

Author's BAZAAR

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Eight authors responded to my invitation to help replenish an empty cupboard after *Author's Bazaar* missed publishing in August and September.

In this issue you will be treated to a wide assortment of subject matter, including a report about a two-day picnic for hobby writers and printers who enjoy getting together each year at various Northwest locations. Carye Bye, the author, also drew sketches to illustrate the article.

Heartwarming stories were written by June Bassemir and Joanne Alexander.

Greg McKelvey put down his camera and shared a

tongue-in-cheek essay on how to save Uncle Sam.

Richard Rea introduced us to some of his friends who shared a miserably dry, hot summer in Arkansas.

Sheryl Nelms responded to my invitation by submitting 10 poems, including my favorite about canning tomatoes that appears in this issue. Louise Fusfeld makes a return appearance in with a poem about bananas.

And Oregon's most traveled hiker, Bill Sullivan, turned his imagination loose in creating a short story about Quadvertising.

You, too, are invited to help keep *Author's Bazaar's* cupboard filled with material to share with several hundred readers of this online hobby journal.

You can e-mail the contributors in this issue by simply clicking on the by-line, which will bring up the e-mail address and form.



AAPA *picnic sketches*

By Carye Bye

On a beautiful weekend in September, 14 people attended the regional American Amateur Press Association Writers and Printers Picnic in Astoria, Oregon, and in Chinook, Washington. I look forward to these picnics and love meeting and seeing faces again and again.

I think I've attended four picnics: two in Eugene, Oregon, one in Sweet Home, Oregon, and this one, which was held at Ron & Liz Hylton's home and print shop in the town of Chinook, which is located near an area that claims the world's longest beach: Long Beach, Washington.

The Hyltons own a funeral home in Long Beach, and he has been casting type on an Intertype machine for 45 years. You should see him operate a keyboard on that machine. Among his printing services, he prints prayers on Saint/Religious cards, which are popular among the Catholics. He prints under Chapel Printing Service. Not only is Ron



a talented printer he also made the most delicious pie with hand picked mountain blackberries.

This year's picnic took place on Sept. 22-23. The first day was spent in Astoria, the oldest settlement on the West Coast. The city has a different charm and steep hills unlike any town in Oregon. I've been coming to Astoria for years and recently started painting small watercolors.

The Astoria Column sits high on the hill over the town,



and several of the out-of-town visitors walked the 164 steps to the top. The view is always worth it. Up there you can get a good look at

the Astoria-Megler Bridge that connects Astoria to Washington. It is 4.5 miles long, which makes it the longest continuous bridge in North America.

In the evening everyone gathered at the Golden Luck Chinese Restaurant. It was my first “Charlie Bush” Chinese Dinner, which honors the memory of a long-time hobby printer and writer.

This picnic was dubbed the Oregon-Washington region-



al, but we had more people from California than Washington. Our hosts Ron and Liz Hylton live in Washington. Two couples traveled from California: Dave & Liz Tribby from Sunnyvale and Ray and Mary Jerland from Eureka. From Oregon: Dean and Lou Rea and Lee and Gary Kirk from Eugene, Jiyani and Twyla Lawson, and Ivan and I came from Portland. Some of the folks have known each other for more than 30 years. There were a few folks that hoped to come that couldn't make it, and they were missed.

It's the first time since joining the [AAPA](#) and attending picnics that I could have reported that I've contributed

something to the bundle. Thus far this year, Ivan and I have produced three letterpress printed items for the bundle under the name Wagon Wheel Press.

I hope that there will be another regional printer's picnic next year. May I suggest that we visit Coos Bay, Oregon, where you will find the excellent still "intact" newspaper printing office: the Marshfield Sun Printing Museum.

Red Bat Press

<http://www.redbatpress.com>

Hidden Portland

<http://www.hiddenportland.com>



Hello Little Bundle

By June T. Bassemir

Welcome to this place. As you open your eyes for the first time to see other sets of eyes looking down at you, do not be afraid or long for that warm place where you were. This is the world, a big place where there are people to love and guide you. Learn to do your part.

The first language you will learn is to cry. Use it wisely Use it to get food and water. Later you will learn another

language to get love and understanding. You have been given a great gift, the gift of years. There may be many or few. Let them be full. As you learn to move about on your own, you will go to school. Will you study and prove yourself? You will make your parents proud? Will you make a difference for good in this world? Will you walk down the aisle holding another's hand filled with the promises you just made, or will you walk down a different aisle content to travel on your own? Do not fritter the years away with heavy thoughts of fear, hate, envy, temptation or disappointment. If these come your way, discard them as they will only impede your progress. Do the best you can to reflect the divine Intelligence that holds the world together. Let this be expressed in shared joy, laughter, love, peace, faith, sincerity, trust and gratitude. They are yours in unlimited measure and for the taking. Enjoy this moment and every moment hereafter. The path is before you. Stay on it always, and you will find happiness.

