

# The



# Fossil

*Official Publication of The Fossils, The Historians of Amateur Journalism*  
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“Mr. Fossil,” Guy Miller passes away at 86

January 21, 1926—September 15, 2012



**Guy Miller Receiving his award- “The Fossil of the Century” at Elk Grove Village, IL from Mike O’Connor, AAPA President and Jack Visser, NAPA President on July 23, 2010 at Elk Grove Village, IL**


## President's Message

Jack Swenson

**T**HE SAD NEWS that Guy Miller had passed away was doubly disturbing to Barry Schrader and me. It meant not only that we had lost a friend, but that we shared the responsibility of carrying on the work he had done so well in heading up the Fossil organization over recent years.

In the absence of other candidates, he announced our re-election last fall along with his own appointment of Tom Parsons who agreed to continue serving as secretary-treasurer. An immediate duty was the selection of a third trustee and for that position, our decision was the appointment of Gary Bossler. Gary is another Ohio member and has been a friend of Guy's

We want to welcome a new member, Dave Goudsward of Lake Worth, FL. He is a writer of horror stories and came to the Fossils through his association with Ken Faig.

With the approval of Bossler and at the urging of Schrader, I have accepted the interim position of president on an acting basis while we consider our next steps. Meantime, Bossler will edit this issue of *The Fossil*. 

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### THE FOSSILS

<http://www.thefossils.org/>

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. (The Library of Amateur Journalism Collection is not yet open for use at University of Wisconsin at Madison.) 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.

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### UPLIFT

by Kent Clair Chamberlain

What Good, what Noble Good.  
Have I done on Earth?  
Whose grief have I turned to Joy,  
by Cheering Word?

## MY FRIEND AND MENTOR:

GUY G. MILLER

1926-2012

Kenneth W. Faig, Jr.

**F**IRST CAME into correspondence with Guy Miller following the publication of Edith Minter's *Going Home and Other Amateur Writings* by my Moshassuck Press in 1995. Guy cordially invited me to join The Fossils, and I accepted. Shortly thereafter, Bill Groveman invited me to join NAPA as well. A little later, Lee Hawes invited me to join AAPA, and I did.

Guy was a veteran of more than fifty years in the hobby before I ever corresponded with him. He had joined NAPA in September 1943 and attended his first NAPA convention in Boston in July 1944. His longest-running amateur publication was *Potpourri*, for which he named his private press. He also edited *The Amateur Amateur* with Grace Phillips and *Pro & Con* with Alma Weixelbaum. In later years, he published *Lamplighter* for NAPA and *Amapra* for AAPA. Also, for its final decades, he served as publisher for Louise Lincoln's *The Kitchen Stove*, which came in "heatings" rather than "numbers" like ordinary amateur publications. In the 1950s, The Fossils, the amateur organization with which Guy came to be most strongly identified, required fifteen years of experience in the hobby to qualify for membership. Under the tutelage of Edward H. Cole and Edna "Vondy" Macdonald, The Fossils, during this era, served very much as an "honor society" for leading members of the hobby. Guy seems to have joined The Fossils at his earliest eligibility date: he was not on the roll for August 31, 1958, but appears on the roll for July 31, 1959, and had his new member's sketch published in *The Fossil* for July 1960.

Guy, born January 21, 1926, became an orphan early in life and was raised in the Ohio Masonic Home in Springfield, Ohio. In his early amateur years, he was part of the "hive" of amateur activity in the Springfield area led by figures such as Willametta Turnepseed (later Mrs. Martin Keffer) and Alma Weixelbaum. Guy was a veteran of the Korean War and was a schoolteacher by profession. In addition to his amateur writings, his 28-page monograph *New Boston: Clark County's Vanished Town* was published by the Clark County Historical Society in 1956; a second edition followed from the Colonial Dames of America in 1983; and yet a third edition from Guy's own *Potpourri* Press in 2001. On May 29, 1969, Guy married Annabel Rowe (born June 3, 1920), and many amateur journalists had the good fortune to meet Guy's gracious wife at conventions in succeeding years. Guy and Annabel celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary in 2009, before Annabel passed on August 20, 2009.

