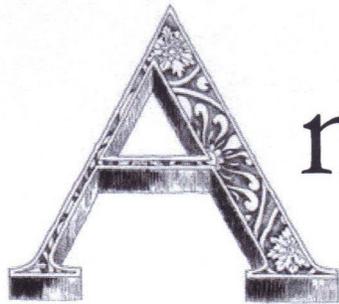


March 2012

Volume 134, Number 3

The National



Amateur



**The Official Organ of the National Amateur Press Association
Published Continuously Since 1878**

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The National Amateur

The Official Organ of the National Amateur Press Association

Volume 134 Number 3

March 2012

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 direct 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 \$30 for U.S. members. For members outside U.S., \$37.50. Europe air mail, \$50. Far East air mail, \$60. Life memberships remain complimentary for those completing a term as president.

Active members are qualified to vote in the annual convention. Any active member may also participate in the annual laureate competition, use the mailing bureau and the manuscript bureau. Additional member 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

2012 Convention - Dayton, Ohio Host - Michele Klosterman, & Co-Hosts Gary Bossler and Lisa Brandstetter Holt

2013 Convention - Savannah, GA Hosts-Troy McQueen and Steve Powell

Correction: March issue NA Phone number for Louise Lincoln should read as follows (520) 323-8920.
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Send address, phone number or e-mail address changes to: Bill Boys, Secretary Treasurer, 6507 Westland Drive, Knoxville, TN Phone: 865-584-9222 or email Secretary-Treasurer@AmateurPress.org



Guy Miller visiting with Louise Lincoln on the occasion of her 100th birthday.

HAPPY CENTENNIAL, LOUISE!

It is our privilege to honor Louise Lincoln on the occasion of her 100th birthday.

It is, of course, an accident of both birth and surname, that connect her birth on February 12, 1912, with that of Abraham Lincoln on February 12, 1809.

However coincidental, it is easy for imagination to reflect upon and greatly appreciate this interesting connection. But let Louise draw both the similarities and differences in her own way. She wrote the following poem, not for the occasion of her own 100th, but for that of the president whom she admired on the occasion of his 200th.

A Letter to Abraham Lincoln
on the 200th Anniversary of his Birth
February 12, 2009

Dear Abe,
We share a name, a birthday date.
Upon such facts I meditate
And then request a chance to proclaim
The ways we differ, the ways we're the same.
You sought to be President, twice were elected.
My terms of office I've always suspected
Occurred when no members were eagerly vying
To head up a group that clearly was dying.
It dumped me down on the president's chair,

Then died in spite of my tender care.
You freed the slaves, you preserved the nation,
Two acts deserving our adulation.
Such acts as these and a whole lot more
I'll never perform though I live five score.
Cities and towns have taken your name.
Memorials are built to add to your fame.
If my name's on a tombstone for people to trace,
It's only because I paid for the space.
I'm five foot one, you're six and more.
I lack a face that people adore,
But still I say what I think is true:
I think I'm better looking than you.
You loved one woman and married another,
Sired four sons and cared for their mother.
I seldom dated. I never married.
The children I cherish, my friends have carried.
Attending a play is a pleasure we share,
But you alone were victimized there.
You didn't write poems of course I do:
Sonnets lyrical, light verse, too.
We're both public speakers who speak what we write;
Your prose is immortal, mine's impact is slight.
We liked to debate; some lost and some won;
You spoke for a cause, I did it for fun.
Your presence is welcome, for laughter comes with it;
The verdict's still out: Am I wit or half-wit?
You departed this life in your fifty-sixth year
At age 96 I'm still living here.
It doesn't matter how long one lives.
What gives life value are values it gives.
Your words and your deeds are a legacy
That tell us today what a life can be.
Thank you, Abraham Lincoln!
2-12-1809/4-15-1865

Sincerely, Louise Lincoln, 2-12-1912/20??



Louise as she appeared in the NA, March 1949, Volume 71, No.3.

National Amateur Press Association
TREASURER'S REPORT
 Oct. 25, 2011 – Jan. 24, 2012

Checking Acct. Balance Oct. 24, 2011 **\$ 878.50**

Income

Gifts Received
 General Gifts \$ 10.00
 Life Member Gifts 130.00
 Total Gifts 140.00
 Interest Income
 Life Member Fund CD 9.80
 Membership Dues
 Family, Renewals 4.00
 Regular, New Members 30.00
 Regular, Reinstatements 30.00
 Regular, Renewals 630.00
 Total Membership Dues 694.00
 Weixelbaum Trust Fund 465.76
Total Income \$ 1,309.56

Expenses

National Amateur, The (Dec. 2011) \$ 741.68
Total Expenses \$ 741.68

Checking Acct. Balance Jan. 24, 2012 **\$ 1,323.97**

Net Checking Increase (Decrease) \$ 445.47

EQUITY

Certificates of Deposit

Regions Bank CD ****9300
 Value on Oct. 24, 2011 \$ 5,935.44
 Accrued Interest 48.07
 Value on Jan. 24, 2012 \$ 5,983.51
 Regions Bank CD ****9017
 Value on Oct. 24, 2011 \$ 10,521.31
 Accrued Interest 84.27
 Value on Jan. 24, 2012 10,605.58
 WesBanco CD (Life Members' Fund) 8,376.37
Total Certificates of Deposit \$ 24,965.46
Checking Acct. Balance Jan. 24, 2012 \$ 1,323.97

Total Equity Jan. 24, 2012 \$ 26,289.43

Respectfully submitted,
 William E. Boys, Secretary-Treasurer

Secretary's Report
 Nov. 2011 to Jan. 2012

Renewals – Regular (13)
 Beckwith, Merle R., Exp. Feb. 28, 2013 (sic).
 Benziger, Joyce A., Exp. Dec. 31, 2012.
 Chapman, George A., Exp. Oct. 31, 2012.
 Church, Harrison L., Exp. Oct. 31, 2012.
 Crew, June, Exp. Sep. 30, 2012.
 Curtis, Anthony R., Exp. Sep. 30, 2012.
 Davis, Wayne P., Exp. Oct. 31, 2012.
 Gordon, William A., Exp. Nov. 30, 2012.
 Gordon, Edna Drossel, Exp. Nov. 30, 2012.
 McComas, Mark, Exp. Oct. 31, 2012.
 Parson, Tom, Exp. Oct. 31, 2012.
 Shivvers, Martha E., Exp. Apr. 30, 2013.
 Shivvers, Linda, Exp. Apr. 30, 2013.

Renewals -- Family (1)
 Curtis, Judith G., Exp. Sep. 30, 2012.

New Members – Regular (1)
 Atkisson, Victor, (address clarification requested).
 Email: vatkisson@gmail.com. Exp. Oct. 31,
 2012, conversion from Trial Membership. Spon-
 sored by Marc Brosey.

