

The Fossil

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Hobby Printer Has No Regret Moving From “Hot” to “Cold” Era

by Dean Rea

MOST OF MY friends know that I once was a “printer’s devil,” which is a term identifying an apprentice during the “hot type” era.

In short, I set metal type by hand and on a Linotype and fed sheets of paper into the jaws of a snapping metal press in a print shop.

Today, I operate a computer in a near-noiseless world with a cup of coffee close at hand.

I now live in what is called the “cold type” era.

I love them both.

My printing career began while I was in junior high school. I learned about the “hell box” where cast-off metal was trashed and about “type lice,” which dirtied my Sunday-go-to-church white shirt. All for ten cents an hour, which was BIG money seven decades ago.

Granted, I could have injured or lost a hand in a press or been overcome by fumes while casting long slugs of metal called “pigs” for use on the Linotype and Intertype. Later, I spent a summer in Maumee, Ohio, learning how to operate those machines.

In 1942 I joined a national organization of amateur journalists who wrote stories, essays and editorials that they printed in hobby journals on real presses and circulated monthly to a couple hundred American Amateur Press Association members.

During the next seven decades I printed numerous journals, including *Saratoga* and *Oregon*, and served twice as the association’s president and several years as the official editor.

Learning the printing trade and publishing a hobby journal was great stuff for a boy who had his eye on a journalism career and who eventually became a newspaper reporter and editor.

During the “hot” type era, I took photographs with a Speed Graphic, which was a bit larger than a lunch bucket. Of course, you had to develop the 4x5 negatives and make prints before etching the images on metal before publication. Today, of course, people point and shoot images and videos on wafer-sized cameras and can circulate the images immediately worldwide.

As a printer I helped finance my way through college and eventually acquired a press and enough type to print a hobby journal in what I called “a bedroom print shop” in my home.

A half-century later, the boy and girl printers of yesteryear were turning gray and were switching to a newfangled means of publishing journals. I followed suit and sold my print shop three years ago. Today, I enjoy my hobby of writing and publishing by posting each Friday on a blog, “Dean’s Musings,” which can be found at

<https://deanrea.wordpress.com/>.

People ask if I miss setting type by hand and operating the machine that stood about four feet high in the middle of what once was a bedroom? “Not really,” I answer.

As I moved into my 80s, I found that my fingers no longer were as nimble as they once were when I picked metal letters from a California job case. It also became difficult to lift a heavy type form and to lock it on the press. Standing an hour or so while I printed 200 impressions of each page of a multi-page journal also took its toll.

Today, I can sit and dash off 400 to 500 words on a computer for publication in my blog in a jiffy. And moving from the “hot” to the “cold” era means that I no longer have to wash the ink off my hands when the job is finished. ♦



Dean Rea used a 5x8 and a 6x10 Kelsey press before acquiring this 7x11 Chandler & Price press in 1997.

Fossil Past President Tom Whitbread Succumbs

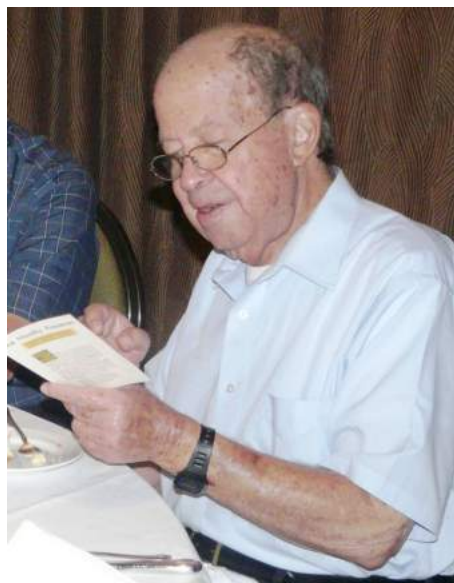
by Dave Tribby

THOMAS BACON WHITBREAD was born August 22, 1931, in Bronxville, Westchester Co., New York, the son of Thomas F. Whitbread and Caroline Nancy Bacon. In 1935, the family moved to West Cummington, a tiny village (1940 population: 105) in western Massachusetts, about 30 miles northwest of Amherst. (Thomas F. had graduated from Amherst College in 1930.)

In December 1943 both father and son submitted their dues to the National Amateur Press Association. The March 1944 *National Amateur* included a quote from Thomas the younger: "I am an amateur journalist more or less by accident." His publishing came from an interest in collecting old weekly story papers of Britain. He issued *The Watermark* with a list of papers he wanted, plus his own writing. By publishing in small magazine format, he believed it "would not be thrown out the way an ordinary list of wanted items might be. It seems to have outgrown that, however, for in the latest issue my own 'wants' are omitted altogether."

Tom quickly became active. The first issue of his *Berkshire Breeze*—printed by Alf Babcock—was dated April 1944.

In July, Tom made the 130 mile bus trip solo to the Boston NAPA convention. Guy Miller's 1970 remembrance of that convention included a special mention of Tom: "A visit to the home of Edward and Mildred Cole in Newtonville later in the convention revealed the talents of the versatile Burton Crane but more dramatically those of little Tommy Whitbread. Dr. Whitbread is tired of my telling this story; so I will tell it one more time and then quit: Crane had just



Tom Whitbread studies an amateur journal at the 2010 AAPA/NAPA Concurrent Conventions.

finished delivering a lively rendition of 'Frankie and Johnny' in Japanese to his own boisterous accompaniment when a teddy bear appeared at the top of the stairs, bounced down the steps, tripped at the bottom and fell flat on his face. Not in the least perturbed, he picked himself up and padded over to the piano where he proceeded to thump out an evening's entertainment. And that was our introduction to that promising young lad."

Tom recapped "My First Convention" in the second *Breeze*, another four-pager printed by Babcock. Tom printed the third issue, dated October 1944, himself. There were 16 *Breezes* in total, the final one (December 1949) growing

to sixteen pages plus cover. Between 1950 and 1965 he published 13 issues of another paper, the four-page *Locus*.

Let's turn Tom's story over to L. Verle Heljeson, using excerpts from his essay "Dr. Thomas B. Whitbread, Our Image Executive," which ran in *NA* for September 1964 as Tom began his second stint as NAPA president.