Guy served The Fossils as President from 2000 until his death on September 15, 2012, which occurred in Jackson Hole WY while he was on a bus tour of the National Parks. He had served a prior term as Fossils

President in 1994-95. During the 1990s Guy served as editor of a “Fossilbed” apa to stir interest in the organization; I put my own *More Than Meets the Ear* (largely devoted to Edith Minter) into that bundle. But Guy was devoted to the hobby at large and served all the associations to which he belonged. At the time of his death, he was serving NAPA as critic.

I first met Guy in person when he invited me to attend NAPA’s convention in Canton, Ohio in 1996. He did everything possible to make a shy, introverted student of nineteenth-century amateur journalism feel comfortable at that meeting. I was awed to meet many senior figures in the amateur journalism hobby at that convention. I particularly remember the gracious hospitality extended to me and my wife on a canal boat excursion that was taken by many of the visiting amateur journalists.

Guy gradually led me into doing some work for the hobby. My first office was as Fossils historian in succession to Daniel Graham. I did a survey of institutional collections of amateur journals (1999) and then published some discussions of the future of the Library of Amateur Journalism (LAJ), then under the custodianship of librarian Mike Horvat in Stayton OR. In 2002-2003-2004 I served as NAPA critic under Guy’s tutelage. I got into the rhythm of writing the criticisms fairly readily, but needed lots of coaching from Guy in terms of making laureate nominations. In 2003, when Mike Horvat gave notice that LAJ would be losing its home in the Paris Mill in Stayton OR, Guy asked me to serve as chair of a committee to find a new home for LAJ. With the able assistance of Mike Horvat, Stan Oliner, Lee Hawes and Jerry Killie, we were able to find an institution—University of Wisconsin at Madison—willing to accept LAJ, and the collection arrived in Madison on December 30, 2004.

By that time, I had accepted the office of official editor for *The Fossils*, in which I served for eight years. For six of those years, Guy was my printer and offered welcome advice on how to make the journal more interesting and appealing for readers. Guy printed large issues of *The Fossil* for me when strictly speaking neither the membership roll nor the Fossils’ treasury would have warranted such expenditure. Gary Bossler was Guy’s able successor as designer and printer in 2010. I hope my thirty-two quarterly issues of *The Fossil* helped to enliven interest in the history of our hobby. I think we are beginning to see growth in academic interest in our literary product, which will probably provide needed impetus for the prospering of academic collections of our journals.

After our initial meeting in Canton OH in 1996, I think I next saw Guy at NAPA’s Cincinnati OH convention in 2002. Both my wife and our two children attended that convention with me (I think we were on the way to or from visiting my father in Silver Spring MD), and we had the pleasure of having dinner with Guy and Annabel Miller. That convention also had a lively Fossils’ luncheon sponsored by the convention

hosts Bill and GiGi Volkart, who even provided real fossils as table favors for each attendee.

I am not certain, but I think I next saw Guy in person at AAPA’s Cleveland OH convention in 2006. Certainly, the last time I saw Guy in person was at AAPA’s and NAPA’s joint convention in Elk Grove Village IL in 2010, hosted by Barry Schrader and Bill Boys. I remember particularly Guy’s pleasure that the convention organizers had found time in the schedule for a Fossils’ luncheon with ample catered box lunches. The Fossils had stopped having business meetings after they dropped their Oregon corporate charter following the relocation of LAJ to UW-Madison. Increasingly, a convention hosts had had difficulty finding slots in the schedule for Fossils’ luncheons, especially after they became strictly social occasions. The elaborate banquets of Fossils of yester-year were only memories by the time of the Elk Grove Village luncheon in 2010, but the good fellowship endured. I particularly remember from the Elk Grove Village convention two events: Stan Oliner receiving his Gold Composing Stick Award and Guy receiving a special “Fossil of the Century” award in the form of a handsomely mounted fossilized bone. (Maybe Bill and GiGi Volkart’s table favors of 2002 provided the inspiration for Guy’s 2010 award.) I think I spotted Guy shed a tear or two when he received his award. Photographs of both these award presentations appeared in *The Fossil* for October 2010.