New Members -- Trial (2)
 Fiorella, Mo, 2913 6th Street, Tuscaloosa AL 35401-
 1708. Exp. Feb. 28, 2012. Internet contact,
 sponsored by Bill Boys.
 Gold, Brian R., 10961 Burnt Mill Road, Unit 1634;
 Jacksonville FL 32256-4661. Exp. Feb. 28, 2012.
 Internet contact, sponsored by Bill Boys.

Deceased (1)
 Oliner, Stan. Died Jan. 15, 2012.

Address Changes/Corrections/Additions
 Holt, Lisa Brandstetter: new email: Lisaat-
 celtic@gmail.com.
 McComas, Mark: 65 Wildwood Dr., Millwood WV
 25262-8511.
 Shivvers, Linda, correct ZIP code to 50312-2309.

Respectfully Submitted,
 William E. Boys, Secretary-Treasurer

Critics Report

A Year's Harvest: 2011

TOM OWEN, recently reinstated, presented his first number of *The Curmudgeon* in the November 2010 bundle. He had joined NAPA in 1974. A search of the Oct. '74 bundle uncovered his initial offering: a satirical journal titled *Letters from Lilliput*. The Official Critic of that year observes that Tom “doles a heavy dose without losing the reader. Tom takes a swipe at the postal system, politicians, oil barons, and business in general.” This 4-pager, Tom states, was “set on an antique VariTyper and printed on an equally antique Multilith 750.” At that time Tom also possessed a 5x8 Kelsey, but we did not uncover any record of his having used it for NAPA business. Now, along with many of the rest of us he has taken to the computer. *The Curmudgeon* is attractively presented in a two-color format. Issue No. 1 was a “meet-the-candidate” issue. Number 2, proposes a “push-back” policy to bring down prices (wonder if he joined the Occupy crowd) with a pleasant tour of Green Bank in West Virginia. Issue 3 discusses Tom’s search for a satisfactory paper on which to print his journal.

But the crowd is chanting to see more from Tom, whatever make of paper he chooses, just as they want to see more from Cynthia Jeanfaivre. *The Dolphin* No. 2 for July, contains brief articles about the value of the artichoke, habitat of a Great Blue Heron, a whimsical verse about “NAPA Writers,” and an intriguing account of a near after-life experience concerning her grandmother which involves a possible interaction of electrons. A delicious conclusion is supplied by her friend Charlotte Wilenken who generously shares her Cereal Popcorn Snack Recipe.

Nice treat, as is Victor Atkisson’s *The Way* (Sept.) which presents splashes of in-

sight from Scripture foreshadowing the Christmas theme.

More timely to the season, is *The Kitchen Stove* for December. Louise Lincoln’s 110th Heating gives us a spiritedly “Night Before Christmas” version about good old Santa supplying a merry Christmas for a needy family of mice, followed by a finely-woven tale of the Biblical Orcas (see Acts 9: 36-41), in which our poet reframes the original story by placing a human face on the heroine and casting Peter in a less significant role. Louise then concludes on a joyous note, “Sing Alleluia!” In her earlier 109th Heating, the tone is a little more somber, demanding a moment’s reflection to consider her theme as it could bear on our own lives: “Wherever I am is where God wants me to be.”

In any event, let us consider another seasonal piece. This, one a carefully executed trifle, comes from Bill Justice whom some of us have known since 1992 through AAPA bundles. He became much applauded for his Christmas “puzzlements,” if we may call them such: Many of those attractive offerings contain a hidden message. *Tintinnabulation* gives evidence of Bill’s graphic arts neatness and the freshness of his subject matter. See “The Apricot Tree” (Nov. 2010), which recent Critic Heath Row astutely observed “is a fine piece of writing, and the journal is a fine piece of printing as well.”

And, along with Heath, we welcome *The Six Mile Press* offerings of another new member, Stephen Powell. The pieces are so superbly presented that they practically jump out of the bundle; so, at the outset there was no question that they must be pulled and set aside. Note the latest offering in the Dec. bundle, then go back to his first (Aug. 2010) and succeeding samples and enjoy the feast before you of the impressive treatment of his selections. Our favorite among his chosen material is “Dealing Creatively with Life,” touching on the “Life Adventure of Ernest Morgan.” Dr. Morgan was an influ-

ential figure in the curricular development of famed Antioch College in nearby Yellow Springs. Another standout (dedicated to Gussie Segal) is the haunting “Bird Girl sculpture” featured (we read) on the 1944 cover of *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. Dr. Powell attended his first NAPA convention at Nashville, was put to work as pro tem vice president, and rounded out his activity at the meet by volunteering himself along with Troy McQueen as host for our 2013 convention in Savannah GA.

Troy, remember, had hosted the 2006 New Orleans convention which took place despite the near devastation of that city from hurricane Katrina. One of our members, Gerald Jenny of Harahan LA, gave a talk about the damage to his shop which suffered a four-foot flood for several weeks. He managed to restore most of his possessions to working order, but now suffers a loss he will be challenged to overcome. His August offering is a tribute to Alex, Jack, Nappy, and Elizabeth, the “four wonderful furry creatures” from whom his Four Dogs Press got its name. Hopefully his next keepsake will present a happier message.

On the subject of lovable dogs, one of Stephen Powell’s presentations (“A to Z,” Jan.) mentions Owey the Mail Train Dog, and by happenstance Frederick Moe’s second issue of *Mail Train to Melvin Station* (Oct.) covers the same subject. Quite a fabulous story of the travels of this postal mascot! Mr. Moe’s journal (No. 1 in Sept.) laments, as do most of us, the closing of small-town post offices, in so many instances once the social hubs of the hamlets. His issue 3 (Dec.) speculates on choosing a suitable gift for his rural route carrier. We hope that Mike – or Michael -- liked the certificate from the local bookshop.

Oh, yes, the bookshop, a nearly vanished icon from the American scene. And, likewise, we could begin to lament the passing of letterpress from the ajay scene, except

that, now and then, we are delightfully jolted from our gloom with the sudden appearance of such jolly journals as Dave Schwartz’s *Ohkee-Doekee*, which Dave claims “is a compilation of useless information . . .” Well, maybe we *could* have done without the revelation of “The great beef-jerky caper” (No. 55, Aug.) or his observations concerning global warning (No. 54, May), but we’d rather not have. By the way, we note Dave’s remark that “Nostalgia is remembering when we could get a Coke for a dime.” We remember when a 7-oz. bottle cost 5 cents, as was a 12-oz bottle of the competing Pepsi: “Toot, Toot, Pepsi Cola is the drink for you!”

But, back to the letterpress, as we go through a year’s output of lovingly done keepsakes from Stanislaus Pekala at his hobby press, The “Druckarnia.” We think the keepsake we had posted in our former office actually came from an AAPA bundle - - a quote from Benjamin Franklin -- but no matter. Most of the pieces are composed of quotes, including the famous one by Edwin Ruffe – “I love my press; for when I print, I know no stint of joy” – but also Stan displays a couple of poems: “When I Grow Up,” and “The Song of the Printer” (“Pick and click/Goes the type in the stick,”).

