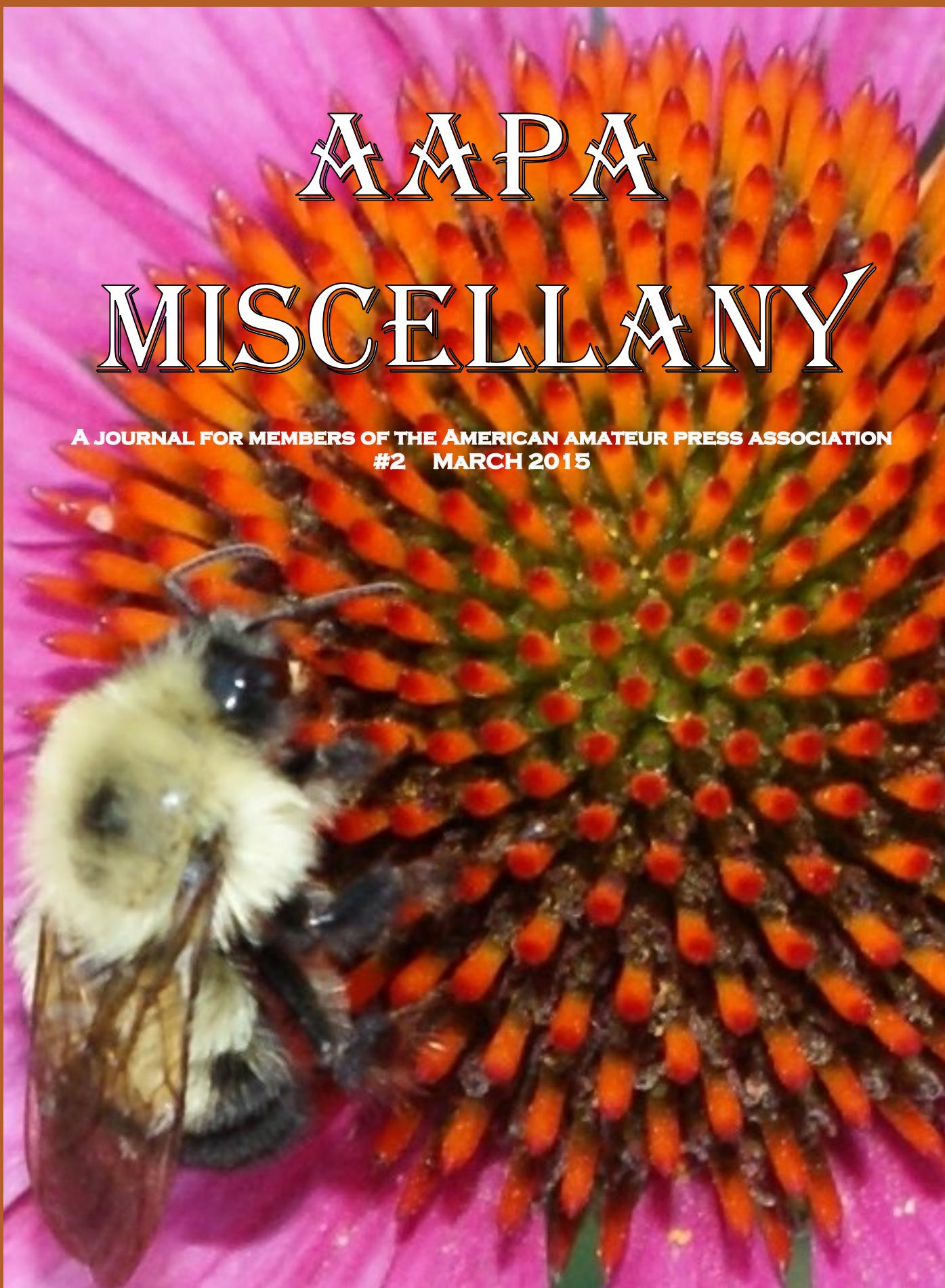


# AAPA MISCELLANY

A JOURNAL FOR MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION  
#2 MARCH 2015



AAPA Miscellany #2, March 2015

Edited and Produced by Clarence Wolfshohl

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Send all submissions to [wolfshohl@hotmail.com](mailto:wolfshohl@hotmail.com) by the 20<sup>th</sup> of each month.

## Welcome to AAPA *Miscellany* #2

I wish to thank those members who sent encouraging words about *Miscellany* #1. I hope the various photographers in that initial issue received some well-deserved praise, also.

