

THE FOSSIL

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THE PAXTON MEMORIAL AWARD President's Report

Guy Miller

Our 2008 Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award recipient William E. Boys needs an introduction only to a sparse few, for he has been active in amateur activities, especially in NAPA affairs, since his entry into ajob in 1963. Even as a busy missionary pastor in Nigeria, Bill kept us informed about his and Ruth's experiences by way of his *Boys's Berries*, the first issue of which is dated for the winter of 1964-65 and printed on his "formidable, albeit weld-repaired," Kelsey Excelsior 9x13 hand press.

Over the years Bill has also produced *Argyled Gargyle*, *Ingrown Toenail* (by multilith), a family journal *Ship's Log* (which garnered him NAPA's 1967 Honorable Mention printing laureate), and his superbly edited and electronically produced *Pennant Bravo*.

At the 1968 Ann Arbor convention Bill offered to fill the secretary-treasurer post when incumbent Stan Oliner was elected to the presidency. He currently has performed in that office since 1991. Between times he has served two consecutive terms as NAPA president (1971-73) and as official editor (1975-76).

It would be most difficult for one to cite all the various committees Bill has chaired or been a member of. Almost as tricky is to cite the number of conventions he has hosted or helped organize, but we count at least six, the first being Columbus 1969. Not so incidentally, Bill helped organize the Ohio Amateur Press Guild which saw the publication of several Annuals. The name is still used to designate the group of AAPA and NAPA Ohio members and friends who meet occasionally (and have sponsored AAPA conventions in Mt. Vernon and Cleveland).

Much more could be said, of course, and perhaps the person who presented Bill the Award has said it. Not having had the privilege of being at Townsend myself to present the award, I had delegated the task to Past Fossil President and Secretary-treasurer Gary Bossler—himself a Paxton Award recipient—and an active NAPA member, currently its Historian and formerly its President and several times its Official Editor.

Our thanks once again goes to Fossil John Horn who has underwritten the Russell L. Paxton Award for Service to Amateur Journalism since the award was first instituted by Fossil J. Ed Newman and presented in 1986 to that ajob of all ajobs Russell L. Paxton. As we have pointed out in the past, this is not strictly a Fossil Award, but John and J. Ed have given our organization the honor of choosing the recipient and presenting the plaque. We also thank Fossil Past President Lee Hawes (a Paxton Award and Gold Composing Stick recipient) for again agreeing to take on the task of selecting the ajob to be so honored.

In other business we must record the deaths of long-time member Fossil Past President J. Ed Newman and fellow Fossils Miriam Campbell and Marguerita Geier. More on that later.

In the meantime, ballots for election of three Trustees to guide our affairs during the term 2008-10 have been mailed out and are due in to the Secretary-treasurer by July 30. We hope that you have voted. Our group is small, but our task ahead is challenging; so we need your input.

FOSSIL INTERVIEW: HAROLD SMOLIN

How did you first encounter amateur journalism?

Before going any further, I must remind you

that I have been only minimally active for quite a few years, though I published *Consider* from the time I was a sophomore in high school till I had a custom photo lab downtown, and wanted to start writing again. There were some time lapses in between when I must have pulled my neck into my shell. I dodged responsibility, because that business, which I loved, drained me for the thirty years with a partner who remains a good friend still.

The man who got me started was Mr. Dietrich, a print course instructor in Morton High School, near Austin Boulevard, I think, in Cicero. Mr. D., first name Charles, was a wonderful person. I started working on the school paper during my freshman year, originally just typing the handwritten copy of reporters who could not type. Soon I started doing some reporting, and soon again I became an editor. That's when I started spending time in the print shop, learning to set the ten point type used for our newspaper, a fair-sized weekly that ran four pages mostly, and was handset, locked up, and printed on a large flatbed press fed by students, supervised by Mr. Dietrich and another man whose name eludes me.

I wasn't a shop student, much to my later regret, but I wanted to help set type, a fascinating pursuit. Mr. Dietrich, dignified, unruffled, and a dedicated teacher, watched me, as I found out later when he talked to me one day about AAPA. I believe he was one of the founders, at least one of its earliest members. By then, I was reporting regularly for the paper, and I blush to admit that I was pretty good. We had three or four clamshell presses in the school shop, and he offered to let me monitor the training of presswork so I could set my own type for my own publication and print it my own self in the school for a day.

That morphed me into work for two or three suburban weeklies, leading eventually to the City News Bureau and then to the old *Chicago Sun* as a police reporter.

What do you remember about the 1938 AAPA convention in Chicago?

My octogenarian memory insists that I get into a memoryous mood about that first momentous convention.

There were four of us. I do not remember names, but I can still see something of two delegates. No matter that I squeeze my brain without mercy, I

have no recollection of the third person. I hope, if he ever sees some of this, he will forgive me.

The organizer, already sophisticated at our age group of around fourteen or fifteen years, was already primed for the life of a magazine publisher. Eventually he took over his father's responsibilities as a publisher of farm industry trade journals. I remember his first name being Bob, but I am not sure. I do know that, during his time at the grindstone, he was able to do a lot of travel around the world, and it was a pleasure to remember that he morphed into a publisher who was able to travel extensively over the world. The above material is stuff that I remember, but I cannot remember where I got it. Probably by reading a few articles that he wrote.

The other person I remember was a tall, gangly writer. I think often of the stuff he wrote. If memory serves me, his publication was named *The Roadrunner*. It had an illustration of a crow-sized bird running merrily along a sandy shore. I enjoyed a feeling of wild freedom as I ran with that bird every time I saw it.

There are only a couple of things that I remember vividly about that three or four day gathering, since I remained at my parents' home in Berwyn while the other three luxuriated at a hotel somewhere in or near the Loop. I still feel the same awe which gripped the others when we visited Buckingham Fountain playing its waters in a park near Lake Michigan. When I was much younger, I was sure that the fountain supplied the lake with much of its water. We spent a few hours just walking around the fountain to see its action from all angles. I had seen it many times, but I never enjoyed it as much as I did watching their enjoyment. I felt like a part owner of the cascading waters, showing it to three guys who had never, to my knowledge, had the chance to bask in its glory.

The other memorable event was our convention dinner. I do not recall whether Bob picked out the place, or whether they bowed to my not so existent knowledge of Loop area restaurants. It was a small chili joint on Wabash Avenue, a street which ran under the tracks of an elevated electric train system which formed the east border and went on to loop a large area of Chitown's downtown shopping facility.