—□—

His early years were spent in the blue vistas of West Cummington, Massachusetts. While attending college he lived in Amherst. Then he went to Harvard. With the assistance of scholarships, and after what seemed interminable years, he emerged with a Ph.D. in English literature. Two possible posts beckoned—Berkeley and the University of Texas. He chose the latter and, surprisingly, survived transplantation from the ivied walls of Harvard to the arid southwest.

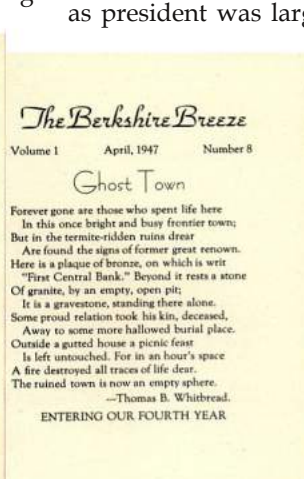
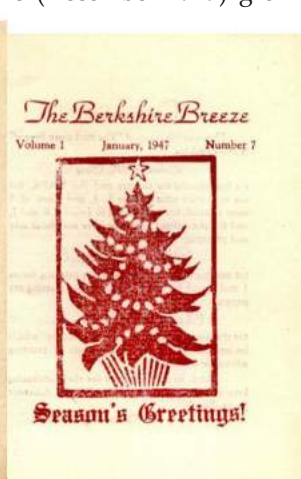
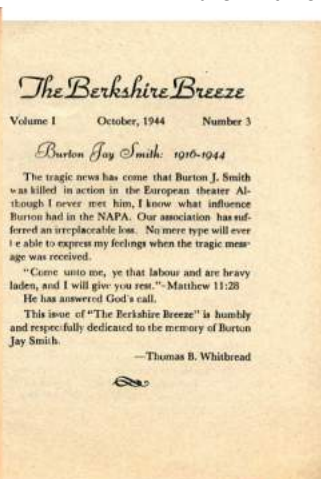
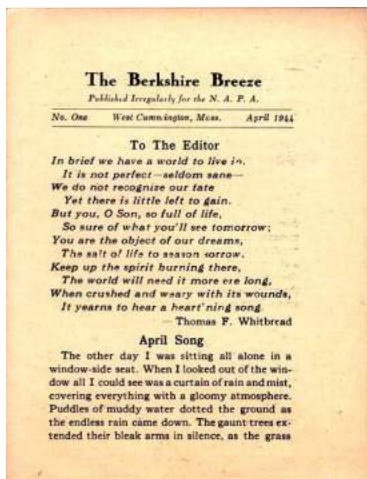
Whitbread joined the National in 1944. A protege of Edward H. Cole, his interest in the association was immediate, his rise in its hierarchy speedy. Teen-age coordinator in 1944 for President Willametta Turnepseed (later Keffer), he became vice president 1949, president 1950, and executive judge in 1951 and again in 1959. He was chairman, bureau of critics, in 1952 and again in 1962.

These offices are only the recorded measure of his participation in association affairs. More important is his almost umbilical interest in the organization even in the years when office-holding doesn't compel it.

His term as vice president featured the now famous fireside tours. His term as president was largely uneventful except

towards its end when he wrote letters to members in great quantity.

As executive judge, 1951-52, he typed numerous nominations for elective office, thus dramatizing his contempt for the year's innovation of a nominating committee. Strong rumors of those years were that



The first *Berkshire Breeze* (Apr 1944) was printed by Alf Babcock. Tom printed No. 3 (Oct 1944) and later. Tom's mother cut linoleum blocks for some issues, as in No. 7 (Jan 1947). The third anniversary issue (Apr 1947) was No. 8. Images courtesy Department of Special Collections, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

he, with others, was responsible for a phony issue of *The National Amateur*. Such antics led some of the National's conservatives to feel that he was administratively unsure, politically unstable, and a creature of "Svengali Cheese-Burger" Lindberg, a notable politician of that day.

One cannot be associated for years with the NAPA and not attain some degree of political sophistication and administrative independence, however. The "Young Blood" trend of his first administration was diluted by his being lobbied at Cleveland into some "tired blood" appointments. At the 1964 convention he made a few appointments on the spot, but, wisely deferred others.

His 1949 laureate for "Vain Search" established Whitbread as a poet of promise. In recent years he has had

From Tom's page on the UT-Austin Dept. of English website

Thomas Whitbread's research interests include poetry, poetics, and literary criticism, from Homer to the present, but especially in 20th-century Britain and America. He teaches graduate courses in major poets, and undergraduate classes include 20th-c. Poetry, Shakespeare: Selected Plays, and Creative Writing: Poetry. He is a published writer whose poems and stories have appeared in numerous journals and twenty anthologies, most recently *Literary Austin* and *Literary Dallas*. His three books of poems are: *Four Infinitives* (1964, Harper & Row); *Whomp and Moonshiver* (1982, BOA Editions); and *The Structures Minds Erect* (2007, Pecan Grove Press). The first book won, and the second co-won, the annual Poetry Award from the Texas Institute of Letters.

EDUCATION:

- Ph.D., Harvard University, 1959
- M.A., Harvard University, 1953
- B.A., Amherst College, 1952

UT APPOINTMENTS:

- Professor, 1971-present
- Associate Professor, 1965-71
- Assistant Professor, 1962-65
- Instructor, 1959-62

SPRING 2015 COURSES:

Poetry Writing: Our aim is to encourage students who want to write poetry and to help them improve their skills.

Poetry Workshop: This course offers further experience in writing and revising poems. Each student will distribute eight to ten poems during the semester, to be collected, with revisions, in an end-of-semester sheaf.

poems in *The New Yorker*, *Harpers*, *The Harvard Advocate*, *castalia*, *Quagga*, and other little magazines. His chief enthusiasms, possibly his chief competence, are in the field of poetry. However, his novella *The Rememberer* won a *Paris Review* \$500 prize, and was reprinted in the 1962 O. Henry Awards Prize Stories.

Sometime publisher of two journals, *Berkshire Breeze* and *Locus*, he is not noted for publishing activity, and



Graduation from Amherst, 1952



With Vic Moitoret singing 1964 convention resolutions



At 2003 convention

his press and type currently moulder on Cape Cod. However, his interest in printing is sustained and informed. In 1963, for example, F. F. Thomas was surprised when Tom noted in some detail, in his review of *Far Afield*, Thomas' crafty intermingling of different type-faces.