With this issue, we see why I chose the title *Miscellany*. In these pages, you will find some unusual artwork, photographs, a poem, and several stories. Lini Grol, who appeared in the Bundle several years ago, offers a piece on Teddy-Bears and an unusual work of art. Lini creates works of Scherensnitte or Scissor-cutting, using scissors to cut illustrations into paper. Delores and Russell Miller, who should be familiar to most readers from their regular contributions to the Bundle, continue their camera work from the previous issue of *Miscellany* and offer two photos—a family group and one of Russell in Washington, D. C., on his Honor Flight.

Two stories of very different childhood memories appear. David Griffin, who handles the **Story** section of the AAPA website (<http://stories.aapainfo.org/>), dramatizes an event of a boy's realization about how his adolescent pride hurts his father. Carl Kremer, a brand new member of AAPA, recounts his uneasiness and fear around an older, mentally challenged neighbor.

Your editor, Clarence Wolfshohl, contributes a piece that has a prose introduction to a poem with humorous intent. I'll let you be the judge of how humorous the piece is. I also tossed in a photograph at the end to fill out a page. I don't like nearly blank pages.

I encourage readers to submit material to fill the pages of the AAPA *Miscellany*. And to drop a note of encouragement to any writers and artists whose work you enjoyed in these pages.

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Oma  
Scherenschnitte or Scissorcutting Art  
Lini Grol

# THE TRUE VALUE OF YOUR TEDDY BEAR..

Lini R.Grol

Recently at an auction, a little old Teddy Bear was sold at an exorbitant price.

And to the connoisseurs it was worth every dollar bid on it. What made this TEDDY BEAR so extremely valuable, when you can buy these toys for a few dollars in every toy or department store?

Since 1902 the first Teddy Bear was recorded to be on the mass-market, each year world wide 950,000 Teddy bears are made and sold....

No doubt TEDDY is the most beloved toy in the world.

The first Teddy Bears were home and handmade of fabric, velvet or plush, or any material from a cast off piece of clothing, and stuffed with rags, wood-shavings or whatever was handy.

Today Teddy Bears are mass produced and properly stuffed with hygienic new material, and they come in various colors and sizes.

We used to dress our bears in our doll's clothes, today you can buy Teddy Bears dressed up as brides, sports figures and even as Sherlock Holmes complete with a deerstalker- hat and even they are not that expensive .

Teddy Bears get around, they even toddled into literature.

Who does not know Winnie the Pooh, a simple loveable bear, based on a Canadian cub bear, found in the wild, and raised and pampered by Harry Coldebourne, a veterinary.

He named his cub WINNY, after his favorite city WINNIPEG.

When he had to go to war and was sent to England, he gave Winnie to the LONDON Zoo.

There the cub inspired A.A. de Milne to write the beloved classic children's story : WINNIE THE POOH.

Canada made a series of stamps of WINNIE, and Disney produced a feature film...

Much earlier a TEDDY BEAR had made it into music, for who does not know the TEDDY BEAR'S PICKNICK march?

Our love for the Teddy Bears has inspired potters, painters, and printers of stationary, wallpapers, curtain materials and children's clothes.

Teddy Bear lovers and collectors have formed clubs , they publish a newsletter and once in a while have meetings to show off their precious TEDDY BEARS.

And as in every marketable item, the price is a question of supply and demand.

Some Teddy Bears are no longer toys; they have become a commodity, even

an investment, to be sold at auctions to the highest bidder.

And the bids are high for an old TEDDY BEAR in mint condition.

But an old Teddy Bear in mint condition has sat unloved in a box, or glass case, it never gave joy or comfort to a child.

And was that not what a TEDDY BEAR was made for?

A Teddy Bear that has lived with a little boy or girl carries the scars of having been part of their life, their love, their fears and frustrations.

A loved Teddy Bear has been the object of fierce hugs with sticky hands or peanut butter - jam ...or tear-wet kisses.

It has to suffer lots of wear and tear, and needs many a washing which in time damages its fabric.

A loved Teddy Bear gets poked and pummeled, is dragged by its limbs, that may cause it, oh horror, to fall apart. And had to be repaired over and over by a doting parent or grandparent, and after its operation was welcomed back with wild cries of joy and exuberant hugs and kisses.

Parents, Grandparents, doctors, nurses, firemen and ambulance workers know that in times of distress, no other toy can give comfort like a loveable little Teddy Bear.

To every child, his or her dilapidated old Teddy Bear is truly precious and priceless.