There were many fine restaurants along Wabash Avenue, but we sat at the counter in a small chili joint. I am sure it was an event for three of us. Bob was a bit beyond such eateries, I felt, but I like to think

that he enjoyed it also. The *Roadrunner* guy couldn't get over chili-mac. The name fascinated him, and the combination was a delight for him. I had eaten it before, but never with such enjoyment as I felt seeing and hearing his gusto. Of course, it was a gustatory adventure for me, also.

Please tell us a little about your own ajay publications.

Until recently, I published only under one masthead: *Consider*. I wrote a column with the above name for two years in a Morton High School weekly newspaper, which I worked on for three and a half years. During that time I held every editorial position except sports. For that I swam and dived on the school team during the three and a half years following my first semester.

I always regarded *Consider* as a class name, until I got into the job mill. Then I began to regard it as pretentious. So I changed it to *Time Off for the necessary non-essentials*. I think that that line is a great definition of a hobby. The first few issues were done in the school print shop.

The name is changed, but the content remains the same genre. Mostly I write about family and friends, and about my own experiences as a newspaper reporter and later half owner of a custom photo lab which started in my basement with a partner, my brother and myself. It grew into a location Near North and then downtown at State and Lake, employing about sixty-five workers.

Before that, while attending Morton Junior College, I worked for three suburban newspapers. The first one had a Gordon job press in its small print shop, where I ran few more *Consider*s.

Then an hiatus when we were building our business. A few years after we were on solid footing downtown, I got the urge to write. I did not regard what I wrote as being commercial, so I accumulated the tools to publish myself. Bought an 8x12 Gordon clamshell, some type, some furniture, typesetting sticks, type cabinets, ink, paper, cleaning supplies and etcetera. At one time I had about 4,000 pounds of metal type stored in about eight cabinets in the basement.

I won a couple of laureates in the AAPA. They graced a wall of my shop for many years. Then I printed a few more *Consider*s on the Gordon and later on a Davidson offset press and then a Multi, all previously owned by other persons.

The presses, the type, and all were sold after I retired and began spending winters in Florida. By then I had a computer for typesetting, a laser printer for outputting.

Who are some the names you remember best from your participation in the ajay hobby?

Of the names of Chicago ajays that you mentioned, Brauner and Alexia Ostergaard were the only familiar ones. Why, I cannot answer. If the names were numbers, I would remember them better.

We had an active printers' chapel here for more than several years. Most members were not affiliated with ajay. The list would have included both amateur and professional printers. It may still be going.

The two men I remember best in AAPA and APA were Murray Cohen, who died about three years ago, and Jon Peters, one of the most gentlemanly gentlemen I have ever known. Murray was a retired space engineer, who had worked for Grumman Aviation in New York before he retired and moved to Chicago to enable one of his sons to enroll in a chiropractic school in a western suburb. We were great friends. He was over six feet tall and I barely beat five feet. We got a lot of laughs, because we were always together at print shows. I liked to think of us as the Trylon and Perisphere, the structures at the Chicago World's Fair of 1933, if a faulty memory is not playing tricks with me again. For forty years Murray and Lois, his wife, and my wife, Shirley, and I had breakfast together, usually at Omega Restaurant on Golf Road. We also went to Goodman Theater together, and Chicago Symphony and family functions. Now that Shirley and Murray are gone, Lois and I still do the breakfast at Omega, where we talk about our late partners in that familiar setting. All this is just background stuff, because I can't resist talking about those three persons who were an important part of my life.

John Peters was a partner in a thriving print shop in a western suburb. He retired from printing, and I deeply regret that we lost touch with each other. He was probably and probably still is a prodigious hobbyist: ham radio, printing, computer, collecting and on and on.

I think that Leland Hawes has always been a standout as a person, a professional newspaperman, an editor, a publisher, a writer, and a hobby leader.

I draw a blank about my term as Fossil

president, probably because I feel that my term was pretty blank. I simply do not remember doing anything that would justify my being regarded as a president. Fact is, I had forgotten that I held that office until somebody in the organization reminded me. I say that with no semblance of pride. Matter of fact, I think I attended only three ajay conventions, one of which I co-hosted with John Sullivan, who died at too early an age some years ago.

I can't imagine that I wrote all these words without voicing at least one apology. As my daughters used to say when they were pleased: "It feels me good."

Please tell us a bit about the convention you co-hosted with John Sullivan.

Allowing for my dwindling memory, it was somewhere about thirty years ago that John Sullivan suggested that we bid for Chicago as that year's convention site. The only specific view I have is the location, a newish, very modern motel alongside of the Outer Drive where it spills into the Loop area within sight of Lake Michigan, which borders the east side of Chicago from here almost to eternity. It was fairly well-attended. I can see several of the attendees, but right now I cannot remember names.

John is gone for more years than I care to remember. He was too young when cancer took him. He had been an avid amateur printer, with a professional shop in his basement and certainly a professional capability with metal type and letterpressing all manner of material.

I remember meeting Wes Wise, a Chicago trade publication editor, for the first time at an ajay convention here, after doing business with him for many years. My partner and I talked with him frequently about the work we did for him, and our voices became good friends.

Please tell us a little about your life outside the ajay hobby.

My mother was born in Philadelphia, long before I was born in Chicago. Dad cracked out of his shell in Russia. He came to the U.S. in his fifth year. Neither of them had accents, which made it easier for my siblings and I to fracture English from an informed base.

My brother and I were close companions during our whole lives. He died fifteen years ago. Until

then, though he disliked school and I did not, he taught me how to ride a bike; how to swim when I was eight years; how to work on a production line, but never how to like it. He worked with us in the photo lab from the time we started in a darkroom in my basement until he retired as foreman of the lab, which by then was in downtown Chicago with about sixty-five employees. We continued to work together in my basement print shop after we had both retired from photo work, until he succumbed to a couple of lethal illnesses. We were born two years and four days apart, and I always felt that we were twins born more than a few hours apart.

After us came two sisters—Nourene, who became a nursing home administrator before she retired, and Charlene, who did art for an ad agency before she married an actor who was the voice of god in the first film of "The Ten Commandments," or whatever its title was.

And then there's my wife Shirley, whom I met in college much later. We both enrolled in an English Lit class as freshman. I was unaware of the disadvantages of having a lot of no money, until I found this reason it would have nice to have been otherwise. I could not ask her for a date without some wherewithal to finance a date. So, for a while, I simply arranged to find myself a couple feet behind her going from one class to another, so I could watch her pretty legs carrying her along the corridors.

