

BASICS

THIS ISSUE was composed on MS Word and saved as a PDF file. There has been a bit of confusion about PCs changing fonts when printing out a PDF file. PDF files preserve the screen presentation of whatever the author creates – no matter how wild and different the chosen font is. But when a downloaded PDF file is printed on the recipient's computer, often the typeface is radically changed. *Unless one has the same fonts on the computer as the creator, it is impossible to print out a journal that looks exactly like the screen presentation, and hence the author had on his/her screen when it was composed.* This is why I generally recommend that a standard typeface be chosen – such as Times New Roman, which will guarantee that your printout will match the screen image.

REBUTTAL

MY LONG RIME friend Fred Liddle has accused me of stealing one of his aphorisms – “We live so far back in the sticks that we have to go toward town to hunt!” That is as true as the assertion there are great numbers of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. I rarely do anything original, but yes, I borrowed (stole) that quote, but not from Fred. I heard it from Carl Hurley, a southern humorist from Lexington, Kentucky. Carl was for some years a professor of education at Eastern Kentucky University in Richmond, Kentucky, the home town of two old-time AAPA printers, Irwin Brandt and Ed Tevis, appreciated special friends and mentors who were of great help to me when I first began printing. Anyway, Carl had a notoriously great sense of humor and knew how to tell a story. He was in great demand on the banquet circuit as speaker. After a few years of

increasing success as a speaker, he resigned his professorship and became a full-time humorist. His salary increased exponentially too. And incredibly, he told the funniest **clean** stories, a novelty in the foul-mouthed world of TV stand-up comics today. And his hunting joke was one of his favorite stories. He was an old country boy who coped with the omnipresent changes in life as best as he could, and yet never forgot his humble beginnings. His stories about family members are legend. I have used the story twice in my *Whippoorwill Comment*. Fred, to my knowledge, has not used it in his journals for the AAPA. It was Carl Hurley who told the story about the old Kentucky drinking game that Fred described in print once. I thought it was a great story. Carl's wife, Angela was one of my colleagues at Transylvania College. And I thought that Fred would recognize the *long rime friend* comment as having originated after I had a few glasses of my potent (infamous) home-made Mule Ass Wine. I still consider Fred a long rime friend. We need more active journalists like him, though there can never be anyone *exactly* like him. He is an original, and I know that we all love and appreciate him. I certainly do!

Whippoorwill *E-Comment* is the electronic sometime journal of J. Hill Hamon, who lives out in the sticks on back roads near Frankfort, Kentucky. Spring finally seems to have arrived here. We had snow flurries only two days ago, and some parts of western Kentucky actually got four inches of snow which melted off in a few hours. Time is nearing for me to plant my hemp. I make a bit of rope every summer. Once a few years ago while I was experimenting with papermaking, two men from the University of Kentucky School of Agriculture brought me enough hemp to pulp and dip two small sheets of handmade paper. The fibers were so incredibly strong that I burned up a Waring blender making the pulp. They wanted the sheets to exhibit at the Kentucky State Fair, held annually in Louisville. AJ has led me to many fascinating people and along such interesting paths.

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