Guy was always modest and unassuming, but full of practical wisdom and counsel. He helped me through a difficult time when my father had to undergo colon cancer surgery at the age of eighty-four in 2002. Guy counseled that he himself had had to come back from the same illness. Guy helped me stay on track when difficult decisions and problems arose during the exploration of a new home for LAJ in 2003-2004. Guy was always fair to all parties and was not unwilling to tell me when I was overacting to a particular situation. When I suggested a feature article in *The Fossil* to mark his eightieth birthday in January 2006, he said he would rather wait until he attained age ninety for such an honor. He did let me publish a small notice concerning his eighty-fifth birthday in *The Fossil* for January 2011.

A few amateurs expressed the idea that Guy was something of a bluestocking, but I never encountered any expressions of prejudice from him. He let me publish a full number of *The Fossil* dedicated to Elsa Gidlow and her “lavender” ajays of the 1917-20 period. In a late publication, Guy recalled that he and Bill Groveman had overnight reservations at a dormitory at a women’s college on their way to an amateur convention after World War II. When they arrived, the ladies offered the two young male ajays a sexual banquet of their choice, but they demurred, citing exhaustion. Had the offer been repeated the following morning, I suspect that Miller and Groveman would

have found yet another excuse. Those were the days when chastity, honor and gentlemanly conduct meant something. I doubt if I, at the same age, would have been as virtuous as the young Miller and Groveman.

Basically, Guy allowed and encouraged me to flourish in my own introverted way within the *ajay* hobby. He was understanding when I decided that fulltime work and diminished energy necessitated my resignation as *Fossils* editor after the July 2012 issue.

In addition to the numbers of *The Fossil* that he published for me, I have two wonderful publications of Guy's own Potpourri Press: *New Boston: Clark County's Vanished Town* (third edition, 2001) and *One Hundred Years of The Fossils: 1904-2004* (2005). These are both beautifully-handmade books and the latter has already been offered for sale on the Internet for \$250 and will probably only become more valuable as the years pass. For me, however, the value of these books is not monetary but personal, as relics of my association with a remarkable man. Guy inscribed a copy of *New Boston* for me and my wife on May 21,

2001. Laid in was a printed note which described some of the making of the book:

You are holding in your hands a once-of-a-kind creation that has been individually crafted in the author's private hobby shop. Therefore, each book is marked, in one way or another, with its own peculiar identity.

Guy's notice went on to describe some of the details of the book's manufacture, but perhaps the most

moving statement was his conclusion: "The backing boards were cut from salvaged cereal boxes." Guy was surely a member of the waste-not-want-not generation that lived through the Great Depression and it's amazing to think that the boards of my copy of *New Boston* may be backed with cardboard from Kellogg's Rice Krispies or Post Toasties. I don't know what cereal brands Guy favored for his breakfasts.

A wonderful feature of Guy's final years, after the passing of his beloved spouse Annabel in 2009, was the friendship of his former student Ken Metzgar. In 2010, 2011 and 2012, Guy visited Ken in Arizona in February, and was able to share the 98<sup>th</sup>, 99<sup>th</sup> and 100<sup>th</sup> birthday celebrations of his dear friend Louise Lincoln during those visits. Photographs of each occasion adorned *The Fossil*. Louise passed away only a few weeks after the final celebration. Ken and Guy took a subsequent vacation trip to southern California, where they visited David Tribby and his wife. Then, in July 2012, Ken and Guy took a wonderful tour in England. Plans were afoot, I believe, for further explorations. As remarked above, Guy was on a bus tour of the

National Parks when he passed away. If *The Fossils* were still unwilling to forego his leadership (Guy had just been re-elected *Fossils* President for the 2012-14 term), perhaps the time had come for two beautiful souls, Guy and Annabel, to be more closely united again. For myself, I had hoped that Guy would equal Louise Lincoln's one hundred years. But it was not to be. Guy passed away in his eighty-seventh year.

