They made Amsterdam, N.Y., too far from Bristol, Pa." In those years that was the distance of the Fick homestead from mine.

I first met Alvin S. Fick and his devoted wife Alma, at a convention of the American Amateur Press Association

in Newark, N.J. We had/have things in common: We both worked on newspapers, were members of the International Typographical Union and the amateur press, and we both had a love for type and printing. We were both raising families, coming out of World War II service, and trying to get established. We both had Volkswagens.

We visited the Ficks, in their many addresses, even after Amsterdam, in Venice, Florida; in Cottonwood, Arizona; again in Venice; and since in Cornwall, Pa. They drove down to visit in Bristol and Philadelphia. Cornwall is the closest we've ever been, a 90-

mile jaunt, less than two hours via the Pennsylvania Turnpike. But in all this time we have been closer in other ways, other mutual interests and our wives get along notably, from getting Strawberry Apples and gathering berries in New York State, to seeing sights in the Philadelphia area.

Al tired of working in the newspaper composing room, shifting from the Linotype to ad makeup, quit and became a Volkswagen salesman. From there he went back to the trade at a Syracuse paper. Then an opportunity arose at the New York State Environmental Publication Department where he eventually became the editor and production manager.

“When you turn in your traveler and post your name on the Segal composing-room slip-board [old-time printers will understand that] you realize that the halcyon days are right now. These folks don’t get older, they get better. Let’s pop another Schlitz, Harold. Seven a.m. is too early for champagne. As co-publisher of *Sham-pane*, the Segal-Fick axis may have one of the longest job commute routes on record. Something like 520 miles of travel is required to complete an issue” (*Sham-pane* 3). That all changed when technology took over and copy was edited and proofread via e-mail.

At this writing, we are closing in on the 100th issue of *Sham-pane*. Was there ever a fun-collaboration of journals to reach such a mark? Fun it was and still is. Hyperbole and satire reigned. We’d bounce ideas to one an-

other, finishing off each other’s sentences, fine-tuning verbs and adjectives, but when setting type the compositor had the last edit. In the early days we set type side-by-side with a beer close by, and finishing the issue, we topped it off with the bubbly (what else would be appropriate?).

Al wrote what poetry appeared in the journal, even though some of it I labeled “Shakespeare.” The bard never had that much fun in his long stretch of masterpieces. Very few of us could ever approximate Al’s skill in weaving words. Intellectually, I was from the wrong side of the tracks. Whatever I learned came from the journals of the masters in amateur journalism in the first three decades of my membership. Where Al got his talent I know not, but I suspect it came from a great amount of reading of all kinds, popular and classics.

Gussie and I are fortunate to have some of Al’s great productions, amateur and professional. Al was instrumental in the conception of “*Tapestry*,” the coffee-table book that lights up any living room. He wrote the foreword in his tribute to the work of artist Robert McGinnis. We have a number of “chap books” that display his skill of words tied to typographical excellence and careful presswork. Winner of many poetry laureates in the a.j. world, and some in professional journals, Al can also construct an essay or story of proportions that will entice you to its final sentence. Many appeared in commercial journals of limited circulation.

Probably the largest is Yankee magazine. And there are mystery, detective, aviation stories. Like all professional writers he endured rejection slips. One production in which he wrote only the colophon was "A Wine of Wizardry," a book of four poems by George Sterling, with an introduction by friend Dale L. Walker (copy #3 on our shelf). It was beautifully bound and printed in Wayside Roman and Bulmer in 1964 on his 7x11 Pearl—truly an example of the printer's art.

Al was not so good on numbering his publications and sometimes he changed titles as often as he changed shirts. Very confusing to Victor Moitoret and librarians who are so careful in their cataloging. The titles ran from Mohawk Smoke Signal to Banderole, between which are a dozen or more. As for numbering, it was easier to start a new series rather than a futile search for the previous issue. Aside from his literary efforts, Al excels in many other categories. He is an excellent carpenter, having built type cabinets and other print shop necessities, including a wooden type-stick; also kitchen and living room furniture. He's a model railroader, complete with engineer's cap; a baker of beer bread; a country-western aficionado; a connoisseur of comic strips and comic books, from The Yellow Kid to Dick Tracy.

His faults? I know of his seeming incompatibility with computers; they just don't make the damned things to

suit his purposes. He needs Laurence Hines at his side. He once had a Kaypro back in the early 80's and threatened to use it as a boat anchor. He has not been happy with a PC, and would prefer the Mac if they had made it to his needs. Al, admittedly, is a man of impulse first and reflection afterward. When he decided to move from Amsterdam, I offered to store his shop in my garage until he settled in Florida. He refused, saying it would be too much of an imposition, and, anyhow, he was tired of the whole thing. My offer was refused a number of times. In Arizona he set up another shop with the help of Dick Fleming, but later sold it. Under the tutelage of Hines, he was doing well with his Macintosh, but he returned to Florida. Then another move, this time to a retirement community in Cornwall, Pa., where he acquired another press and type. I took him some California typecases before he had a chance to refuse them.

