THE FOSSIL

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LOUISE LINCOLN: "WHAT IS SO RARE–"?

Guy Miller

Mending Done

It's time at last to take the day
That's slowly, slowly ending,
And shake it out, and fold it up,
And lay it with the mending.

For here and there I've made a tear
By giving others sorrow,
And I must patch as best I can,
With bits of my tomorrow.

This poem and a second one which appears in *Literary Newsette* No. 161 for April 28, 1944, might or might not have been Louise Lincoln's introduction to NAPA. We doubt that they were, considering that her qualifying credential was listed as "Co-Ed. *C.O.A. News*." To explain–The Central Ohio Amateur Journalists was a hotbed of ajay activity in the '40's and early '50's. Louise tells us in her short autobiography (*The Fossil*, April 2005, reprinted in the *NA* March 2006) that she joined NAPA at the time of the Columbus Convention in 1943, one of 14 members recruited by that Columbus live-wire activist Grace Phillips who that same year signed up a total of 14 members, each of them credited as "Co-Ed. *C.O.A. News*."

In any case, were the reader unaware of the background which Louise had brought with her as a member of the Ohio Verse Writers Guild, a member of COA and, before that an active participant in literary activities of other organizations, the poems cited in *Literary Newsette* would not necessarily have alerted us to what was about to come our way. In fact, the Bureau of Critics reviews of her first several issues of *Kitchen Stove* (first "heating," June 1944) give but little indication: From Sesta Matheison (*KS* 1), "Congratulations to Louise Lincoln....`Us Introverts' left us a bit dizzy but, nevertheless, much common sense is revealed in the essay;" Amanda "Freezette" Thrift (*KS* 2) "Chef Louise Lincoln has a lot on the ball as well as on the stove."

Edna Hyde "Vondy" McDonald whets our appetite somewhat with her analysis of *KS* #8, noting "Louise's tongue-in-cheek account of the convention [Newark NJ] and some good nonsense verse-with-a-moral."

But it is Helm Spink in reviewing *KS* #9 (Nov. 46) who pinpoints what we needed to know: "*Kitchen Stove* is one of those small papers that make some of us ashamed of how little we say in our big ones." Himself, master of the art of finely sculptured prose, Helm was probably commenting on Louise's essays, but he just as readily could have been referring to her poetry. For, as James Guinane avers in his survey "Louise Lincoln: A Marker of Minds," (*The Boxwooder* #201, April 1986), "[Louise has always practised tight control of her writing, squeezing much into little," and continues, "Most demanding intellectually of the various forms of writing is the essay....In the best hands the poem *is* an essay–condensed and distilled in its essence." Jim's observations fit the philosophy of 1972 Poet Laureate judge Mary T. Zimmerman who, in bestowing Honorable Mention on Louise's "Ave Valque" observes, "The poets do what all of us do who write poetry. They are not sparse–that is the only word that expresses the tautness or firmness that must go into a line. And to hold an idea in rein so that it moves smoothly from the beginning to the end–that is most difficult":

Come quickly while the desert still is there.
Thread through its growth, watch tiny creatures run,
Look up where birds have caught a drift of air
And float across the sky. Too soon it's done,
Knocked down, mashed flat, built up, till ev'rywhere
Harsh noises rise, square shadows mark the sun.

Come quickly now! The steps of man grow loud,
Men bearing in their arms Earth's concrete shroud.

("Ave Valque"–*KS* #41)

1968 Bureau of Critics Chairman Rowena Moitoret, midpoint in discussing the essentials of making a poem, suddenly concedes, "I need only refer you to the 34th Heating of the *Kitchen Stove* where Louise Lincoln says it all better than I can, and even more, gives

examples of admirable short poems she has written....I had known for a long time...that Louise is capable of writing exceedingly witty prose and clever light verse, but I hadn't known she could produce real poetry, too":

The city is hot tonight.
Its restlessness mounts and spills
Into sound. A jazz band shrills.
At every traffic light
Impatient horns repeat
"You fool, it's green at last!"
Dogs bark. The noisy blast
Of fans rebukes the heat.
And underneath, yet somehow breaking through above,
A tiny tree frog pipes his tinkling tune of love.

(1968-69 Laureate Award: "San Juan Nocturne"–*KS* #34)

Rowena in this same review, hastily adds (in case there would be any misunderstanding): "Incidentally, clever light verse is actually the most difficult of all verse to write...." Ah, enter A. (for "Another") Walrus:

"Oh, Wad Some Power The Giftie Gie–"
Or Would We Rather It Didn't?
* * *
I never really want to see
Myself as ithers view me.
They poke and probe and peek and peer
Until they see right through me.
Then ev'ry quirk and ev'ry fault
Stands forth to blame and damn,
And tell me there is dire need
To change the way I am.

I'd rather far the powers wad gie
To ithers power to see
The gorgeous, charming perfect self
I see when I look at me.
(*Spindrift* #13 in *NAPA West* #489, 1994)

This fragment is but a sample of Walrus's extensive outpourings of sage witticisms that have adorned the pages of *Kitchen Stove* and have flooded other publications far and wide, such as Ed X. Fielding's *Spindrift*, Harold Segal's *Campane*, and Jake Warner's *The Boxwooder* (see esp. #404, March 2003 and #459, Dec. 2006).

Walrus, we discover, is also master of the essay. *Amateur*. A case in point can be found in the March 1961 issue of the *NA*. Official Editor Stan Oliner must have requested several members to write something relating to the art of writing. Such outstanding ajays as Viola Autry Payne, George Freitag, and Edna Hyde McDonald responded, along with Louise who, assigned the subject of editing, turned to her alter ego for his input. Under the title "Ei Qui Edit," Walrus proceeds to examine in detail all the possible connotations from the Latin term *edere* which can lead to the generalized definition "to be windy, to blow out any words and as many words as you wish." To this remark, Walrus adds the observation, "Note, too, no mention is made of mental activities preceding or accompanying the flatulence." And from this does Walrus enlarge on the possible meanings and uses of the subject. But, in conclusion, he does grant that, "Editing means to blow off steam, to express one's soul, to give birth to ideas, to become the creator and executor of thought."

Of course, when it comes to prose renditions, Louise does not take a back seat to her alter-ego; for, from among her almost countless number of essays appearing in *Kitchen Stove* and elsewhere, she has garnered many a laurel for her presentations–at least eight, in fact–too many for detailed comment on each. We give here a selection of our favorites with the Laureate Judges' comments where available:

1979–Laureate Award for "Since I Insist on My Druthers" (*KS* #53 with a reprint in *NA*). You won't be surprised to learn in this essay that challenged with the choice of either to "run with the hare or the hounds," Louise asks, "Why?" and then answers, "I do not choose to run."

1991–Honorable Mention for "The Fable of the Writer, the Editor and the Printer" (*KS* #71). A playful essay springing from an NAPA Convention seminar led by Tom Whitbread on what the NAPA wants from its bureau of critics, and on what writers owe one another, ending with a moral (after all, it is a fable): "Jealous professionals have all mastered one trick: the ability to look down on those who are above them." From Judge James Drake, Outdoors Editor Chesapeake Publishing Corp.: "A pleasant apologue imbedded more perhaps with truth than fabrication."

1994–Laureate Award for "If You Are Thinking of Dropping In, Drop the Thought" (*KS* #77). The title says it all. From Judge Thomas Hennick, Metropolitan Editor *Waterbury Republican* CT: "Good writing grabs the attention of the reader and doesn't let go....It hits upon a subject which many of us can relate to, either as the hosts or would-be guests. Exhibits a good sense of humor, which keeps it from becoming too preachy or too much of a lengthy whine."

1997–Laureate Award for "The Future of Amateur Journalism? Or!" (1997 Scottsdale Convention banquet

speech reprinted in *The Boxwooder* #341, Dec. 1997). From Judge Chuck Hawley *Arizona Republic*: "In her observations she makes an excellent point when she encourages you all to recruit new blood to your ranks. Indeed, without once naming the dread "Internet" and by only alluding to the destructive intrusions of electronic phenomena, she goes to the heart of the matter: the printed page is being threatened on every corner....What Ms. Lincoln suggests...is that without a concerted effort, your numbers will continue to dwindle until the people who actually print the material they write (for themselves or others) will become but a quaint memory or curious footnote over which computer generations may mull. Her work is the bellwether."

Finally:

1993–Honorable Mention for "Which Is Celebrating???" (*KS* #75). What Louise is celebrating here is her 50 years in NAPA. After giving the late Alfred Babcock due praise for urging her to publish her own paper, she claims, "I have never been a prolific writer, but I suspect I would never have written at all if I had not become a NAPAn." Then she concludes "I know I never feel more like chopping wood for another *Kitchen Stove* than after I have spent time with witty, intelligent, creative persons, listening to their conversations and joining in it. I know I never feel more at ease, more free to be myself, than when I am at a NAPA Convention."

And now, after 63 years affiliation and 87 issues of *Kitchen Stove*, we spy a picture of Louise, A. Walrus at her side, tending to a chore which she has often performed for NAPA, that of Recording Secretary of the 2006 New Orleans Convention. And we will expect to see her seated at the same task at Massillon in 2007.

In the meantime, although there is no question where Louise's allegiance lies, yet Fossil (note the cap "F") Louise Lincoln saves a corner in her affections for one other group:

"The time has come," A. Walrus said,
"To note the varied things
To which, as time goes strolling by,
The name of fossil clings.
Old people who have passed their prime
Are *Fossils* to young souls.
Imprints of ferns and long gone trees
Are *Fossils* left on coals.
The forms of sea-life from the first
Now see the light of day
As *Fossil* forms embedded in
The solid mud and clay.
But of them all there yet remains
The *Fossil* I profess
To be superior to the lot,
And it's the *Fossil* press."–A. Walrus

AN ODE TO THE OAK

Martha E. Shivvers

Snuggled 'neath the fallen leaves of brown,
acorns hide beneath the fold,
leaf-filled branches shake then sigh
when NOVEMBER skies bring snow and cold.

With winter breezes, pale sun freezes
awakening life within the 'corn,
dark roots crawl into earth's shadows
tendrils of growth begin to form.

The tree, the tall majestic oak
whose years of age no one knows,
renews herself in Nature's way
when her fallen acorns begin to grow.

EDWIN B. HILL: THE STORY OF A GREAT AMATEUR PRINTER

Ken Faig, Jr.

Professional literature and print have been slow to discover the world of amateur journalism. Even today, only a select few printing and book arts collections–like the Rochester Institute of Technology as featured in our last issue–contain specimen collections of amateur journals. The fate of most private collections of amateur journals is still sadly the dustbin. Gradually, however, the world of professional literature and printing is discovering amateur journalism. At a minimum, an informed antiquarian bookseller will skim a collection of vintage amateur journals for material by H. P. Lovecraft and other recognized figures in the professional world. Antiquarian bookseller Lloyd Currey, for example, offers a large collection of amateur journals containing material by and about Lovecraft in a catalog on his website. I have the idea that material by Elsa Gidlow and her circle from the 1917-20 period may become equally collectable. Nevertheless, offerings of amateur material in the antiquarian trade remain infrequent. There are still certainly "finds" to be made by the determined searcher armed with a list of targeted authors and titles.

Probably the most "hits" for any amateur publisher–at least at the present time–occur for Edwin Bliss Hill (1866-1949), who began his career as an amateur journalist and private pressman in Detroit, Michigan, issuing his own first amateur journal *The Spectator* in October 1882 and printing his own first

publication in February 1884. Originally engaged in professional newspaper work, Hill's health broke down because of the labor expended on his publication *Pertaining to Thoreau* in 1901. He spent the next seven years living alone in the woods in Lakeland, Michigan. In 1908, he felt well enough to marry Clara Ella Hood, a schoolteacher. The same year, they removed to Mesa, Arizona, where Hill took a job with the United States Bureau of Reclamation obtained through his brother Louis C. Hill. A beloved daughter, Gertrude Frances Hill, was born to the couple on October 26, 1909.

Hill spent the remaining forty years of his life in the Southwest, first at Mesa, Arizona (1908-18), then at Yselta, Texas (1918-45), and finally at Tempe, Arizona (1945-49). During many of his years in Yselta, Hill served as gatekeeper for the Elephant Butte Dam. His daughter Gertrude was the light of his life and inspired the "Alice" of his later *Spectators*. (She left a memoir of her childhood, "An Arizona Childhood, 1909-1918, Recollections of Gertrude Hill Muir" (Edwin Bliss Hill Collection, Box 13, Folder 22) with many fond recollections of her father.) In 1928, she was appointed Assistant Cataloger at the El Paso, Texas Public Library and she received a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Arizona in 1937. She was appointed City Librarian at the Flagstaff, Arizona Public Library in 1938 and was serving in this position at the time of her father's death in 1949. She subsequently served in library positions in Santa Paula, California (1949-51) and the Museum of New Mexico (1951-60), returning to Tempe as Special Collections Librarian at Arizona State University in 1960. Apart from a brief stay at New Mexico State Library in Santa Fe (1962-63), she remained at ASU Special Collections for the remainder of her career, retiring in 1975 and passing away in Phoenix on May 6, 1981. In her own right, Gertrude Hill Muir–she had married after her return to ASU in 1963–was a noted authority on Southwestern archaeology, history and culture. Two of the most sought-after publications of her father's private press derive from the pen of Gertrude Hill–*The Art of the Navajo Silversmith* (1937) and *The Use of Turquoise Among the Navajo* (1939).