It is for the leadership of *The Fossils* now to determine what the future of the organization shall be. Perhaps the era of quarterly numbers of *The Fossil* has passed but there may still be a role for the organization to play in the disposition of the Graham-Wesson collection, the possible disposition of Guy's own collection, the development of LAJ at UW-Madison and the fostering of other institutional collections of amateur journalism. We can only march confidently into the future of our hobby with a rich knowledge of our past. Fostering that knowledge has always been the central mission of *The Fossils*.

I thank Guy Miller for helping me to make my own small contribution to the amateur journalism hobby. Toward the very end of his life, he sent me notice that I had been awarded the 2011 Russell Paxton Award. When I think of the gargantuan contributions of Guy Miller and others like him, who devoted lifetimes of service to the hobby, the reception of this award was both humbling and gratifying for me. Without Guy Miller's encouragement, the shy, introverted person who is writing these lines could never have made any contribution to the amateur journalism hobby.

In his obituary for Harold Segal published in *The Fossil*, Bill Groveman wrote of that celestial printshop where amateur journalists flourish for eternity. I like to believe that Guy is there now, with Harold and Bill and many others of our departed friends, doing whatever the work of the printer may be in eternity. If the hobby celestial of deceased amateur journalists now enjoys Guy's contributions in the hereafter, the hobby militant consisting of living amateur journalists marches on among the toils and tribulations of this world. If we always preserve a sense of humor and never forget the nobility of the printed word (and for that matter the electronically encoded word), I predict that there will be an enduring future for our hobby. Future amateur journalists may not be using cardboard from cereal boxes for the cover backings of their productions, but they will doubtless continue to share the same individualized spirit that inspired Guy Miller's Potpourri Press. May god bless the memory of Guy Miller—a loving, wise and generous man—and the future of the amateur journalism hobby that he loved and served so well.

So thank you, Guy Miller, for all you did for all of us. Somehow, your memory will always summon up for me not only the experiences we shared but the history of *The Fossils* from the foundation of the organization on May 28, 1904, forward to the present. The many *Fossil* banquets held at Pontin's restaurant



near Fossil headquarters in the American Tract Society building in lower Manhattan. The epic struggle which resulted in the transfer of LAJ from the Fossils' New York City headquarters to the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in 1935. The glory days of The Fossils as an "honor society" of leading amateur journalists during the period 1945-1965. The return of LAJ to New York City (at New York University) in 1967 and the subsequent struggle leading to its placement with Mike Horvat in Stayton OR in 1980. Throughout all those conflicts the love of the members of The Fossils for their hobby is what held our organization together. Guy Miller absorbed all The Fossils' traditions well from his advent to the organization in 1958. He was truly "The Fossil of the Century." I was privileged to have him as friend and mentor. 🍷

*This is a reprint of the text that was in Guy Miller's Journal POTPOURRI-4 dated June, 1959 when Guy was but 33 years old. I think this shows what a good writer he was and also gives us for insight into the younger Guy, who had not yet met his beloved Annabel.*

*POTPOURRI-4 was a 5x7 8 pager with a cover that sported only the title, number and date along with a lineoem cut that Guy claims to have done himself.*

—Gary Bossler



## POTPOURRI NUMBER 4 JUNE, 1959



### Midnight Special

I'm really not certain what happened. Five years ago I put to bed the November issue of Pro and Can, never realizing that such a long space of time would ensue before I would again pick up my pencil to create another paper. But five years have passed, in a whirl of confusion and bafflement. I went down to the basement this evening to see if, by surveying my possessions, I could draw together some remnants of those five years. I found stacks of amateur journals waiting to be filed. I found, also, a pile of copy I had written, five pages of type all set, a stack of paper with two pages printed thereon, and a printing press. Then I started to recollect.