That led to two daughters, eventually, named Andrea and Louanne. Andrea is a psychiatric social worker. She has a master's degree in sociology from the University of Illinois in Chicago, and one in social work from Chicago University. She has been in private practice for many years. She is proficient in Spanish, which had opened the door for her in government jobs even before she had a social work degree.

Louanne graduated as a speech pathologist from University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, worked at it for fifteen years and went back to school at Lewis Institute for a doctor degree in education. She worked in the education school of University of Illinois in Chicago, writing curricula, writing grants, attending meetings of education groups in the States and overseas, in addition to teaching at least one class a year in computer technology applied to education.

And then there are three grandchildren. In the Eaton family of Louanne and David are Elissa, a straight A student at DePaul University, and Jacob, studying film at Brooks Institute in Los Angeles. Jake recently produced a short for which he wrote the script,

wrote the music, played the music with his guitar, directed the movie, and rested in between sweeping the floor here and there.

And there is also Amy Cohen, daughter of Andrea and Albert. Amy has just completed her sophomore year at Northern Illinois College in Bloomington-Normal. Amy decided, while baby-sitting from the age of eleven on, that she would teach preschool children and lower grades when the time came for her to do so. She spends her summers and part of her school years doing just that.

We must not forget Cody, Amy's ebony year-old Yorki-Bishon, who regards himself as more of a people thing than a puppy thing.

Retirement has been a great existence. At least it was, until Shirley died a little over a year ago. Now it is a lopsided life, without her steadying presence. I continue writing, but I miss her keen mindsight. She was a sometime painfully honest critic, but always honest.

Any thoughts on the hobby today or the world of print more generally?

I look at newspapers waiting outside the doors of neighboring apartments, and deplore the decline of print journalism. If a giant like *The Tribune* is ready to throw in the towel, what does that bode for us little guys who have to support the hobby as we did our children? I look at the heads in *The Sun-Times* and feel nauseated. Looks like they are replacing news with sensationalized builds of human interest stuff that cries havoc by stretching one or two paragraph items into half page screams. I remember the old *Chicago Sun*, and the *Chicago Daily News*, and feel like crying.

Young people are generally well occupied with TV and electronic games—canned entertainment. Maybe, as they grow older, enough of them will succumb to the pressure of talent and ambition to keep the hobby going. I hope that happens. I am deeply engrossed in electronic printing. I like the idea of electronic journals. But my eyes prefer the sight of print on paper, and my fingers love the feel of words on paper. I am more comfortable reading with reflected light rather than transmitted. I would like to see book format on the computer screen, with the ability to turn pages as I read a book. Then I will be less intimidated by white space assaulting optic nerves.

I think the *ajay* organizations that I am familiar with are unique enough to discourage

amalgamation. It seems to me that it might be easier to unite Democrats and Republicans into a single organization.

Yesterday [May 8, 2008] was my 88th birthdate anniversary. I don't think too much about any more change. I still miss the romance of handset type and the manual feeling of a clamshell press, and the freedom of offset; and now I enjoy the cleanliness and ease of a laser printer. Each step you give up a little and you gain a little. The photography hobby became my livelihood when I was younger. Now writing and printing keeps my mind active. Good enough. Looking back at these paragraphs, I see that I still have an ability to sidestep issues. Not really admirable, but it is comfortable.

*We thank Harold for sharing his thoughts with our readers. Harold would love to hear from *ajay* friends at <essandaitch@att.net>, or you can write him at 8975 West Golf Road, Apartment 511, Niles, IL 60714-5821. He has just printed for his family members a lovely recollection of his wife entitled Dear Shirley: Letters to Infinity under the imprint of his Onion Prairie Press.*

If your fingers are nimble and you'd like to share some of your recollections and thoughts concerning the amateur journalism hobby, please write to the editor at carolfaig@comcast.net. I'd love for the next interview in The Fossil to be yours.

2008 AAPA CONVENTION

Frederick J. Liddle

Many of the faces one saw at the annual convention of the American Amateur Press Association held over the weekend of June 12-14 in Tampa, Florida had a marked resemblance to those one would see at the Social Security office—they were old!

But happily, they still have a great deal of enthusiasm for the hobby. Why else would they travel hundreds of miles to attend our convention? Ray Jerland and his grandson, Max Feland, came all the way from California...but George Hamilton of Vienna, Austria took the Travel Trophy.

They were lucky to have a convention to attend this year, however. AAPA President Hawes wasn't able to find a volunteer to host the event and after negotiating with NAPA's Bill Boys on the possibility of some kind of a joint convention with the

older organization, he began considering the possibility of calling the convention off altogether.

At this point, member Richard Mathews volunteered to help Lee if the event were held in Tampa. Hawes checked out downtown hotels and found tempting terms offered by a Howard Johnson's at the downtown I-75 exit and with his fingers crossed, signed a contract with them.

There was very little time left to promote the event but they used phones and the e-mail and to everyone's surprise, the turnout exceeded our fondest dreams: twenty-five members and twenty-four guests—including Fossils Linda Donaldson, Sean Donnelly, Lee Hawes, Fred Liddle and Jack Scott—attended one or more sessions.

Early bird honors went to the Scotts (Jack & Maurine) and the Dolittles (Jim & Helen) who arrived early to visit friends in the area. By Thursday afternoon the registration desk was set up in the hotel lobby with Susan Petrone on duty. The desk closed down in time for a caravan to leave for the Charlie Bush Memorial Chinese Dinner.

The formal program began Friday morning at the University of Tampa library. After words of welcome from Hawes and Mathews and a brief discussion of book collecting by J. B. Dobkin, Chief of the University of Tampa Book Arts Studio Library Collections, member Mike Anderson regaled us with tales of his adventures recreating the type Gutenberg used, trying to emulate that famous printer's methods. At the same time he advanced the thought that Gutenberg really didn't invent moveable type.

Leland Hawes hosted a lunch break at the Valencia Gardens, a popular old Spanish restaurant where our out-of-town visitors had the opportunity to sample such traditional luncheon fare as Spanish bean soup and Cuban sandwiches.

The post prandial program featured Rich Hopkins, owner of the largest private collection of monotype material existing today, who had been commissioned by the Moravians to duplicate the front page of *The Weekly Gleaner*, believed to be the first newspaper in North Carolina. A print shop is part of the old time village they maintain as a tourist attraction in the old Salem section of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Visits to the Book Arts Studio and museum tours of the Henry B. Plant Hotel, now part of the University of Tampa, were available in the afternoon.