After his death in 1949, Gertrude Hill continued to champion the reputation of her father as a private pressman and literary man. (His widow Clara Hood Hill died in 1965.) Gertrude Hill Muir published a bibliography of her father's publications in the *American Book Collector* for October 1967. In 1978, she donated her father's papers–twelve linear feet of material in twenty-one boxes–to the Special Collections Department at Arizona State University in Tempe. At the same time, she donated her own papers–7.25 linear feet in eight boxes–to the Arizona Collection in ASU Special Collections. The "Scope and Content" description gives some inkling of the contents of the Edwin B. Hill Collection in ASU Special Collections:

The Edwin Bliss Hill Collection consists of the correspondence, genealogy, diaries, personal mementoes, business records, manuscripts, publications, printed items, and photographs collected by and generated by Edwin B. Hill. Also included are similar items collected by and generated by his only child, daughter Gertrude Hill Muir. In addition, there are some items relating to his wife, Clara Ella Hood Hill; his father, Alva T. Hill, an inventor; his mother, Frances Bliss Hill; and his brother Louis C. Hill. The inclusive dates represented run from 1882 to 1973, close to 100 years of delightful, historically rich documentation of one man's life experience whose signature (printer's mark) was a tiny cowboy hat.

Marilyn Wurzburger, ASU Special Collections Librarian, kindly copied the finding aid for the Edwin Bliss Hill collection for me. (The corresponding finding aid for the Gertrude Hill Muir Collection can be found online at http://aao.lib.asu.edu.) Hill's correspondence files contain not only famous literary and political figures like William Dean Howells, Franklin D. Roosevelt, A. S. W. Rosenbach, and Vincent Starrett, but also amateur journalists like Ernest Arthur Edkins, Will Bates Grant (who published a number of pieces by Hill in his amateur magazine *The Friendly Quill*), Rheinhart Kleiner, and Edna Hyde McDonald. Many manuscripts from which Hill printed are also included in the collection. Of significant interest for the history of the amateur journalism hobby is Hill's typescript biography of James J. O'Connell (folder 1, box 10), which as far as I know has never been published.

A significant part of the interest in Hill today derives from his sixty-five years as a private printer. Hill was a very discriminating book collector and literary man and printed not only the work of his fellow amateur journalists but also work by mainstream literary figures. Henry David Thoreau and Charles Lamb were two of Hill's most enduring interests, but he also published work by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Carlyle, Mark Twain, Sir Walter Raleigh, Vincent Starrett, Lionel Johnson, A. E. Houseman, Leigh Hunt, Joseph Conrad, Walter de la Mare, Thomas Macaulay, Edward Fitzgerald, Joaquin Miller, A. Conan Doyle, Stephen Vincent Benet, Anthony Boucher, Christopher Morley, Rudyard Kipling, and other mainstream literary figures. Collectors of all these writers have an interest in Hill's private press publications. The booksellers' site tomfolio.com writes of Hill's publications:

Being a hobby printer, printing was not among his governmental duties. Since he began his printing in Arizona, he is often referenced as a "pioneer Arizona printer." He was transferred in 1918 from Mesa to the Bureau's El Paso, Texas office bringing an Excelsior press with

him. Purchasing a small Caxton press in Texas, he used the two to print some 200 pamphlets, folders, and broadsides, favoring excerpts from popular English and American authors. Texas also claimed Hill as one of its pioneers by being its first printer to achieve artistic recognition. Hill's presswork is characterized by being tastefully executed without ostentation or pretension. Whether his restraint was intentional or limited by the availability of broader resources, he achieved typographical distinction using the means at his disposal. Most of Hill's publications were literary and bear his printer's mark, a cowboy hat, and the place of publication as Ysleta, Texas.

Of course, Hill actually began printing as early as 1884 in his native Michigan, but his presence as one of the earliest private pressman in Texas (and Arizona for that matter) has certainly attracted the interest to his work. Adrian H. Goldstone (1897-1977)–the bibliographer of Arthur Machen–was strongly interested in Hill's work and corresponded with Gertrude Hill Muir. His collection of research on Hill may be found today in the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas in Austin. In 2004, the Cushing Memorial Library at Texas A&M University acquired the Al Loman Printing Arts and Research Archive, containing many examples of Hill's printing. The opening exhibition was titled "Collector At the Pass: Al Loman and the Printing Arts in Texas." Nicholas Basbanes lectured on November 1, 2004 to mark the opening of the exhibition.

Apart from his occasional *Spectator*, Hill (who was a modest man) published his own work sparingly–the titles include *More Than A Memory* (1936), *In Friendship, Paso por Aqui* (1934), and *The Moon-Mad Maid*. Although he was by no means as prolific a writer as his contemporary Ernest Arthur Edkins, Hill published essays in Robert J. Holman's *Cubicle*, Will Bates Grant's *The Friendly Quill*, and Hyman Bradofsky's *The Californian.* In the thirties and forties, he had a number of essays in *The Step Ladder*, a magazine for book collectors. The largest collection of his own writing was probably *Range Tales: A Few Stories Based on Scenes and Incidents Inspired by the Arizona Country* (1916), a collection of southwestern stories with philatelic themes published by his old friend Willard O. Wylie of *Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News*. Being of the "Reformer" party identified with James J. O'Connell, Hill was not widely popular during his first twenty years in amateur journalism although he was well-beloved among his fellow Detroit amateurs (Detroit was a hub of amateur activity in the 1880's and hosted the N.A.P.A. convention in 1882) and his essay "A Leaf from a Portfolio" won the N.A.P.A. essay laureate in 1889. By the time he returned to activity as a printer in the 1930s, he was too "old-fashioned" to appeal to the "young turks" of the era–and one can occasionally detect hints of frustration in THE SPECTATOR's comments on contemporary amateur affairs. (He would certainly have disapproved of the blistering, sarcastic attacks that the "young turks" from time to time launched at leading amateur journalists of greater years than their own.) Hill was deeply interest in writer-illustrator Frank Holme (1868-1904), founder of the Bandar-Log Press, and founded a Memorial Group dedicated to his memory in the 1930s. He issued *Frank Holme: A Friend* from Lakeland, Michigan in 1904 and reprinted it from Yselta in 1935. The most substantial publishing project of his later years was undoubtedly *Lone War Trail of Apache Kid: Last of the Old Apache Renegades*, illustrated by Charles Russell, which he co-authored with Earle R. Forrest and issued in 1947.

Even without a budget to justify many purchases, it's fun to browse the Internet for Hill's publications. Surveying abebooks.com on March 20, 2006, I found over forty publications by Hill offered for sale, ranging in price from $25.00 to $450.00. For $450.00, one could have the first edition of *Pertaining to Thoreau*–one of 225 copies bound in reddish-brown cloth, with the original prospectus laid in. For as little as $25.00, one could have Jean Munro LeBrun's *Henry Thoreau's Mother* (1940)–an eleven-page chapbook in pale blue wrappers, a rebuttal to Frank Sanborn's "vindictive and groundless opinion of the Thoreau family." In between there are many good things: *The Doer of Good* (1948) by Oscar Wilde; *Adah Isaacs Menken* (1934) by Joaquin Miller; *The Oxen* (1948) by Thomas Hardy; *Poems* (1927), What's O'Clock (1930) and *Two Short Stories* (1941) by Vincent Starrett; *Charles Lamb To Thomas Manning* (1934); *The Ancient Wood and Other Poems* (1942)–compiled by Hill and including a poem by Samuel Loveman; *John Neal To Edgar A. Poe* (1942); *The Blessings of the Moon* (1947) by Charles Baudelaire; *Just For Fun: The Bandar-Log Press* (1944); *The Talking Pine* (1948) by George Moore; *Pere Antoine's Date Palm* (1940) and *When I Was A Flower* (1948) by Lafcadio Hearn; *Foreword* (1947) by W. H. Hudson*; Henry D. Thoreau To Elizabeth Oakes Smith* (1942); *Sherlockiana: My Favorite Fiction Character* (1938) by Stephen Vincent Benet; *Letters of Thomas Carlyle Addressed to Mrs. Basil Montagu and B. W. Proctor* (1907)–earlier printed by the Chiswick Press in London in 1881. *Three Poems* (1928) by Lionel Johnson is a fascinating gathering of Latin poems: one in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson ("Requiescat in Pace Dilectissimi Scriptoris"); one in honor of Oscar Wilde ("In Honorem Doriani Creatorisque Eius"; and one, untitled, written by the poet, in a copy of Sir John Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*. One bookseller quotes from the poem in honor of Oscar Wilde:

Amat avidus amores
Miros, miros carpet flores
Saevus pulchritudine:
Quanto anima nigrescit,
Tanto facies splendescit,
Mendax, sed quam splendide!

What a treat it would be to have a budget of $10,000 or $25,000 to collect the works of Edwin B. Hill's private press! Nearly as much fun, however, just to browse among the many offerings. Hill doubtless had as much fun browsing bookseller's catalogs in his day. The afternoons in Yselta were too warm for printing, so Hill devoted them to fostering his book collection. He was eager to encourage young amateurs interested in the literary side of the hobby and reprinted many works from the Golden Era of the hobby by writers like Bertha Grant Avery, Fanny Kemble Johnson, and Frank Denmark Woollen. He printed the works of more modern amateur writers sparingly, but he enjoyed the poetry of Rheinhart Kleiner and printed several small collections of his work, including *Metrical M Moments* (1937), *Nine Sonnets* (1940), *Eugenio and Three Other Poems* (1943), *A Trilogy of Sonnets for Edwin B. Hill* (n.d.) as well as a broadside *HPL* (1940). He helped a young Bill Groveman obtain a copy of Harrison's *Career* (1883) at a favorable price from a bookseller's catalog. Through his correspondence and his publications, Hill helped to foster an awareness of the traditions of the amateur journalism hobby and its literary aspects. Some of Hills's best-remembered printings of the "Golden Age" ajay writings include Charles Heywood's *The Song of the Sibyl*, Fanny Kemble Johnson's *Gathered Lillies*, Joseph P. Clossey's *Red Letter Days*, Joseph Dana Miller's *A Hymn of Hate*, Joe J. Mack's *Writ in Water*, and Frank Denmark Woollen's *Brittle Sticks*.

Most amateur journalists fade into the obscurity of the common man and woman after their years of activity. We hope that archives like LAJ will help to preserve their memory. (The Willametta Keffer correspondence which forms a part of LAJ should help us form a better picture of what sort of men and women became amateur journalists in the twentieth century.) Edwin Bliss Hill remains a happy exception to the general rule–his role as a private pressman combined with the foresight of his daughter Gertrude Hill Muir has ensured the preservation of archival resources relating to his life and work–primarily but not exclusively in Special Collections at Arizona State University. I believe we will some day have a biography of Edwin Bliss Hill and a new bibliography of his publications. Perhaps someone will eventually tackle a full facsimile edition of the complete run of his press–no substitute for the original publications, but nevertheless a great treat for aficionados of the private press who would never otherwise own or see most of the items. It is doubtful that any existing bibliography of Hill's publications is truly complete–for example, even the listing of publications attached to the finding aid for the Edwin Bliss Hill Collection does not seem to contain Frank Denmark Woollen's *Brittle Sticks* (1933). It does not seem that Hill kept any complete chronological listing of his publications. When a Hill biography is published, his participation in the amateur journalism hobby will inevitably form a significant part of the story. The archives of amateur journals at institutions like UW-Madison, American Antiquarian Society, Western Reserve Historical Society, and New York Public Library may eventually enable researchers to add to the bibliography of Hill's publications. Perhaps a copy of the earliest *Spectator* from October 1882 is yet to be found! As a treat, we reproduce Hill's publication *Type Fever* (1939)–about his press–in the centerfold section of this issue of *The Fossil*. Hill belonged to The Fossils from 1910 forward and kept fellow members advised of events in his life and his publications. He removed permanently to Tempe, Arizona on May 30, 1945, after more than a quarter century in Yselta, Texas. As late as 1946 he wrote the obituary of Bertha Grant Avery (whose poetry collection *Dream Haven* he had printed in 1933) for *The Fossil*. The same year, he suffered a tragedy when his printing equipment in storage in Yselta was destroyed by fire on May 24, 1946. However, he managed to acquire new printing equipment and continued to print for the remainder of his life. He remains a model of what a private pressman can aspire to. The Fossils hope to hear more about Edwin Bliss Hill and his work in the years to come!