Whitbread has a fine mind and discerning ear for music. When listening to music which deeply moves him he conducts with his hands and grimaces with appreciation. Although the timbre of his voice ranges between bass and a poor man's countertenor, he likes to sing, including Gilbert & Sullivan duets with such luminaries as V. Moitoret. If Whitbread could choose another career or incarnation, it would be the role of opera singer in which he could snort and paw the stage in the grand manner.

As befits a Ph.D., Whitbread usually is tonsorially tousled and sartorially ruffled. He golfs, plays tennis, likes spectator baseball. Favorite drinks are Scotch, gin/tonic, or summer flagons of beer.

He has the trained mind and retentive memory of the pedant, and quotes entire passages from Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wallace Stevens, flawlessly. He is equally adept in remembering the well-turned phrases of amateur journalists or in reenacting a convention's comic interludes.

His cars are always named for the larger of his journals. The current *Breeze* is a red Volkswagen, which is commercially inspected at intervals as rigid as if governed by the NAPA Constitution. In early June each year he commutes from Austin to his parents' home on Cape

Cod, and back again in September. Way stations are Atlanta, the North Carolina mountains, Washington, D.C., Bristol, and Amherst. Although an accomplished motorist, he likes train watching whether at Grand Central or some lesser terminal.

Whitbread has that slight thread of eccentricity which is a prerequisite for talented New Englanders. He uses the word "Woof!" as a greeting, an imperative of approbation, or to penetrate rare silences of smoke-filled rooms. Inner circles know him now as Dr. Woofbread. He likes reading aloud, from a generous sheaf of his own poems in manuscript or from the works of others, including the revered amateur EAE [Ernest A. Edkins].

The National has seeded many professionals. In some instances (Brooks Atkinson, Robie Macauley) professional success has meant self-selected amateur oblivion. In others, (Burton Crane, Vondy) professional and amateur interests co-existed. If the future follows the pattern of the past, Whitbread will waver compatibly between the demands of academic and professional life and the invitations of amateur journalism.

Tom's own perspective of his 1944-53 NAPA activities can be read in "More Young Blood, 1944-1953" beginning on page 5 of this issue.

In the December 1965 *NA*, Historian Victor Moitoret gave his conclusions regarding the Whitbread administration: "The second term of President Thomas B. Whitbread must be judged A Good Year." Moitoret noted convention attendance, official organ pages, treasury balance, recruits, and papers published all increased versus the previous year. "Whitbread does deserve major credit. He provided a solid, maturing, and enthusiastic leadership. ... Behind the scenes ... he wrote letters and postcards and applied the oil of executive judgment and executive persuasion and executive decision wherever it was needed in all the big and little gears of our machinery." In 1966-67 Tom served a term as executive judge.

Between 1965 and 1967, Tom co-published seven issues of *Bias* with Terence Austin and Clifford Woodward III, two of his students who became friends. In 2015 he described it as "a small multi-aspect journal, publishing poems, short fiction, and articles by the three co-founders and by contributors. Our aims were to combine serious substance with

humor, wit, and some mischievous satire.”

At the 1970 NAPA convention, the expected candidate for official editor withdrew. Tom agreed to step in after getting a pledge of assistance from Ralph Babcock. Volume 93 of *NA* totaled over 100 pages. Later, Tom served in the following NAPA offices: Bureau of Critics: 1975-76, 1981-82, 1982-83, 1990-91; Historian: 1978-79, 2001-02, 2004-05; Executive Judge: 1992-93, 1999-2000; Vice President: 2000-2001.

Although Tom was most active in NAPA, he also joined the rival American APA in 1949 and (despite identifying as an introvert) enjoyed the conviviality of either group’s gatherings.

At the urging of his mentor Ed Cole, as soon as Tom fulfilled the then-required period of 15 years since first becoming an amateur journalist, he

joined *The Fossils* in 1958. He served a term as Fossil president in 1964-65.

Because Tom attended *ajay* conventions (most recently, the AANA-NAPA concurrent conventions of 2010), I wrote him in December 2015 to see if he might make it to Amateur Journalism Conference 2016. His reply revealed a serious illness: “There is no way I can make it. Since April I’ve had a hemiarthroplasty and rehab, two emergency cystoscopies and rehabs, and in October a nephrectomy. A Home Health Care nurse comes weekly to change the dressings on my back where the tubes come out from my kidneys. I have three leg bags. I see the urologist monthly for catheter change and Firmagon injection to fight the prostate cancer. Currently I see the oncologist, nephrologist, and dermatologist bimonthly. Had a squamous cell carcinoma removed from right hand last week. Am on extended sick leave from

UT and will officially retire Aug. 31, 2016. No more teaching. Alas!” As the Conference drew nearer he remarked, “It saddens me to the core that I can now drive no farther than doctors’ offices in Austin. I hope everyone enjoys Madison! Would I could join you!”

In November, Ivan Snyder reported that Tom’s AANA renewal reminder had been returned by the Post Office. Searching the Internet, he found a tribute page prepared by the University of Texas at Austin Department of English: “The world lost a great poet and person on Saturday, October 1. Thomas B. Whitbread was a graduate of Amherst and Harvard who taught poetry at UT–Austin from 1959 to the present.” Several of his English Department colleagues included their remembrances of his collegiality, charm, delightful spontaneity, and passion for poetry and life. The tribute closes with a Whitbread poem:

Change of Life

*Consider this sad change the happy end
Of something bad – a masquerade of key
And closet now no longer needed, so
Doffed and discarded. Curtainless, uncalled,
Consider this bare stage and empty house
A place that fits. The drama was a farce
That pleased awhile, until each change of guise
Rang too predictably. Now that its run
Is over, the play done, you are alone,
Considering how to act in all the future.
Consider it good you have no prop, no script,
No audience. Consider your sole self.
It is absolute zero just outside the theatre.*

Tom is survived by a sister, Reed Walsh of East Flamouth, Mass., a niece, and two nephews. ♦

From *THE FOSSIL* No. 184, summer 1965

Dr. Whitbread in Hard Covers

by Jack Dow

TWO EVENTS of the past publishing season were of special interest to *Fossils*.