Another of these keepsakes we had posted for ever how long is one printed by Phil Ambrosi: “Everything cometh to him who waiteth, providing that he worketh like hell while he waiteth.” Remembering an essay or two that he has written describing his labors during his career in printing, we are certain this is a creed he has lived by. We haven’t seen anything from Phil’s own press in recent years, but we are pleased that he appears somewhat regularly in *The Boxwooder*. His essays are still conveyed in that informal conversational style, probably absorbed from a generation of storytellers like his father whose gift in that department Phil imparts in *BW* 501. Finally, we were moved by

his nature-gifted wisdom in “My Toast” (*BW* 509).

As to wisdom, we can’t leave the subject without mentioning Fritz Klinke (*BW* 504), from whom we used to purchase our rollers, and Gary Johanson (*BW* 508). Fritz is certainly in his element in discussing typefaces, and this is our first acquaintance with the beautiful Americana. Gary is in his element, also, in his instructions in “Framing and Mounting”; and he leaves us feeling very amateurish, indeed, as we now survey the so-called “mounting” which we have just recently executed. We feel less daunted than informed when reading Jake Warner’s own pieces. Sometimes, we don’t understand the details of the subject, such as the “space calculating” which he refers to in *BW* 500 and which he had discussed fully in an earlier issue of *The Boxwooder*. We are also often mystified but yet fascinated when attempting to follow his discussions dealing in the realm of physics, although we can understand rather well his “Searching for a New Home,” (*BW* 506), having read a number of discussions elsewhere. We would like to continue with comments regarding his essays “Guns, Guns, Guns” (*BW*499), and “Strike 2” (*BW* 507), but they would be responses better suited to our own journal. However, we can say that, though we thought we knew a lot about the development of the book, we learned much that was new to us in just 8 pages of *The Boxwooder* 502.

Much can still (and, no doubt will) be said about *The Boxwooder*, even though the testimonies of such luminaries as Tom Whitbread, Vic Moitoret, Al Fick, and Jim Guinane will be hard to match. Incidentally, we did have to grin at Jake’s remembrance of Vic Moitoret in “Grin and Bare It” (*BW* 503). we’d like to believe that Vic’s propensity for searching for the typo was a hobby of his, rather than an obsession. However, we are all certain that it is an outstanding achievement to have produced 500 monthly

issues (Vic insisted that Jake had “doubled up” one month) -- now 509 -- of the top quality journal that is *The Boxwooder*.

In *Pennant Bravo* (March) Bill Boys – or is it the Dominion of NAPA (“the ‘dom)?” -- celebrates the occasion of *The Boxwooder* 500 with a special series of “first-day stamps;” and each of us has been favored with an “album” containing the collection, which includes, please note, a specimen of that rare inverted Chandler and Price stamp. The “Postscript” gives a brief explanation of the origin the fictitious stamp as an art form and includes a short discussion of the typeface with the unique descender tail on the upper case “J.” The whole production, not just a descender tail, though, is unique; and we will have to decide whether to file this *Pennant Bravo* with its companion issues or with our collection of *The Boxwooder*. Well, we can delay our decision as we survey Bill’s February, September, and December issues.

The December *Pennant Bravo* handles a different mode of celebration, this time the celebration of the life of his cousin Miriam Marie Dornbirer. Reviewing the series of testimonials and remembrances from the various members of the family certainly confirms that she was a very special lady. Likewise very exceptional are the brothers Samuel and Matthew Adams (Feb.). Reading these essays of their accomplishments and aspirations was a thrilling experience for an old has-been pedant. Now, add to this booster, the verse and poetry of Knoxville Central High School students whose offerings bespeak deep insights of our future teachers, physicians, writers, politicians – what have you. And we acknowledge that such youngsters are found throughout our land. Bill has captured this vision in his September issue of *Pennant Bravo*.

Arie Koelewyn has rendered a similar upbeat service over the years with his *Lake Effect*, devoted to the work of members of the Mid-Michigan Chapter of the National

Society of Arts and Letters. *LE 20* for January presents the winning poems of its 2010 poetry competition. Then, Lo and Behold! The February bundle contains *Enamored of Poesy*, a collection of mostly NAPA poets and versifiers, some, as Arie assures us, appear only after little arm twisting. One contributor who probably had to screw his arm back on, but who succeeded to pen a verse that no less a personage than Poet Laureate Kent Chamberlain praised is Gary Bossler who claims that "My Poem" is his first effort. But we suspect that, in truth, he has all this time actually been a closet "poesyst." Anyway, whether or not Jack Visser had to undergo any special urging, he knows where to look for valid subject matter – it is invariably found close around us: "From local good roots." It is interesting to note that Merle Beckwith in "Golden Hills" emphasizes this same perspective. Lisa Brandstetter Holt in "The First Draft," Michelle Klosterman in "Romance Novel Writing," and Arie in "They Sit in Easy Chairs" play with a familiar problem, bemoaned by Jack in his first lines, that of determining the proper perspective and then choosing the right words (or paints) in homing in on the objective.

So *Enamored of Poesy*, though a slim volume, was well worth the publisher's efforts, as were the efforts of Lisa Brandstetter Holt's and Michelle Klosterman's publications, *The Mini #4*, *The Twig* (Sept.), and *Uplifting Romance*. *The Mini #4* features Lisa's work, "The First Draft," mentioned above, plus a playful piece titled "Cats, like hot water bottles" in which the author seeks to prove in few words that "As a simile/It is contradictory." Okay. *The Twig* is the Brown County Writers Group co-op. Its contents mostly bear on matters of interest to its members, although "Publishing Options for Writers" would be informative to anyone who seeks to publish. *Uplifting Romance* is greeted not only for this edition's offerings,

but also because Michelle Klosterman extends expectations that we can look forward to future issues. If you have not reread Michelle's "On Romance," do so. You will easily agree that while she does write much solidly good verse, at the same time she certainly can pen memorable poetry.

And more poetry and verse comes to us from Deborah Zeigler, in an attractive 20-page booklet entitled *Starting Over* (printed by Bill Boys). It is filled with shades of insights. For an excellent overview, we refer you to the observations of Dr. Arnold Silver on the back cover. But we must make a few comments. First, we note that Mrs. Zeigler has found that "new beginnings have always needed a community to birth them." Second, we wonder whether she realizes in "The Block" that she has neatly made the distinction between what is verse and what is poetry: "Sometimes/A lump of coal rolls off my pen /It could light a fire but not/Blaze a path across my page." Verses light fires. But poems "blaze a path" that can be revisited and new experiences discovered. In choosing our favorite selection, we can easily move to "Still Dark Outside" in which the poet's careful observation unfolds a view of approaching dawn, reminiscent of Shakespeare's morning scene in *Hamlet* ("But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad . . .").