SILHOUETTE OF THE SPECTATOR

Ernest A. Edkins

(Reprinted from Robert J. Holman's Cubicle *(vol. 5 no. 4, whole no. 21) for winter 1940.)*

When one attempts to paint the picture of someone near and dear, the temptation to employ rosy colors is almost irresistible. Whistler's famous portrait of his Mother is a case in point; it idealizes her into an ethereal, saint-like figure that must have caused her much amusement, for she was as crochety as most old ladies, who turn out to be remarkably unsaintly, on close acquaintance. Not having seen my old friend Edwin B. Hill for quite a few years, I suppose that in drawing this profile it would be easier to indulge the roseate impulse, or even to invest him with a halo, but I think it wiser to stick to plain black and white. In fact, I strongly suspect

that age has not withered nor custom staled the infinite richness and variety of his profane invective, so the halo idea is definitely out.

White thatched, vigorous and desert tanned to the shade of saddle leather, Hill is still an enthusiastic hobbyist in his early seventies. Morning finds him laboring in the Spectator print shop; afternoon he devotes to his book collections. When I first met him he was a tall, cadaverous and bespectacled youngster with the lofty dome of a scholar and the professional gravity of a comedian. A keen student of Poe's writings, he had already absorbed the spirit of Poe's measured periods and some of his sardonic humor. He was also at that time a great admirer of Omar's hedonistic philosophy, and had an appropriate quatrain for every occasion, but in practice his gustatory indulgences were more figurative than literal, and the "jug of wine" generally revealed itself as a modest Bock or a pitcher of lemonade. He had the happy faculty of waxing lyrical over very simple things, and the restraint to savor life delicately. Several years prior to our Cincinnati encounter he had published a small sheaf of my juvenile verse, beautifully printed and bound in green cloth covers,—but happily since lost in the mists of oblivion. Thus began a notable friendship. [Hill and Edkins probably met at the meeting of the Western Amateur Press Association in Cincinnati, Ohio on July 9, 1888. Hill published Edkins's *Amenophra and Other Poems* from Detroit in 1889—ed.]

Hill's earlier contributions to amateur journalism were presented, first under the famous mast head of *The Boy's Herald* and some years later through the medium of *The Stylus*. My recollection is that *The Boy's Herald* was originally published in the middle seventies (query, by Hall & English?) and continued at intervals through several ownerships until Edwin Hadley Smith secured possession of the ancient wood-cuts; he still gets out an occasional issue,—the oldest paper published in amateur journalism. [*Boys' Herald* was originally issued from New Haven, Connecticut by Lewis H. English and Edward E. Hall, Jr. in September 1871—ed.] I think *The Stylus* first appeared under the editorship of Arthur J. Huss, of Tiffin, Ohio, and some old timers may remember him as a brilliant young poet and writer, circa 1878-1882; when Hill resurrected it, *The Stylus* at once became the leading literary and critical magazine of its period. It was published more or less as a quarterly, from July 1888 to July 1898, and it was my privilege to contribute to some of the earlier issues, though I cannot honestly say that my immature effusions added anything to the magazine's reputation. Hill was largely responsible for the "discovery" and subsequent encouragement of such notable literary contributors as J. J. Mack, Katharine Parsons and Fanny Kemble Johnson. Ill health and the pressure of other affairs compelled the suspension of *The Stylus*, and for seven years Hill lived a Thoreau-like existence deep in the Michigan woods, after which he spent ten years in Arizona before removing to his present residence in Ysleta, Texas. Several years ago he was drawn again to his old hobby, and began the publication of his *Spectator*. This in turn led to the collection and reprinting of selections from the literature of the so-called Golden Era, in a series of attractive pamphlets, of great historical value, though I am sorry to say, little appreciated by the amateurs of this generation. One hopes that a more discriminating posterity will adequately evaluate Hill's services to an institution that has been so long honored and enriched by his unselfish labors.

At the time of Hill's retirement he was an editorial paragrapher on *The Detroit Journal* and a contemporary of Frank I. Cobb, then on the *Detroit Free Press*, and T. S. Varnum on the *Detroit News*; his quips and paragraphs were frequently copied in *The Literary Digest* and other eclectics. His work reflects not a little of that tolerant and whimsical philosophy which we associate with the writings of Charles Lamb. Somewhat akin to Lovecraft in one respect, Hill finds his greatest pleasure in browsing amongst old books, from which he derives the inspiration for most of his gracefully fashioned miniatures and monographs. It is perhaps only natural that his work should have little contemporary appeal, because there are few today who care about "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." The Sage of Ysleta belongs to another age, the age of the Romanticists, of polite letters, of a literary *Götterdämmerung*, of a dying century and a dying tradition. Such survivors are often found in the field of professional arts and letters, but are less common in the vestibule that we call amateur journalism, where arriving and departing guests jostle each other with barely time for a hurried "Hail" and "Farewell."

In habit and appearance Hill is still ascetic. He recalls the description of Cassius,

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,

but as a matter of fact his tastes are Epicurean in the proper sense of that much-abused term. Years ago he abandoned his pipe in deference to medical advice, but occasionally permits himself a ceremonial glass of some mild *vin de cru* such as our grandmothers used to concoct out of elderberries, currants or what not. His active hobby is printing, and he finds relaxation in the collection and reading of rare editions. At one time he had a fine collection of Poeana, which unfortunately vanished from sight in New York, after he had generously donated it to the Poe Cottage at Fordham. Now he concentrates on Thoreau and Lamb, and has

many fine "firsts" on his shelves, and other annotated and autographed volumes that were treasured by those authors, such as Thoreau's copy of Byron. Those of us who are favored with copies of his infrequent *Spectator* always look forward to his quaint colloquies with Alice, the familiar spirit of his print shop, who emerges from her enchanted realm behind the looking glass to perplex him with her pointed questions and candid comments. Alice is not wholly a figment of the imagination; as an inquisitive little girl she was her father's beloved companion in the old print shop, but now she has grown up to be a very clever young woman who directs the affairs of a large public library in Arizona. The key to a simple and lovable character may be found in these urbane conversations between Alice and The Spectator, wherein satire and philosophy mingle and dissolve in such airy ambiguities as almost to invoke the gentle spirit of Elia himself. But down there on the border of Mexico, the temperature often mounts to 120 degrees, and for a man well along in years the labor of setting and distributing type is apt to be rather severe. My old friend rises in the cool interval preceding dawn, when working conditions are pleasant; he sees the sun rise majestically from behind the Guadeloupes, and in early evening watches it sink in fiery splendor beyond the Sierra Madres in Mexico. The mountains and Mesa are only twelve miles distant, and they beckon to him, but there is work to be finished in his printery....A while later, he doffs his ink-stained smock, locks the cabana and walks slowly back to the house, where a shady screened porch invites him,–a porch with a comfortable deck chair, and perhaps a long, cool drink, and a packet of books newly arrived from his dealer. With what eager anticipation he cuts the string and opens up his treasure trove! With what gusto the bibliophile pours a libation to his latest acquisition! The ineffable balm of eventide descends as exotic airs from across the Rio Grande barely stir the drowsy vines; the book slips from his hands as "sleep knits up the ravelled sleave of care." Tomorrow the weary Spectator must prepare his current leaflet for the mails, but tonight he has earned his repose, and so we leave him to his nostalgic dreams of a happier period than this sad world will ever know again. The silhouette has eluded me; I can only project a shadow of indeterminate outline, a vague adumbration of the real Edwin B. Hill,–one of the most delightful but evasive persons that it has ever been my good fortune to know.

RELIQUIAE OF THE OLD DAYS

Edwin B. Hill

(Reprinted from The Fossil *(whole no. 35), December 1915.)*

An inquiry in *The Fossil* for a certain issue of that publication suggests to me that our organization may be the means of aiding brother Fossils to acquire books and papers long since inaccessible.

In September, 1882–or mayhap October of that year–while living in Detroit, Mich., I issued my first amateur paper, in company with George T. Hargreaves. *The Spectator*–four pages of two columns each, about nine or ten ems wide–was printed in Stanberry, Mo., by an amateur whose name evades me. [Edna Hyde McDonald's *Fossil* obituary for Hill, reprinted herein, identifies the printer of the first issue of *The Spectator* as Dee A. Cannon–ed.] Later I issued a tiny thing called *Our Boys*, and still later, about January, 1883, *Our Scribe*. The former was printed by "Wallie" Sellman (age sixteen), and the latter by Russell Robb, of *Mentor* fame, a well-known Detroit amateur. Later, in 1884, I issued one number of *The Journal*. A copy of this paper has come to me from my friend, the President of the Fossils [Joseph Salabes–ed.]. Then, at two different periods, came the well-known *Boys' Herald*, and later *The Stylus*.

The only copies I have of the old papers are the single issue of *The Journal* and a file of *The Stylus*. If any brother Fossil can aid me to a copy of any of these "publications," I shall be grateful.

There must be other Fossils who are desirous of possessing old-time papers and amateur "books" which some brother would be glad to pass on. Why not let our wants be known through the columns of *The Fossil*?

Several years ago my friend, Will T. Scofield, issued a souvenir number of *Our Sanctum*. I like these *reliquiae* of the old days. Why not more of them? Why not an occasional number of a beloved publication, for circulation solely among the Fossils?

Hill proceeded to revive The Spectator *as an occasional publication in the 1930s and 1940s. He issued a new number of* The Stylus *in July 1942.*

SOME OLD-TIME PRESSES

Edwin B. Hill

(Reprinted from The Fossil *(vol. XLIV no. 4, whole no. 114), April 1947.)*

In the earliest days of amateur journalism nearly all amateurs acquired equipment and printed their own papers. As interest increased, these early-day printers–amateurs ever–gradually commenced printing other papers for recruits. These early presses always

interested.

The amateurs of the late '60's and '70's were equipped with two makes of presses, the Army press and the Novelty. Both were hand-inking. Excellent work was accomplished on the Novelty. Will L. Wright's *Egyptian Star*, printed in Cairo, Illinois, was the best of all. His press-work was perfect. None to exceed it has been done today with self inkers, rotaries, or motor-driven presses.

Later came other amateur presses, hand-inking, and still later the self-inking press, most popular of all, manufactured and in use today. Will Kelsey was pioneer in the development of the hand-press. These presses, improved and perfected, are still manufactured by the Kelsey Company of Meriden, Connecticut.

It is recalled that the Baltimorean press was manufactured in both hand- and self-inking format. Another make, the Favorite, was the first press used by James J. O'Connell, who later acquired a United States Jobber—rotary—which he used until he entered the field of professional writing. O'Connell did the finest work of any amateur of his day.

Curtis & Mitchell manufactured presses on which excellent work was done. This press, both hand and foot-power, was popular among amateurs in the early '80's, and is in use today by old-time amateurs. The press was made in various sizes. This firm also manufactured the Caxton press, smaller than the Columbian, which did excellent work.

Then there was the Standard, side-lever, self-inking, now known as the Pilot. Its general appearance is similar to that of the Columbian, which also was side-lever.

Golding & Company also manufactured excellent presses, among them the Official, hand-lever. Then there was the Model press, hand-inking and later rotary as well as hand-lever. It is still manufactured in a revised format.

The writer's first press was a little hand-inking "Daisy" (a misnomer!). Later came a Columbian, and then the Standard. Then there was reversion to the Excelsior and the Caxton, both of which were destroyed in a storage warehouse fire.

Finally came a replica of that early love, the Columbian, No. 1. It is in use today—as it hopefully will be to finality.

Three Detroit amateurs were professional printers, in the '80's, using rotary presses. Will J. Baker, editor of *Youth*, utilized a Gordon; Jason J. Ackerman, of *Odds and Ends*, a mammoth Model; and Albert J. Stranger, of *The Stranger*, a Columbian. It was on Ackerman's mammoth Model that I first "kicked" a press, and in his office I learned the rudiments of straight-matter composition. That was in 1882.

Of the hand-presses, Benj. B. Pelham, editor of *The Venture*, utilized a Standard (now designated Pilot); Russell Robb, a Golding Official; my own press, a Columbian No. 1, of which brand I have here the replica, Will L. Washburn's famous press, on which he printed his miniature books. Until his retirement three years ago, this was the oldest private press in the United States.