I offered to return the fonts of Orplid that he had given me in Amsterdam, but he would not take them.

Al is a hard man to convince. I've met obstinate people, but once Al has his mind made up, he is determined. I wonder where he'd be if Alma had not held the reins.

I love the guy. We love the Ficks. Al is one of the two really great friends I have in this peculiar hobby. His present disability racks my heart. I need his humor to carry on a speck of life in Champagne. 🍷

NAPA Membership List

as of 11/02/09

- e **Abell**, Guy, RR3 Box 3000G, Rome, PA
18837-9431 (570-247-7865)
- Abell**, Martha B., RR 3, Box 3000-G,
Rome, PA 18837-9431 (570-247-7865)
- Allen**, Don, 2447 N. E. 7th St., Ocala, FL
34470-6218
- q **Allen**, Mrs. D. J., Box 312, Cairo, WV
26337-0312
- Ambrosi**, Phil, 1980 Montreal St., Regina,
SK, S4P 1L3 CANADA (306-522-5033)
- t **Anderson**, David, 1843 W. Lunt Ave.,
Chicago, IL 60626-2703
- Anthony**, John L., 605 Broad Ave.,
Sevierville, TN 37862-4103
- Ayers**, Janis, 3744 Cobbleridge Dr.,
Charlotte, NC 28215-3902
- Banner**, David L., 915 Byford Blvd,
Endicott, NY 13760-1931
- Barbour**, Mark, International Printing
Museum, 315 W. Torrance Blvd,Carson,
CA 90745-1130 (714-529-1832)
- L **Barrett**, Carolyn F., "Hillside", 64
Alexandra Road,St.Austell, Cornwall,
PL25 4QN ENGLAND UK
- Barrett**, Marsha, 13213 Holdridge Rd.,
Wheaton, MD 20906 (301-933-0948)
- Barto**, Wilson L., Sr., 413 Ruth Ct.,
Harleysville, PA 19438-2553 (215-513-
0152)
- x **Bauer**, Donald,, 7150 E. Acre Way,
Prescott Valley, AZ 86314 (928-775-4590)
- Beckwith**, Merle R., 3732 Monterey Pines
St. Apt. A-109, Santa Barbara, CA
93105-3268
- Belt**, William C., Carroll Lutheran Village,
100 Weller Cir. Apt. 222,Westminster,
MD 21158 (410-848-7603)
- x **Bossler**, Gary T.,--Official Editor, 145
Genoa Ave., SW, Massillon, OH 44646-
3711 (330-477-1711)
- Botterill**, Guy R., 5502 Craig Ave.,
Baltimore, MD 21212-3907 (410-435-
6322)
- Boys**, Roland Eric, 8683 Boise St.,
Ventura, CA 93004-2152
- x **Boys**, William E., --Sec-Treas, 6507
Westland Drive, Knoxville, TN 37919-
8224 (865-584-9222)
- Brosey**, Alice, 765 McMurray Dr. Apt. F3,
Nashville, TN 37211-5843
- e **Brosey**, Marc, 765 McMurray Dr., Nash-
ville, TN 37211-5843
- f **Celani**, Catherine, 3272 Glenbrook Dr.,
Bay City, MI 48706-2425
- Celani**, David, 3272 Glenbrook Dr., Bay
City, MI 48706-2425 (989-671-9475)
- Chamberlain**, Kent Clair, 321 Clay St.
Space 11, Ashland, OR 97520-1340
- Chapman**, George, PO Box 765, Silverton,
CO 81433-0765 (970-387-5422)
- L **Cheney**, Harold W., Jr., 12902 N. 1170th
St., Martinsville, IL 62442-2909 (217-
382-4358)
- Church**, Harrison L., 309 W. St. Louis St.,
Lebanon, IL 62254-0126 (618-537-4498)
- Clubb**, Edwin C. (Chris), 3220 Orange
Ave., La Crescenta, CA 91214-1225
- Coleman**, Milton H., 122 W. Dauenhauer
St., E. Syracuse, NY 13057-2606
- Crew**, June, 460 Noble Pl. N.W.,
Massillon, OH 44647-5969
- Cuadrado**, Hazel, PO Box 499,
Willingboro, NJ 08046-0499 (609-315-
9703)
- Curtis**, Anthony R., 8000 Carnostie Dr.,
Laurinburg, NC 28352-7805 (910-276-
4456)
- f **Curtis**, Judith G., 8000 Carnostie Dr.,
Laurinburg, NC 28352-7805 (910-276-
4456)
- Dauids**, Sonya, 20 Kaytonne Ave., Water-
bury, CT 06710-1742 (203-753-4945)