We hope that Deborah Zeigler will continue favoring us with her thoughts throughout the coming year, much as we hope that other writers such as Carla Stephenson and Kent Clair Chamberlain continue to entertain us. Carla who publishes her work under the title *Cultured Interest*, has given us but one issue this year. We suspect that is due to the fact that she has recently moved and no doubt has been busy shifting boxes in trying to organize her new space. Anyway, in the January number she presents some jolly stuff including a groaner: "A man walked on a pilgrimage/In the end, he had a holy sole." We see more of Kent, not only

through his own publication – also just one issue this year – but more regularly by way of Marc Brosey’s *Manuscript Monthly*. Kent is fun to read, although sometimes a little difficult to follow. But it is worth the effort for the occasional gem; maybe “July Fourth Right” can serve as an example.

We applaud Marc for providing the space for Kent and anyone else who would care to send copy to our Manuscript Bureau-Mailing Manager. In his monthly journal we note pieces by Marc himself and do appreciate the bundle listings, as we are certain does our Historian. So, Marc -- suddenly springing fresh as new grass -- already is rendering service to NAPA beyond what one would expect so soon. His activities nearly match those of spouse Alice (well, she is a chip off the Warner block, after all), giving us promise that the old NAPA is headed into a vibrant future. As NAPA president, Alice Brosey has not been too busy to continue with her publications consisting not only of such business and promotional pieces such as *Convention Corner* (Feb.), *Convention Alert!* (June), and *Official Announcement* (July), but more significantly of intimate tributes to Bill Boys in *National Ambroseya* No. 4 (Feb.) and Grandfather Jake Warner in *National Ambroseya* No. 5 (March).

That brings up the subject of grandmothers, and among them we first pay our respects to Leah Warner, who very soon after following Jake and son Dave into the NAPA fold became a hard-working servant to the cause, including president. A lasting legacy, without doubt, will be *The Rosewood Rambler*; and she has given us two issues this year. April’s number recounts her convention plate collection. At Parkersburg we had the privilege of sitting with the Warners when convention chairman Harold Shive presented to Leah a commemorative plate made just for her by the Fenton Glass works. Leah responded, but it was with difficulty. We just assume that granddaughter Alice and hus-

band Marc contrived to find a suitable plate at Nashville. She doesn’t tell us in her October RR, but does relate her efforts to “go home again.” We understand that dogged determination and a visit to the internet brought everything around. Her following essay “How Do We Name Babies?” broaches the subject of the present generation’s fads, and we wonder with her how a child as he/she grows older will manage to live with some of the appellations parents thought were cute at the time. Recently a young mother named her daughter “Nevaeh.” We just hope that she has a nice middle name to fall back on, like, say, “Leah.”

Or “Martha” – we’re thinking of Martha Babcock Abell, of course, another of our proud grandmothers, the objects of her affection appearing in many of her issues of *Marti’s Mouser*. Marti has acquired a natural conversational style, comfortably drawing the interest of her readers, be she discussing her children and grandchildren, relating details of her travels and activities with husband Guy, or covering ajay matters. This welcome salutation has been coming to us monthly, and we have always felt rewarded for the time we spend with Marti.

We were pleased to be rewarded with something from Charles Hoyer who in this issue of *The Bay Stater* (Sept.) sends a Happy 75th Birthday greeting to AAPA. We imagine that Lee Hawes, a 1942 veteran, shakes his head in almost disbelief that time has passed so quickly, if not always so peacefully. Forgive us, Charlie, if recall has rusted, but we seem to remember an account you wrote about you and Harold Segal working in the same shop. At the time you two were both ajays, but neither of you were aware of it. If true, maybe in a future *Bay Stater* you would care to recount the memory.

More remembrances comes to us in Sonya David’s *Recollections & Ruminations* Number 7 (Feb.) “Memories of V-Mail”

takes us back to those unsettled days many years ago when the home folks waited for the mail carrier to bring them news – hopefully good – from their military loved ones. Now, as Sonya points out, most correspondence is through e-mail and Skype. “It’s just not the same world.” Anyway, for a look into the future (we hope not), Sonya offers us a horror story by cousin Steve Anderson, “It’s Under the Bed.” Maybe this will be the way the world will end: “Not with a bang but a”

Speaking of endings, Bill Boys in *Curvatus in Se* No. 2 (Sept.) broaches a playful issue: Are we becoming a half-NAPA in view of the fact that our presence west of the Mississippi is dwindling? Well, in 1876, how many of our organizing members were Westerners? Anyway, the game isn’t over yet. The West might one day “rise again.” In any case, the question allows Bill to indulge in his pet pastime of compiling statistics.

In the meantime, if it’s stories, information, or good old punny stuff you are searching for, go no further than *impressions by hal*. Want to know about the rally hat? Invention of the kazoo? Development of the Internet (well, one version, anyway)? Read all about it in Harold Shive’s enlightening journal. Also, enjoy some good verse and poetry by Jean Calkins and philosophical observations and verse by Merle Beckwith – see especially “Merle’s Pearls” and “Christmas Story” (#106, Dec.). If Ms Calkins were a member, we certainly would enter “When Iris Bloom” (#100, June) for a poet laureate award.

The Kitchenette Number 2 (March) nominated Harold Shive’s work for both Editorial and Miscellaneous laureates, and we were pleased that Harold was awarded Honorable Mention in Editorial Comment.

Another Harold – Harold Cheney, publisher of *Mambrino’s Golden Helmet* and – in between -- *In-Between*, garnered several Laureates, in Fiction, Editorial Comment, and Art. Quite a sweep. But, how could he miss;

Harold’s publications come to us jammed with Laureate material. Take what you will: “Cat of the Shadowed Eye,” which demonstrates his highly imaginative story-telling talents (Will Jack manage to elude Spyder and thwart the plans of Lord Smuggley?); Observations and essays such as “Privatization – Always the Answer?” (We can count on one finger the number of occasions when USPS failed to deliver); and his tenacity illustrated by his tangled tale of sorting, scanning, and arranging all those images from old slides in “Twenty-First Century Slide Shows” (We would’ve let them sit and gather mold). Also, fascinating are his recounting of book reviews, especially of older books which he finds mentioned in the early 20th-century book review sections of the *New York Times*. Even with the help of the Gutenberg Project, Amazon and the Kindle, and the magical internet, we gasp at his inexhaustible energy, especially when we also become aware of his other interests, no less intriguing than his new weed wrench. Yes, Hal, the illustration of it does remind one of an alpenhorn. Incidentally, 82 year-old Hal Cheney is a past Official Editor (Vol. 129); going-on-82 year-old Hal Shive is our present OE, and plans to step down after his June issue. How about another go-around, Hal, or Hal? Well, it’s all in the attitude as we are reminded by Marc McComas in the quote from Dr. Charles Swindoll in *Tin Snips* No. 6 (Feb.). So, we’ll hope for an adjustment of attitude by one Hal or the other.