And we all know that it can never ever be replaced by a spanking new Teddy Bear in mint condition.

No matter what we adults say, only a child knows the true value of his or her TEDDY BEAR.

*Lini Richarda Grol is a centarian (born in 1913) who has published several books and has won several awards for both her writing and her art. She has had a number of solo art shows, such as one at the Lockport Art Center in New York. Her most recent was in 2013, at the Burlington Art Gallery in Canada. She lives in Brampton, Ontario. "The True Value of Teddybears" has been published several times before in family magazines.*



# ALEXANDER POPE SINGS THE BLUES

Clarence Wolfshohl

## THIS NEEDS INTRODUCTION

The other night a buddy and I were sitting around, listening to and discussing the blues. I am a blues aficionado, a lover of old blues, primitive blues--the more raw the better. So I've been in search of old blues for some time--a quest, if you will, for the archetypal, the primal, the ür-blues. I've gone back beyond Robert Johnson or Blind Lemon or even field hollers, and as I told my friend that evening, I believe I have discovered an eighteenth-century blues master. Perhaps not the ür-blues brother, but certainly an early blues soul. I'm talking about Alexander Pope, the *Dunciad* man, that boogie-woogie king of the heroic couplet. To hear Little Alex's (that was his recording name) blues, all you have to do is repeat the first line of his couplet, throw in a few "Oh, baby's" or "Lawdy's," and drive the second (now third) line home with a sure beat.

Now, Alexander (Little Alex) Pope was so smooth, some people swore he must have sold his soul to the devil to get that sound. Others just wished he'd go to the devil. Whatever the case, to commemorate the re-discovery of this rare blues artist, I decided to write the following number called ALEXANDER POPE SINGS THE BLUES. Hit it, boys.

Little Alex used to sing at the Blue Note.  
Like a squat lizard, he lolled his head  
in slow anticipation of the driving beat: (And he sang)

Iambic pentameter, honey, is like no beat at all.  
Iambic pentameter -- ooh -- is like no beat at all.  
Give me anapestic boogie or cool dactylic crawl.

He played a Fender guitar, sounded like B. B.'s  
Lucille, and had a harp playing sidekick  
who'd blow so loud, light bulbs popped and hounddogs squealed.  
(And he blew)

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.  
Old Harpo rushes in where angels will not tread.  
Alex plays like magic, and Harpo blows 'em dead.

Alex's fingers strangled that guitar. It screamed  
in pain and joy -- in ecstacy, baby. Made folks  
squirm and shout, drink their glasses dry. (And he played)

How vain are all our glories, all of our pains,  
Lawdy, how vain are our glories, and vain are our pains,  
Unless good sense helps us keep what beauty gains.

The way he played, some said, the devil must've called  
his hand or God was putting Little Alex  
through audition for his gig with the heavenly band. (And he sang)

A wit's a feather, and a chief is a rod  
Oh, yea, a wit's a feather, and a chief, a chief is just a rod.  
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Little Alex disappeared one midnight after his second set.  
Harpo searched the streets and the alleys, the bars  
and the all-night greasy spoons, but he ain't found Alexander yet.  
So Harpo's harmonica got rusty because he just weeps and moans;  
he still hangs out at the Blue Note nearly every night  
and tries to believe that, as Alex said, Whatever is, is right.



Alexander Pope  
(1688-1744)

# *The Miller's Album*

Delores & Russell Miller



October 9, 2014, Russell Miller of Hortonville, Wisconsin, was one of 79 Veterans to be asked to be on the Old Glory Honor Flight to Washington, D. C. Accompanied by his son Matthew as Guardian. Shown here is Russ interviewing a Marine Staff Sargent with all his metals. Served in Iraq, 12 plus years in the Marines. A one day trip to D.C. to see all the war memorials. Russ was in the Marines from 1953-1955 and is considered a Korean War Veteran.