Saturday morning kicked off with a brief state

of the union (association) report delivered by the officers present: President Hawes, Official Editor Sean Donnelly and Manuscript Manager Liddle.

Joe (Damien) Diachenko led off the formal program, speaking on graphic design as it applies to our amateur journals. His *Pixel Jockey* could arguably be called the cyber equivalent of *Weaker Moments*, handset in leaden slivers for so many years by the late, great Ralph Babcock.

A couple of veteran Tampa newspapermen, Al Hutchinson, former deputy managing editor of the *Tampa Tribune*, and Charlie Robins, who estimated he wrote 6,000 columns for the old *Tampa Times* and the *Lakeland Ledger*, "...before I finally got one right and I was allowed to sop," discussed the future of the print media. Hutch solicited input from his many newsroom friends around the country and many of the replies were pessimistic. "Young people no longer get their news from newspapers; sound bytes have taken the place of hard news and the vast army of semi-literates in the country grows at an astounding rate," wrote one.

The afternoon began with Sean Donnelly's discussion of Walter J. Coates and his Driftwind Press, followed by George Hamilton and "Confessions of a Travel Writer." A Nutmegger by birth, George claims he wanted to live in Vienna since he was ten years old. Talk about living out your dreams! But he also lived in Jordan, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia and Lebanon.

Bob Tauber and Dale Starr lectured on "Printing as the Motive Force in Publishing," but it became difficult to pay attention to their presentation—interesting though it was—when word got out that they were willing to host the 2009 convention in Columbus, Ohio.

Jack Fernandez and Andrew Huse wound down the regular program describing their experiences in various forms of self-publishing in order to get their books produced. Fernandez, a retired University of South Florida professor, has produced three novels and numerous short stories since his retirement. Huse, a librarian, is knowledgeable about cooking history and Tampa area restaurants. He recently finished a history of the famous Columbia restaurant.

Popular *Tampa Tribune* columnist Steve Otto was the guest speaker at the Saturday night banquet and although he provided the diners with quite a few chuckles, it was obvious that he, too, is concerned about the future of newspapers.

Among the missing over the weekend was Sky Shipley, our super auctioneer. Consequently, for

the first time in decades, there was no rib-tickling (and money-raising) auction of printing equipment, etc. However, a silent auction of books related to publishing, writing, etc., raised a surprising \$600.

George Hamilton, the last hanger-on, wasn't slated to leave until Tuesday, so he was able to do lunch in Monday with Lee Hawes and Fred Liddle at the famous Tapper Pub where they were served by the best-looking 63-year-old barmaid in Tampa.

George, Lee Hawes, Sean Donnelly and Michael Delgado had dinner that night at a popular local restaurant.

What started as a spur of the moment convention proved to be an ajoy and dining success.

IN MEMORIAM

Written by Guy Miller

J. Ed Newman

The October 1995 issue of *The Fossil* features an article entitled "The Thumbnail Bio of J. Ed Newman, by J. Ed Himself." We offer selections:

"Fiddler, ham operator, photographer, police radio dispatcher, Am-FM radio engineer, TV engineer, amateur astronomer, machinist, printer, amateur journalist. It seems that about covers it and it IS about all one can get into a thumbnail. However,

Joseph Edward Newman entered the world at 4:05 p.m., Sunday, March 21, 1915, at Roanoke, VA. His early years can be glossed over except to note that his father, John Henry, a machinist for the Norfolk and Western Railroad, came out on the great railroad strike of 1923. The Baltimore and Ohio settled early; so, John moved his wife Beulah and their son J. Ed to Pittsburgh. J. Ed built his first crystal set there and tuned in pioneer radio station KDKA. The family returned to Roanoke in 1929 where John operated a gasoline filling station with J. Ed helping.

During the 1930's J. Ed continued dabbling with his hobby "radio," and played a few tunes on an ancient fiddle. He organized the Texas Troubadours, a country-western band. In 1933, after graduating from Coyne Radio and Electrical School, J. Ed obtained his amateur radio license, W3EOX.

In 1935 he married Lucy Alma Bell. In 1936 he passed the Federal Communications Commission's examination and obtained his first class radio operators license. In 1937 he obtained the position of Police

Dispatcher for the city of Roanoke.

In 1942, having built the first two-way radio system for the police department, J. Ed accepted an opening as Transmitter Engineer for AM station WDBJ. In a short time he became the Chief Engineer. Following WWII he completely rebuilt and updated the studios and transmitter of WDBJ AM radio. In 1949 he built WDBJ FM... In 1955 he built the studios and transmitter for WDBJ-TV, Channel 7. Until his retirement he continued as Chief Engineer...

From the early 1930s J. Ed had a camera and a dark room. In the late 1950s he obtained a six-inch achromatic telescope lens and built an amateur astronomical observatory. Many of the parts for the telescope and its clock drive had to be fabricated since they were not commercially available. So, J. Ed purchased a tool room lathe and, tutored by his father, became a machinist and completed the observatory. From then until his retirement in 1987 he photographed the heavens...His comet photographs were vied for by the local newspapers and appeared in national astronomy magazines. He once discovered a new comet, but was one day late in reporting it. Now "Comet J. Ed" bears the name of two Japanese amateur astronomers.

J. Ed took an elective printing class in High School... Still, it wasn't until 1962 that he could find the extra cash to go into printing. That year he obtained a Kelsey 5x8 press and a few fonts of type with which he taught himself the rudiments. In 1965 he was lured into the NAPA by Russ Paxton. The following year, 12 issues of *The Web* were published for the bundle. In 1966 he joined AAPA, publishing *Jed's Jernl* for that association and *J. Ed's Almanack* for APA.

In 1966 he was elected vice president of the NAPA.... He then served as Official Editor for NAPA, a term as President, and three terms as Executive Judge.

In 1978, J. Ed moved to Florida. After two months there, Lu passed away. With only Pierre, the finest dog whatever lived, to console him, he continued printing. But Fate was kind and J. Ed found in June Kelley a proofreader "extra ordinaire," and his hobby took on a new and rosy outlook.

In the early 1980s no one at all could be found to accept nomination for any of the offices of The Fossils. In desperation President Dick Fleming appealed to J. Ed who had served a term as Secretary-treasurer (1973-74). Throwing caution to the winds, J. Ed volunteered not only for the President (1986-87)

but, should no one else be found, for Official Editor as well. The office of Secretary-treasurer was vacant at that time. So, using all the power of persuasion at his command, J. Ed conned Keith Gray into accepting the office.