First, of course, was the publication by Harper & Row of *Four Infinitives*, a book of verse by Thomas Whitbread. This is a collection of poems that had previously appeared in such publications as *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and *Harper’s Magazine*.

Dr. Whitbread’s *Four Infinitives* described in the title are 1: To Observe; 2: To Remember; 3: To Enjoy; and 4: To Be.

Typical, perhaps, is this poem from the first infinitive

A POOL

*This is a pool which bears deep looking into
Beneath moon-shadow trees, beneath the mud
I imagine at its bottom, and beneath
All its appearances as just a pool.
It is a special pool because the train
I am in has stopped indefinitely beside it.
I am the National Limited standing still.
I am the pool my eyes are stopped beside.
I am all Ohio deep in night and snow.
I am midway somewhere, Where, I do not
know.*

Another, in a different mood, is from the fourth infinitive:

FOR A TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

*At this time of pose, this permanence of
maturing,
When the face has finally settled its
appearance
And the body wears a shape that seems
enduring*

*And each ceiling gives the head a certain
clearance,*

*At this stoppage of growth, this beginning of
decay,*

*When, having no place to go without
interference,*

Cells can be cannibals to get their way,

*At this adult state, between birth and
desiccation,*

In hopes of a meaningful mind, quietly pray

For your ignorant body a calm continuation.

Obviously Dr. Whitbread is a young man—certainly younger than most of us *Fossils*, for otherwise he would never consider age twenty-five as the midway point in life.

The second publishing event of interest concerns the same author but a different publisher—an enterprising Pennsylvania firm operating under the name of The Private Press of Harold Segal.

This second Whitbread volume is entitled *L.V.H.—A Profile*, and in it one L. Verle Heljeson is observed, examined, and interpreted.

The book contains 23 pages plus title, half-title, colophon, and one page explaining why several different kinds of paper were used. (The reason: due to difficulty in extracting copy from the author, the book was in press for five years.)

As one would expect *L.V.H.* is excellently written. It is also beautifully designed and produced. ♦

More Young Blood, 1944-1953

by Thomas B. Whitbread

ANY BRIEF HISTORY of the most recent "Young Blood" movement in the National Amateur Press Association, that of roughly 1944-1953, if written by this author, one of the chief participants therein, will necessarily be opinionated and lopsided. Located in Austin, Texas, 2000 miles away from my files of letters and collections of amateur journals, I must defer to a later date any substantially documented and thorough account of the phenomena I am about to consider. But brevity, aside from being the soul of wit, has long been the historian's excuse for oversimplification. And distance, obscuring details, brings out large truths.

The first truth I see is that the most recent "Young Blood" movement, even more than its predecessors, depended for its existence on the chance association of three central and a few peripheral individuals. And, as a corollary, this movement paradoxically enlisted several members whose age in the 1900s or 1930s would have made them inevitably the enemy: most notably the sexagenarian malcontent from Los Angeles, Earle Cornwall.

The origins of this movement seem superficially to be embedded in the de-

A Longtime Friend

by George Hamilton

TOM WHITBREAD AND I knew each other for over 72 years. As I described in the July issue of THE FOSSIL, both of us joined NAPA in 1943-44 and first met at the Boston convention of 1944. From that meeting onward we remained good friends, although we saw little of one another during the years I was at Syracuse and he at Harvard and later when I was in military, then working overseas.

The September 1949 issue of my paper *The Skyline* carries Earle Cornwall's article "The Young Bloods Coterie": "I firmly believe my faith well placed in that coterie of young men whose names signify activity—Whitbread, Miller, Langdon, Reeves, Belden, Hamilton, Pierce, Haeseler, Notman, Ackerman. ... Thomas B. Whitbread is acting as temporary mentor for this group; our aims are respectable and above board." In a separate article, Edward Cole responded, "Let's look at the record. Tom Whitbread, whom I am proud to have introduced to amateur journalism and in whose magnificent development I take es-

rangements of individual lives brought about by World War II. That conflict claimed several years' attention from many of the National's most prominent writers - editors - publishers - printers—several of them products of the Smith-Haggerty recruiting campaign of the early '30s. When Babcock, Segal, Macauley, Wesson, Trainer, Groveman, *et al* went off to war, bundles shrank—only to expand in one of the most productive periods in National history, in both quantity and quality.

That was 1943-45, when (1) such comparative oldtimers as Cole, Telschow, Thrift, and Edkins took up the slack left by the servicemen and published numerous deluxe journals, and (2) the departed servicemen themselves miraculously—or not so miraculously, considering the waste stretches between action they had to fill—found time to take up their hobby again with renewed, almost frenzied, vigor, shaking their fists in the face of impending death.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Willametta Turnepseed, having produced one of the largest and liveliest volumes of the *National Amateur* ever (1943-44), devoted a fraction—equivalent to at least two ordinary persons—of her treasured special joy, was made Teen-Age Co-ordinator in 1944. Half through the term, his school activities intervened and he resigned. He has been sought for office in at least three of the remaining four years, but not until this year was he willing to run (last year he announced his candidacy and then withdrew) and then he was overwhelmingly elected to office. ... I giggle when Mr. Cornwall aligns himself with the Young Blood coterie. ... Why, the man is older than I am! ... Yet the picture of a Young Blood crusade, Tom Whitbread at the head and Earle Cornwall as the rear guard, is really something to contemplate!"

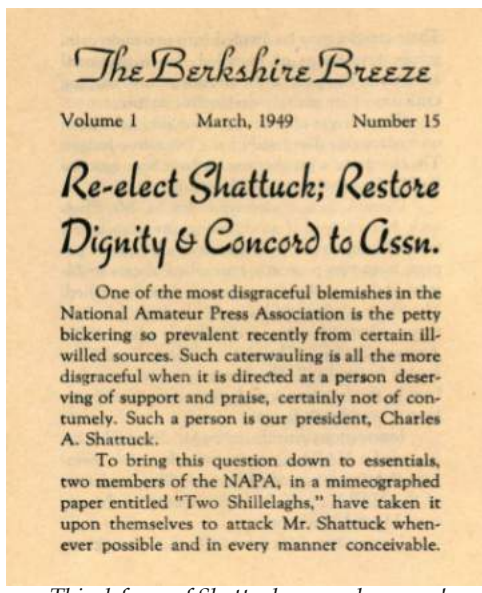
Tom was a good singer as well as writer. He appeared on stage, as it were, at several ajay conventions providing musical entertainment as partner to Burton Crane, Sheldon Wesson, and others.