Ken Faig, in *Occasional Essays* #3 (Dec.), makes the careful point that the prevailing attitude toward health providers must be redirected to health providing, i.e., searching for the “financial schema which assures that necessary health services are efficiently delivered and that just prices are paid to the providers.” And he questions whether we should leave it to the politician to try to remedy the dilemma “with one set of government-determined care standards?” We

are gratified that Ken argues for an alternative plan.

This seems an appropriate moment – if there could be one -- to spend our final visit with Fred Liddle via his *National Calamity* No. 122 (March). “This n’ That” examines *Marti’s Mouser*, *In Between*, *Pennant Bravo*, *Box-wooder*, and Harold Shive. Short, swift, concise – his style. It goes without saying that no journal of Fred’s would have been Fred’s without the swipe file, and we are grateful to find the old familiar groaners in his final salute.

We miss Fred, not just for his journals, of course, but most for the pleasure of his company. Likewise have we mourned the passing of Bill Groveman. *Lamplighter* 27 (Oct.) recalls a personal encounter with Bill in “Only Yesterday: William H. Groveman.” It is unfortunate, though that the publisher resorted to such a small typeface which, through aging eyes, makes for tedious reading.

Therefore, we hesitate commenting on the tiny typeface of the “Correspondence” section of James N. Dawson’s *D.I.Y Printer Wannabe* No. 2 (Feb.). We had to take the magnifying glass to it, and were richly rewarded for having done so. Jim Hedges gives Mr. Dawson instruction on metal and computer point sizes. Mr. Dawson’s reply is also informative. In it he asks whether the assertion that the early ajay presses were “the desktop publishing of the day,” was a literal or a figurative remark. Well, taken along with the other methods of reproduction at the time, we would say that it is literally accurate. Before we leave James, we want to commend him for his journal and book reviews, especially his “Mailing Comments,” and urge him to continue this activity in future issues of his fine journal.

Hardly a more welcome journal can be found in our bundles than *Vis-it-or*, both for its printing excellence and its intriguing contents. Proof is found with *Vis-it- or* No. 19 in

which creator Jack Visser revisits the history and significance of the printer’s mark. He concludes his essay with the deep-searching poem “Heaven’s Mark”: “If this world/bears the imprint/of Heaven--/where to find the Printer’s mark?/how to name the Press?”

Interestingly, Visit N0. 20 leads us to printers’ *signs*, namely his own “Printers Alley” sign hanging at the entrance of his letterpress shop. From there we find ourselves in Printers Alley in Nashville TN where delegates to the 2011 NAPA convention gathered on one occasion to relish the work of the Hatch Show Print museum. Reflecting on the passing of so much of our print, leads Jack to inquire “Could NAPA come to stand for Never Again Printers Alley?” His ferocious answer is “No! . . . Hobby printers will continue to press type on paper.” But, Gary Bossler in *Ohio Views* No. 31 for November, after discussing progress in seeking sites for the upcoming AAPA-NAPA dual convention in Dayton, finishes his journal with a speculation of the future beyond “We need to start thinking more in terms of using the technology that is before us.” The future may even include an “electronic bundle.” The possibilities are jarring to us who understand the world of amateur journalism only in terms of paper journals. But times, they are a’changing. Can we? Well, this question and others will be open for discussion at Dayton’s dual convention in 2012. In the meantime, in the upcoming months we will have a raft of quality print-on-paper journals for us to enjoy and comment on. Stick around!

■ Guy Miller

Whatever you do will be insignificant, but it is very important that you do it.

--Mahatma Ghandi



Stanley Oliner

Life member Stanley Oliner of Denver, Colorado passed away on January 15, 2012. He is survived by a sister, Bess Oliner, and daughters, Fern, Michelle and Stephanie, grand children, Jacque, Ari and Paul.

A member for 57 years and an Ex-President (1968-69). Stan was curator of books and manuscripts at the Colorado Historical Society. At present was serving as our Association's Librarian, a fitting role as he was a professionally trained librarian. In that capacity he has most recently been cataloging the large Daniel Graham collection of amateur journals, which includes the Sheldon and Helen Wesson collection of amateur journals, which were jointly purchased through contributions of NAPA, the American Amateur Press Association, and The Fossils. Stan presently was serving member of the Fossils Board.

Thanks to Tom Parsons for his efforts in securing the Daniel Graham/Wesson collection from Stan's home. It was indeed a thankless endeavor and is greatly appreciated.

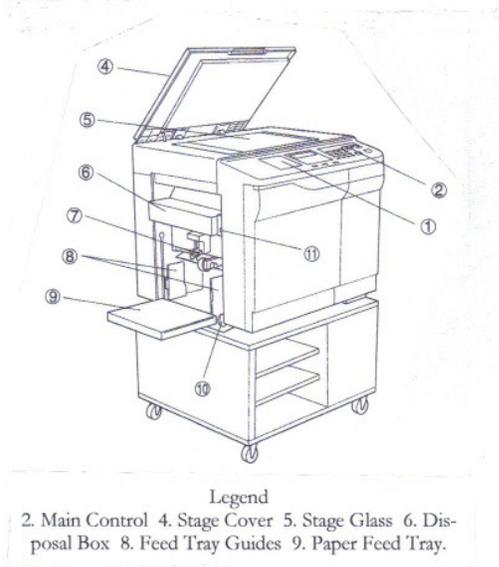
In 2010 Stan was honored by The Fossils, Inc., with the Gold Composing Stick Award, in special recognition of outstanding merit in service to amateur journalism, an

award begun in 1935, and an award not given frequently.

He will be greatly missed.

How I print. . .

Harold's Olde Printery began very early in the 1990s, at which time it included a small offset press, a 10x15 & 12x18 Chandler and Price, plus a multitude of bindery equipment and a Risograph(Rsio).

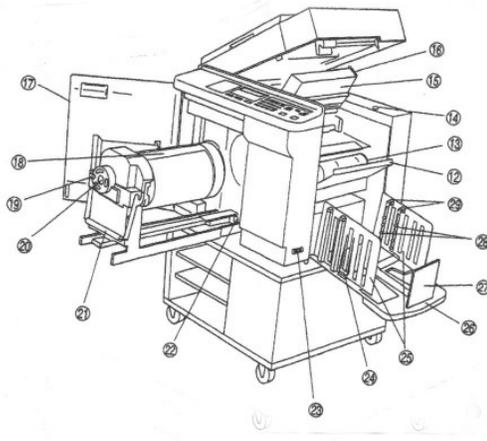


Since April 2011 all that letterpress equipment is gone, with the exception of my cutter and paper drill. I still have (2) Riso's which I depend on for all my printing. What is a Risograph you ask? You will have to visualize the old mimeograph machine with which you had to use a typewriter to make a stencil and then place it on this machine which treated with ink would produce a printed copy.