That year, however, was memorable for several reasons. For example, with finances near non-existent, J. Ed got Russ Paxton to print the Official Organ at a "bare bones" rate. Russ was in his declining years and had to reduce the page size so that he could lift the heavy lead forms. Nevertheless, four issues of *The Fossil* were published; and the association ended the year in the black. Also, for the first time in many years, the ballot had multiple choices for every office except Secretary-treasurer which Keith Gray was once more willing to assume...."

* * * * *

From his own account, above, J. Ed's devotion to our beloved hobby is one to be long noted. Without doubt, the Fossils received a new lease on life because of his efforts. Having joined our ranks in 1971, J. Ed almost immediately went to work to revive the flagging enthusiasm of the members. And he continued his support long after his toils in the various offices by way of contributions to *The Fossil*. Probably his best remembered offering is a series of entries entitled "The Ninety Percent" in which he gives accounts of the unsung or long forgotten "warriors" in our hobby. One act J. Ed does not mention was his introduction of the Russell L. Paxton Award for Service to Amateur Journalism, whose first recipient, of course, was Russ Paxton himself.

In his later years J. Ed became interested in producing miniature books and is credited with publishing some 21 of them. Surely not counted in that number are the two editions of *Fossillette* (enclosed with issues of *The Fossil* during his term of office) and one offering to the Fossils short-lived Keepsake Bundle.

J. Ed mentions his journals for APA, AAPA, and NAPA. We do not possess copies of *J. Ed's Almanack* for APA, but we are aware that he produced at least 81 issues for that group. For AAPA, J. Ed presented upward of 69 issues of *Jed's Jernl* (#69 is dated September 1996).

For NAPA he contributed a steady outpouring of *The Web*, most of them four-pagers, but a

respectable number of eight or more pages as well. Number one is dated Dec. 1965 (the year he joined NAPA). His final number 114 is dated Oct. 1998, and brings the reader a 3-page story "The Crossing" by Ann Vrooman. In his "Swan Song" on page 4, J. Ed states: "Following double bypass heart surgery I can no longer lift the heavy chase into the faithful ol' 10x15 C&P press."

Joseph Edward Newman died on Feb. 10, 2008, at the age of 92.

Marguerita E. Geier

NAPA's 1994 Vice President Jim Kapplin introduced new member Marguerita Geier in the June 1994 *National Amateur*: "Born in Los Angeles, but spent her school days in Alhambra and South Pasadena. She received her B.A. degree and teaching certificate from Mount St. Mary's College of Brentwood. After teaching for many years in grade school, she is now retired and devotes her time to gardening, painting, sewing, and writing. She likes to travel in the U.S. and now resides with her sisters in Santa Paula [later, Scottsdale, AZ]. We are certainly happy to hear the latest news from *Gazebo Press*, that we will be seeing her journal, *Geier's Crier*, in the June bundle. Wow! This is really jumping into the hobby with both feet!"

Indeed, she did jump in and over the years presented at least six issues of her paper. Bureau of Critics Chairman William Haywood greets issue number one as containing "a fascinating story of early 'touring' in an Overland outfitted for the long trip from California to Canada. Nice going, Marguerita!"

Marguerita joined The Fossils in 1997. *The Fossil* editor Linda Donaldson adds these bits to her biography: "While serving as State Chairman of Conservation and Safety, she wrote a few articles for the *California Star*, the state newspaper. In 1992 she published a children's book called *Rama, The Holy Family Dog*."

Marguerita's niece Barbara Sly recently reported to Fossils Secretary-treasurer Tom Parson that "My aunt died in Sept. 2007. I know she really enjoyed participating in your organization."

Miriam B. Campbell

A resident of Lexington KY, Miriam joined The Fossils in 1975, a recruit of Russ Paxton, and

served as our Vice President in 1994-1995. Long a member of the UAPAA, she served that organization as its Secretary-treasurer for a total of 23 years. In a postcard response dated Nov. 22, 1995, Miriam wrote, "For years I have been planning on writing about these Uniteds. I have notes and papers filed away. Maybe I can get back to it after the [Thanksgiving] Holidays."

Sadly, Miriam never got around to writing that history. However, in a letter to Martha Shivvers announcing her mother's death, Barbara Campbell hints that Miriam's records might still be extant. We responded that, if the records do still exist, we would very much like to receive them. At this date we have had no reply from Ms. Campbell, but we still hold the hope that she will respond. What a story Miriam would have to tell!

**DR. RIDER'S
SINGULARLY ODD TRAVELING
COMPANION
(A True Story)**

A rare volume from Special Collections at the University of Wisconsin - Madison traveled to Washington, D.C., under an assumed name recently. The volume, 19 inches deep by 12 inches square, suffers too much curvature of the spine to travel safely on its own, especially since it is an irreplaceable one-of-a-kind bound manuscript. *The Pharmacopoeia of the United States* (1880-83), nearly 900 pages of handwritten text, documents drug purity standards for pharmaceuticals admitted to the United States.

The United States Pharmacopoeia (USP), a private, non-profit, standards-setting organization for medicines, opened new global headquarters in Maryland this year, at which the libraries' *Pharmacopoeia* was featured in an exhibit.... USP decided it was cost effective and a wiser preservation decision to have the book delivered in person than to arrange for special shipping.

So, USP purchased two plane tickets—one for Robin Rider, curator of Special Collections, and one for her singularly odd traveling companion, "Book" Rider.

(This slightly dramatized selection from "Have Book, Will Travel," found in the Friends of the Libraries Magazine, University of Wisconsin-Madison, is presented by permission of the Editor. Fellow Fossils will know Robin Rider as the overseer of our Library

of Amateur Journalism—Guy Miller.)

**THE IMPACT OF LONE SCOUT
JOURNALISTS**

Russell Louis Paxton

(Reprinted from The Fossil (whole no. 219) for July 1977.)

Nowhere in Spencer's *History of Amateur Journalism* is there any mention of amateur journalism as fostered by the Lone Scout organization. Could this be an oversight, or was it because organized amateur journalism had come into existence some forty years before Lone Scouts began to write for *Lone Scout*, publish their own papers, and write for others?

Recently, there have been inquiries as to the impact these youthful writers/publishers had on amateur journalism as we have known it down through the years. It is doubtful if more than a few amateurs, outside of the many Lone Scout members, realize the important part these youthful writers and publishers played in this respect of organized amateur journalism after 1924, when the LSA merged with the BSA, and the original Lone Scout magazine was discontinued.

But first, a little background...