Tom's passing marks the winding down of a generation that saw the last of magnificent letterpress printed journals, many still handset. Look for copies of Tom's *Berkshire Breeze* and you'll experience a touch of the glory days of amateur journalism to which Thomas B. Whitbread was a major contributor. ♦

mendous energies to recruiting and fostering teenagers during her two terms as president. She appointed me "Teen-Age Coordinator" at the Boston convention in 1944. Don't laugh: there were more than twenty teenage members to "coordinate," i.e., to urge into activity. When I resigned upon going away to school in January 1945, Buddy Sutton (*ubi est?*) took my place. Who were these teenagers? Gordon Rouze and George William Hamilton are still occasionally active; Virgil Price, Ken Peters, Charles Hargis, Danny Malkasian (a girl), William K. Smith and others probably still exist somewhere, and may return.

But it would take a historical distortion more gross than any I am about to commit to claim for the teenage movement of 1943-45 any mammoth contribution to or lasting effect upon National events. Compared to the products of old-timers and servicemen, the teenagers came in third. Higher than egoversifiers and mimeotubthumpers, to be sure; these are always with us, in last place. The teenagers helped swell the bundles, for a time; but by 1947, when the monthly bundle averaged six to nine papers, most had dropped out of sight and out of mind. And even when most active they had no political effect.

The most recent National "Young Blood" movement, then, began in 1944 only insofar as two adolescents, who happened to stick with the association into their maturity, then became active. I refer to Roy Lindberg and myself. And



This defense of Shattuck was only a ruse!

if Roy and I were prime movers in the political resurgence of youth during 1949-53, as I believe we were, Edwin Hadley Smith and Edward H. Cole may be considered the benevolent progenitors of that resurgence. They sponsored our memberships.

I earlier mentioned three individuals as central in this movement. The third was Edwin C. Harler, Jr., of Philadelphia. I have no idea how that thin, sharp, acerbic, yet gentle and generous, individual came into the National. But he knew Roy Lindberg before I did. I had corresponded with Roy occasionally in 1944-45, when we were both teenagers; he mimeographed the *Brooklyn Bee* and an angry journal called *Slash!*—an ominous title, foreshadowing his future attacks on persons exhibiting, in his view, overbearing or pompous authority.

I had seen with approval Roy's fine performance as Mailing Manager in the first half of 1948, after Toby Oxtoby's defection during Sesta Matheison's regime. And then I had read the jabs, half-humorous, half-serious, directed at official editor, then president, Charles A. Shattuck by the S-4-S Committee—"Skidchains for Shattuck," in the official translation—by Lindberg and Harler throughout 1948-49.

In September 1948 I entered Amherst College. In November 1948 I met Roy Lindberg in person for the first time. Soon after I met Ed Harler. It didn't take much talking to convince me—a freshman, full of such rebellious juices and incipient self-expressions as moved the founders of the National on July 4, 1876—that I should act as a front man for the S-4-S Committee's salvos by publishing an issue of the *Berkshire Breeze*, in the spring of 1949, defending Shattuck against his maligners and urging his re-election. So sage an ironist as L. V. Heljeson fully believed my plea, and wrote that he would vote for the unjustly harassed Shattuck should he seek a second term. Meanwhile, Lindberg and Harler shot away; and a letter arrived, from Guy Miller, asking if I would run for vice president. I replied that I would.

The Brooklyn 1949 convention survives in my memory as a phantasmagoria. I stayed at the George Washington in Manhattan, instead of the St. George; this didn't help my sleep. But sleep seemed immaterial, compared with the fun of putting out a daily convention paper, the *St. George Daily Record*, unquestionably the most comprehensive and vibrant such venture ever carried out, the *Moving Finger* (Cleveland,

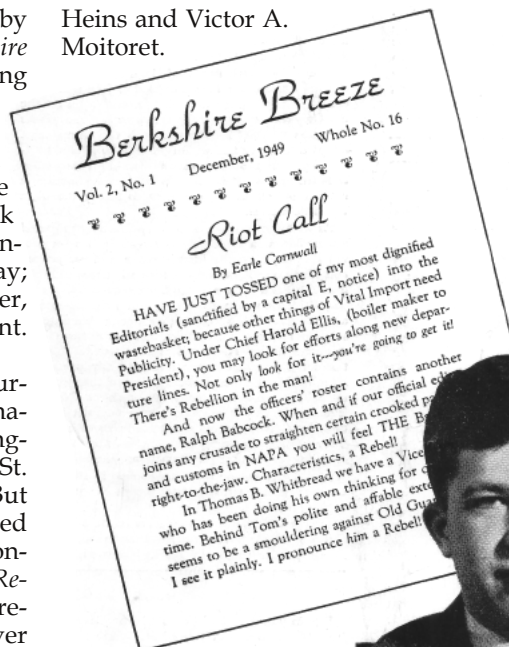
1941) notwithstanding.

Roy, Ned Reeves, Bob Belden, and I wrote copy, typed stencils, and operated Roy's gargantuan mimeo far into the nights. Ned and Bob were teenagers from Cranford, N. J., recruited by Alf Babcock; Ned had a real, though infrequent, interest in printing for three or four years, while Bob's soon lapsed.

The "Young Blood" movement that took shape thereafter seemed much more real then than it does now. In retrospect, I think it would be better described as a temporary assumption of political power, deliberately and delightfully nurtured by several older members, of a few youths who had the illusion they were overcoming formidable opposition, but who were in reality merely fulfilling the National's recurring desperate desire for willing officers.

The Young Bloods of the early 1930s had no opposition at all—a National which squeezed forth four attendees at the Niagara Falls convention depended on them for its very survival. It remained for the middle years of that decade to produce the battle-royal between Frankenstein (Smith) and his created monster (Babcock), with an innocent lamb-werewolf (Bradofsky) tossed in on the sidelines for dressing. Not that others didn't figure prominently in that melodrama.