Shortly after the Washington Convention in 1957, I visited the Spinks in Cleveland. When I left, I took with me all the type I could carry in my little Chevy. When I arrived home, I began to set type. I set five pages of copy before something or other disrupted operations.

The press arrived the next year by way of my Chevy from the home of Grace Phillips. It is the beautiful little Pearl which she and other amateurs before her have skillfully used over the years. The two printed pages were struck off on this dandy little press in the fall of 1958. Suddenly, all becomes a blur.

Anyway, at last at midnight on a cold night in June (and I mean cold), I have decided to thrust upon you the result of two years' endeavor to break into print.

Much of the copy is probably outdated, but I want you to see that I have been doing something over the past five years.

## Memoranda

FIFTEEN YEARS probably does not seem like too long a period to some persons - especially to our "nigh onto fifty years" members. For me, though, it represents — well, almost—half of my lifetime. In retrospect, my fondest observation is that this portion of my life has been employed in amateur journalism.

Moreover, at this point in my affiliation with the hobby I feel that I have reached a plateau of some sort; for, with the Washington meet, I marked my tenth convention. Since my first convention at Boston in 1944, I have centered my vacation plans around the fourth of July and the convention. That is why, I suppose, when at Washington one member exclaimed, "What a surprise to see you here!" my first impulse was to retort, "Well, I don't see why- I've been planning this for a whole year!" Oh, well ...

But what I actually began to say was that a person can certainly pile up a mountain of amateur papers in just fifteen years. Packed unsystematically in cartons as mine are, the journals, although not too impressive a sight just to glance at, present an overwhelming array when one is searching through them for a particular paper. I have been in the homes of several amateurs and have noted their systems of filing the journals. I will admit to a little envy when I have seen in some cases the various journals neatly bound and arranged conveniently on shelves or in other instances carefully filed alphabetically or by year in handy boxes. In my envy, I assure myself that I, too, would have as neat an arrangement as those I have seen if I could only decide on the system I wanted to use; but in my heart I know that the problem is deeper than this and is involved somehow with the term "proper motivation." Once, for a brief period, I had the majority of my journals filed alphabetically; but, after having been moved seven times, they give little appearance of having ever been attended. As a result, to find a particular paper I must simply begin digging through box after box until I run across what I want.

I am beginning a search for copies of my own papers because I have decided that one should keep a complete collection of his own handiwork where he can find it quickly. I thought that I should hunt for *The Reviewer* first since it represents my initial effort for *ajay*. So far, I haven't found the first issue, but I am sure I have the other six which range from 1944 through 1949. As a matter of fact, I can't remember what was in that first number. Maybe it is just as well, though. Most first efforts are better forgotten. Well, I must continue to dig ...

As everyone who has a collection knows, looking up a few papers can occupy a great amount of time, for one just does not move, with dispassionate interest,

straight through his journals to the object of his search. There are too many distractions along the way; one must pause now and then to reminisce.

For instance, I have just come across Ken Weiser's *Pennian*. I remember it well because it was one of the very first papers I received from an N. A. P. A. member. Ken and I were close correspondents for a time, but not until this year at Washington did I get to meet him in person. It was his first N.A.P.A. Convention in his seventeen years of affiliation—imagine that!

Speaking of correspondents, another close companion my early years was C. A. A. Parker. It was he who gave me my first bit of journalistic guidance in response to a remark in my second published Reviewer concerning a poem, " ... which I consider a nice piece of poetry." Retorted Parker, "The point is ... WHY?" That stuck. Other criticisms from him, I felt, helped me to find my way along during my first steps in amateur journalism. I still remember that pleasant visit to 114 Riverside during the Boston Convention in '44. I had been invited to dinner, I recall, but somewhere along the line something confused the situation because I ate heartily before starting for Medford. As a result, although I arrived at the specified hour, all I could manage was a small dish of ice cream. It was a long time before C. A. A. P. would allow me to forget that slip.