—Russell Miller

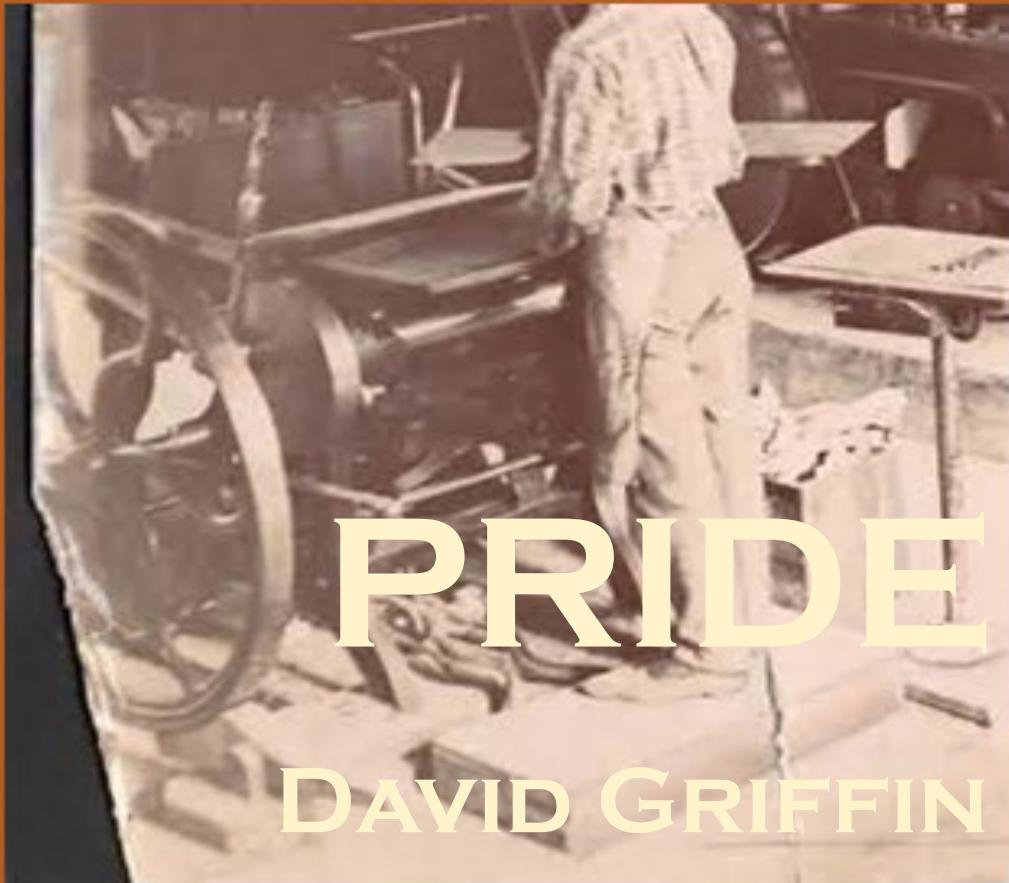


Thanksgiving time, 2014 - the Whole Miller clan gathered on the Hortonville, Wisconsin, farm. Twenty-one people which includes our five children, Robin from LaCrosse, Wisconsin; Keith from Evansville, Wisconsin; Richard from Franklin, Massachusetts, and wife Sharon; Marianne and husband Scott of Appleton, Wisconsin; and Matthew and wife Lisa of Amherst, Wisconsin.. Grandchildren: Madeline, Connor, Alyse, Tierney, Dayne, Joshua, Colin, Cassidy, Elena, Sean, Oliver, Tucker.

Robin is a college professor, Keith a 4th grade teacher, Richard with the New England Patriot Football team, Marianne with Kimberly Clark, and Matthew a tech ed high school teacher.

It is so nice when they gather on the farm once a year.

— Delores Miller



# PRIDE

## DAVID GRIFFIN

The sky is my time machine. It takes me back to another day when the clouds or the angle of the sun looked exactly the same as it does today. I find myself this morning seated at my printing press, staring up through the small window high on the cellar wall. The masons long ago built the rectangular space into the stone and glazed it with old glass that makes the firmament look like it has bubbles. All I can see through the glass is a leaden sky on rainy days and puffy white clouds on a blue background when the weather clears.

This morning's sky is much the same as that on a Saturday nearly a half century ago when I was a teenager running a small job

press for a part time printer in my hometown. "Bedroom printers," these business owners were called. Many, including my boss, had full time jobs in factories and printed on weekends in their cellars and garages. Al printed in the stable out behind his cousin's amusements business. The early 1800's building was made of laid up stone, had minimal heat and housed Al's print shop as well as pin ball machines and juke boxes.

I stood on one leg at Al's press, the other leg pumping away as I printed numbered raffle tickets for a club that was trying to raise money.

I'd had an encounter at home with my father just an hour before and I could still

feel the sting of it. We argued over some trifles having to do with my leaving the butter out on the table and letting it get warm. I told myself not to feel bad. After all, I had scored a few good verbal blows against the old man and finished triumphantly by walking out of the house and slamming the door. Yet I felt upset and guilty. I suppose my immaturity prevented me from admitting I was wrong. Dramatics and denial can make sense to the head but not the heart.