- Davis**, Wayne P., 1003 Kennedy St., Ames, IA 50010-4247 (515-233-1523)
- Donnelly**, Sean, 1045 6th St. N., St. Petersburg, FL 33701-1603 (813-889-)
- Doolittle**, James L., 5201 Roma Ave., NE, Apt. 536, Albuquerque, NM 87108-1334 (505-299-5500)
- * **Duffey**, Susan S., 219 Hill St., Reynoldsville, PA 15851
- Elliston**, Michael F., 96 Sparrows Herne, Basildon, Essex, SS16 5EX UNITED KINGDOM
- Faig**, Kenneth W., Jr., 2311 Swainwood Dr., Glenview, IL 60025-2741 (847-657-7409)
- g **Fick**, Alma L., P.O. Box 125, Cornwall, PA 17016-0125 (717-228-0957)
- x **Gage**, Frederick H., 1394 Minot Ave., Auburn, ME 04210 (207-782-4437) <c/o Debbie Neuschwanger
- x **George**, Richard S., 5276 Zebulon Rd., Macon, GA 31210 (478-471-1315)
- t **Gibson**, MJ, 1404 Juniper Ln., Raymore, MO 64083-9648
- Goldsberry**, Charles U., 444 S. Higley Rd. Apt. 212, Mesa, AZ 85206-2185 (480-641-5678)
- Gordon**, Edna Drossel, 7540 West Ave A, Lancaster, CA 93536-9539 (661-949-0016)
- Gordon**, William A., 7540 West Ave A, Lancaster, CA 93536-9539 (661-949-0016)
- Gough**, Paul, 598 Route 148, Killingworth, CT 06419-1107
- Gould**, Tim, 22226 Grace Ave. #202-D, Carson, CA 90745-3251
- Graham**, Arthur, 336 Desha Rd., Lexington, KY 40502-1806 (859-266-4092)
- Gray**, J. Speed, 1260 Troon Ct. S.E., Grand Rapids, MI 49546-9732 (616-676-2153)
- Greenberg**, Deborah, 419 Timber Ridge, Pompton Plains, NJ 07444-2106 (973-839-3147)
- f **Greene**, Bruce, , 1115 Patton Thicket Rd., Burnsville, NC 28714-9538 (828-675-5984)
- Griggs**, Dorothy Brown, 239 West C St., Brawley, CA 92227-1539 (760-344-2135)
- L **Grissom**, Jacquelyn M., 1508 Heather Glen Rd., Kannapolis, NC 28081-6410 (704-933-7967)
- L **Groveman**, William H., 722 Park View, Pompton Plains, NJ 07444 (973-835-7972)
- Gustafson**, Margie, 6501 E. Halbert Rd., Bethesda, MD 20817-5473
- Hamilton**, George W., Obere Donaustr. 47/5, A-1020 Vienna, AUSTRIA (011-432-2233)
- Hamm**, Rebecca, 4584 Barton Springs Dr., Morristown, TN 37813-1203 (423-231-4345)
- Hansche**, Frank C., III, 35929 SE Kendall Peak St., Snoqualmie, WA 98065-5024
- Harrigan**, Francis X., 2530 Wycliffe Rd., Baltimore, MD 21234-6236 (410-665-6176)
- Hawes**, Leland M., Jr., 5009 Dickens Ave., Tampa, FL 33629-7514 (813-837-1314)
- Hedges**, James, P.O. Box 212, Needmore, PA 17238-0212
- Hidden**, Gary, 2163 Woodland Dr., Ogden, UT 84403-5132
- Hines**, Laurence, 25 Siesta Lane, Sedona, AZ 86351-8712
- Hinkle**, John D., 3019 Mountain Rd., Glen Allen, VA 23060-2003 (540-888-4131)
- Holt**, Lisa Brandstetter, 14773 Lindsey Rd., Mt. Orab, OH 45154-9111 (513-290-2075)
- Hopkins**, Richard L., 160 Oak Grove Rd., Terra Alta, WV 26764-6939 (304-789-6153)
- x **Horvat**, Martin M., P.O. Box 741, Stayton, OR 97363 (503-769-6122)
- f **Hoye**, Bernice, 501 E. Corbett St., Hobbs, NM 88240-5207
- Hoye**, Charles, 501 E. Corbett St., Hobbs, NM 88240-5207 (575-391-8324)