Glover A. Snow, of the Kelsey Company, Meriden, Connecticut, in a private letter, says: "Kelsey purchased the names of B. O. Woods & Co., and the Novelty Press Co. As far as I know, the press-patterns were never used thereafter. They must have been destroyed eventually. Kelsey bought Joseph Watson in 1897. He purchased J. Cook & Co., makers of the Enterprise and the Victor, in 1883. The Victor was the only one of these outfits that he ever manufactured."

EDWIN B. HILL

Edna Hyde McDonald

(Reprinted from The Fossil *(vol. XLVII no. 1, whole no. 123) for July 1949.)*

Edwin B. Hill was inoculated with the printing virus at the age of six, when in Pontiac, Michigan, some husky young printers played baseball on the commons near his home. Hero worship determined the course he would follow.

His first press was a Daisy, hand-inked, He exchanged this for a better contraption upon which he taught himself how to print and was so satisfied with the result that, upon finishing school, he took a job as devil with the *Michigan Christian Herald*.

In 1884 he printed *The Journal*, a small amateur news-sheet, and thus began his career as a full-fledged private press-man. It was Hill who printed Richard Gerner's "Terrible Snow," and Hill who launched *The Stylus* in July 1888. *The Stylus* was a quarterly, printed one page at a time, and ran for ten years.

In the course of his amateur career he met George T. Hargreaves who contributed little essays to amateur papers over the name *Alcestis*. Hargreaves told Hill of the Detroit Amateur Journalists Club and the National Amateur Press Association. The fever caught Hill. Hargreaves and Hill planned a paper and in October, 1882, the first number of *The Spectator*, printed by Dee A. Cannon, was in their hands to gloat over. So far as is known, no copy of that issue survives.

Hill's first warm friend in the hobby was Will R. Antisdel. In later years, Hargreaves, Hill and Antisdel entered the professional field together on the *Detroit Tribune*. When that paper was sold, Hill transferred to

the *Detroit Times*, as State editor; and later, when the *Times* folded, he went to the *Detroit Journal* as news editor, succeeding Hargreaves there. In 1902, due to failing health, he resigned and for six years lived alone in the Michigan woods. In 1908 he moved to Arizona, where he remained ten years; then to Texas, where in 1920 he established his residence at Yselta.

Here he embarked on the publication of brochures in limited editions, although he had always preferred this type of work. In 1900, actually, he engaged in a project which would strike the modern amateur printer as prodigious. He hand-set and printed, one page at a time, one hundred and seventy-one pages of a collection of essays, *Pertaining to Thoreau*. Free evenings, holidays, all spare time was devoted to this enterprise which took him a year and a half. It is ironic to note that devotion to something extolling the simple life should so affect young Hill's health that he was obliged to leave Detroit for the wooded country of Lakeland, Michigan, to restore his own health.

The printing hobby pursued him all his life. In 1947 he celebrated sixty-five years in the fraternity.

He was born August 17, 1866 and died April 6, 1949.

FROM THE FILES OF THE SPECTATOR

Edwin B. Hill

Selected by Ken Faig, Jr.

Issued on Impulse
To Circulate Amongst Friends

[UNTITLED]

THE SPECTATOR pauses on the threshold once more and, possibly, finally, not unwilling to enter into the charmed circle, but hesitantly considering his reception. This little paper claims irregularity of issue. It is not sent forth generously,—in fact, the number printed is small, and the circulation limited to those friends who wish to receive. But it is not denied to anyone who cares enough to acknowledge receipt of an issue. A new mailing list is in formation, and it will be a pleasure to add the name of any amateur friendly to the paper...Among the exchanges which come to our desk one is apart from the rest. It is respite from the madness of this sad world to read in *The Friendly Quill* the quotations from Thoreau. This reminds THE SPECTATOR that Thoreau's thoughtful essay "Civil Disobedience" should be generally read by every discerning amateur and professional journalist. In this essay the duty of every right-thinking person is set forth in language simple, classical and forceful. *The Friendly Quill* is well-printed and the format is pleasing. Long may it drive!...*Cadences* is a broadside of verse and comment that warms the ancient heart of THE SPECTATOR. The temporary suspension of this quarterly is regretted...THE SPECTATOR recently learned of the passing of that fine writer and critic, James Jay O'Connell, who left us 10 February, 1934. He will be remembered by the old guard as the father of amateur literature. He was a reformer. His pen was vitriolic in critical estimate of the mediocrities of the 1880's, at the same time commending the work of those who later became known for the excellence of their literary output. O'Connell as printer and publisher printed many of the papers and magazines of those golden days, the finished workmanship winning him highest praise. O'Connell's later years were passed in seclusion. He contributed to magazines in New York. For years he had withdrawn wholly from the ranks of amateur writers, but the results of his criticisms are in evidence unto this day and generation...

(February 25, 1936)

[UNTITLED]

THE SPECTATOR delights in haunting certain old junkeries in the neighbor-city El Paso, wherein occasionally are to be acquired books, Indian baskets, Navajo blankets, and brass candlesticks, to all of which he is addict. The other day, amongst a lot of *disjecta membra*, a yellow cover book caught the eye. Immediately was recalled an amateur of the Golden Age. "Lawn Tennis Lessons for Beginners," by J. Parmly Paret. The book is now included in THE SPECTATOR's collection of volumes by our old-time editors. Paret's name is on the membership roll of The Fossils. Years ago we were correspondents. The acquisition of the book is a bridge between the old days and those of today, and for that and other reasons, dear...The insignia on our coinage might very properly be altered to "O Debt, Where Is Thy Sting!" Or, possibly, we are being stung sufficiently without further wholly unnecessary admission. In this Land of Broken Promise the only trust left us is in that motto on our coinage,—so blatantly antagonistic to fact. Basest betrayal seems most popular with the philistines of this mad world....THE SPECTATOR has been delving into amateur journals of the past, and finding great joy therein. Two poems that appeal to him are entitled "Ambition." The following is by Ed. A. Oldham:

The shackled slave who tends his master's call,

Has but one master at whose feet to fall,–
But who has mere ambition for his god,
Fears many more than one tyrannic rod.

The other is from *The Violet*,–a magazine published in Cincinnati in the Halcyon Days of '80's:

Man stands alone. Unaided he may rise,
Ambition lifts him to the very skies;
This but the reward of all his toil–
A narrow resting-place in noisome soil!

..."I gather me up unto the old things." What would not THE SPECTATOR give–not in Coin of the Realm, but in gratitude–for a sight of those old copies of the *New York Mirror*, in their rough bindings, all uncut, upon which he once did feast his eyes back in Detroit! And the amateur papers of the 1880's, when Detroit was the Banner City! And the books that were read and the nights that were given to golden talk! The garrulities of Age–and the glorious memories–alone survive. The candle all but gutters in the socket.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

So wrote Ernest Dowson–and it is from the heart.

(August 17, 1937)

[UNTITLED]

The Little Lady occupied the Chair of State in the print-shop.

"I've been wondering"–

"You mean wandering, Alice," THE SPECTATOR broke in.

"No, it's you who do the wandering, when you print THE SPECTATOR," replied ALice.

Surely there was nothing further to be said. However, Alice broke the silence once more.

"Why do you so like the little papers–and why don't you send THE SPECTATOR to all of them?"

THE SPECTATOR "stood awhile in thought." He looked at Alice quizzically.

"Because I print only forty copies, and send to the old-timers and the old friends. Others may not care. I once sent forth "thumb-nail" papers–but that was more than fifty years ago. I was somewhat younger then."

Alice looked at THE SPECTATOR and smiled.

"`Age hath somewhat withered him,"' she misquoted to make the point.

"Only mentally," THE SPECTATOR replied.

"Well, that's to be expected," said Alice.

"And not anticipated?"

"Anyway, don't neglect the tadpoles when you feed the frogs," said Alice, as the door closed on her passing.

And so, for once, an issue of the little paper is sent to every member of the National Amateur Press Association.

..."Brittle Sticks," by F. D. W., includes the last verse from the pen of Frank D. Woollen, poet, essayist, sketch writer, critic. Woollen was editor of a fine and scholarly magazine, *Red Letter Days*, and of *The National Amateur*. Copies of this brochure are offered for sale at sixty cents. Only a few remain, and there is no further issue...In the Golden Age of amateur letters the printing of little booklets was common. Are these days to pass unheeded? Are our amateur printers interested to renew the past activity? Let us then be not as those without hope. The field awaits!...THE SPECTATOR hesitates once more. Fifty-five years ago–in October, 1882–No. 1 of this little paper came from the printer to delight the eyes of one of the editors. It was of four pages, two columns to the page, each column eight or nine ems in width, size and format as the present number. No copy exists as far as is known. Shall another number go forth–or shall the curtain fall? Time alone may solve the problem of indecision. If THE SPECTATOR were to dedicate this and past issues of the paper, it would be to those who have loved our little world, one and all: and especially to those who print their own papers, and who are devotees of the craft,–even as I, at seventy-one, who love and honor it beyond words.

To the amateur journalists of today in farewell
...We who are about to die
Salute you!

(October 1937)

[UNTITLED]

THE SPECTATOR has taken into his heart of heart old-time amateur papers, vintage of the 1880's, graciously sent him by Fossil Homer M. Green. All are from the old home, Detroit, Michigan, and each and every one bears the name of an amateur well known to the editors of those days,–friends esteemed by THE SPECTATOR, who knew them,–who recalls them one by one after the long years. Rudolph Ortmann, of the *Detroit Amateur*; Jason J. Ackerman, of *Odds and Ends*,–both ex-presidents of the Detroit Amateur Journalists' Club, which flourished those glorious years when the City of the Straits, with its twenty-two papers, was the banner city of amateur journalism. The names of Gehlert, Carter, Smith, Niles, Bolton, and others are recalled. Hudson was first to pass, then Baker, Ackerman, Kast, Chamberlain, Antisdel, Ortmann,

Remick and others now unremembered. Pelham and Hargreaves linger amongst us, and others of the old guard, how few,–how very few!

'Tis many a year since then!
My friends? Oh, where are they?
The boys have grown to men,
And the men have passed away.

...It is welcome news,–the progress made on the "History of Amateur Journalism" under the capable editorship of Truman J. Spencer. No one in amateur journalism is better equipped for this greatly needed work...It would bring joy into the lives of many members of The Fossils to revive the old-time paper for even a single issue. Why not a *Venture*? A *Bergen Post*? Think well on this–and then act!...In Fossil Daniels's paper, *The News and Observer*, Raleigh, North Carolina, a forty-page commemorative issue, our fellow-member writes of his years in newspaper work, commencing as an amateur in the days long gone. May there be many editorials before him...A collection of poems from the pen of Joseph Dana Miller will be issued from the private press of THE SPECTATOR early in the coming year. It will be similar in format to the preceding issues of the press, reviewed in the recent issue of *The Fossil*. Notice of completion will be announced. ...Among the treasures in THE SPECTATOR's collection of amateurana is a copy of "Stanzas and Sketches" by James J. O'Connell,–incomparably the finest specimen of amateur book-making of the day,–of any day. This copy was the gift of Fossil Will T. Scofield, whose departure was loss most grievous. His life in memory is inspiration.

This issue of THE SPECTATOR*, hand-set in eight-point Century Expanded, and printed on an Excelsior hand-press by the Editor, is dedicated with greatest esteem, to George T. Hargreaves, one of the Editors, then in Detroit, Michigan, in October of 1882. This Fossil number is of October, 1938.*

MUSING ON ELIA'S PAGE

Rheinhart Kleiner

Musing on Elia's page when winter night
And cold and silence close on circling hills,
When frosty moonbeams fall on snowy sills,
I find my lamp-lit solitude grown bright!
Sweet, human warmth that sorrow could not blight,
True laughter that defied besetting ills–
Such reassurances his pen instills
In human hearts, in hastening time's despite!
Dim, deep'ning decades long have overlain
His grave in Edmonton; but he survives
Their dust and darkness; he remains to cheer
The passing doubts, at once both sad and vain,
Of these obscurities we call our lives,
These groping interludes of hope and fear!

[UNTITLED]

THE SPECTATOR has chronicled the departure of many friends of amateur journalism's Golden Age. Each issue of *The Fossil* adds to the list, and therein are disclosed the names of amateurs endeared through years of association and through correspondence...The recent passing of Charles C. Heuman, while not wholly unexpected, came as a distinct shock to his friends in The Fossils. He was, with one exception, the last of the group of organizers of the National Amateur Press Association in Philadelphia in 1876. In a letter to THE SPECTATOR, recently, Mr. Heuman wrote that he was unable to attend The Fossil banquet in April and, while anxious to be present at the National meeting in Philadelphia, his health would not permit. Mr. Heuman's translations of Heine's poems were among his contributions to amateur literature. These he was planning to collect for publication in book-form. While his name and fame mean little to the amateurs of today, he was loved and venerated by his associates in The Fossils. *Brave and brilliant and kind, hail and farewell.*

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THE SPECTATOR felicitates The Fossils. The election of E. D. Stair to the presidency of the organization confers additional honors upon one who is gratefully and graciously remembered by one of the staff of the *Detroit Journal* of 1900, of which our president was the publisher and the director. THE SPECTATOR contributed the editorial paragraphs printed each day. May their bitterness be forgotten, though not forgiven by the subjects!