Besides, Dad really wasn't upset about the butter. The two of us were groaning under the weight of something neither of us could bring ourselves to discuss. Two days before I had insulted and hurt him.

Lost in thought, I missed a throw onto the platen and messed up the ticket sequence. I didn't notice Al come up behind me.

"God dammit," he shouted at me, "you screwed up the counter. We gotta go back to 2972 and print them all over again!"

"I'm sorry, Al," I said, "I was ...

"You was staring out the God damned window at the sky is what you were doin! What're you gonna be when you grow up, a weatherman?"

"I don't know what I'm going to be," I said. "Maybe I'll be a bum." I said it seriously, feeling down on myself.

"You ain't gonna be no bum, youngster. I get a feelin' about people, ya know? Yer one of those lucky bastards that God takes care of. Me, I gotta work for a

livin', so get outta my way while I reset the counters."

I was soon back pumping the press trying to stay alert and not get the counters out of sync again.

But my mind drifted back to when I was younger. Although my father and I were often at odds in my teen years, I couldn't deny that he had meant the world to me when I was a little kid.

Dad was a newspaper pressman and an expert at his trade. When I was six or seven years old I thought he was the smartest man in the world. I can't count the number of times I told anyone who would listen that my father printed the newspapers that went all over the city and even down the valley to the small mill towns along the river. Imagine me a seven year old kid brought down to the newspaper and walked into the pressroom to watch the men mount the heavy stereotype plates and thread the huge rolls of newsprint (paper) up from the basement into the gargantuan Hoe presses. Wrenches clanged and after a few minutes it



grew quiet. Someone called, "All Clear." Lights began to blink in warning and a sharp staccato buzzer blared out from somewhere above, echoing up and down the line of presses. It reminded me of a submarine's dive alarm I'd heard at the movies when the crew filled the tanks and dove beneath the waves. Soon I was dragged below the surface of the noise as the presses clunked and groaned and quickly got up to speed with a roar that was deafening. I wanted to hold my hands over my ears, but none of the men seemed impressed, so I kept my arms at my side and suppressed the urge to scream in delight over the thundering machinery. The presses began to spit out the afternoon edition and sent a stream of miraculously folded newspapers of 54-pages each along a conveyor contraption that went up and across the ceiling and over to the waiting men who bundled them up in the mailroom.

When I left the newspaper that day with my father I was the proudest seven year old one could imagine. Only a few years later I was a teenager when I stopped by the pressroom one afternoon to get the keys and borrow his car. When his boss asked me to pose with Dad in a photo for the company in-house newsletter, I refused. I didn't want to be seen in public with my father in his coveralls and printers cap. I had said only, "I can't," and Dad had laughed it off, but I could see he was hurt.

That night when we got home I ate the food he provided and went out in the evening wearing a new jacket he had bought me with the money he earned working in his coveralls.

The next day I sat in math class up the street in an old brick high school building with roots down to the sub strata of rock. My soles could just feel the vibration of the presses start up for the Valley Edition at 10:30 in the morning. I felt exactly like the person Al told me I wasn't, a bum.

"God dammit, Davey," I heard Al shout in my ear. "The counters are off again! What the hell's the matter with you this morning?"

I mumbled something.

"Here," he said. "Get over here and take the glue pot and make up this order of pads. You're not good for anything else this morning!"

I did as I was told.

"What's buggin' you, huh?" Al asked, and he seemed to mean it.

"My father and I had a fight," I said. I told him about my refusal to be in the photo, hoping he would take my side, although I knew no one would agree with me.

"So you're not proud of your old man?" Al asked.

"I just didn't want to be in the photo," I said.

"How come you're not too proud to work here with me in this shit hole garage?" he asked.

I'd never thought of that.

"I know what your problem is," he said. "You don't know how to apologize."

"Sure I do!" I said.

"Not to your father. Have you ever done that?" he asked.

"Well, I've never had any reason to," I replied.

Al glanced across the work table at me. He looked stunned and I remembered he was a father.

Then he leaned back and laughed. And he kept laughing. All morning. Every ten minutes or so he'd look over at me and start laughing again. Eventually he got me laughing and told me all the dumb things his kids did when they were teens. He told me he loved them more than the air he breathed.

That night I went home and apologized to my father. He nodded. And then he said, "You're a good son."