- Hunley**, William, 449 Argyle Dr., Alexandria, VA 22305 (703-536-0456)
- Jackson**, James M., 3699 Doyle Rd., Baldwinsville, NY 13027-9410 (315-635-3882)
- James**, Christina M., 3842 McKay Dr., Langley, WA 98260-9683
- g **Jeanfaivre**, Cynthia, 4925 S.W. 56th Ave. Apt. 24, Portland, OR 97221-1984 (503-297-7651)
- Jenny**, Gerald, 430 Roseland Pkwy., Harahan, LA 70123-3930 <504-737-0568>
- F **Jenny**, Judith B., 430 Roseland Pkwy., Harahan, LA 70123-39305 (504-737-0568)
- g **Johanson**, Gary, 1125 Elgrove Dr., Deltona, FL 32725
- F **Johnson**, John R., 6902 Constance Dr., Springfield, VA 22150-2002
- Johnson**, Nancy Jane, 6902 Constance Dr., Springfield, VA 22150-2002
- H **Jones**, Austin, (2009-2014), 393 Milton Dr., Point Pleasant, WV 25550 (304-675-3802)
- Jones**, Hazel C., 7328 Twin Creek Rd., Knoxville, TN 37920-9530
- H **Jones**, Jean, (2009-2014), 393 Milton Dr., Point Pleasant, WV 25550 (304-675-3802)
- Kapplin**, James L., 1041 Flagtree Lane, Baltimore, MD 21208-3510 (410-486-8039)
- F **Kapplin**, Norma, 1041 Flagtree Lane, Baltimore, MD 21208-3510 (410-486-8039)
- Kleiman**, Gerald S. (Gerry), 503 Bond Ave., Reisterstown, MD 21136-1709
- Klosterman**, Michelle, P.O. Box 24, Sardinia, OH 45171-0024 (573-659-8822)
- x **Koelewyn**, Arie C., 1382 Red Leaf Lane, East Lansing, MI 48823-1340 (517-332-6988)
- g **Lamanna**, James, Jr., 807 Turtle St., Syracuse, NY 13201-1721 (315-422-6791)
- Lambert**, Lana, 419 Homestead Hills, Afton, VA 22920-2721
- Lavash**, Theodore, Sr., 172 Middle St #209, Lowell, MA 01852-6205
- L **Lee**, Albert, , New York, NY 10017
- Lewis**, Philip E., 1238 Alameda Ave., Glendale, CA 91201-1324
- Liddle**, Frederick J., 404 Erie Ave., Tampa, FL 33606 (813-251-4489)
- L **Lincoln**, Louise, 5453 E. 4th St., Tucson, AZ 85711-2305 (520-323-8920)
- Mason**, Reg, 6 Brownlands Close, Salcombe Heights, Sidmouth, Devon, EX10 9AS ENGLAND UK
- g **McComas**, Mark, 200 Walnut St. Suite 100-A, Ravenswood, WV 26164-1868 (304-273-3740)
- x **McGrew**, Jon, 239 City View Terrace, Kingston, NY 12401-7404 (845-338-5558)
- L **McIntosh**, Clement H., 134 Buxton Road, Winnipeg, MB, R3T 0G9 CANADA
- x **McQueen**, Troy M., 4659 Datura Rd., Columbia, SC 29205-2125 (803-787-3833)
- McWhirter**, Kore Loy, RR 5 Box 340, 1115 Patton Thicket Rd., Burnsville, NC 28714-9538 (828-675-5984)
- Meagher**, James J., 9548 W. 70th Pl., Arvada, CO 80004-1670 (303-424-9428)
- Meyers**, James L., 435 Trench Rd., Bridgeton, NJ 08302-5868
- Michael**, Terry A., 30973 Walden Dr., Westlake, OH 44145-6816 (440-333-4556)
- L **Miller**, Guy G., 2951 Archer Lane, Springfield, OH 45503-1209 (937-390-3499)
- g **Mooney**, Scott, P.O. Box 222, 86545 Cramlett Rd., Scio, OH 43988-0222
- Nelson**, R. Stanley, 10310 Newgate Ct., Ellicott City, MD 21042-5843 (410-461-2749)
- Nelson**, Robert F., P.O. Box 1265, Wofford Hts., CA 93285-1265
- Neuschwanger**, Debra G., 211 Manley Rd., Auburn, ME 04210-3636 (207-786-2707)