Founded in 1915, the Lone Scouts of America united boys all over the country in a common cause—friendship, through fraternalism and self-government. In a little over two years the LSA developed into such a "natural" boys' organization that 250,000 members were enrolled.

The first few weekly issues of the official magazine, *Lone Scout* (successor to *Every Boy's Magazine*), contained mostly what editors call "boiler plate," but as the members began writing to the editor each issue devoted more and more space to their contributions. From jokes to illustrated five-part serials, the magazine included articles on subjects of interest to boys which succeeded in welding the organization so firmly together that it survives today as the Elbeetian Legion and the ALSAP organization.

Boys on isolated farms and bashful boys who were "lonely" in the midst of cities found joy and creative fulfillment in writing for *Lone Scout*. Their articles, stories and drawings were of such variety as to appeal to all members.

Typical of the variety of interests of members were the many contests: individuals, groups, states,

cities, or sections would challenge others to compete in writing, drawing, boosting, etc. This promoted friendly rivalry and created genuine interest throughout the organization. This, in turn, brought about special issues of the magazine, which encouraged more writing.

While the key spirit was writing for *Lone Scout* (a Sat EvePost-size magazine), many members could not resist the lure of "being editor," so they established their own journals called "tribe papers." Some editors and publishers had presses of their own, others had their papers printed by other members or professionals. So rapidly did this journalism idea spread that before long these papers represented a major factor in the organization. And at one time, there were more than 250 tribe papers being published!

The Meaning of "ALSAP"

Meriting a more dignified name, the better class of these papers became known as "Authorized Lone Scout Amateur Publications" (ALSAP), being chartered by headquarters. Chartered publications had certain standards and regulations to adhere to, and copies were sent to headquarters for inspection to see if editors followed these rules. Since journals disobeying regulations had their charters suspended or withdrawn, it was regarded as an honor to be privileged to carry "A.L.S.A.P. No." on one's masthead.

Today, however, the letters of ALSAP have been changed to have current meaning: Amalgamated Lone Scout Amateur Publishers, and their membership includes many members of the organized amateur press associations. Pictured here is their insignia.

As today in the amateur press associations, correspondence was an integral part of the LSA. However, no laureate certificates were awarded artists, writers, editors or publishers in the Lone Scout program. Rather, a bronze, silver, or gold Merit Medal was given in recognition of the work involved; a Gold Quill being the highest award. Later, this was changed to a more realistic point-system, whereby one earned so many points for each contribution toward a merit medal.

In 1928 all Lone Scouts who had won the Gold Quill through contributing to *Lone Scout* magazine or tribe papers, or those who had earned the BSA Journalism Merit Badge were eligible to become members of the newly-organized National Boy Scout Press Association. Some Lone Scouts were elected to the executive board and others joined the new press

association, Paxton being one of the charter members.

After the merger with BSA, Lone Scout journalists began to learn about organized a Jay and they joined amateur press groups, especially the United and the National. However, in 1936 when the AAPA was formed, these journalists flocked to the new organization because of its freedom and friendly policy.

In 1937 Robert H. Price, the American's first president, wrote in his *Modern Amateur*: "Nearly a fourth of the American members are oldtime Lone Scouts."

Later, in one of his historical articles of the AAPA official organ, Leland M. Hawes Jr., after giving some background of how and why the association was organized, wrote: "Their [the Lone Scouts] influence on the association was immediately felt. Whereas formerly, the few papers published had been professionally printed, newcomers' journals were printed on home hand-presses."

Forty years later, we find a great many of these Lone Scouts still interested in the hobby and are members of the American, National, United(s) or ALSAP; some are active in several of these groups, even The Fossils!

To realize the impact these Lone Scout journalists have made on the organized amateur press, some examples must be cited for present-day amateurs to get the full connection. Marvin H. Neel, first secretary of the new AAPA, later publisher of *Chimera* and several private press books. Together with Martin B. Keffer, who later became treasurer of AAPA, they published *Amateur Offerings*, with Neel doing the printing of the first issues. Keffer has been printing it since he acquired a press and other essentials.

Ray A. Albert, at one time acting-president of AAPA, later became president of United Amateur Press, publishing his papers (*Just, UAP Rays, NAPA Rays*) for several of the groups. Together, he and Russell L. Paxton resurrected *The American Leader* (Paxton's old Lone Scout paper) during the first year (1946-47) Russell was president of AAPA; earlier being appointed official editor of *American Amateur Journalist* by Helen Vivarttas Wesson (then president), to finish out Sheldon Wesson's term, when Wes was called into the armed forces; he was elected to a full term, printing the official organ in his own shop, and most of the issues since.

Irwin O. Brandt served a number of years as mailer, all the while publishing papers for himself and

for others who had no presses. Howard Radcliffe is now best known for his paper, *The Battersean*.

More of the Active Members

One of the greats was Helm Spink, mostly active in the National, until his death. Other Lone Scout journalists who have passed on, but helped to raise the standards of organized ajay were: George Compton (president of United); Bruce Towne, Ernie Rapa, "Tryout" Smith, Willard T. Northrop, William B. Thompson, Harwell B. West; Marvin Sanford published a semi-pro paper, *The Searchlight* and others. Burt Foote issued *The Printer's Pet* and C. L. Anglin continued to write for the amateur papers.

Still others who were active in one or more of the associations as writers, printers, or publishers were: H. Dean Aubry, Geo. Bergman, Edwin Brooks, Linton Clark, Harvey Clotsman, Alex Doktor, Robert Kunde, Raymond "Spud" Lawless, Joseph J. Gudonis, Charles Merlin (founder of the Elbeetian Legion), Hiram Swindall (designer of the AAPA emblem), Frank Swinarski, Earl E. Tiley, Jim Walsh, Howard Hughes, Edward Tevis, Edwin G. McCoy, Ted Schirm (president of United), John Tacchino, Alfred L. Mooney, John R. Brann (editor-printer of *United Amateur*), J. Harry Hawkins (editor of UAPAA), Karl X. Williams first editor of AAPA and publisher of *Amateur Giggles*.

Other actives included Ronald Barr, Theodore Tindell, George Choquette, Malvin B. Plunkert, Marion Snyder, William M. Hall, Albert S. Keshen, Paul G. Stevens, Marvin Reed (ex-editor of *The Fossil*), Ray Buckingham, Moody O. Walls, Grady Graham and Charles Ed Walker, to mention a few.

While some of these are not at present members of The Fossils or amateur press associations, they helped advance the cause of amateur journalism when their support was needed.