>>>==>

Alice, up in Indian country in the Summer, still was possessed of lurking literary tastes. She undoubtedly missed the amateur papers so necessary to her intellectual life. In one characteristic letter, mentioning THE SPECTATOR's dereliction, she said: "It is beautiful up here. You ought to come up for air." THE SPECTATOR was somewhat amused at the adjuration, for, after reading certain clownish utterances bordering on the profane–utterances the perpetrators may miscall wit–he

feels the need ofttimes of deserting the depths for a purer atmosphere—temporarily, at least.

>>>==>

It still remains for the discerning amateur to announce that the best parts of the little paper are the arrows dividing the paragraphs. THE SPECTATOR suggests—and anticipates hopefully.

>>>==>

This issue of THE SPECTATOR *is sent forth during the golden month of October, 1940, commemorating the initial issue of October, 1882. The verse is set in ten-point Caslon, and the paragraphs in eight-point Century Expanded. The press-work is done on an Excelsior press, once the property of Tim Thrift, former president of N.A.P.A. Edwin B. Hill, Editor, Yselta, Texas, U.S.A.*

ALICE

THE SPECTATOR was chuckling over a bookish circular which heralded the wonderful work another "discovery" had put forth. Skeptically, he laid it aside. Alice, deeply engrossed in recent issues of *The National Amateur*, finally looked up hesitantly.

"Now there is that September number of 1940. It isn't so interesting, after all. There is a blank page—"

"Why, it's the most entertaining page in the issue! You can imagine so many things omitted that might have found place there! It isn't the things printed that interest us, it's the things our amateurs don't print."

Alice was puzzled.

"You don't seem to consider what you call the "amenities" of amateur journalism. You're all for poems and essays and sketches and you forget that most amateurs care for other things."

"Exactly. Literature means nothing to many of our amateurs. They are keen for politics, and office-getting leads everything in their world of make-believe. The attempts at wit and the violent searches after the wrong word in the right place seem to give pleasure to that element which rules our little organization."

Alice was seriously trying to absorb this reflection cast upon her favorite pastime—a reflection the purport of which would gradually be allowed to find place in her understanding of the essence of true amateur journalism.

"Well, anyway, thee are some good papers that you approve of, I know. There's *Masaka* and *Bellette* and *Olympian* and *Causerie* and others I've read and like a lot. They are real. Some of them print your things, too. And," Alice continued, "that is their misfortune. Probably they couldn't find anyone who would write that sort of thing and do it so much better—as it should be done. And so—"

THE SPECTATOR chuckled. Alice ofttimes forsook the rapier for the broad-axe. She resumed after a pause:

"You don't appreciate the place some of the younger members occupy in the ranks."

"Their offense *is* rank," THE SPECTATOR broke in. "You see, so many have the wrong idea of what amateur journalism should be, not what it is, in fact. That's what the old Reformers, as they were called, tried to impress upon their contemporaries. It failed. The Reformers were maligned, but their suggested reforms were finally adopted in part by those very Philistines who drove them from the ranks. But all that is ancient history."

"Why, that's what they are doing today! And it seems the same thing is going on and on always!"

"Well, in the words of a great man who saw the futility of the struggle, `Who cares, and what does it matter?'"

"It *does* matter," said Alice. "Everything matters. Just keep on trying and doing."

"As Robert Louis Stevenson said somewhere, `Do right, and let the world slide.'"

Alice is right. THE SPECTATOR personally will allow the rest to go, when and where and to, may be decided later by a more intelligent posterity. Lost causes, though never wholly lost, are only a challenge to Youth,—the sort of Youth typified by Hemingway's hero in the Spanish war. And Browning was eternally right—

No star
Was ever lost, but rose afar.
In Vishnu-land what Avatar?

(October 1941)

ALICE

THE SPECTATOR, having resurrected an ancient copy of "Bab Ballads" and passed it on to Alice, was somewhat surprised at her solemnity. The little book did not amuse.

"Alice, would you prefer the old dictionary? Or would you care for something less weighty?"

Alice laughed. Then she discovered the card of inquiry on the upturned type-case, which was her reading-desk in the print-shop. Round-eyed, she turned to her *fidus achates*.

"Why, I'm asked if I'm Alice! If I'm not Alice, who am I? I don't understand!"

"Well, sometimes I'm skeptical. Really, I don't know but what, after all, you're some what of a sprite. Best tell me now and settle it for all time."

There were tears in the child's eyes when she looked at her questioner. He smiled his reassurance.

"I am I—Alice. I'm real, and I know you know it. You're just trying to tease. I'm foolish to feel that way. But you know I care a lot for things you care a lot for, and when you say things like that they hurt."

THE SPECTATOR was quick with apology. Then he laid the latest National bundle on the "desk" and Alice soon forgot her personal griefs.

"Here is a little paper that I know caused the printer a lot of worry. I think he is trying hard to do something, but he's not quite succeeding."

"That, Alice dear, is what we are all doing—trying and failing and sometimes succeeding. But we keep on and hope we'll succeed next time."

"That is what I have always thought," Alice replied. "You know, we can't always do things we set out to do. We just try to accomplish something. And then, when we do succeed it's a glory and a day of sunshine."

"Sometimes I believe that it's all a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing, as a certain great man said so many years ago. Mayhap he was right."

Alice was thoughtful. "I think you're what a friend of yours called you once—a pessimistic optimist—or was it an optimistic pessimist?"

"Oh, either way will do in a pinch. Both are correct to fit varying moods."

THE SPECTATOR looked away. Alice once more was right. The child was very discerning. Beneath it all was the solemnity of truth, undenied. He certainly lived the life of the spirit, insofar as possible—the abiding affection for the amateurs of today and their efforts to win the battle—even as THE SPECTATOR strove so many years ago—and failed.

"The reward is in the doing" came then into mind.

Alice had resumed reading the mimeographed and the printed papers. There was no separation of the sheep from the goats. Just joy in the fact that the amateurs were following the tents of the previous discussion, and, happily, sometimes succeeding in the quest. The Greeks and Troy! They tried and finally succeeded.

(December 1941)

[UNTITLED]

THE SPECTATOR was cleaning up the little Caxton press after a short run. Alice had been watching the process. She was interested in the details of the mechanism, and in the care that was expended upon its workmanship by the makers. Finally she broke the silence.

"It's a beautiful little press. I like so much to see you print on it. There must have been many others used by amateur printers in the old days—maybe by some of them today."

"There were other presses for amateurs made and used for many years before the Caxton was invented," THE SPECTATOR said, reminiscently. "The first was probably the Novelty. I never saw but one of these, and that was in an amateur printers' warehouse in Detroit. It must have been sixty-odd years ago—in the late '70's."

Alice was interested.

"Did you print on it?" she asked, with a somewhat quizzical smile.

THE SPECTATOR denied the implication. He was trying to remember all the amateur presses that he had worked with—and they were legion! All the long years he had yearned to possess one of these old presses, even unto this day. That, he knew, was a wish never to be fulfilled.

"I've remembrance of my first press—a Daisy. It was a tiny affair, hand-inking. Then came a small Baltimorean, also hand-inking. There was then a Model hand-inker. After that the self-inkers came swiftly—Columbian, Standard, Excelsior, Caxton. And how I loved it all—the work and the presses!"

Alice watched the final cleansing of the press, and the wiping away of the superfluous oil which accumulated unnecessarily.

"It's all so interesting—the little press and the work which really isn't work. I know it gives you joy to set the types and then to print—and then when you have done all this you do what you call `throw in' the types and prepare for another printing of something you and I are so glad to see."

"Well, as long as it's you and I, we are content," THE SPECTATOR replied.

Then he checked over mentally the work accomplished recently—a reprint of Emerson's notice of the death of Henry D. Thoreau, first printed in a Boston paper a day or so after the passing of the poet-naturalist; John Neal's letter to Edgar Allan Poe, in which Neal criticized Poe's English, together with Edmund Clarence Stedman's estimate of the contents of the letter. Poe is among the immortals, while Neal is forgotten. Followed a poem, `Thoreau,' a broadside; then two brochures of verse, not yet completed; and, of course, inevitably, THE SPECTATOR.

So much bought and for. So reads the old saw.

The pleasure and the pain! It has been very much worth while, after all.

"And again, something has been accomplished."

Alice smiled. Then, after a long pause, she said, "We are so happy in caring a lot for the things we care a lot for, and so we'll just keep on caring for those things."

It was very like her to console and to praise. And always—always to be—Alice.

(April 19, 1942)

FOREWORD

Willard O. Wylie

(Reprinted from Range Tales*, Boston, Massachusetts, Severn-Wylie-Jewett Company, 1916.)*

I count it a great privilege and a great honor to write this prefatory word. I have known the author since boyhood days, when we both worshipped at the shrine of amateur journalism and developed the attachment for printers' ink that has never deserted us.

One cannot read the Tales assembled in this booklet without sensing the real literary ability that brought them into being. Moreover, I may add that we would have a profound admiration for the writer could we realize the difficulties under which he has labored in producing them.

After all, we know but little about those whom we call friends. We chat with them, but we know nothing about the heart-aches, nothing about the trials and temptations, and with a word of the commonplace, when the human touch is needed, we pass on.

The world is too busy, too formal, too merciless, too intent upon the dollar to pause in its headlong rush towards the commercial with the result that the finer sensibilities of the soul become smothered by materialism.

God be praised however that here and there may be found those who have not forgotten the Sermon on the Mount. They are indeed "the salt of the earth." They radiate the gospel of good cheer and neighborliness and their daily deeds modestly performed are oases in the vast expanse of things material.

In these Tales we find a string of pearls. Each one is an entity in itself, yet each one breathes the spirit of the free air of hill and plain. The simile is perfected in the relationship that exists between them. They are strung upon the chord of philately, than which there is no finer hobby in all the world.

Would you know more of the charms of fair Philatelia? You will find the Goddess gracious as you enter her presence, patient as she unfolds her mysteries and entrancing as you become better acquainted with her. May these Tales not only entertain you, but lead you on into the delights of the hobby universal.

Beverly, Mass., May 15, 1916.

THE ILLS OF JIMMY O'.

Edwin B. Hill

(Reprinted from Range Tales*, Boston, Massachusetts, Severn-Wylie-Jewett Company, 1916.)*

The streets of Willow ran yellow with mingled 'dobe and water. Real rain had fallen upon the unsuspecting earth, and for fully three days the sun had not shone,—an unprecedented thing for Arizona.

"Right here is where I begin to get some peevish," declared my friend, Jimmy O'., as he looked out upon the lowering sky. "Three days I can stand it, then I seek solitude, or I fight my best friends."

Now Jimmy O'., be it known, had forsaken the way of the transgressor on pleasure bent, *via* the cow-boy route, and was hoarding his coin-of-the-realm to augment his "collection," donated—with the aid of $87.50 of Jimmy O'.'s cash—by his bosom friend, Johnny Williams, of the Gila country; all of which has been duly set forth "in a previous issue," as the magazines say. Jimmy O'. was just returning from a fortnight's visit to Johnny, and had reached my shack when the skies opened. For three days Jimmy had soaked up rain and stampic information alternately. But Jimmy could cook, and he was "good company," so I could endure a fortnight of him—almost—during a rain in Arizona.

"Finest climate in the world," chirped Jimmy. "Great country, too, until they put water on it. Now we're ruined."

Jimmy looked as gloomy as the skies. He made it personal. For me, I failed to see wherein the ruin lay. Six or seven crops of alfalfa a year under irrigation looked good to me. But Jimmy rambled on, and I knew something worth while was sure to follow, especially when he began deftly with one hand to roll a cigarette.

"The greatest game of baseball I ever saw was on Grand Island, Niagara River, on the 3d or 5th of July, '89. There was a collection of stamps on third base, and every man who reached it had his pick free. I don't just remember who got first choice, but I managed to get a couple."

This was the point where I sat up suddenly. Jimmy was just 26: that settled him. Then I remembered.

There were some old amateur papers in the tent-house, vintage of the '80's and '90's, and Jimmy had been absorbing them with a purpose.

"Fine bunch o' sports. Friends o' mine, too. There was Sammy Stinson, who knocked always three-baggers; an' there was `Willow,' who never agreed with `Anti,' and them two delayed the game in-or-di-nate-ly. An' there was another friend o' mine there, too, who was some unfortunate. He never got to third base."