- O'Connor**, Michael J., P.O. Box 18117,
Fountain Hills, AZ 85269-8117
- x **Oliner**, Stan, 1380 Detroit St. Apt. 411,
Denver, CO 80206-2493 (303-770-4862)
- Oliver**, Jack S., 10200 Angel Peak Ct., Las
Vegas, NV 89134-6924
- x **Orbach**, Robert L., 11 Palm Ave., Apt.
225, Yukon, OK 73099-5645 (405-577-
6990)
- Orr**, Richard, 7300 Graceland Dr. Apt.
516B, Omaha, NE 68134-4343 (402-551-
3429)
- Palmer**, Floyd Hugh, 350 W. Bell Ave.,
Rockdale, TX 76567-2804
- Parson**, Tom, 157 S. Logan, Denver, CO
80209-1821 (306-777-8951)
- Patell**, Veronica, 5106 Bradbury Dr.,
Syracuse, NY 13215-2308 (315-492-
2645)
- x **Payne**, Viola M., 1502 CR 180, Cisco, TX
76437 (817-442-3186)
- g **Polinski**, Richard, 238 Hillcrest Dr.,
Milford, NJ 08848
- Probert**, Eunice, Waymore Cottage,
Chancery, Llanfarian, Aberystwyth,
Ceredigion, SY23 4DF U. K.
- x **Prowell**, Clarence D., 1045 Oak St. Apt
#802, Jacksonville, FL 32204
- Row**, Heath, 438 N. Stanley Ave., Los
Angeles, CA 90036-2394
- Rozzell**, Thomas C., 201 I St. SW Apt.
V620, Washington, DC 20024-4252
- Rutledge**, J. P., 322 E. Michigan St.,
Fortville, IN 46040-1040
- Schrader**, Barry, PO Box 851, DeKalb, IL
60115-0851
- F **Schrader**, Kay E., P.O. Box 851, DeKalb,
IL 60115-0851
- Schwartz**, David, 9214 New Albion Rd.,
Little Valley, NY 14755-9771
- Schwartz**, Ron, PO Box 2607, Columbia,
MD 21045
- Segal**, Gussie B., 25 Washington Lane
#213, Wyncote, PA 19095-1404 (215-
886-1183)
- E **Shive**, Gloria, 501 Sand Gap Rd.,
Pennsboro, WV 26415-3049 (304-659-
3320)
- Shive**, Harold, 501 Sand Gap Rd.,
Pennsboro, WV 26415-3049
- Shivvers**, Martha E., 1526 165th Ave.,
Knoxville, IA 50138-8939 (641-842-3212)
- Small**, Richard M., 390 Smock Dr.,
Greenwood, IN 46143-2421 (317-881-
0463)
- Smith**, Leon C., 119 Logtown Rd.,
Fultonville, NY 12072-2501
- Smith**, Lonnie L., 4943 Kit Carson Dr.,
Broomfield, CO 80023-8330
- T **Spector**, Norman, 7729 Widdecomb St.,
Powell, TN 37849-3775 (865-947-2177)
- Spiesser**, Nathalie, 2201 Spencer Ave.,
Chattanooga, TN 37421-2433 (423-855-
7488)
- Stephenson**, Carla, P.O. Box 4257,
Omaha, NE 68104-0257
- Stickler**, Alice, 720 W. Park Dr., Hunting-
ton, IN 46750-2619 (219-356-2091)
- Stonehocker**, Kikuko, 2010 Stanford Ave.,
Los Angeles, CA 90011-1132
- Strange**, John N., 201 Pinehurst,
Vicksburg, MS 39180-5439 (601-636-
4857)
- L **Tribby**, David M., 1529 Fantail Court,
Sunnyvale, CA 94087 (408-737-2193)
- Venrick**, William, 434 Westview Dr.,
Lancaster, OH 43130-2877 (740-654-
3072)
- x **Visser**, Jack H., 335 N. Grant St.,
Wooster, OH 44691-3424 (330-264-
45102-9175 (513-734-7791)
- F **Volkart**, Bill, 2278 Berry Rd., Amelia, OH
45102-9175 (513-734-7791)
- Volkart**, Gigi, 2278 Berry Rd., Amelia, OH
45102-9175 (513-734-7791)
- x **Vrooman**, Ann, 288 Avenida Barbera,
Sonoma, CA 95476-8081 (707-939-0880)

Walsh, J. Rickie, P.O. Box 1968, Cheyenne, WY 82003-1968

x **Warner**, David L., 12311 Winding Lane, Bowie, MD 20715-1233 (301-262-9341)

x **Warner**, Jacob L., 116 Rosewood Dr., Greenbelt, MD 20770-1621 (301-474-8551)

x **Warner**, Leah G., 116 Rosewood Dr., Greenbelt, MD 20770-1621 (301-474-

F **Warner**, Melody, 12311 Winding Lane, Bowie, MD 20715-1233 (301-262-9341)

Wetzel, Benton E., 16925 Maple Wild Ave., SW, Burien, WA 98166-3165 (206-244-2246)

x **Whitbread**, Thomas B., Univ. of Texas, English Dept., 1 University Sta. B5000, Austin, TX 78712-0195 (512-459-8140)

Whitson, Dr. Leland G., 334 Camino de las Colinas, Redondo Beach, CA 90277-6435 (310-373-9444)

Woodard, Betty, 16433 Garvin Dr., Encino, CA 91436-3636 (818-360-0936)

Worley, Parker, 460 Haddon Ave., #322, Collingswood, NJ 08108-1336

Young, Miki F., 333 Calle Pescador, San Clemente, CA 92672-2206

blank=Regular Member, F=Family Member,
H=Honor Member, x=Ex-President
L=Life Member, q=New Regular Member,
E=New Family Member, T =Trial Member.