After joining NAPA in April 1933, Paxton induced several Lone Scouts to join him in publishing *The Americana Monthly* for the associations; later, carrying on by himself. He first began printing *The National Amateur* in March 1945 when Burton Crane was called to serve as a Japanese translator for the armed services. Paxton also served the NAPA as official editor in 1955-56, president '56-57; O.E. again for '74-75. The only Lone Scout to serve in these capacities.

With Martin Keffer as co-editor, Paxton began publishing *The P-K Scribbler*, a literary

magazine for ajay in 1944 which won an editing laureate in NAPA for 1946.

It is impossible to give the names of all Lone Scouts active at one time, or to list their services to the ajay organizations. It suffices to say that without their activities and support, amateur journalism today would tell a different story. In the writer's opinion, these journalists did as much to further the cause as did the "young blood" group recruited by Edwin Hadley Smith and Charles W. Heins for the NAPA.

In the February 11, 1973 issue of the Tampa *Tribune-Times* Fossil ex-president Leland M. Hawes Jr. was instrumental in getting published a five-page article "The Lone Scouts: A Bygone Era Revisited" by Judy Hamilton with photos by Bruce Montgomery in a magazine supplement entitled "Florida Accent" about these oldtimers living in Florida. The cover, a reprint in colors, of the September 16, 1916 cover of *Lone Scout* magazine.

Notes

We are indebted to Martin B. Keffer, one of the story writers for *Lone Scout*, publisher of *Martini* and now *Amateur Offerings* for the ALSAP bundles, for supplying some of the names in this article.

N.B.: In order to be eligible for the LSC Gold Quill award, a Lone Scout had to pass the seven degrees, thus winning the LSD7 title and badge.

**ROBERT E. HOWARD, THE LONE SCOUTS,
AND THE JUNTO: A NEGLECTED CHAPTER
IN AJAY HISTORY**

Ken Faig, Jr.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft (1890-1937), Clark Ashton Smith (1893-1961), and Robert Ervin Howard (1906-1936) all first rose to notice as writers for the pulp magazines in the 1920s and 1930s. Lovecraft and Smith were in correspondence as early as 1922, and Howard joined their circle of correspondents in 1930. They have often been referred to as the "Three Musketeers" of *Weird Tales* magazine, where many of their stories were originally published. Lovecraft's name has long been associated with the amateur journalism hobby. He was first recruited by Edward F. Daas and submitted his application to the Hoffman-Daas faction of UAPA on April 6, 1914, launching a lifelong career in the hobby. He served as

president of the Hoffman-Daas UAPA in 1917-18 (while Elsa Gidlow was president of the rival UAPA faction) and as president of the National in 1922-23. After the Hoffman-Daas United faded out in the 1925-26 term, Lovecraft shifted his primary focus to the National, serving on the Bureau of Critics in 1931-35 (chairman 1933-35, appointed by Harold Segal) and as executive judge in 1935-36 under President Hyman Bradofsky.

Lovecraft, Smith and Howard all supported the fan magazines like Charles D. Hornig's *The Fantasy Fan* (1933-35) which grew up around the science fiction and fantasy pulp magazines in the 1930s. During this period, Lovecraft actively recruited some of the members of his correspondence circle, including notably Robert H. Barlow (1918-1951) and Duane W. Rimel (1915-1996), as NAPA members. However, in the glow of Lovecraft's grand participation in the amateur journalism hobby, it has often been forgotten that Robert Ervin Howard, in a quieter way, was also an early participant in the sector of the hobby which flourished under the sponsorship of the Lone Scout organization. Our beloved former Fossil editor Russell L. Paxton was probably the best-known amateur journalist whose amateur career was first fostered by the Lone Scouts and I have reprinted his article on the Lone Scouts as a prelude for this article.

Lone Scout founder W. D. Boyce (1858-1929) was a Chicago newspaper entrepreneur and an executive of the Boy Scouts of America (BSA). Boyce wanted to commence a special program to support potential scouts in rural areas where troops could not be formed, but Boy Scout CEO James E. West, believing that 4-H already served these needs, opposed Boyce's ideas. So, Boyce resigned from BSA and incorporated the Lone Scouts of America (LSA) on January 9, 1915. Boyce was inspired by the Lonecraft program of the British Boy Scout Association and by Ernest Thompson Seton's Woodcraft Indians program. Boyce became CEO or Chief Totem and Frank Allan Morgan was editor of *Lone Scout* magazine. By November 1915, LSA reported 30,000 members and by October 1916, 133,000. By popular demand, uniforms were adopted in 1917 and a Lone Scout Supply Company formed to meet the demand. However, financial difficulties ensued, and on June 16, 1924 LSA was merged into BSA, which maintained a separate Lone Scout Service and then Lone Scout Division program for about a decade and the transitioned the remaining Lone Scouts to the standard

BSA program. Membership in the BSA Lone Scout program peaked at 108,000 in 1926. Even today, BSA supports a Lone Scout program for scouts who can not readily participate in troops or packs. Famous alumni of the original Lone Scouts organization included Broderick Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Orval Faubus, Hubert Humphrey, Burl Ives, Fred MacMurry, Don McNeill, Henry Morgan and Vincent Schaefer.

Many former Lone Scouts did not accept the demise of their organization. Charles J. Merlin of Hudson Heights, New Jersey founded the Elbeetian Legion in 1927 and published the *Elbeetee* newsletter until his death in 1995. Ernst Grube of Sheboygan, Wisconsin founded the Lone Indian Fellowship in 1926 and published *Lone Indian* until his death in 1994. Martin B. Keffer and other former Lone Scouts who had migrated into amateur journalism maintained an ALSAP bundle for a number of years. The Lone Scout Foundation [57 Confederate Way, Stafford, VA 22554-5175] erected the W. D. Boyce Building at Camp John J. Barnhardt, New London, North Carolina in 1970. An Indian Room addition was later added. The building houses the Lone Scout Memory Lodge and the Lone Scout Print Shop Museum, containing many memorabilia of the Lone Scout organization.

Among Robert E. Howard's early friends and correspondents, Harold Preece (1906-1992), Truett Vinson (1905-1981) and Booth Mooney (1912-1977) were all members of the Lone Scouts. DeCamp (p. 206) records that Preece, then a student at Texas Christian University, persuaded Howard to join the Lone Scouts. Howard, however, took no active part in the Lone Scout organization per se, and soon dropped out.