Mention of the Boston Convention reminds me of the "Gruesome Six" who wandered around together there. Of that six, Stan Coffin, the Haywoods, Willametta, and I met at Washington in '57. We hoped that Jeff Jennings would appear so that we could hold a reunion. Well, of course, not everything works out as we should like it.

I'm still digging. Oh, yes—here is Volume 2, No.2 of *The Reviewer* (1946) which brings to mind the almost forgotten row with Vic over mailing procedures during my term as Mailer. In "those days" we didn't feel hurt and quit the hobby when someone lambasted us. We fought back. What is more, we felt that the experience was good for us. But, I'm straying from my subject. Vic's proposed amendment requiring every person who wished to use the mailing bureau to supply 300 copies of his paper was defeated, fortunately. Shades of prophecy! Hear the caution I voiced in opposition to the amendment: "Just about next we expect someone who will want to tell us what kind of paper and the color of ink we must have in order to use the bureau." Well, last year in the lively case of the Tissue Issue we saw censorship applied regarding the kind of paper we must use - or, rather, not use, I guess. Now, let's see if the censors can think of an objectionable color.

Of course, I issued the *Mailer* during my term. Vol. 6, No. 8 for February, 1945, notes that the Segals were married on the tenth of that month, that Sheldon Wesson, Albert Lee, Bob Northup, Benton 'Netzel, and Robie Macauley had just gone overseas, and that the editor was watching for another issue of Bill Hamilton's *Skyline*. The other issues carry similar items, a fact

which indicates that the Mailer's job is the one to seek if you want an inside line on the activities of the Association.

Well, now, who is the little Dutchman? Oh, yes— I borrowed him from Emerson Duerr and used him on the cover of *Potpourri* No.1 to commemorate the '48 UAPA Milwaukee Convention which I attended that year in lieu of the NAPA affair. I see that this issue lashes out at the *Two Shillelaghs*, edited by Roy Lindberg and Ed Harler.

Of course, mention of Roy brings to mind the famous S-4-S Committee of 1948. But more particularly do we remember his mammoth-sized mimeoed "Daily Record" of the Brooklyn meet in 1949. Also, not to be forgotten is the somewhat smaller "Daily Record" which gave keen competition to the "Daily Worker" (a product from the Spink shop) at Cleveland in 1950.

"What we need is a competitive paper such as we had at Cleveland," breathed Vic nostalgically (or maybe wearily—it's difficult to identify accurately a 4:00 a.m. sigh) as we were putting an edition of the Washington daily to bed. But that was the only thing that "Capital Columns" lacked, for it certainly met the demands of a convention daily from its gossip to its stolen proxy returns. Four issues were produced at Washington; then, as a surprise to us all—except Moitoret, Duerr, and Bradburn, numbers 5 through 8 arrived in the bundle. Vic and Joe had hoped to make it a monthly affair; but Duty called, and Vic went sailing off to other lands. So it goes.

On the subject of convention papers, I have just found the Cleveland '45 edition of "The Immobile Finger," which reminds me of the Wessons and the fact that I have yet to thank them for the goshgorgeous issue of the 37th "Siamese Standpipe." I used to think I was a good printer until I joined the National ...

Anyway, all that aside, here is a date which alumni of the central Ohio meets will recognize as a vintage year—1945. Among other activities, that year saw two issues of *The Amateur Amateur*—"Unedited by Grace and Guy." The November 18 issue tells about the "picnic" at June Wynters', how after a chase around the block ("hiking to the picnic grounds," June said) the "weinies" turned out to be turkey and the "picnic grounds," June's dining room. Ah, yes, many were the good times we had.