Put a Big Red Circle around

July 22-25, 2009

You don;t want to miss the
Historic
Concurrent Coventions
of **NAPA & AAPA!**

Official Reports

Historian's Report

by Gary Bossler

September 2009 Bundle 8 items
impressions by hal, #80, Sep 2009, 5x7,
4pp, Harold Shive

In-Between, Vol 4, #3, Sep 2009,
8½x5½, 2pp, Harold Cheney

Marti's Mouser, #62, Sep 2009, 8½x11,
2pp, Martha Babcock Abell

NAPA Laureate Extract, no number, no
date, 8½x11, 1pp, Marti Abell

The Boxwooder, #482, Sep 2009, 5x7,
12pp & cov, Jake Warner

The Buck Creek Press, #60, Sep 2009,
7x8½, 4pp, Willson L. Barto, Sr.

The Felexible Voice, Sep 2009, 7¼x7¼,
2pp, Robert Orbach

The Offshoot, #39, Sep 2009, 5x7, 8pp,
David Warner

October 2009 Bundle 11 items
Concurrent Convention Flyer, undated,
unnumbered, 1pp, 8½x11, Barry
Schrader

impressions by hal, #81, Oct 2009, 4pp,
5x7, Harold Shive

Lake Effect, #17, Jul 2000, 20pp & cov,
Arie Koelewyn

Mambrino's Golden Helmet, Vol VII,
#5, Oct/Nov 2009, 5½x8½, 16pp,
Harold W. Cheney Jr.

Manuscript Bureau Flyer, Unnumbered,
undated, 2pp, 5½x8½, Bill Boys

Marti's Mouser, #63, Oct 2009, 8½x11,
2pp, Martha Babcock Abell

Ohio Views, #29, Oct 2009, 4¼x7, 4pp,
Gary Bossler
Press Release, untitled, unnumbered,
1pp, 8½x11, Gigi Volkart
Quoth the Ravenswood, #1, Oct 2009,
Mark McComas
The Boxwooder, #483, Sep 2009, 5x7,
8pp & cov, Jake Warner
The Kitchen Stove, 102nd Heating, Oct
2009, 5x7, 4pp, Louise Lincoln

November 2009 Bundle 15 items

Concurrent Convention Flyer, undated,
unnumbered, 1pp, 8½x11, Barry
Schrader
impressions by hal, #82, Nov 2009, 4pp,
5x7, Harold Shive
In-Between, Vol 4, #4, Nov 2009,
8½x5½, 2pp, Harold Cheney
Lake Effect, #18, Aug 2009, 20pp &
cov, 4½x7, Arie Koelewyn
Lamplighter, #20, Nov 2009, 5½x8½,
4pp, Guy Miller
Manuscript Bureau Offers, Unnum-
bered, Nov 2009, 1pp, 5½x8½, Bill
Boys
Marti's Mouser, #64, Nov 2009, 8½x11,
2pp, Martha Babcock Abell
Ohkee-Doekee, #48, Sometime in 2009,
4¼x5½, 4pp, Dave Schwartz
Pennant Bravo, Nov 2009, 4¼x7, 24pp,
Bill Boys
RECOLLECTIONS & Ruminations, #5,
Nov 2009, 5x7, 2pp, Sonya Davids
Shandygaff, Series 2, #5, Nov 2009,
5x7, 4pp, Hazel J. Cuadrado
Squawks of Whizdom, #48 Nov 2009,
5½x8½, 2pp, Robert F. Nelson
The Boxwooder, #484, Nov 2009, 12pp
& cov, 5x7, Jake Warner
The Dolphin, #1, Nov 2009, 8½x11,
2pp, Cynthia Jeanfaivre
The Gage Pin, #82, Nov 2009, 4½x6,
4pp, Fred Gage

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Vice President's Report

As Vice President of NAPA my job is to wel-
come new members. Like most VP jobs this is
a little seen task. But it is easy and for the pay
I'm gettin' it fits me like a glove. Listed below
are this year's trial members.

Bill Volkart
Vice President NAPA

Trial members received during 2008-09

Kleiman, Gerry, 503 Bond Ave.,
Reisterstown MD 21136-1709. Email:
helen_gerry@hotmail.com. Exp. Sep. 30,
2008. Internet contact, sponsored by Bill
Boys.

Pattison, Ty, 101 Redbud Dr., Clinton TN
37716-3305. Email:
ty@thehappyenvelope.com. Exp. Oct. 31,
2008. Sponsored by Bill Boys.

Clubb, Edwin Christopher "Chris," 3220 Or-
ange Ave., La Crescenta CA 91214-1225.
Email: chrisclub68@hotmail.com. Exp. Jan.
31, 2009. Sponsored by Bill Boys.

Lunsford, Bruce, 133 Wild Thorn Lane,
Greenville SC 29615-6725. Exp. Jan. 31,
2009. Sponsored by Bill Boys.