Be it known, *en parenthese*, that on that day of July, '89, both the managing editor of MEKEEL'S WEEKLY and the humble writer of these sketches played in a game of base ball at the place designated. It was a battle royal between the East and the West, members of the National Amateur Press Association. But there wasn't a stamp collection on third base,—only a keg of water. I shall never forget that, for I nearly died of thirst. I was the old friend Jimmy felt sorry for!

"It was a great convention," continued Jimmy. "I think I got these two stamps yet." He fumbled amongst some letters inside his shirt, drew forth a tattered envelope, and extracted a fragment of an approval sheet, which he passed over to me.

If I sat up when Jimmy began his monologue, I sat up some more here and now, for what my eyes rested on were two copies of the six cents Proprietary, orange, in immaculate condition. as like as two perfect stamps could be.

"And I says to myself, last week," continued Jimmy, ungrammatically, "if the gods are good, and I survive, I'll give one o' these souvenirs to a friend o' mine who sure got less than he deserved at that game in '89."

Whereupon Jimmy held out his hand for the sheet, gazed at it intently, detached the copy which he deemed the preferable, and passed it back to me. The other he poked into his breast-works once more, and resumed his attention to another cigarette.

"One lovely day in April," he began after I had expressed my thanks. "One lovely day in April, as I said before—and it didn't rain, either—Mr. James O'., for short, went to see his friend Johnny W. for long—say a couple o' weeks."

I feared the absorption of recent magazine literature was corrupting Jimmy's "style," but he abruptly swung into his pace. I grew more interested.

"Gila is all right for about nine days. Then you wonder if you can stand it four more. The wonder gets on your nerves. Mine, that is. Johnny and I wore it out on the round-up, and then I began to wish I had an old catalogue along. I took to prowling around town. About four days after—it was the last day I was there—I hit on a drug store, run by an old codger who'd brought his junk out from the East in a prairie schooner, and most if it was there yet,—vintage o' 66. My eye! It was funny! An' then I spotted a bottle with a stamp—one o' those Father-of-His-Country affairs. `Never say die,' says I. `While there's life there's hope. Jimmy O'., you're on the verge of a great find. Go slow—but not too slow. Also, you may have to borrow money!'

"Say, the symptoms I developed would stump a horse-doctor, let alone a human one. Why, I had everything from cholera infantum to the heaves! Honest! And that old Ananias aided and abetted me, b'jinks! It cost me $11.60—he knocked off a dollar and two bits when I had that acute attack of `balm-for-women' disease—according to the symptom book—and the stamps. I annexed the only two bottles he had."

Here Jimmy waved his cigarette hand at the phantom six-cents Proprietary. "It was real unlady-like of him, but I sure appreciated it—him making me think I had it bad," declared Jimmy, with his humorous grin. "An' say! I found when I rode on to Johnny's, to say good bye, that nine o' them bottles had busted on me, an' my saddle-bags was sure some afloat. But I saved the stamps."

Then Jimmy proceeded to dig out more letters from which another sheet was finally extracted. And I gloated! A four cents vermillion D. S. Barnes,—a one cent black Brandreth, perforated,—a two cents black, P. H. Drake & Co.,—and a six cents orange, James Swaim, were among the treasures. I figured Jimmy had acquired about $700.00, catalogue value, for his $11.60.

"An' now," said Jimmy, "as the sun begins to show symptoms, I reckon I'll saddle up and hustle along to Three Bar X. You see, I fed them two bottles o' that woman's friend to a Pima buck who sure had a thirst. He thought it was a new brand o' firewater. I bet he got revenge on his squaw, somethin' fierce. Johnny told me they was a dep'ty sheriff lookin' fer a young man on a pinto horse. I fear that's my name. I tell you, son, you let women alone!"

With that advice, Jimmy rapidly effaced himself from the borderland of Willow.

BASEBALL AT THE BUFFALO CONVENTION

John Travis Nixon

(Extracted from Nixon's History of the National Amateur Press Association *[Crowley, Louisiana: the author, 1900], p. 208.)*

On Saturday morning [July 6, 1889], some thirty amateur journalists embarked on board a steamer chartered for the purpose, and were transported along the Niagara river to Grand Island. Here the annual ball game was played, resulting in a complete victory for the

Eastern nine. The principal features of the game were the heavy batting of Stinson, the brilliant pitching of Ottinger and Boruck, the wonderful base running of Chrystie, the startling success of Heath as an umpire ably assisted by Brown and the remaining members of both nines, the magnificent work of Crossley at first base, and last but not least, the persistent efforts of Wylie to secure fair play. The game took about two hours, one-half of which was consumed in wading through swamps and hay fields in search of the ball; the rest in chasing it over the diamond when thrown to a baseman or when struck by a lucky batsman.

In the afternoon an excursion was made to Niagara. The party arrived safely in Buffalo in time for a 10 o'clock supper.

When 3 o'clock sounded from the church tower on Sunday morning [July 7, 1889], the last festive amateur had scampered off to bed, and Buffalo in '89 was a thing of the past.

The following amateurs were in attendance at one or more sessions of the Buffalo convention: C. N. Andrews, W. R. Antisdel, Al. E. Barker, N. N. Block, M. F. Boechat, L. S. Boruck, W. J. Brodie, Geo. S. Brown, C. R. Burger, W. B. Burger, H. M. Carter, W. C. Chiles, T. L. Chrystie, A. D. Cochrane, H. R. Cody, M. A. Cohen, Harriet C. Cox, Harry Crossley, W. F. Danforth, W. W. Delaney, Geo W. Dodd, Jr., Duhme (proxy W. G. Muirehead), E. A. Edkins, J. R. Gleason, E. A. Goeway, A. D. Grant, Fred Hanchett, F. F. Heath, C. M. Heineman, H. J. Heislein, J. G. Heyn, – Heyn, E. B. Hill, H. C. Hochstadter, Jas. Kavanagh, Louis Kempner, F. R. Luescher, F. T. Mayer, W. E. Mellinger, – Metcalf, J. D. Miller, Cora Ottinger, J. J. Ottinger, T. H. Parsons, E. H. Pugh, H. B. Saunders, F. E. Schermerhorn, S. S. Stinson, – Symonds, J. L. Tomlinson, E. G. Wyckhoff, W. O. Wylie.

(Buffalo 1889 was the NAPA convention at which Louis Kempner defeated Michael F. Boechat for the presidency, 59-37, as recalled in Kempner's speech reprinted in our last issue. Hill doubtless included a recollection of the baseball game at the '89 convention in the fourth of his "Range Tales" as a compliment to his old friend Willard O. Wylie. An historian of amateur journalism with a time machine might do far worse than to travel back to Grand Island on the morning of Saturday, July 6, 1889, to witness so many of these noted amateur journalists, in the prime of their youth, contending for victory on the baseball diamond. I suspect that Frank Earle Schermerhorn was the last survivor of that group of athletes–ed.)

POINT-COUNTERPOINT

Charles D. Isaacson & H. P. Lovecraft

(Reprinted from Isaacson's In A Minor Key *(June 1915) and Lovecraft's* The Conservative *(vol. 1 no. 2), July 1915)*

To The Greatest American Thinker

Charles D. Isaacson

Walt Whitman! Proudest name in all modern literature. Successor in grandeur to Milton, successor to Dante in magnitude.

I read Whitman, and the world takes on new beauties. I read Whitman and the very nothingnesses of existence attain a charm that formerly was reserved for the rarest of joys.

When Whitman speaks, mere rhymers and poets sink into the play world. For here is a man to whom the matter of life is a serious thing–albeit a wonderful romance.

I think that Whitman shall become in a hundred years the most potent factor in the civilizing of the world and that his teachings will be the basis for the physical, spiritual and political life of the future.

Let us have done with the insipidity of the conventionalist and gradually wend our way into the beautiful land of Whitman. Life is new and vital. The dicta of yesterday are ancient and must be laid along the broader universalistic lines of Whitman and his followers.

In A Major Key

H. P. Lovecraft

It was lately the good fortune of The Conservative to receive from The Blue Pencil Club a pamphlet entitled *In a Minor Key*, whose phenomenal excellence furnishes emphatic evidence that the old National still retains some members who would have done it credit even in its palmiest days. But great as may be the literary merit of the publication, its astonishing radicalism of thought cannot but arouse an overwhelming chorus of opposition from the saner elements in amateur journalism.

Charles D. Isaacson, the animating essence of the publication, is a character of remarkable quality. Descended from the race that produced a Mendelssohn, he is himself a musician of no ordinary talent, whilst as a man of literature he is worthy of comparison with his co-

religionists Moses Mendez and Isaac D'Israeli. But the very spirituality which gives elevation to the Semitic mind partially unfits it for the consideration of tastes and trends in Aryan thought and writings, hence it is not surprising that he is a radical of the extremest sort.

From an ordinary man, the acclamation of degraded Walt Whitman as the "Greatest American Thinker" would come as an insult to the American mind, yet with Mr. Isaacson one may but respectfully dissent. Penetrating and forgetting the unspeakable grossness and wildness of the erratic bard, our author seizes on the one spark of truth within, and magnifies it till it becomes for him the whole Whitman. The Conservative, in speaking for the sounder faction of American taste, is impelled to give here his own lines on Whitman, written several years ago as part of an essay on the modern poets:

Behold great *Whitman*, whose licentious line
Delights the rake, and warms the souls of swine;
Whose fever'd fancy shuns the measur'd pace,
And copies Ovid's filth without his grace.
In his rough brain a genius might have grown,
Had he not sought to play the brute alone;
But void of shame, he let his wit run wild,
And liv'd and wrote as Adam's bestial child.
Averse to culture, strange to humankind,
He never knew the pleasures of the mind.
Scorning the pure, the delicate, the clean,
His joys were sordid, and his morals mean.
Thro' his gross thoughts a native vigour ran,
From which he deem'd himself the perfect man:
But want of decency his rank decreas'd,
And sunk him to the level of the beast.
Would that his Muse had dy'd before her birth,
Nor spread such foul corruption o'er the earth.

(These verses were printed as "Fragment on Whitman" in S. T. Joshi's edition of Lovecraft's collected verse, The Ancient Track *(Nightshade Books, 2001), pp. 192-193. In a note (p. 58 note 3) in Lovecraft's* Collected Essays 1 *(Hippocampus Books, 2004), Joshi remarks that Lovecraft's "Essay on Modern Poets"—from which the verses on Whitman were taken—apparently does not survive—ed.)*

Discussions

Charles D. Isaacson

Prejudice is of all vices the most un-American and yet the most difficult to suppress, even in America. Because it is against the very life principle of the nation's soul, against the very foundation idea of the nation's existence, men deny it and call it by some other name, but it will not be downed, and every so often it appears in all its leering boldness.

Martin H. Glynn was defeated for re-election to the Governorship of New York because of his Catholicism. Senator Thompson lost the mayoralty of Chicago on a single issue—that he believed in the Church of Rome. Leo Frank is held, condemned in a Georgia dungeon because God chanced to give him a Jewish faith.

And now in the form of entertainment, and made worse because handled with exquisite art—there is in New York, and perhaps elsewhere, a preachment against the negro. It is the most outspoken incitement against the black man since the Civil War decided that question and hushed those sentiments. "The Birth of a Nation" is a disgrace to America. Its backers should be flogged. There is no other punishment expressive enough. The work of Lincoln and his followers is being torn and rendered less helpful by such as "The Birth of a Nation." Negroes, Catholics, Jews, Irish, Germans and all persecuted peoples, should point a damning finger at those responsible in any way for its production.

Prejudice must be wiped out. It is the only truly noxious influence in American life. And the last way to accomplish that is to permit The Menace, Life, "The Birth of a Nation" and any other sect or race-hating medium to continue its fatal appeal.

In A Major Key

H. P. Lovecraft

Mr. Isaacson's views on race prejudice, as outlined in his *Minor Key*, are too subjective to be impartial. He has perhaps resented the more or less open aversion to the children of Israel which has ever pervaded Christendom, yet a man of his perspicuity should be able to distinguish this illiberal feeling, a religious and social animosity of one white race toward another white and equally intellectual race, from the natural and scientifically just sentiment which keeps the African black from contaminating the Caucasian population of the United States. The negro is fundamentally the biological inferior of all White and even Mongolian races, and the Northern people must occasionally be reminded of the danger which they incur in admitting him too freely to the privileges of society and government.