Here is *Pro and Con*, an exciting venture taken with Rusty, which had to be discontinued because of personal pressures on our time. The first issue is dated November, 1952, and the last, November 1953 (May 1954) What were the issues discussed? Oh, the usual—Nominating committee, voting procedures, dues—but also, "What do you want at conventions." Well, what do some members want? Panel discussions, holding them anytime but in July, having them in a recreation spot, dancing, concentrating on improvement, paring down business sessions, round table discussions on getting acquainted with members. But the staid National moves on unperturbed.

Speaking of Washington, if I may, it was Vondy's 33rd convention (in case anyone has lost count). It was a busy one for Willametta. Every time a male entered the lobby she ran down to meet him—I began worrying about her. (All right, I confess it, Mart. She was hoping that you would show up at the last minute.) It was a shocking one for me. It was the first time I had ever seen anyone attend a banquet minus his trousers. (Stan Oliner wore Bermudas) He probably left home so hurriedly that he forgot them. I almost had to attend in a buttonless shirt for the very same reason. I had to rush out to buy the first pair of dollar cufflinks I could find. I still have them, and every time I wear them everyone who spies them comments on the good taste I show. I don't bother to explain, of course.

I still haven't found the missing issues of *The Reviewer* and the *Mailer*. Well, such is life.



## And So to Bed

As the fresh new sun struggles through the dirty basement window to strike my right eye, which is not yet asleep, I find I have only one little chore left and that is to tell you that this fourth issue (the first since 1951) of *Potpourri* comes to you anyway it can get there from:

Guy G. Miller  
2514 Hillside Avenue  
Springfield, Ohio

Acknowledgement must go to my worthy assistant, Hermann T. (for Type) Louse who is now fast asleep in one of the type cases I have strewn around the room. Incidentally, in case you can't recognize it, the cut above is a portrait of Hermann in his nightcap. I carved it from linoleum. Before you criticize it, may I say that it is only the second cutting I have tried on linoleum. The first one was a mess.

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The trouble with some people is that they really believe the ancient saying that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. 🐶

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### Little did we know . . .

A group of e-mails sent to and received from Guy just prior to his death.

From Guy Miller Aug 26, 2012  
To Gary Bossler

Gary -- Thanks for a quick answer.

Anyway, I'll start work on the *FOSSIL* after I get some paper work done. Can you do the convention minutes and maybe a few comments or insights regarding the

meet? I am going to try to transcribe the DVD Barry sent me of Tom's presentation. And of course my President's letter. I'll send photos of the Paxton Award. Maybe it will make a cover pic, if we plan that kind of format. I favor an 8.5x11 page printed 2 up and fold, but am not opposed to some other idea.

Keep well. —Guy

On Aug 26, 2012, at 1:21 PM, Gary Bossler wrote:

Guy: I don't know that I suggested a specific layout, other than I do think two columns would be easier to read. In the years gone by 9x12 pages were set in three or even four columns and set in either 8 or 10 point type. This was probably more for economy than anything else. I have recently used mostly 12 point as aging eyes will find that easier to read

In Ken's volumes I used 12 point for the most part, with 10 point used in some reports. I also used Times New Roman as it is more compact than some other fonts that I like. I like Bookman because I think it is more readable.

You don't have to worry about column width. Whatever you send to me can be adjusted to fit whatever column width we are using. —Gary

On Sun, Aug 26, 2012 at 11:57 AM, Guy Miller <archer2951@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi, Gary -- Somewhere in the pile of papers surrounding me is your proposal for format of the Oct. *FOSSIL*. You want double column pages. I will soon be working on material for the issue. Should my copy be done in 2-column? If so, let me know column width, etc. I'll locate your e-mail which suggests other aspects.

I'm planning another trip to the Western Parks Sept. 8-23, but I don't see any *FOSSIL* production problem since we have no deadline. After the Oct. issue we can decide how often we want to publish.

I hope all is well with you. You certainly endured enough misfortune prior to the Convention. I'm really surprised that you could make it. —Guy

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## AAPA and NAPA Hold Their Second Concurrent Convention

People started arriving on July 25th for the NAPA Convention which actually started on the 26th, the day before the AAPA Meeting was to start.