However, Howard's participation in one aspect of LSA activity was more long-lasting. The first Lone Scout amateur paper, *The Black Hawk*, had been established by Elgie Andrienne on November 12, 1918; it was hand-written and reproduced using a mimeograph machine. The official website www.lonescouts.net records that there were 41 Lone Scout amateur papers published in Texas in 1915-24 and ten in 1925-31. Booth Mooney of Decatur, Texas conceived the idea of a "passaround" monthly typescript journal, to be entitled *The Junto* in memory of the famous club of the same name founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1727. (Franklin's club lasted for forty years and eventually became the nucleus for the American Philosophical Society.) The first number of *The Junto* emerged under Mooney's editorship in April

1928 and began its round-robin circulation among the club members. Lord-2 (p. 22) records that most of the members of *The Junto* were Texans: Booth Money and his brother Orus Mooney (1908-1998) of Decatur, Texas; Truett Vinson (died in Austin); Harold Preece (died in Edmond, Oklahoma) and his sisters Louise Preece (1908-1993) (died in Plano), Katherine (Preece) Luparello (1910-1999) (died in Beaumont), and Lenore Preece (1912-1998); Herbert Klatt (1907-1928) of Aleman; and Alvin P. Bradford (1906-1966) of San Antonio. However, there were a limited number of out-of-state members including Alex Doktor (1907-1981) of Toledo, Ohio (mentioned by Russell L. Paxton in his foregoing article on the Lone Scouts); James S. Strachan (1908-1980) of St. Cloud, Minnesota; Dennis Hart of Marshall, Minnesota; and Hillary Diahl of Pontiac, Michigan.

Through the courtesy of Howard scholars Rusty Burke and Rob Roehm, we are privileged to reproduce the cover of *The Junto* for August 1929 (vol. 2 no. 3) as our back cover. Lord-2 (pp. 22-23) reports that “most of the contents were poetry, reviews, and general commentary, often with an iconoclastic bent.” Lord reports that Vinson and Preece were strong supporters of the Socialist Party and its 1928 presidential candidate Norman Thomas. Founding editor Booth Mooney handed the editorship over to Lenore Preece with the June 1929 issue; Lenore continued monthly issues until *The Junto* ceased publication with the May 1930 issue. After the Howard poetry collection *Always Comes Evening* was published in 1957, Lenore Preece got in touch with Glenn Lord and copied for him her dozen remaining issues of *The Junto*—both from her own and Booth Mooney's editorship. She told Lord that her predecessor editor Booth Mooney had lost all of his issues in a fire in his home. It is from these precious photocopies obtained by Glenn Lord that our back cover is reproduced. Lord's Howard bibliography (Lord-1, pp. 341-342) records Howard's own contributions to *The Junto*. If any original issues of *The Junto* containing Howard's writings were to surface today, each copy (being unique) would doubtless be among the most collectable amateur journals. The Juntites were protective of their passaround journal—when a new member lost the only copy of Lenore's inaugural issue dated June 1929—containing Howard's poem “Nocturne”—he was summarily expelled from the club. Out-of-stater Alex Doktor applied to succeed Lenore in the editorship, but she

concluded he was not up to the job (Lord-2, p. 23). Member Alvin Bradford formulated plans to publish a memorial collection of verse from *The Junto*, to be entitled *Virgin Towers*, but the realities of the Depression forbade publication. It is apparently not known whether Bradford's typescript of the proposed collection survives. The July 1928 number of *The Junto* was a special memorial issue dedicated to early-deceased member Herbert Klatt.

Lord-2 (p. 24) records that Juntites Booth Mooney and Harold Preece both contributed articles to E. Haldeman-Julius's line of publications from Girard, Kansas. In later life, Booth Mooney served as an aide to Lyndon Johnson, and wrote several books about Johnson. Harold Preece also published several books. Robert E. Howard's own early novel *Post Oaks and Sand Roughs*—eventually published by Donald Grant—contains fictional depictions of several of his fellow Juntites. Howard biographer Mark Finn (Finn, p. 141) quotes Harold Preece regarding the importance of *The Junto* to Robert E. Howard:

I feel that it gave Bob a specialized, intimate, if small, sort of audience that he needed. Most of its readers were rebellious young intellectuals in that epoch of the depression. Bob's fire and spirit symbolized all sorts of protests—expressed and inchoate—that we felt, though, only in a very limited sense was he any kind of political rebel nor at all any sort of slogan shouter or cliché monger.

The loneliness that intellectuals like Howard felt in the small towns of Texas is easy to grasp from Rob Roehm's remarkable photographic tour of the Howard Country (Roehm-2). What is heartening today is that Project Pride in Howard's own Cross Plains has joined forces to preserve the memory of the local boy who became world-famous by writing for the pulp magazines. The Howard home in Cross Plains—just barely spared by wildfires in December 2005—is preserved for visitors from all around the world, looking much the same as it did when occupied by Robert E. Howard and his parents.

I do not know that the third Musketeer of *Weird Tales*, Clark Ashton Smith, ever had any association with mainstream amateur journalism. (He did contribute to early science fiction fanzines in the 1930s.) However, it may be noted that Farnsworth Wright, editor of *Weird Tales* from 1924 until his death in 1940, was a member of NAPA while living in San Francisco in 1904. We must surely grant that Howard's connection with amateur journalism was less-enduring than Lovecrafts. Nevertheless, through his connection with the Lone Scouts and passaround magazine

produced by The Junto, Howard was a participant of an important facet of amateur journalism activity. (Lovecraft also participated in a passaround group called the Transatlantic Circulator (ca. 1920); his “In Defense of Dagon” essays survive from this group. His earlier passaround manuscript magazine *Hesperia* (1918) is not known to survive. As far as I know, Lovecraft was never a participant in any phase of the scouting movement.) I do not believe it is unfair to claim at least two of the Three Musketeers of *Weird Tales*—Lovecraft and Howard—as significant participants in the amateur journalism hobby. I think it is fair to say that these now world-renowned writers both benefitted from, and enriched, the hobby in which they participated.

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www.lonescouts.net. Official website of the Lone Scout Foundation, sponsor of the Lone Scout Memory Lodge and the Lone Scout Print Museum in New London NC.

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Ken Faig, Jr.

I want to express my thanks to Harold Smolin, Guy Miller, and Fred Liddle for their contributions to this issue. I am also grateful to John Horn for our centerfold pages from *The Inland Printer* of May 1899 and to Rusty Burke and Rob Roehm for the cover page of *The Junto* for August 1929. I would welcome *your* contribution for our next issue. I join all our members in congratulating Bill Boys on a well-deserved Paxton Award. I hope to have a report on NAPA's Townsend TN convention (hosted by Bill) for our next issue.

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