The Riso is built on the same premise. A stencil, or a master as it is called is created electronically, and then placed on a cylinder which contains a cartridge of ink. Unlike the present day copier the Riso uses real ink.

The Model 3770 I have has a glass top similar to a copier and you copy is placed face down and you simply press the make master button and within two minutes you are up and running. A computer interface is available for this machine but a bit pricey for my pocketbook, although it would be nice to just type copy on your computer and then send it the Riso.

Printing area on the Model 3770 and the other Riso is have Model TR 1510 is 11 x 17 inches, and you have 200 masters on a roll. Ink cartridge use is determined by the amount of coverage on you copy. The big difference between the Model 3770 and the TR1510 is the 1510 does not have a glad table for copy, but is a gravity feed. This has some disadvantages, but still accomplishes most everything that the 3770 does.



Legend
 13. Master Roll 15. Master Electronic scanner 18. Print Cylinder 19. Ink Cartridge 24. Receiving paper tray

These machines will also print color, although it is a bit expensive. You need a different color cylinder for each color. On the TR 1510 I have two cylinders, one green and one black. The GR 3770 I have five cylinders, one black, two blue, one green, and one red. One blue cylinder is an economy cylinder it limited to an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet. A real plus, especially when I print my journal. At 7 x 10 it only requires two small masters

instead of two large ones. I purchased my extra ink cylinder on e-bay for a fraction of what they cost new.

Riso has not gone out of business, but it is very difficult to get parts, as the parent Company no longer offers parts of any kind. There is a dealer in nearby Parkersburg, that still has a few in supply, but they are gone he will no longer offer them as well.

When the Riso first hit the market in the late 80s and the early 90s, they were quite popular for schools, as they offered quick results with very little experience required. Most anyone could operate it without assistance. I recently talked to the service man in Parkersburg, and he indicated that he still services quite a few machines in his area.

The machine is quite heavily built and needs very little maintenance. I recently talked to fellow in Ohio who said he had 4 GR 3770 Riso's, and one had over 4,000,000 impressions. My GR3770 has 1,065,900, and the TR 1510 is barely broken in with 825,000 impressions.

The only real drawback I can think of is that the machine is not designed to register for color work. Spot color is fine, but trying to register is theoretically impossible. You could do it if you wanted to waste a lot of paper.

I'm not advocating that you run out a buy one of these machines, as I am not a salesman for Riso, but a brand new this machine will cost you as much as base priced KIA. I purchased the GR 3770 used for a very low price. The TR 1510 was a freebee as the local Chamber of Commerce wanted to let it go rather than have it repaired. I have only had one service call on the TR 1510 and only two calls on the GR 3770 in the past 10 years. It is a very reliable printer and I firmly believe that if Riso could have kept the purchase price down, there would have been many more sold.

Harold's Olde Printery
 The Editor

Historian's Report

Gary Bossler

November 2011 Bundle 7 items
Boxwooder, The, #508, Nov 2011, 5x7, 8pp + cov, Jake Warner
In-Between, Vol 5, #4, Nov 2011, 8½x5½, 2pp, Harold Cheney
impressions by bal..., #105, Nov 2011, 4pp, Harold Shive
Manuscript Monthly, Nov 2011, 5x7½, 4pp + cov, Marc Brosey
Marti's Mouser, #88, Nov 2011, 8½x11, 2pp, Martha Babcock Abell
Ohio Views, #31, Nov 2011, 4pp, 4¼x7, Gary Bossler
Six Mile Press, Nov 2011, 5½x8½, 2pp, Stephen Powell

December 2011 Bundle 11 items
Boxwooder, The, #509, Dec 2011, 5x7, 8pp + cov, Jake Warner
Christmas Card, Dec 2011, 4x9, 2pp, Bill Justice
impressions by bal..., #106, Dec 2011, 4pp, Harold Shive
Kitchen Stove, The, Dec 2011, 110th Heating, 5x7, 2pp, Louise Lincoln
Mail Train to Melvin Station, Yuletide 2011, #3, 5½x8½, 4pp, Frederick Moe
Mambrino's Golden Helmet, Whole # 46, Dec 2011/Jan 2012, 5½x8½, 16pp, Harold Cheney
Manuscript Monthly, Dec 2011, 5x7½, 4pp + cov, Marc Brosey
Marti's Mouser, #89, Dec 2011, 8½x11, 2pp, Martha Babcock Abell
Occasional Essay, #3, Dec 2011, 8½x11, 2pp, Ken Faig, Jr
Pennant Bravo, Dec 2011, 4¼x7, 40pp+cov, Bill Boys
Six Mile Press, Dec 2011, 5½x8½, 4pp, Stephen T. Powell

January 2011 Bundle 8 items
Boxwooder, The, #510, Jan 2012, 5x7, 8pp +

cov, Jake Warner
impressions by bal..., #107, Jan 2012, 4pp, Harold Shive
In-Between, Vol 5, #5, Jan 2012, 8½x5½, 2pp, Harold Cheney
Manuscript Monthly, Jan 2012, 5x7½, 8pp + cov, Marc Brosey
Marti's Mouser, #90, Jan 2012, 8½x11, 2pp, Martha Babcock Abell
Obkee-Doekee, #58, 2012, 4¼x5½, 4pp, Dave Swartz
Pennant Bravo, Jan 2012, 4¼x7, 16pp+cov, Bill Boys
Six Mile Press, Jan 2012, 5½x8½, 4pp, Stephen T. Powell

For the Fun of It

The founding fathers of our fraternity were wise in the selection of its name. You will note that they did not call it **The National Amateur Literary Society**. That would have condemned us to the production of “books and written compositions of the kind valued for form and style,” which is the classic definition of ‘literature’ according to Oxford, and might very well have sunk us without a trace during the first decade of our existence. Nor did they call it **The National Amateur Writers’ Guild**, limiting us to scribbling of one kind or another, and relegating to limbo all our readers, lusty printers, politicians, and social butterflies.

They baptized us **The National Amateur Press**, and thus let out all the seams, giving us plenty of room to grow and stretch in.

I’ve always been rather glad of that and proud of our founding fathers for their intelligence and foresight. They apparently had as good sense in some ways as the founding father of our republic. (And incidentally, please note that that word REPUBLIC. Remember it, along with Pearl Harbor, whenever you would talk of democracy. It is not the same thing, by a long shot.)

The founding fathers, to get back to them,

The National Amateur

had no grand illusions about themselves or their posterity. They did not expect any great shakes in the membership, then or ever. No “mute, inglorious Miltons,” no embryo Shakespeares, not big shots. Just a lot of dubs who’d like to putter around with pen and ink and type, putting ideas to paper, printing the same, exchanging random thoughts with other dubs and annually get around knowing a few of each other. No harm in it. Just for the fun.