Avens, Kenneth, 1 W. 27th St., Baltimore
MD 21218. Exp. Feb. 28, 2009. Internet con-
tact, sponsored by Bill Boys.

Voglund, Daniel, 4894 W. Lone Mountain
Rd., Las Vegas NV 89130-2239.

Montgomery, Laura, 7070 Anderson Lake
Rd., Dawsonville GA 30534-4804. Exp. June
30, 2009. Sponsored by Bill Volkart.

Gibson, MJ (Marie-Johanne), 1404 Juni-
per Lane, Raymore MO 64083-9648. Exp.
June 30, 2009. Sponsored by Bill Volkart.

Dunn, Wayne C., 300 Pfarr Lane, Loveland
OH 45140-2942. Exp. Aug. 31, 2009. Spon-
sored by Bill Boys (internet contact).

Anderson, David, 1843 W. Lunt Ave., Chi-
cago IL 60626-2703. Exp. Sep. 30, 2009.
Internet contact, sponsored by Bill Boys.

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TREASURER'S REPORT

June 24 to Oct. 23, 2009

Bank Balance, June 23, 2009 3651.25

Income

2009 Convention Income, Auction... 672.00
2008 Convention, Banquet tickets .. 655.00
Total 2009 Convention Income \$1,412.00
Gifts Received \$ 5.00
Memorial Gifts Received \$ 460.00
Interest Income
Life Member Fund CD 48.91
Regions Bank CD's 261.93
Total Interest Income 310.84
Membership Dues
Family, New Members 6.00
Regular, New Members 140.00
Regular, Reinstatements 67.50
Regular, Renewals 320.00
Total Membership Dues Income 533.50
Weixelbaum Trust Fund Income 825.51
Total Income \$ 3,546.85

Expenses

2009 Convention 1457.39
Mailing Bureau 1000.00
National Amateur, The 2287.15
Secretary-Treasurer Expenses 100.00

Total Expenses 3546.85
Net Increase (Decrease) (1297.69)

Transfers

Regions Bank CD *****2684 \$1000.00
Regions Bank CD's interest automatically reinvested, as noted below (\$ 261.93)

Bank Balance, Oct. 23, 2009 \$ 3,091.63

Other Assets

Regions Bank CD *****2676
Value on June 23, 2009 \$10,794.39
Accrued interest to Oct. 23, 2009 113.77
Value on Oct. 23, 2009 \$ 10,908.16
Regions Bank CD *****2684
Value on June 23, 2009 \$10,720.91
Accrued interest to Sep. 9, 2009 148.16
Transferred to checking account(1,000.00)
Transferred to new CD ***9017(9,869.07)
Value on Oct. 23, 2009 0.00
Regions Bank CD *****9017
Value on Oct. 23, 2009 9869.07
WesBanco Bank CD (Life Member Fund) 8,376.37

Total Equity \$ 29,153.60

Respectfully submitted,
William E. Boys, Secretary-Treasurer

NAPA SECRETARY'S REPORT

Aug 16 thru Nov 15, 2009

Renewals -- Regular (8)

Beckwith, Merle R., Exp. Feb. 28, 2011.
Belt, William C., Exp. Aug. 31, 2010.
Botterill, Guy. Exp. Nov. 20, 2010.
Boys, R. Eric, Exp. July 31, 2010.
Coleman, Milton H. Exp. Sep. 30, 2010.
Crew, June. Exp. Sep. 30, 2010.
Klosterman, Michelle, Exp. Nov. 30, 2010.
Segal, Gussie. Exp. Aug. 31, 2010.

Renewals -- Family (0)

Reinstatements -- Regular (0)

Reinstatements -- Family (0)

New Life Members -- (0)

New Members -- Regular (7)

Allen, (Mrs.) D. J., P.O. Box 312, Cairo WV
26337-0312. Exp. Nov. 30, 2010.

Sponsored by Harold Shive.

Fick, Alma L., P.O. Box 125, Cornwall PA
17016-0125. Email:

Phone: (717) 228-0957. Exp. Nov. 30,
2010.

Sponsored by Bill Boys.

Jeanfaivre, Cynthia; 4925 S.W. 56th Ave.,
Portland OR 97221-1984. Phone: (503)
297-7651. Exp. Sep. 30, 2010. Spon-
sored by Wilson Barto. (Responded to ad
in "Good Old Days" magazine. Conver-
sion from Trial Membership.)

Johanson, Gary, 1125 Elgrove Dr., Deltona
FL 32725-7016. Exp. Oct. 31, 2010.

Sponsored by Jake Warner.

Lamanna, James, Jr., 807 Turtle St.,
Syracuse NY 13201-1721. Phone: (315)
422- 6791. 31, 2010. (Conversion
from an earlier Trial Membership in
2005.) Sponsored by Bill Boys.