The sun is bright. This is your first day....

Quadvertising

By William L. Sullivan

When I came home, I tossed my raincoat on the armchair and said, “Guess what? I got a job.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful!” Janell said as she gave me the biggest hug I’d had in months. It’s tough, being a freelance writer. You don’t get a paycheck just for getting up in

the morning, and selling articles is iffy in this economy.

“What kind of job?” she asked.

“In quadvertising.”

“Quadvertising?”

“Yeah, you know. I help with brand names. I don’t have to do much. I just talk.”

“You mean, on a podcast?”

“No, I just talk like quordinary. It’s quimple.”

She held me at arm’s length. “Honestly, what are you talking about?”

“Look, it’s no big deal. I just sold the rights to some of my quolysyllabic words.”

“You mean polysyllabic words? How can you do that? And who would buy them?”

“It’s a new plan by a quompany called Quirc. They’re based in Qatar. They want the world to know about their brand, so they pay queople like me to start their long words with a Q. You know I’m a fan of short words. So, for us it’s a piece of cake, and we get a check quevery month. It won’t change what I write, and that’s the main thing. This will be the queasiest job I’ve ever had.” Right away I wished I hadn’t tried



to say “easiest.” I’d yet to get the hang of quadvertising.

Janell hung up my wet raincoat. “You’re supposed to start long words with a Q? So what does that mean? Do we have to change our names to Qullivan?”

“No, names don’t count. I asked that right up front. ‘What if we go to see our friend Laurel Pearson,’ I asked. I don’t want to have to call her ‘Quarrel Queerson.’”

Janell couldn’t help but smile at the thought of our friend Laurel, who was in fact querulous and queer. It helped break the tension.

“Words that qualready have a Q in them are fine, too,” I went on. “So, my loquacity will still be unequaled. See? By requesting one full quid an hour, William Lawrence Sullivan, esquire, will lift his wife from squalor.”

Now she actually laughed. “All right, it is a little funny. And I suppose you can quit whenever you want.”

“Well,” I said with a frown, trying to locate the right words. “These jobs in quadvertising can be hard to change.”



“What do you mean?”

“It’s just — well, you know I need a crown for my back tooth?” The truth is, when you’re self-employed, it’s hard to get a health plan with dental coverage. My molar had been killing me for months.

“Yes?”

“So, it was all part of the deal. I got the crown, but it has a high-tech chip built in.” I opened my mouth and pointed out the new gold cap. The Quirc dentist had done a great job.

“A microchip! Are you telling me this thing communicates with your brain?”

“Just the speech part. I can still write on the quomputer and send out quarticles with quabsolutely no quypographical querrors.”

After enunciating that stupid sentence, we had a big fight. At first she wanted me to go back to the Quirc clinic and have the chip removed. But then we’d have to pay for the crown, and of course we didn’t have two thousand dollars lying around. As we sulked over limp, microwaved pizza, I walked her through the math on my quadvertising income. A dollar an hour



doesn't sound like much, but when you're working twenty-four hours a day, it adds up to almost nine grand a year.

By bedtime I'd won her over. My tooth felt great, and I was already learning to avoid the worst of the Q landmines — obvious things like “backing up” and “tricky job.” We even talked about taking some holiday time (which from me sounded a lot like “quality time”) for a cruise to Alaska. Janell has always dreamed about seeing Glacier Bay. The topic led straight to some of the best sex we've had in ages. We fell asleep content with the world.

In the morning I'd forgotten about the whole thing, like some bizarre dream. “What time is it? Nine? Oh shoot, I'm late for work.”

“It's Saturday, silly,” Janell said and yawned. “Let me fix breakfast. What would you like?”

“Ham and eggs would be great.”

“You got ‘em.”

We dressed in robes and slippers, shuffled into the kitchen and settled into our weekend routine. I scrolled sleepily through the morning podcasts.



“Hey look,” I said, “Quirc’s been sold.”

“Quirc?” Janell asked and paused, a shadow crossing her face.

“Yeah, that place in Qatar. It’s been bought by a group in New York. Some big tech thing, but they won’t say who.”