In the nearly seventy years of our existence there are many who have made their living by writing, editing, reporting, and publishing. None of them became Hemingways, Luces, Peglars or Wallaces; (**Reader’ Digest**, to you.) but many of them did rather well for themselves and to-day enjoy haciendas in Florida or mansions in the sky, their relatives well-fixed and not particularly worried about their income taxes. But how many have laid all that they are, or ever hoped to be, to amateur journalism? Not many. Most of them won’t even come around to local conventions to-day for fear they’ll be recognized to the detriment of their professional standing.

Most of them had nothing but fun out of our hobby. Fun, and the camaraderie of others like themselves. And I’m willing to bet there is not a baker’s dozen among us to-day who, when they become famous, if they do, will act any different.

Why, then, should the busy critic labor everlastingly to make genius out of the genus? He will accomplish his end. Amateur journalists will remain **amateur journalists** to the end of the chapter. They will go on, year after year, producing papers full of miscellaneous writings, all sorts of printing, and enjoy each other socially as much or as little as they will, and the critics be damned.

So, any member of that august body should really set out with his tongue in his cheek. He should not look for literature in amateur journalism. If by some accident he

finds literature, he might as well chew on it by himself, like a dog with a rare bone. No one will take it away. No one will be the wiser. But all the rest, residue, and remainder of his findings should be spoken of lightly, advisedly, and in the fear of God, or else he will have the pack on his neck.

To-day in amateur journalism and out of it, every one is practically literate. Every one can read in the number of minutes flat prescribed by the popular magazines; and write according to the forms (I think technically they are called plottos) designed by the widest known professional schools of writing. With a few dollars a boy can buy a press and learn to print, or he can cut stencils and mimeograph. There is simply nothing to stop him. And, given ideas, a he is constantly, by radio, screen, and the government, there is really no limit to his possible attainments. He can go almost anywhere—and does. With absolutely no more training than he can get in amateur journalism he may rival any number of writers making money by his pen, or his wits, or the skin of his teeth. And he does not need criticism. All he needs is to be shown how to do it. And he does it. The critics again be damned.

There is scarcely a member of the NAPA to-day who will not agree with me that some of our amateur journalists are as good as some professionals. Personally, I’d rather read Burton Crane than Henry Morgenthau on finance; I’d rather listen to Vincent Haggery than Jack Benny. Ernest Edkins can hold me longer than H. V. Kalenborn on any subject. But what is the use of telling these fellows how to improve their shining hours so that when the worthies who are not sitting pretty are dethroned **they** can step into their britches? They just don’t care.

They are in this thing for the fun of it; not for anything we can do for them or make out of them. Believe me. And this goes for all the rest of us, too.

We are in amateur journalism for the fund

of it and, the world being what it is, this sort of spirit should be encouraged. As I said in the beginning, we were not intended to be world-beaters. We were intended just to amuse ourselves and each other. And so long as we can do that we have no need of arsenals, guns or forts.

**Edna Hyde McDonald,
Chairman, Bureau of Critics**

This article appeared in The Nation Amateur for March 1942

**Albert Lee
Oct 1923-Nov 2011**

Albert Lee joined NAPA in 1941. He became a life member in 1955. According to our records, activity in NAPA was not very extensive but he was an ex-president of the Amateur Printing Club from October 1942 to February 1944. His term was interrupted by his service in the Army following the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

Interment was at Calverton National Cemetery in Suffolk County, New York.

Looking Back. . .

Pianist to President

A reprint from September 1947 NA

Sesta T. Matheison (Mrs. Clele L. Matheison), the new president of NAPA, was born Sesta Tuttle, in Sand Creek, Mich., *more than* 21 years ago. Since that eventful day she has had an interesting and at times, hectic, life.

At the tender age of 14 she secured her first “job” playing piano in a silent movie—at 50¢ per evening! Shades of Bronko Billie! Later she worked as a “printers devil” in a small print shop, distributing type and pumping and feeding a press after school nights and Saturdays. After high school, she

attended and graduated from Cleary Business College—then followed a year as secretary to Dr. Hugh Cabot, Director of Medicine at the University of Michigan. After that she took another position as assistant teller in the First National Bank, Detroit. The following two years were spent in Asheville, N.C., where she wrote feature stories and reported for The Asheville Citizen. It was while there that she received an application blank for membership in NAPA sent by Dorothy Hall who undoubtedly had read of her association with the Citizen through newspaper accounts in Michigan.

Later Sesta returned to Michigan from Asheville and took a course in journalism at Adrian Collage. While there served as correspondent for The Detroit News. Believing journalism had “spice” but not highly remunerative she attended and graduated from the Michigan State Normal College with a Life Certificate. Then married Clele L. Matheison and taught in high school for two years. Went back to the University of Michigan and graduated with a B. S. degree, majoring in Art and English. Held the position of Supervisor of Adult Education at the U. of M. Hospital School and, at the same time, taught evening classes in commercial subjects at Ann Arbor High School.

Sesta then went to Lindsborg, Kansas, with Mr. Matheison when he accepted a position as assistant professor in Lindsborg College. While there she took up the hobby of jewelrycraft and studied oil painting under Dr. Birger Sandzen. She traveled extensively in the West and Mexico, having been in practically all of the states of the Union.

Returning to Michigan in 1942 she took a position in the Detroit Signal Laboratory of the Signal Corps, remaining there until the end of the war when the Laboratory was deactivated. While there had supervision of 200 clerical employees for correct correspondence procedure, supervised the Mail and Records Department, had sole respon-

sibility for safeguarding the keys to vaults containing secret War Department documents retained in the Laboratory giving details of secret equipment and acted as a liaison representative between the Director of the Laboratory and the Signal Corps Headquarters at Ft. Monmouth, making trips there when necessary to expedite action. For the past two years has been with Harry Ferguson, Inc., as supervisor of the Reproduction and Stenographic Department.

Hobbies in addition to amateur journalism and jewelrycraft, include gardening. Organized the Pittsford Garden Club and has exhibited and acted as judge at various flower shows.

"Flying competes with a joy as my first love," says Sesta. "Had it in my blood from the time I first heard the sound of a motor. First got my hands on the controls in 1935 and soloed in 1936—one of the first girls in Michigan to do so and an occasion so newsworthy at that time a reporter was sent from Toledo to get an interview. Those were the days when a pilot could do tailspins, loops, etc., before making landings without getting in Dutch with the aviation authorities—and the days of barnstorming. During the war, I enlisted and served in the Civil Air Patrol. For two years, I was Contributing Editor of *The Pilot*, and aviation magazine published in Glendale, Calif."

Art is another of Sesta's hobbies. While at the University of Michigan she was one of ten selected to study sculpture under Avard Fairbanks, and worked with him for two years, and exhibited both sculpture and oils in various art exhibits.