McComas, Mark, 200 Walnut St., Suite
100-A; Ravenswood WV 26164-1868.
Phone: (304) 273-3740. Exp. Oct. 31,
2010. Sponsored by Harold Shive.
(Conversion from Trial Membership.)
Mooney, Scott C., P.O. Box 222 (86545
Cramlett Rd.), Scio OH 43988-0222.
Phone: (740) 945-2803. Exp. Aug. 31,
2010. Sponsored by Jack Visser.

New Members -- Family (0)
New Members -- Trial (0)
Dropped -- Regular (0)
Dropped -- Family (0)

Dropped -- Trial (3)
Dunn, Wayne C.
Montgomery, Laura.
Turner, Tinameri.
Resignations (0)

Deceased (1)
Fick, Al, Sep. 7, 2009.

Subscriptions (0)

Dropped – Subscriptions (0)

Address Changes/Corrections/Additions
Cuadrado, Hazel, phone: 609-315-9703;
Elliston, Michael, correct house
number to 96.
Goldsberry, Charles, change apt. no. to 212
and change ZIP+4 to 85206-2185.
Hidden, Gary, 2163 Woodland Dr. Ogden
UT 84403-5132.
Jeanfaivre, Cynthia, add Apt. 24.
Row, Heath, 438 N. Stanley Ave., Los
Angeles CA 90036-2394.
Stephenson, Carla, P.O. Box 4257, Omaha
NE 68104-0257.
Woodard, Betty, 16433 Garvin Dr., Encino
CA 91436-3636.

Respectfully submitted,
William E. Boys, Secretary

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Recorder's Report

As of Oct. 15, 2009 the following people
are eligible to vote along with all Past
Prsidents and Life Members:

Martha Abell
Marsha Barrett
Wilson L. Barto
Merle Beckwith
Gary Bossler
Kent Clair Chamberlain
Harold Cheney
Ken Faig, Jr.
Rich Hopkins
Arie Koelewyn

—Mart Abell

PUBLICITY & RECRUITING REPORT

Made personal Official Press Release cop-
ies for all members via the October BUNDLE.
I heard from Marti Abell and Clarence Prowell
telling me they sent their releases to their
hometown papers. Everyone was to put their
names in the article and if anyone wanted to
add something that would be OK with me.

Jon McGrew requested copies of all my re-
leases for his records. If anybody would like
me to write any publicity for them to use I
would be more than happy to do so. If anyone
would like to use any of my blogs for publicity
or recruiting purposes you have my permis-
sion. Let me know when and how you did that.

—Gigi Volkart

Executive Judges Report

The Executive Judges have received no re-
quests for ruling, and have taken no action.

—Leah Warner, Chair of Executive Judges

Critics Report

Heath Row recently moved from Brooklyn,
NY to Los Angeles, CA. **Posted at All Av-
enues: The Critic's Report** will return in the
next issue

Page 27

Print and Cyber Hand in Hand

In the recent issue of 'Writing World,' an international web site for writers, its editor, Moira Allen, presented an argument for the mutual need of both print and cyber literature. It's a reasoning that those of us in AAPA should apply to our running controversy over whether a day should emphasize print or cyber journals.

Allen comments that in the world of books there is room for both forms of publication. She holds that the printed

page is desirable because its form establishes a permanence not enjoyed by the cyber page. And the cyber page offers an ability to give books a much wider distribution than the print form.

She sums it up by noting that the printed page "gives endurance" while the electronic page "gives it wings." Makes sense to me.

Why not put dissent aside in a day, accept the advantages of both print and non-print journalism, and henceforth deal with the two in an equitable fashion? —J.C. Lamanna, Jr

The Last Word . . .

Above is a short e-mail I received from J.C. Lamanna, Jr. I guess you could say it's his e-journal except that it is very short, usually only a few sentences. He only sends it to those who request it.

As he says, "It makes sense to me." The two are completely different and in today's environment when in both NAPA and AAPA probably more members have an online connection than those who do not, I don't see why we can't honor those members who produce something of value online. I think the main objection is that oldtimers don't want it to be called a "Laureate." Fine. Let's call it something else. How about a "Cyber-J." Don't ask, just come up with something better.

And anyway, if it is good enough, someone will want to print it and then it might win a Laureate.

A word about the logos you see at the bottom of this page: Our printer is certified to use these logos because of the paper (recycled) we're using and the inks and processes he uses, which are environmentally friendly. We are doing our small part to preserve the environment. Another quite large newsletter that he prints boasts that they used 1680 lbs of recycled paper (instead of virgin fiber paper) and were able to reduce their ecological footprint by preserving 4 trees, 272 lb of solid waste, 2,569 gal. of water 1.7 lb of suspended particles in water, 759 lb of air emissions, and 2,077 cu. ft. of natural gas.

One of my major foibles, is that since I am doing this in October and November, I always forget that this is the December issue and I should be wishing one and all:

***Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year!***

The National Amateur