I have doubted the truth of that utterance but treasured his love for the last fifty years. What amazes me is I did nothing to earn it.

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# WALLY BAPP

Carl Kremer

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP IN THE FIFTIES, much of northern Minnesota was dotted with small family dairy farms, and we lived on the edge of the city limits across the gravel street from a large pasture belonging to the Bapps. In memory, it was a huge pasture on the east side of Beech Street; when it was not occupied by the herd of Guernsey cattle who produced the family income, it served as a playground for the children of about fifteen lower to middle-class families. It was rumored Mr. and Mrs. Bapp were first cousins; they had two boys and a girl, already young adults. Mr. Bapp did much of the work, the daily chores of milking (morning and evening), feeding and cleaning up after about thirty milking cows, the replacement calves, most of whom were sold when weaned and at least one bull, kept separate from the other cattle. He was aided by his younger son, Walter, the older son having found work in South Dakota. Part-time hands were hired on for the field work; crops of hay, corn silage and oats were planted, raised and harvested in four or five months to feed the cattle the other seven or eight. My brother spent the summers of his freshman and sophomore years in high school as one of these hands. The Minnesota growing season is short, and the work days were long, the tasks physically challenging, endless, and regulated by the cyclical demands of the daily chores.



It was complicated by the fact that Walter Bapp was seriously, certifiably crazy—we would call it 'mentally challenged' today—but from my six-year-old perspective Wally Bapp was a crazy person, and the best policy—the only policy we ever saw—was to ignore the crazy part, and don't provoke him. As much as possible, just stay away from him. I don't remember that he ever hurt anybody, but he was a

short, heavy, strong-looking man, with a small, pointy head, close-set little eyes, and minimal facial expressions, wearing a stained blue shirt and bib overalls. In one rear pocket he always carried a rolled leather strap about two inches wide and what looked to us like four or five feet long, perhaps a length of rein from a team of work horses. The strap may have been intended for control of the cattle as they moved through the business of milking every morning and night, or maybe he just liked having it, but it frightened me. My brother does not remember Wally using the strap, in fact, he doesn't remember it at all, though they had slept in the same room.

If you smiled at Wally, he would smile back, a most unlovely grimace that conveyed nothing you wanted prolonged. People estimated he had the mind of a two-year-old, but he was dexterous enough to do ordinary chores, including handling heavy milk cans, hay bales, and the cattle themselves. Because of my fear and ignorance or innocence, I avoided all contact with the Bapps, and it might have cost me. They lived on my paper route, but I would not stop to offer them a subscription, though I made a sale to one customer farther out along the highway from them.

Not unlike a toddler, if you made eye contact with Wally, he might blurt out what was on his mind. “Ose are candy bars,” in a nasally monotone with a strained, unnatural smile locked around crooked, darkened teeth. I didn't want him touching me as a child, when memory tells me he was a decade older than I, four years my brother's senior, and I tried to avoid his company, to escape his presence as politely and quickly as possible. Though we had occasion to visit the Bapp farm, it was always with family members, and I tried to keep adults between Wally and me, although I watched him, careful not to look him in the eye.

We occasionally met at the local grocery store, a one-room addition on my best friend's house, a quarter-mile closer to the highway than we, and a short distance from the Bapp farm along the paved two-lane state highway and a hundred yards off the end of Beech Street. As I grew a little older, when I was maybe nine or ten, I once came upon Wally in front of the store and either said more than just “Hello” or he engaged me as I came up, and he wanted to have a conversation, or play a game or something that I couldn't understand, but that I wanted to end. I managed to enter the store with him following me, and asked Jack and Mr. Summers if I could go through the back door into their house, where I had been many times with Jack, and would he deal with Wally, who wanted something I couldn't understand. He nodded, and he turned to Wally with a smile and I darted away. I made my way home through the far back yards of six homes, close to the swamp because I was afraid that Wally might come after me if he saw me on the road; he might even have come down the road toward our house looking to continue whatever engagement he had in mind. It might have been that urgent to him, and he was crazy after all.

I don't know if this happened on a school day, but if it did, I had some explaining to do, but I paid a greater price in fear and guilt and shame as only a young adolescent can for my cowardly behavior. But now I believe discretion really was the better part of valor.

*Carl Kremer is a new member of AAPA although one of his stories ("A Question of Ethics") appeared in Anonymous Quarterly #15 in the May 2014 Bundle. He is retired from teaching, and he has been a journalist in both theory and practice, having taught journalism at the college level and edited a local newspaper in northern Arkansas.*