But the only opposition to "The Team" in the National elections of 1950 was a linkage which then seemed mighty, but now appears a chain of sausages compared with Edwin Hadley Smith in his righteous wrath: the improbable, fortuitous, mutually unaware combination of Charles W. Heins and Victor A. Moitoret.



President Whitbread on the cover of *The National Amateur* for Dec. 1950

"Vote For a Team, Not a Ticket" seemed to those of us who comprised "The Team" a splendid slogan full of important meaning. We were going to bring a new era of liberal democratic life to a sluggish and decadent National. True—and this points up the thinness of this most recent "Young Blood" movement—"The Team" had its origin in the brain of Harold Segal, who perhaps saw in me, Roy, and a couple of others the possibility of a vigorous repetition of the successful political campaigns of his teenageship.

I was vice president, but fully aware that the usual (rightly so) road to the presidency is through the official editorship; however, as Harold pointed out, Ralph Babcock, official editor in 1949-50, had been president before, and didn't want the job again. (Furthermore, Ralph's migratory existence during his editorial term caused delays in the appearance of the *National Amateur*, of which Roy and I took a certain advantage.) I consented, in a non-smoke-filled room on Shelmire Avenue, to run for the highest office.

Harold tried to get Roy to run for official editor; but Roy preferred, as he always has, to remain behind the scenes. Dick Branch, "The Team's" youthful nominee for that post, was narrowly defeated, 33-28, by Vic Moitoret, who announced his candidacy in June (and thereby provided a fine argument against any Nominating Committee, with its quasi-officially sanctioned lists of potential officers, which of necessity must be closed in time for circulation in the May 15 bundle at latest). Ned Reeves ran for Recorder. Old Blood necessarily filled out the rest of the slate, since, as I have several times indicated, not much Young Blood really was around.

Aside from the victorious Moitoret, the only opponent to "The Team" was put forth by good old Charlie Heins; as rival to me for president, he proposed Robert Carrier, a man who hadn't published much, been a member long, or served in office, but assisted by the Keffer-Matheison machine, amassed some votes.

My regime as president has been (in part) well characterized by L. V. Heljeson, who pointed out (in *Campagne*) that I defeated the new-life premises of "The Team" by giving various old war-horses appointive offices. Who else? Where were the teenagers to appoint? If the question be phrased, Why didn't Whitbread appoint

untested but potentially valuable middle-aged members to office, my only answer would be, He didn't know any better.

But, the year was good, insofar as it was, because individual members happened to find the time and resources to write and publish. Far from least among them was Roy, with several fine issues of *New Estate*—one of the few news-magazines the National has had, and the kind of publication it very much needs today.

July 1951 saw the 75th anniversary of the founding of the National celebrated with a splendid convention at the site of its founding, Philadelphia. It saw young Sheldon Wesson try to wrest the gavel from my hand as I presided. It saw a ridiculous debate over the Proxy Committee's report, ending with the acceptance of one Heins ballot but not the other. It saw a trying but exciting night session to deal with the numerous amendments, in which Wheeler Dryden occasionally left off folding copies of his paper (by which he qualified to vote) in order to contribute his Chaplinesque elegancies to the debate in progress. It saw Ed Harler's final (as of now) contribution to amateur journalism: his promise, when pressed privately by me,

to turn over to the convention the ballots he had collected from the home of Ballot Recorder Oswald Train, who had left town on a vacation. It saw a magnificent banquet, presided over by Burton Crane. But it did not see any continuation of "The Team." How could it, when that team consisted of so few people? I was elevated to executive judge; Roy moved the abolition of the National, and succeeded only in stirring the righteous indignation of Earl Bonnell; Ned Reeves had lost all interest; Dick Branch wasn't there; and all of us were slowly growing older.

The only thing done at the Philadelphia convention to keep the spirits of "Young Blood" moving was the establishment of a Nominating Committee. Opposed to this idea from the start, I tried to point up its inherent weakness and tendencies toward authoritarianism by making multiple nominations for each office, of every deserving member I thought might not know he or she would be able to serve until the last minute (as was the case with Vic Moitoret as candidate for editor in 1950).

President Vic Moitoret, hearing of these nominations from the committee, polled the other executive judges as to the advisability of his firing me from my judgeship. The first I heard of this was

in a carbon copy of Judge Groveman's reply, citing the Montesqueian system of checks and balances, and urging moderation. I wasn't fired, published a *Locus* defending my position, and debated the question with Vic on the Roanoke 1952 convention floor.

Since then, my political career had been nonexistent till I was elected third executive judge on the fourth ballot at Boston in 1959.

I did write President-elect Dora Moitoret, though, in 1952, offering my services as Chairman, Bureau of Critics; and I very much enjoyed filling that post in 1952-53. And I set and printed a *Locus* on Ed Cole's Oakwood Press in the spring of 1953. My only subsequent contributions to amateur journalism have been poems and articles. Someday, when I'm settled, a footpress, motorized, 10x15...

But "Young Blood," 1944-53, however sporadic and tiny its contributions may appear in the light of hindsight, did play a not insignificant part in the history of the National. Its significance will more fully appear when more specifically documented. Let this article stand, though it has made a few concrete observations in passing, as a haphazard and preliminary attempt to set out a few lines for future inquiry. ♦

President's Message

Timely Updates

by Ken Faig, Jr.

An Objective Attained—Thanks to the Donors

FIRST AND FOREMOST, I want to express my gratification that the Leland M. Hawes, Jr. Memorial Endowment



Fund for the LAJ Collection has now exceeded the \$10,000 minimum necessary for a permanent endowed collection at UW-Madison Libraries. I think it's important to note that this accomplishment was achieved through the donations of amateur journalism organizations (specifically, AAPA, NAPA and The

Fossils) and individual amateur journalists. Special recognition goes to Peter Schaub and his AAPA board for first bringing the funding of the LAJ Collection to the attention of the hobby and to David Tribby for bringing LAJ funding before NAPA's annual convention held in conjunction with the Amateur Journalism Conference at UW-Madison on July 21-23, 2016. Of course, the attainment of endowed collection status for the LAJ Collection at UW-Madison is only a beginning.