Mr. Isaacson's protest is directed specifically against a widely advertised motion picture, "The Birth of a Nation," which is said to furnish a remarkable insight into the methods of the Klu-Klux-Klan, that noble but much maligned band of Southerners who saved half of

our country from destruction at the close of the Civil War. The Conservative has not yet witnessed the picture in question, but he has seen both in literary and dramatic form *The Clansman*, that stirring, though crude and melodramatic story by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., on which "The Birth of a Nation" is based, and has likewise made a close historical study of the Klu-Klux-Klan, finding as a result of his research nothing but Honour, Chivalry, and Patriotism in the activities of the Invisible Empire. The Klan merely did for the people what the law refused to do, removing the ballot from unfit hands and restoring to the victims of political vindictiveness their natural rights. The alleged lawbreaking of the Klan was committed only by irresponsible miscreants who, after the dissolution of the Order by its Grand Wizard, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, used its weird masks and terrifying costumes to veil their unorganised villainies.

Race prejudice is a gift of Nature, intended to preserve in purity the various divisions of mankind which the ages have evolved. In comparing this essential instinct of man with political, religious, and national prejudices, Mr. Isaacson commits a serious error of logic.

The Greater Courage

Charles D. Isaacson

A new courage is to develop in the future. Its forerunners have been known since civilization began, but it, the greatest bravery, is still to appear. The new courage is of resistance—the I-will-not spirit applied to war. Courageous men early in the pages of known history said, "I will not sin, I will not plunder, I will not rape, I will not disobey God." Later there were some who said, "I will not drink liquors, I will not drug my system with narcotic tobacco, I will not be bound by convention and ignorance to snub those thinkers who call me."

These resisting, these refusing shots, will be outdistanced by those quiet and brave men who say "I will not go to war."

I listened to an American who had gone abroad to aid the suffering in Belgium, and he said: "War develops a new man fighting for a principle—for something greater than himself." Yet he was willing to admit that the war was prompted by a mere handful of perverts—and *that* was the principle.

I say that war no longer is the way to settle international difficulties. I say that no longer millions should throw down their implements of peace to obey a diplomatic principle of honor.

I pray for the great man who shall rise in the face of a declaration of war and cry out to the 99 per cent of the people who wish peace in these words:

"My countrymen! The time is come for the rarest courage in all history. Our fair land is threatened with bloodshed and devastation. All the patriotism and loyalty and love for my country rises in me and commands me to be brave. My country and my countrymen are threatened by traitors, turning over the reins of state to a bloody crew of murderers. I call on you by all the patriotism in you, by all the loyalty in you, to crush this phantom of war, this false will-o'-the-wisp that has lured millions to shameful killing. I ask you to forget all conventions. I ask you to refuse to kill—to refuse to fight—to refuse to leave your posts, to refuse to become slaves to a bloody master. And from across the waters will rise the shouts of that "enemy" saying `*We* will not fight. We will not march to war. We will not trample our finest ideals before that idol of the cloven hoof, that traitor masquerading in patriot's garb!"'

The literature of the near future is going to preach this greater courage. It is going to shatter the false traditions that have marred the life of nations and halted civilization at every cycle of years.

Done with, is the shame intoxicant of blood. Over, the delights of murder. Past, the miseries of suicide.

Brooklyn, April, 1915.

* * *

Since the above was written, Woodrow Wilson said "There can be such a thing as a nation too proud to fight." Many have laughed at this; but I predict that it will go down in history as one of the greatest statements ever made.

In A Major Key

H. P. Lovecraft

The Conservative dislikes strong language, but he feels that he is not exceeding the bounds of propriety in asserting that the publication of the article entitled "The Greater Courage" is a crime which in a native American of Aryan blood would be deserving of severe legal punishment. This appeal to the people to refuse military service when summoned to their flag is an outrageous attack on the lofty principles of patriotism which have turned this country from a savage wilderness to a mighty band of states; a slur on the honour of our countrymen, who from the time of King Philip's War to the present have been willing to sacrifice their lives for the preservation of their families, their nation, and their institutions. Mr. Isaacson, however, must be excused for

his words, since some of his phrases shew quite clearly that he is only following the common anarchical fallacy, believing that wars are forced upon the masses by tyrannical rulers. This belief, extremely popular a few months ago, has received a rude blow through the acts of the Italian people in forcing their reluctant government to join the Allies. The socialistic delusion becomes ridiculous when its precepts are thus boldly reversed by the facts. Bryan is out of the way at last, and in spite of Mr. Isaacson and his hyphenated fellow-pacifists, the real American people, the descendants of Virginian and New England Christian Protestant colonists, will remain ever faithful to the Stars and Stripes, even though forced to meet enemies at home as well as abroad.

(These exchanges between Charles D. Isaacson (1892-1936) and H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937) still stir strong emotions, more than ninety years after they were originally published by the authors in their respective amateur journals. A majority of us would probably deplore Lovecraft's racism, but still refuse to identify with Isaacson's pacifism. The editor's intent in reprinting this material is not to stir old passions, but to demonstrate the importance of the dialog between Isaacson and Lovecraft for the understanding of Lovecraft's essay "In A Major Key"—which is in fact nothing less than a point-by-point rebuttal of Isaacson's writings in In A Minor Key. *I hope the reprinting of this dialog will lead to a further appreciation of the importance of the "environmental factor" for the understanding of Lovecraft's writings in amateur journalism. Lovecraft's own writings concerning the hobby were painstakingly gathered by S. T. Joshi for the first volume of Lovecraft's* Collected Essays *(Hippocampus Press, 2004)—reviewed in* The Fossil *for October 2004—but a full understanding of Lovecraft's amateur journalism writings depends upon access to the journals he was writing about. The ultimate de luxe edition of Lovecraft's amateur journalism writings will need to be published in electronic form—with links to digital images of all the works to which he refers. I don't expect to live to see such an edition—but I believe the resources of amateur journalism collections at institutions like UW-Madison, American Antiquarian Society, Western Reserve Historical Society and New York Public Library will eventually facilitate the publication of such an electronic edition of Lovecraft's amateur journalism writings. I do not for one minute under-value the original paper-and-ink amateur journals—and it is the mandate of the collecting institutions to preserve and to protect them—but my own prediction is that by the year 2100 all of these collecting institutions will have teamed to create an electronic library of digital images of amateur journals reflecting the combined wealth of all of their collections. Every surviving amateur journal will thus become part of the patrimony of scholars in the field. From time to time, a new paper-and-ink survivor will turn up and be added to the digital library. Some amateur journalists will probably consider more important the question of whether paper-and-ink amateur journals will still be published in the year 2100. I think there will always be private letterpress printers of one sort or another. The tradition of letterpress printing as begun by Gutenberg and others will endure. The pace of technological change is such that it is difficult to envision what electronic publishing and archiving might be like a century from today. I think the future holds exciting possibilities. Today I can view on the Internet PDFs which are just as much finished works of art as the paper-and-ink work of the letterpress printer. (Just take a look at some of the beautiful electronic fanzines at http://www.efanzines.com!) One would not need to add very much structure to a site like www.efanzines.com to build a functioning electronic amateur press association with its own publication and comment posting areas, its own awards, and perhaps its own in-person conventions. I only monitor a few "blogs" but I certainly feel they form a component of amateur publishing. Historically, we have after all been a community of many divers backgrounds and opinions—witness the differences between Charles D. Isaacson and H. P. Lovecraft. It is the dialog which the written word makes possible which allows amateur journalism to claim that it enriches our human experience. Today for $500 or less I can publish an on-demand book and have it maintained indefinitely "in print." That constitutes tremendous potential access to the minds and hearts of other human beings that was not possible in past centuries. I think the future for self-expression in written form is virtually unlimited unless a dark night of totalitarianism descends upon humanity. If one takes a broad view of amateur journalism, the future seems very bright. Yes—we mourn the passing of every tradition—when an organization which has maintained monthly bundles ceases to do so, when the membership of an organization falls below the critical mass for successful national conventions, when the number of letterpress publications continues to shrink. But if lively interchanges between individuals in written words are the yardstick, I think the future remains bright. Certainly, things are as lively today as when Charles D. Isaacson and H. P. Lovecraft crossed lances more than ninety years ago.)*

SEAN McLACHLAN DISCOVERS UNRECORDED LOVECRAFT PUBLICATIONS IN THE BRITISH LIBRARY

Ken Faig, Jr.

While researching his forthcoming city guide to London, England (*Moon Handbooks London*, Avalon Travel Publishing, 2007), EOD member Sean McLachlan (Calle Feijoo 5, 2-6 28010 Madrid, Spain) spent some time researching the British Library's holdings of amateur journals. In the third issue of his *Notes From the XIIth Legion* (EOD mailing 136, Halloween 2006), McLachlan commenced publication of a multi-part essay on "The Lovecraft Circle in the British Amateur Press." The first installment of his article was entitled "HPL in *Merry Minutes* and *The Little Budget of Knowledge and Nonsense*" and covered HPL's contributions to the journal published under those names by Margaret Trafford of London.

The British Library catalog as cited by McLachlan notes that issues of *Merry Minutes* prior to vol. III (no. 8) dated November 1916 were "typewritten for private circulation." As noted by McLachlan, the British Library owns four issues from volume III of *Merry Minutes*: no. 8 (November 1916), no. ??? (double issue for December 1916/January 1917), no. ??? (double issue for January-February 1917), and no. 12 (March 1917). The last-cited issue contains Lovecraft's poem "On Receiving A Picture of the Marshes of Ipswich," previously known.

Beginning in April 1917, Ms. Trafford changed the name of her magazine to *The Little Budget of Knowledge and Nonsense* and began a new series of issues: vol. 1 no. 1 (April 1917), vol. 1 no. 2 (May 1917), vol. 1 no. 3 (June 1917), vol. 1 no. 4 (July 1917), vol. 1 nos. 5-6 (August-September 1917), vol. 1 no. 9 (December 1917), and vol. II "Complete" (April? 1918—several issues bound together—the final issue of the magazine). The British Library has a complete run of *The Little Budget of Knowledge and Nonsense*.

The Little Budget is of especial interest to Lovecraftians because of the many contributions by HPL which Ms. Trafford published. Many—like the poems "Britannia Victura" (May 1917), "To Mr. Lockhart of Milbank, South Dakota, U.S.A., on his Poetry" (June 1917), "Earth and Sky" (July 1917), "The Smile" and "Iterum Conjunctae" (August-September 1917)—have long been known to Lovecraftians. The poem "An American to the British Flag" (December 1917) had been known to Lovecraftians but with text missing due to the lack of any available copy of this issue of *The Little Budget*. The essay "The Recognition of Temperance" (April 1917), by way of contrast, had been completely unknown to Lovecraftians before Mr. McLachlan's discoveries. He also found a poem by Eugene B. Kuntz, "He Walked With Life: To the Memory of Phillips Gamwell"—in memory of HPL's cousin Phillips Gamwell (1898-1916) in *Little Budget* for June 1917.

The text of Mr. McLachlan's new discoveries is reprinted immediately following this article. "An American to the British Flag," as Mr. McLachlan notes, is not so much a patriotic tribute to America's ally in World War I—the United States had entered the conflict in April 1917—but a reflection on the decline of Britain's former colony. The essay "The Recognition of Temperance" is notable for its discussion of the Chicago & Northwestern Life Insurance Company, formed to provide life insurance at discounted rates to abstainers from alcohol. United President Paul J. Campbell was one of its founders. Mr. McLachlan hopes to investigate the history of this company further. During my own career as an actuary (1973 to date), discounted life insurance for non-smokers has become very common, but the idea of discounted rates for non-drinkers has never progressed very far in the U.S. market in recent decades. (There has of course been research indicating that moderate consumption of alcohol—especially red wine—is in fact a favorable indicator for survival.) Lovecraft's essay indicates that discounted life insurance rates for non-drinkers originated in the UK market. There is certainly the need for future research into life insurance for non-drinkers. As for Lovecraft's own temperance views, I think the example of his uncle Edward F. Gamwell (1869-1936)—husband of Annie E. Phillips (1866-1941) and father of Phillips Gamwell—may have been important. Gamwell took bachelor's and master's degrees in English from Brown University and married Annie Gamwell in 1897. He became co-proprietor of a newspaper in Cambridge, Massachusetts. But he lost it all to alcoholism. The example of Gamwell was probably an important factor in forming Lovecraft's temperance views.

Please enjoy the Lovecraft poem and essay which follow, courtesy of Mr. McLachlan. The Fossils look forward to his further discoveries among the amateur journals in the collection of the British Library. I am awaiting with especial eagerness any mention of Ernest Lionel McKeag's *Spindrift*—which Lieutenant McKeag published while in active service in the British military. (A short article on McKeag by the editor and Vic Moitoret appeared in *The Fossil* for October 2004.) *Spindrift* was apparently the original place of publication of the round-robbin story "The Mystery of Murdon Grange," to which Lovecraft contributed in his now-lost manuscript magazine *Hesperia*. Later, McKeag himself

issued a manuscript magazine *The Northumbrian* while working as a reporter in Germany following World War I. Of course, *Merry Minutes/Little Budget* itself began its existence as a typescript magazine, circulated in original and carbon copies to lists of Ms. Trafford's friends. Manuscript and typescript magazines were common during and after World War I because of the high cost of printing and duplicating. They are of course of the last rarity today. One of the few possible recovery strategies is to seek descendants of the original publisher. We would certainly love to learn more of Margaret Trafford of London, England.