Our new president's AJ record is known to most everyone. To those who are hazy about it, we refer you to Ralph Babcock's *Weaker Moments*, No. 20, June 1947.

I may look up Ralph's No. 20, and cover Sesta's record in the NAPA and publish at a later date.

Meeting The Trains

Essay Laureate 1944

By George H. Freitag

Sometimes I go to bed only to lie there thinking of the distant cities in the world. My wife will say, "Are you asleep?" No, "I am in Pittsburgh," or "I am in Fort Wayne, or, "I am in New York." My wife will be quiet for a while, and then she will say, "It seems to me I would go to cities farther from your own since you are free to go anywhere lying there."

What she said made me wonder why I do not go far away. Pittsburgh is only 100 miles away. New York is not over 600 miles. I have never gone in my imagination to Paris or San Francisco. I have never talked to anyone who was from the city of San Francisco. I got a letter one time from William Saroyan who at that time lived in San Francisco.

But in my bed at night, I go down to my railroad station and meet the trains. I meet them until, at last, I am asleep, and then I dream of the distances and can hear the clatter of the train wheels upon the tracks and smell the smoke. I think it is a form of wander lust. I am sometimes glad, for the sake of my family, that I do not travel this way during the day.

It was yesterday morning, around three, that I lay in bed and traveled to Pittsburgh, again. It was winter in my imagination. I had got off the train, in Pittsburgh, and walked about, freezing in the streets. I was hungry and alone in Pittsburgh this time. I had no friend and there was no place for me to go. I had to stop thinking about being in Pittsburgh, it was that cold. I got out of bed and dressed. I put on my purple tie, my brand new shoes and walked outside. It was very still and very dark and my street was without traffic. All the houses, everywhere in the neighborhood were darkened, the people in them asleep. I began to walk and it was like

walking amid the tombstones of a graveyard, the houses standing like ancient ghosts against the night sky, the trees pregnant with leaves, it being mid summer, standing like old soldiers who are tired.

I went down to the railroad station, this time not in my mind. I sat down in the cool emptiness of the room, the walls white-tiled and the concrete floor smelling of soap and water. I sat for a while in the room's bigness, feeling the anticipation of travel, and then I got up and asked the man at the ticket window when a train was due and he said not until mid-morning, not until nine. I went outside and stood in the tracks and looked both ways.

A woman was coming down the tracks smoking a cigarette and she come up to me. "Want to come home with me?" she said. "Come home in my bed? I'll feed you bacon and eggs. You can have half my bed. You can sit at my dresser and tie your ties. Want to come home?" The girl was half-beautiful, half hard. Her voice was like the purring of a very old cat asleep under a stove and having bad dreams.

"Where do you live?" I said to the woman, and when she said Melrose Court I called her a liar, because in my town there was no Melrose Court but then I discovered that I was not in my town; I was in a town east of mine, a small place, a dead, hurt place beside the tracks, a town closer to Pittsburgh than my town. I had been walking the tracks in the night.

Vice President's Message

Jim reports that he has followed the constitution to the letter, and is up-to-date with welcome letters, with nothing further to report at this time. Hope to see you at the convention.

Respectively submitted
Jim Hedges

From the Editor. . .

I would like to thank our newly appointed critic for his first presentation to the NA. Not only was he not asked for nor did anyone ever dream that he would submit a report for the entire year of 2011. This was above and beyond the call of duty and was greatly appreciated. Thank you Guy.

It's not too soon to be thinking about the upcoming annual convention. As you know it will again be a joint effort with the AAPA joining our group in Dayton. Plans are in the process of being finalized to insure that there will be something for everyone to make the affair one to remember.

One only has to contact the Courtyard Marriott - University of Dayton to make reservations on July 26th through the 28th, by calling either 1-800-321-2211 or 937-242-4002. Be sure to ask for NAPA-AAPA group rate, to insure you receive the club discounted room rate.

I would be remiss if I had not noticed the slow but steady decline in the membership. The past month of February is again what has brought it to my attention. There were two members dropped, three resignations, and three deaths reported. Eight members lost in one month is high, but the fact remains that it is a cause for concern. The subject has been discussed at past conventions in great detail. Many suggestions have been made and tried without a great deal of success.

The deadline (Mar 15) for entries for laureate awards is fast approaching. Anyone who still hasn't sent those entries to the Recorder should do so post haste. Entries should be mailed to Martha Abel 390 Pleasant St. Rome. PA. 18837-9431.

The Editor
Harold L. Shive

Robert (Bob) L. Orbach

Ex-President and life member Bob Orbach (1991-1992) passed away February 18, 2012. A lifelong resident of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma had for four decades published his journal, *The Flexible Voice*. He was 91 years old.

A graduate of the University of Oklahoma in 1942, and later served in WWII as a Lieutenant in the Army. Bob published a book in 2003 entitled . . . *Not all Hell* which depicted 265 days in under General George Patton's Third Army and all proceeds from this book were donated to WWII memorial planned for the Mall in Washington, DC.

An independent entrepreneur and sole owner of a group of fine apparel stores in Colorado and Oklahoma until his retirement in 1990.

His avid interest in letterpress printing led to his being invited to lecture at The School of Art at the University of Oklahoma. Interest in military affairs often brought invitations to speak to groups at Tinker Air force Base and other local associations.

Bob joined the NAPA in 1980, sponsored by Dick Fleming and Joseph F. Bradburn. He will be greatly missed.

Beware the Inventor!

A man about forty-six years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant and superstitious people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice over metallic wires, so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end. He calls the instrument a "telephone", which is obviously intended to imitate the word "telegraph", and win the confidence of those who know of the suc-

cess of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based. Well-informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse Code, and that were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended this criminal are to be congratulated, and it is to be hoped that his punishment will be prompt and fitting, that it may serve as an example to other conscienceless schemers who enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow creatures.

From a Boston newspaper published 1873

Deadline for the June 2012 *National Amateur*. All officer's reports, and articles must be submitted to the Official Editor by **May 7, 2012.**

Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age. Sometimes age just shows up all by itself.



FRIENDSHIP PEAKS

How evanescent most the goals we seek:
The tawdy, tinsel tricking of a day;
The struggle fierce to wrest from hands too weak
To hold, a bauble we but cast away.

We suffer, and we strive so eagerly
To earn acclaim – and then, alas, behold!
The laurels we on other brows could see
Are turned to weeds! Just weeds that die and mold.

In breathless triumph we our hands outfling
To grasp the gold that all our dreams shall buy.
To find such dross no happiness can bring,
And see it melt like snow upon the Wye.

One guerdon only is there worth the fight;
One priceless gift man never wins in vain;
One boon that ever will his hear delight,
All else forgot, if he a friend can gain.

Then will he know the purest job profound,
Nor longer heed the warring and the strife;
His days complete when Friendship's self is crowned
Atop the verdant, deathless peaks of life.

----Alma L. Weixelbaum