“Strange,” Janell said and went back to flipping eggs. “An American outfit. You think they’d want the publicity.”

“It says here they want the news to leak out. By word of mouth, you know.”

“Huh. I wonder who’s behind it?”

I shrugged. It wasn’t really my problem. “Who knows?” I thought. “Must be some huge ibmcompany with way too much ibmoney.”

William L. Sullivan (www.oregonhiking.com) is the author of the new 4th edition of “100 Hikes in the Central Oregon Cascades.” His fourth novel, “The Case of D.B. Cooper’s Parachute,” was released Oct. 1. “Quadvetrtising is from an upcoming collection of short stories that Sullivan plans release in a year or two called “The Oregon Variations.”

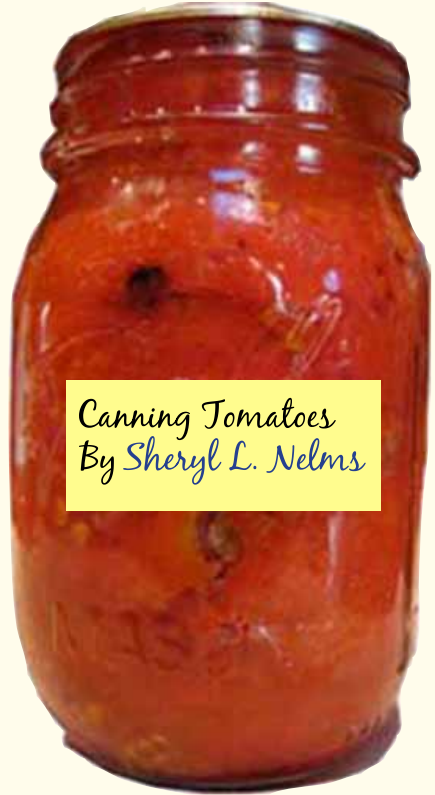


every summer

Dad bought
bushels of
ripe
tomatoes
to can

he'd boil
a big pot
of water
then dunk
them
six
at
a
time

he'd dump
that scalded fruit
into a sink
full of
cold
water
where I
would squeeze
off the
skins
and cut
out
the stem end
then Dad
would stew
the tomatoes
and pop
them
into jars
to seal
them tight
to store
on shelves
in the basement
and everything smelled like tomatoes



Canning Tomatoes
By Sheryl L. Nelms



Saving Uncle Sam

By Greg McKelvey

Several years ago I received an e-mail message from a lawyer who said he represented a relative I did not know existed. Seems the relative was a rich but reclusive man with no family.

The diligent executor, who was charged with looking after the sizable estate of my relative, somehow found me.

Apparently my relative, who lived in England, had left more than 10 million pounds for me to claim. All I had to do was follow these simple instructions:

“We wish to inform you that the board of trustees and management of Barclay’s Bank International Plc London has finalized and have being given an Immediate transfer approval order by the British Ministry of Finance in conjunction with the United Nations and Executive members of Bank of England, following with the instructions we received from Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth, the Queen of England, to transfer your overdue Inheritance fund to you, the approved sum of US\$ 10.700,000,00 (Ten Million Seven Hundred Thousand United States Dollars) also be informed that we are prepared to give you the best of services in this Honourable Bank with a guarantee that your Approved Fund will be wired into your nominated Bank.”

A week later a woman from Ghana contacted me on behalf of her recently deceased husband. She was looking for help in distributing \$4.5 million to charities in the United State. I would receive 24 percent of the figure if I were to lend my assistance.

I began to receive about three of these offers a week, which soon added up to just under \$2 billion in funds, in-

heritances, credit card payments and gifts.

Recently I chatted with several friends and learned, much to my surprise, that they, too, had received similar offers. I began thinking that as a red-blooded tax-paying, voting American, this could be a real windfall for Uncle Sam that does not yet figure into our national economy.

We could, for example, make a great contribution if 150 million people were to donate such windfalls to Uncle Sam with the stipulation that the money be deposited in an endowment fund and that contributors would determine how the money is spent.

Granted, an Uncle Sam Endowment Fund might not solve all of the country's financial problems, but it would be a great help and would give citizens an opportunity to determine how and where this money is spent.

It's an opportunity we dare not ignore. Remember that a few billion here and a few billion there eventually would add up to some "real" money.

Wow, this is an opportunity we can't ignore.

Starting tomorrow, with tongue in cheek, I have decided to begin transferring money from each of the unsolicited offers I receive to the Save Uncle Sam Endowment Fund.