Each \$10,000 of endowment fund assures an annual income of approximately \$450 for the collection. We will need to be guided by Ben Strand and his library development staff at the UW Foundation as to how philanthropy—private and institutional—can best benefit the LAJ Collection in the future.

Fossils Business

In the last number of THE FOSSIL, editor David Tribby reported that The Fossils were working to add new signers for our checking account with PNC Bank. I am pleased to report that all three board members, the secretary-treasurer and the official editor are all now authorized signers for our checking account. This should help to prevent an anomalous situation should our current secretary-treasurer cease to function in that office. The addition of new signers for the account will not affect the day-to-day management of The Fossils' financial transactions, which remains in the hands of our faithful Secretary-Treasurer Tom Parson.

Election: James Hedges & the Prohibition Party

The website Politico, consulted November 13, 2016, shows that amateur journalist Jim Hedges, 2016 presidential candidate of the Prohibition Party, received 5,575 votes, distributed among the three states where he was on the ballot: Arkansas, 4,676; Colorado, 163; and Mississippi, 686. There were probably also some as-yet untabulated write-in votes for Hedges cast in other states. One website says that it was the Prohibition Party's strongest showing in presidential elections since 1988. I am not sure why Jim's ticket ran so strong in Arkansas, beyond speculating that there must still be strong prohibitionist sentiment there. I note that 35 of Arkansas' 75 counties are dry.



"Microcosms" – Fifth International Conference on Literary Juvenilia, University of North Alabama, Florence, Alabama, June 15–17, 2017

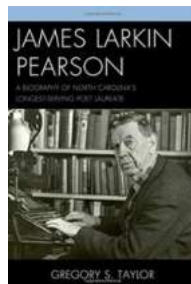
Speaking at the Amateur Journalism Conference at UW-Madison on July 22 and 23, 2016, guest scholar Jessica Isaac emphasized the role of the amateur journalism hobby as an expression of youth culture during the decade of the 1870s. While a majority of the participants in most amateur journalism organizations were full adults by the time the twentieth century arrived, the role of minors in the birthing of the hobby was not forgotten. In fact, aspirant authors like Jack Kerouac and Philip K. Dick continued to create juvenile "publications" into the twentieth century.

Featured speakers for the conference include Lorna Clark, Christine Alexander, Rob Breton, Laurie Langbauer, and Juliet McMaster. The program will include a performance of "The Miracle Worker" at Helen Keller's childhood home. The conference fee will include a two-year membership in the newly founded Society for Literary Juvenilia Studies. Information concerning the conference can be found online at

www.una.edu/microcosms/

Fossil James Larkin Pearson (1879-1981) Receives a New Biography

Gregory S. Taylor, *James Larkin Pearson: A Biography of North Carolina's Longest-Serving Poet Laureate* (Lanham MD: Lexington Books, 2015), xix+225pp., U.S. \$85.00. Prices of \$50.00 or less are offered by abebooks and Amazon marketplace sellers. Hopefully, there will eventually be a less expensive paperback edition.



Fossil Biographies in General

Our most famous Fossil is probably the inventor Thomas Alva Edison, who published an amateur paper, the *Herald*, as a boy. Edison has received several biographies over the years, and there is probably good

likelihood that one or more are available in each Fossil's local public library. A sketch of Edison's involvement in the amateur journalism hobby can also be found in *THE FOSSIL* for January 2008.

Over the years, a number of figures of political note have also been amateur journalists and later Fossils. Jesse Root Grant (1858-1934), the son of President Ulysses S. Grant, wrote his autobiography under the title *In the Days of My Father General Grant* (1925). This work included a chapter covering young Grant's early involvement with the amateur journalism hobby.

Josephus Daniels (1862-1948), a native of North Carolina, served as Secretary of the Navy (1913-21) under President Woodrow Wilson and as Ambassador to Mexico (1933-41) under President Franklin D. Roosevelt. At the age of sixteen, Daniels and his brother Charles established the amateur magazine *Cornucopia*. Daniels later published works with autobiographical content from University of North Carolina Press, including *Tar Heel Editor* (1939), *Editor in Politics* (1941), and *Shirt-sleeve Diplomat* (1947).

James M. Beck (1861-1936) was one of the original "Boys of '76" who assembled in Philadelphia, PA, over the Fourth of July holiday in 1876 to found the National Amateur Press Association. Later, he served as Solicitor General of the United States (1921-25) under Presidents Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge and as a member of the U.S. House of Representatives (1927-34). Beck was a prolific author on political, economic and legal subjects, but I do not find that he wrote an autobiography. Morton Keller wrote a biography of Beck, *In Defense of Yesterday: James M. Beck and the Politics of Conservatism* (Coward McCann, 1958).

William C. Ahlhauser's *Ex-Presidents of the National Amateur Press Association* (W. Paul Cook, 1919) contains short biographical sketches of NAPA's presidents through the publication date. During the 1920s, Fossils historian Evan Reed Riale specialized in biographical sketches of members in *THE FOSSIL*. Early Massachusetts amateur Charles H. Fowle (Fossils President in 1919-20) published his recollections with W. Paul Cook's Recluse Press as *Out of the Past: The Life and Career of Charles H. Fowle: Together with a Selection from His Contributions to the Amateur Press* (1926). Stephen J. Ochs's *Desegregating the Altar: The Josephites and the Struggle for Black Priests 1871-1960* (Louisiana State University Press, 1990) has extensive coverage of early puzzler Charles Randolph Uncles (1859-1933), who in 1891 became the first black man to be ordained a Roman Catholic priest in the United States. Uncles was also featured in *THE FOSSIL* for April 2012. I am sure that there is other biographical material relating to members of *The Fossils* that I am neglecting.