Just this past year, the British Library published the 452-page compilation *British Poetry Magazines 1914-2000: A History and Bibliography of "Little Magazines"* by David Miller and Richard Price. The dividing line between amateur magazines and "little magazines" is difficult to fix–and some publications like Charles A. A. Parker's *L'Alouette*, an American title, clearly belong to both. Both amateur magazines and "little magazines" are part of the independent publishing phenomenon with most of them being published by individuals with little expectation of financial gain. The taking of subscriptions may offer some means of distinguishing one from the other. One remembers W. Paul Cook's "money cannot buy it" dictum about amateur publications. However, both amateur and "little" magazines are usually published mostly for love of their subject matter–so they are clearly allies. One of the great advantages the Library of Amateur Journalism will have in the UW-Madison Special Collections is the presence of a large collection of "little magazines" in the same institution.

Interestingly, Ms. Trafford had "memberships" for her magazine and listed new members in her issues. Presumably, these were not subscribers but fellow amateur journalists who traded publications with Ms. Trafford. It is important to remember that the bundle system of distribution of amateur journals did not originate until the 1930s. During prior decades, amateur journalists exchanged their publications on a one-to-one basis.

AN AMERICAN TO THE BRITISH FLAG

H. P. Lovecraft

(Reprinted from The Little Budget of Knowledge and Nonsense *(vol. 1 no. 9) for December 1917. Rediscovered by Sean McLachlan in The British Library.)*

In zealous rage our fathers swore
To fly the ancient flag no more;
  To trail it in the dust:
They curs'd the holy cross of red,
For which th' embattled free had bled,
  And deem'd their hatred just.

Another flag in pomp they rais'd
And whilst the world stood by amaz'd,
  A nation had its birth.
Forgetful of the blood that gave
Their pow'r to prosper, free and brave,
  They welcom'd all the earth.

The Land that English prowess made,
A horde of mongrel breed display'd;
  The scourings of mankind.
The pauper and the weakling swarm'd
O'er realms our English fathers form'd:
  O nation proudly blind!

Our dear ancestral glories wane
From teeming town, from grove and plain,
  And well-remember'd leas.
'Mid changing scenes we sadly plod
As strangers on our native sod,
  And live in memories

O Flag of Old! At last we hail
Once more thy ripples in the gale,
  And watch thy wistful face.
Thy folds remain, though aliens rise
To taint each story'd scene we prize,
  Thou symbol of our race.

THE RECOGNITION OF TEMPERANCE

H. P. Lovecraft

(Reprinted from The Little Budget of Knowledge and Nonsense *(vol. 1 no. 1) for April 1917. Rediscovered by Sean McLachlan in The British Library.)*

Whilst Conservative thinkers are as a class extremely apt to become inveterate *laudatores temporis acti*, and to speak frequently and contemptuously of "this degenerate age"; it occasionally falls to their lot to observe modern tendencies which they may not only tolerate with equanimity, but acclaim with positive delight.

Prominent amongst these actual symptoms of human progress is the graduation of the Temperance

Movement from the dreamland of evangelism and academic morality to the more substantial field of science and government. For nearly a century the twin propaganda of Temperance and Prohibition have suffered from the excessively idealistic character of their advocates, but at last the problems involved are receiving the rational and practical consideration they have long deserved. It is no longer necessary to preach sonorously of the sinful and deleterious effect of liquor on the human mind and body; the essential evil is recognised scientifically, and only the sophistry of conscious immorality remains to be combated. Brewers and distillers still strive clumsily to delude the public by the transparent misstatements of their advertisements, and periodicals of easy conscience still permit these advertisements to disgrace their pages; but the end of such pernicious pretension is not remote. The drinker of yesterday flaunted his vice before all without shame; the average drinker of today must needs resort to excuses. Meanwhile the governmental authorities of the world have not been blind to the facts which science has proved. Prohibition, either complete or partial, either normally or as a military measure, is spreading steadily and rapidly throughout Europe and America; proving the universal and conclusive recognition of alcohol as a foe of national efficiency and prosperity.

But it is in the world of trade and finance that the practical value of temperance is best to be demonstrated. Commerce has no sentiment nor morals, nor is anything but stark fact of weight with the business man as such; wherefore any commercial endorsement of abstinence is in the highest degree significant and positive. The recent founding of the Chicago and Northwestern Life Insurance Company, of which Pres. Paul J. Campbell of the United Amateur Press Association is an organiser and official, serves to remind us very vividly of the firm position of temperance in practical contemporary opinion. This corporation, composed wholly of temperance men, is designed to provide life assurance at reduced rates for total abstainers; relying with sound business sense upon the superior physical condition and longevity of such persons. This advantage of abstinence has been acknowledged by British Companies for many years, but the fact that America now contains enough abstainers to warrant the formation of a new insurance company especially devoted to them, is a powerful and favourable commentary upon the modern progress of sobriety.

As yet, certain sociological aspects of Temperance leave much to be desired. Rational and voluntary abstinence prevails amongst the intelligent middle classes, whilst compulsory prohibition will probably come to the aid of the lower strata; but the realm of wit and fashion is sadly unrepresented in the scheme of general reform. Following polite custom rather than scientific principle, the cultivated man of the world still waxes red-faced, loquacious over his time-honoured convivial glass; and regards his continued use of wine with an aristocratically tolerant super-morality which equals in folly the cheap "personal liberty" delusion of his social inferiors. Such expressions as "a gentleman's wine-cellar," "brandy and soda," "a rare old vintage," and the like, possess a sort of unctuous smack which appeals strongly to the refined tongue and ear, and which causes most of the exquisites of the *grand monde* to follow approved precedent, rather than consider any ethical niceties which may have grown up since the establishment of the artificial code of taste and good breeding. The basic belief is evidently that whilst a churl is not to be trusted in his cups, a gentleman is scarce harmed by liquor, provided he retain a certain poise, and observe certain conventional restrictions. That experience has demonstrated the fallacy of this maxim, never occurs to our gentle Bacchanals. A pernicious feature of this elegant sanction of wine is the readiness with which the upper middle classes seize upon bibulous habits through imitation. The presence of liquor on the sideboards of a certain type of "solid citizen" is as distressing as it is incongruous. Obviously, these phases of the temperance problem are not readily approachable through legislation or compulsion. The social prestige of wine at table, and at the club must be destroyed through lofty example and polite ridicule; forces which are not always available, and for whose successful operation much time will be required.

But the outstanding fact remains, that the world has come to regard liquor in a new and clearer light. Our next generation of poets will contain but few Anacreons, for the thinking element of mankind has robbed the flowing bowl of its fancied virtues and fictitious beauties. The grape, so long permitted to masquerade as the inspirer of wit and art, is now revealed as the mother or ruin and death. The wolf at last stands divested of its sheep's clothing.

(The editor thanks Sean McLachlan for sharing his Lovecraftian discoveries with the readers of The Fossil*, who look forward to learning more about the amateur journalism collection at the British Library. In subsequent correspondence with the editor, Mr. McLachlan noted that the British Library in fact does not possess a file of Ernest Lionel McKeag's wartime journal* Spindrift*. Of course, the search for missing amateur material goes on—the editor recently found a very substantial biography of Ernest Lionel McKeag at: bearalley.blogspot.com/2006_08_01_archive.html*

Ernest Lionel McKeag was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England on September 19, 1896, the son of John and Alice (Ingledew) McKeag. He joined the British Mercantile Marines in 1913 and then the Royal Navy, rising to the rank of Lieutenant. He left the Navy in 1919 and worked as a reporter for several years, including a stint in Germany. He spent most of his career as a writer and editor of juvenile and popular fiction, the hardboiled detective "Griff" being among his most famous creations. He married Constance Hibbs in 1928 and he had by her two sons. He served again in the Royal Navy during World War II. Dying in 1974, he was survived by his second wife Eileen and his two sons. The editor suggests that these two sons–or their descendants–may be worth checking for a file of the sought-for Spindrift*.)*

FOSSIL REVIEWS

Ken Faig, Jr.

The Printer: Monthly For Letterpress. Mike Phillips, Editor-Publisher, 337 Wilson Street, Findlay, Ohio 45840, $30 per annum (sample issue $2).

I have to thank editor Mike Phillips for a sample issue (November 2006, vol. 19 no. 229) of this twelve-page newsprint monthly devoted to letterpress printing in all its aspects–hobby printing including amateur journalism, academic and non-academic fine arts presses (there is an article on the golden anniversary of the King Library Press at the University of Kentucky), historical preservation and education (the International Printing Museum of Carson CA has several advertisements including one for "Leather Apron Guild Docent" training–*No Experience Needed*). There are excellent feature articles and numerous advertisements of printing equipment available for sale and a few advertisements for letterpress instruction and workshops. *The Printer* casts a wide net, and in this issue we learn (among other things) of "Gutenberg! The Musical!" on Broadway, Paul Shaw's talk on William Addison Dwiggins at the Grolier Club on December 11, 2006, and of Mystical Places Press's twice-a-year publication *Artist Book News* (devoted to artists' handcrafted books–either one-of-a-kind or very limited edition creations). On page 3 is an advertisement for Harold E. Sterne's *A Catalogue of Nineteenth Century Printing Presses* (272pp. with 480 illustrations including 25 hand presses, 135 platen presses and 55 lever presses from 194 manufacturers–150 new illustrations added since the prior edition in 1978). I wonder if some of the presses of which Edwin B. Hill wrote with such fondness are illustrated in this work, which is available from the author (19 Whispering Sands Drive #103, Sarasota FL 34242-1656) for $49 plus $4 shipping.

Altogether, *The Printer* casts a very wide net. If you are interested in any aspect of letterpress printing, you will likely find it here. Many names from the amateur journalism world are well-represented here–Rich Hopkins of Hill & Dale Private Press and Typefoundry is pictured on the front page. The strength of *The Printer* is its dedication to the craft founded by Gutenberg. As Chuck Hawley of *Arizona Republic* remarked in his comments on Louise Lincoln's laureate award for "The Future of Amateur Journalism? Or!": the printed page remains a rallying point for all those who love her. Publications like *The Printer* which bring together many interest streams in this great human invention benefit all who love the printed page.

Travis McDade, *The Book Thief: The True Crimes of Daniel Spiegelman* (Westport CT: Praeger, 2006, xi+181pp.).

If the printed page has ardent adherents, it also has dangerous enemies–the natural threats of fire and flood have decimated public and private collections of printed matter, but over the centuries man–through the instrumentalities of armies and governments–has probably been a greater enemy of the printed page than nature. An earlier Praeger book, Rebecca Knuth's *Libricide: The Regime-Sponsored Destruction of Books and Libraries in the Twentieth Century* told this frightening story through the present day.

However, the desire for profit–and thefts from institutions engendered thereby–also pose a material threat to printed matter. Over three months in 1994, Daniel Spiegelman stole manuscripts, books and atlas maps valued at millions of dollars from the rare books department in Columbia University's Butler Library. (Spiegelman cased the library and found a way into the rare books section through a disused book lift system. He would hide in the stacks until closing and then do his dirty work.)

Professor McDade tells the story of Spiegelman's crimes and eventual arrest and prosecution with meticulous attention to detail. Having served a longer sentence than he had hoped for, Spiegelman now lives in Europe–apparently with access to some still-hidden stashes of stolen material. The great atlas volumes which he vandalized, the professional careers that he damaged or destroyed, the material still missing–remains in his wake.

If there is any lesson in the disturbing story of Spiegelman's crimes, it is that the adherents of the printed page have to rally against its enemies.

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This journal is the Official Organ of The Fossils, a non-profit organization whose purposes are to stimulate interest in and preserve the history of independent publishing, either separate from or organized in the hobby known as "Amateur Journalism" and to foster the practices of amateur journalism. To this end, The Fossils preserved the Library of Amateur Journalism, a repository of amateur papers and memorabilia dating from the 1850s, acquired in 1916 and donated in 2004 to the Special Collections Department of the University of Wisconsin Library, Room 976, Memorial Library, 728 State Street, Madison, WI 53706. Individuals or institutions allied with our goals are invited to join The Fossils. Dues are $15 annually–$20 for joint membership of husband and wife. Annual subscription to *The Fossil* without privileges of membership is $10. Make remittances payable to The Fossils, and mail to the Secretary-treasurer.