The combined committee scheduled things so that NAPA could try to get 90% of their business done on the first day of their convention.

The "Charlie Bush Memorial Chinese Dinner" was held on the evening of the 26th (the day before the AAPA convention was to start. I had a total of 31 people attending, however my count was taken from the preliminary count and may be off by 2 or 3 either way.

The total attendance of the dual convention was 41 of which 12 people were members of both AAPA and NAPA. There were 9 guests, bringing the total to 50.

There was a demo of an I-Pad app called Letter M Press that came close to giving you a letterpress experience.

Thursday's highlight was an in depth description by Tom Parson of his attempts to take over and finish the job started by Stan Oliner on the Graham-Wesson Collection. We may in the future print Tom's report.

There was also a tour of the U.S. Air Force Museum. Alex Heckman was the banquet speaker and gave an enlightening talk on all that Carillon Park and Dayton has to offer. The planned tour of the Carillon History Park did not work out as was planned. —GB

## Interim Editor's Report

This is some information received from our Treasurer via an e-mail. According to Tom Parson, our Secretary-Treasurer the Fossil checking account has a balance of \$6,559.74 as of 7/31/2012. Tom also tells us that he has not paid anything out for the printing and mailing of *The Fossil*.

This then makes it pretty obvious that Guy Miller, our late President had been footing the bill for *The Fossil* out of his sheer generosity. Guy had been cutting and pasting and printing *The Fossil* on a Panasonic copier in his office in downtown Springfield for a number of years. I offered to take over the printing and mailing of it in 2010 when he expressed a desire to have some color in it and also after he had suffered a fall on the ice in getting from the parking lot to his office. I have a friend who runs a small print shop and he leases a Xerox copier capable of printing black and white or color and both sides in one pass. It is also capable of folding and saddle stapling in the same operation. He gave me some pretty good prices (beating Office Max) and I could create the files and e-mail them to him in PDF format. He would then print me a proof and after having several people proofread it for me, I would make corrections and send him a final copy and he would print the quantity I needed. While the price was cheap, it still cost more to print and mail (first class) than the cost members were paying with their dues.

As an example, we currently have 38 dues paying members. At \$15.00 per annum dues that comes to \$570.00. Below are the costs that I have been sending to Guy and I would promptly receive a check from him drawn on his personal account.

	Printing	Postage	Total
October 2010 Vol 107-1	140.56	87.93	228.49
January 2011 Vol 107- 2	151.60	93.40	245.00
April 2011 Vol 107-3	99.22	77.26	176.48
July 2011 Vol 107-4	73.03	74.56	147.59
Totals	464.41	333.15	797.56
October 2011 Vol 1081	82.01	72.32	154.33
January 2012 Vol 108-2	82.01	71.92	153.93

April 2012 Vol 108-3	70.46	65.12	135.58
July 2012 Vol 108-4	112.71	75.68	188.39
	347.19	285.04	632.23

Note: Not included in the above is \$10.00 donated by Kent Chamberlain and \$27.92 donated by myself. Both were used to purchase 9x12 Envelopes. Currently I have \$6.00 cash on hand donated by Kent Chamberlain.

Guy also had a list of special people that he sent copies to which of course, since he was paying for it, there was no need for anyone's approval.

In any case, we need to take a serious look at our expenses and try to live within our means. I have drastically cut the size of this issue but since this is our main activity perhaps that is not the best thing to do. Address your editorial comment to me at gary@bossler.com.

Also anyone wishing take over the Editor's job, please let the Trustees know.

There are certainly changes that need to be made. We cannot continue with *The Fossil* as it has been. We will see what the cuts I have made will do but certainly the issues that Ken Faig put out were much more substantive and more like what is expected of the Fossils. We may need to consider raising the dues as others have recently done. We may also consider cutting the number of issues per year. The internet is another option, We could put some issues on line, but perhaps all members do not have internet access. We definitely need your input. Or maybe you have a completely different Idea. If so, let's hear it. —GB

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