Hope you will, too.

The Dog Who Cries Wolf

By Joanne Alexander

Maggie is a dog, a black-and-white terrier with short legs and a cute face. She looks kind of like Benji, but when she barks, she sounds like a huge, mean dog. She thinks it is her job to guard the house. And our yard. And the cul-de-sac we live on.

She lets us know when the mail truck is coming or any vehicle passes by. She lets us know when the next-door neighbor is in her driveway. She even lets us know when a cat is passing by. All with alarmed barking and growling. She'll even growl in her sleep when there is a noise outside. Guests who ring our doorbell hear ferocious deep-growling and barking on the other side of the door.

But when the little bulldog from down the street comes by, she changes her tune to an urgent sound that varies



between whining, growling and little barks. It's almost as if she is saying, "Quick let me out before he gets away."

Occasionally when we are sitting on the sofa, she will bark like she hears something but nothing is there. Then she comes over to the sofa and looks at us as if to say, "Don't I deserve to be rewarded by sitting on the sofa with you?" This has started to happen fairly often so we say, "Quit woofing us, Maggie."

We are trying to convince her she doesn't have to bark in order to join us on the sofa. It's the same as convincing her that we can hear the doorbell. She won't have any of it. She is a guard dog. Actually, it would be more accurate to say that she is an alarm dog, false alarms included.

bananas

By Louise Fusfeld

rapidly browning bananas
 rapidly browning bananas
 staring at me
 staring at me

one looks just like my shrink
 at least i think
 at least i think

should i make
 should i make
 a shake

a shake?

banana bread
 swarms through my head

oh, no, i rhymed
 this poem's a porker
 it'll never be printed
 in the new yorker

oh, damn, i did it again
 and i used punctuation
 im so behind the art of this nation

at least i swore
 at least i swore

bad bananas
 bad bananas
 inorganic
 make me panic
 agribiz, nothing pleasant
 killing peasants
 killing peasants

if these banans could only talk
 or even whisper
 of jungle days
 and spiders crawling
 if they could stop the suburbs sprawling...

bananas are a source of stress
 i must breathe deeply
 must breathe deeply
 maybe turn meatatarianess

what's that you say?

eat me, seymour!
 eat me, seymour!

New friends

By Richard G. Rea

In mid-September a large portion of the country was experiencing drought conditions. Local, regional and national news media, at one time or another, reported what effect this drought has, and will have, on our lives.

Here, in northwest Arkansas, we have experienced one of the most severe droughts in years. May, usually a wet month, produced little or no rain, and for four months temperatures ranged from 90 to 100 plus during the day and seldom below 70 at night.

I can vaguely remember living in Kansas during the 1930s and reading “Grapes of Wrath.” It has not been quite that bad in Arkansas — yet.

National weather experts, with modern high-tech equipment, explained the highs, lows and “jet streams” and told us it was going to be hot and dry. Duh, yeah. This was not

news to any conscious and sober person. Just walk outside or watch the grass, vegetable gardens, flowers and trees die.

I mention these conditions because this weather causes us to change our plans or to restrict our “normal” lives. Little or no news has been reported locally about the effect this has on wildlife.

I live in a neighborhood four short blocks from the University of Arkansas campus with normal active vehicle and foot traffic. One would not think a large number of wildlife would be present in such surroundings. That is not the case, however. I am amazed at my varied visitors. Let me introduce you to some.



And, of course, these hungry and thirsty visitors are only those I happened to see. The skunk, red fox and other creatures are night visitors. The tracks of turtles and reptiles are in the vicinity.

The weather is in the process of changing. Cool rains and cooler days and nights have invaded our area of the country but guess what — feathered visitors are still flocking to the shrubs for their daily bath when I turn on the yard sprinkler. I like to think their happy songs are saying “thank you” for another cool shower. I also note a “grumpy” huff from non-feather invaders. I take all this to mean, we are surviving together.

We should never forget the small wonders that surround us in this “modern technological world.” I know I will not, and I, for one, am thankful we have little control of the weather. As I was reminded this summer, we are not alone in the good times nor during the occasional times of trouble.

Note: As reported in the *Arkansas Democrat Gazette*, dated 9/14/2012, the National Drought Mitigation Center at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln reported that “Northwest Arkansas . . . remained in an exceptional drought.” That classification meant the region had a deficiency of at least 9 inches of rainfall below normal during a 30-day period. During this period, one of my friends saw a bright side to all of this, saying, “My roof has not leaked all summer.”