The New Biography of James Larkin Pearson in Particular

Enter another North Carolina newspaperman—James Larkin Pearson, who famously served as North Carolina's poet laureate from 1953 until his death just before his 102nd birthday in 1981. Pearson published



Cora and James Pearson

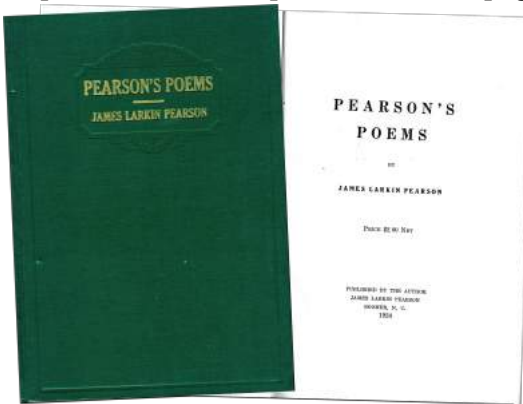
(1868 - 1951) from Moravian Falls, N. C., between 1895 and 1951. There, in 1900, Pearson first encountered Cora Wallace (1884 - 1934), then working as a typesetter, with whom he fell in love at first sight. However, it took seven long hard years of courtship before Pearson convinced Cora, by then an invalid with asthma, to marry him. By marrying Cora, Pearson became brother-in-law to Laws, who had married Cora's older half-sister Dora. Tragically, the Pearsons' only biological child was stillborn in 1908. They later adopted a daughter, Agnes (Pearson) Eller (1918-2004), in 1923. Cora's illness kept Pearson stretched to the limit, financially and emotionally. The 1930s were a period of particular privation for him and his family. In 1939, Pearson married Eleanor Fox (1894-1962) as his second wife.

Pearson had early involvement with the amateur journalism hobby. Louis M. Starring was one of his principal associates. He self-published his first poetry collection, *Castle Gates*, as early as 1908. In 1924, he self-published a comprehensive, 374-page chronological collection of his poems under the title *Pearson's Poems*. He followed with *Fifty Acres* - a more select collection titled for his most famous poem - in 1949. Finally, in 1971, he had his first professionally published poetry collection, *My Fingers and My Toes* from Ingram Book Company of Nashville, TN. Pearson never acceded to modern trends in poetry, and remained faithful to traditional rhymed verse for the entirety of his career.

In 1956-57, he published two numbers of an amateur paper, *The Old Timer*, for The Fossils and others from his retirement home in Guilford, NC. But he was disappointed by the response, and published no more amateur titles. A library to contain all his papers, books and printing equipment was dedicated at Wilkes Community College in 1981, the year of his death. This building was ultimately demolished for new construc-

The Fool Killer from Moravian Falls, NC, for most of the period 1910-29. He had entered the newspaper business as an employee of *The Yellow Jacket*, published and edited by Romulus Don Laws

(1868 - 1951) from Moravian Falls, N. C., between 1895 and 1951. There, in 1900, Pearson first encountered Cora Wallace (1884 - 1934), then working as a typesetter, with whom he fell in love at first sight. However, it took seven long hard years of courtship before Pearson convinced Cora, by then an invalid with asthma, to marry him. By marrying Cora, Pearson became brother-in-law to Laws, who had married Cora's older half-sister Dora. Tragically, the Pearsons' only biological child was stillborn in 1908. They later adopted a daughter, Agnes (Pearson) Eller (1918-2004), in 1923. Cora's illness kept Pearson stretched to the limit, financially and emotionally. The 1930s were a period of particular privation for him and his family. In 1939, Pearson married Eleanor Fox (1894-1962) as his second wife.

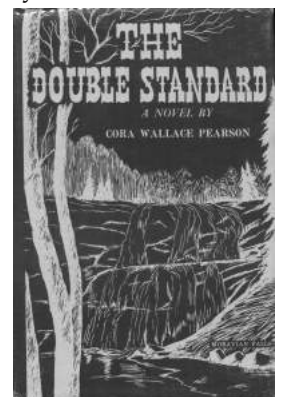


tion in 2004. Pearson's papers, and one sample printing press, were removed to the main library. In 2005, Wilkes Community College published *Poet's Progress: Autobiography of James Larkin Pearson or The Life and Times of James Larkin Pearson 1879-1981*. This 475-page tome, which Pearson did not have time to cast into final form before his death, is still available from Wilkes Community College and internet bookselling sites.

In 1954, the Pearsons took a vacation up the Atlantic coast. They visited the Library of Amateur Journalism, then at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, PA, where Pearson saw an old copy of his amateur journal *Pearson's Pet*. Later on the same trip, Fossil Edward H. Cole showed Pearson and his wife the sights of Boston, MA. This vacation is recorded at pp. 346-350 of *Poet's Progress*.

Cora Wallace was the young woman of Pearson's dreams, but her long travail with asthma reduced their life together to misery. Pearson wrote of her in *Poet's Progress*: "To see the crown jewel of my life wasting away in a vain and hopeless battle against the unknown forces of dark despair - it was almost too much for the human heart to bear" (p. 360). Although the Pearsons never resumed marital relations after the stillbirth of their daughter Blanche Rose Pearson in 1908, Cora did enjoy a few periods of improved health. In 1913-14, she edited a religious monthly of her own, *Good News*. Then, in 1917, her husband published a slender collection of her verse, *Bluets and Buttercups*. In 1920, Cora finished a novel, *The Double Standard*, but her husband was unable to arrange for its publication until 1966, thirty-two years after her death. *The Double Standard* is a strong indictment of the disparate treatment of unwed mothers and their male lovers, and even more so a passionate plea for better sex education of girls. The small notice received for Cora's posthumous novel in 1966 was mixed, but it is actually that rarity, a truly passionate, even erotic, work by a devout Christian authoress.

Early on, Cora had aspired to a career as a missionary, and only became reconciled to marrying Pearson after she had become an invalid. Pearson's hope to nurse his wife back to health was never fulfilled. It is really a pity that she, too, did not fall in love when they first beheld each other in R. Don Laws's *Yellow Jacket* printshop in 1900. *The Double Standard* reveals the authoress as a passionate and sexually aware woman. Had they married in 1900, the Pearsons might have had more children and more years of fulfilling marital relations. As it was, Pearson was wise to preserve and ultimately to publish his first wife's novel *The Double Standard*. While Taylor considers Cora's novel dated, I think it deserves republication today. Because it was published before 1923, reprint publishers have picked up Cora's *Bluets and Buttercups*, but I



fear that *The Double Standard* may have to wait longer to be reprinted. I do not believe that *The Double Standard* will fall into the public domain until 2061, ninety-five years from the date of its original publication in 1966.

Pearson's second marriage in 1939 did not ease his difficult financial situation. Nor did his appointment as state poet laureate in 1953 come with any remuneration. Of his relative contentment with his second wife Eleanor he wrote in *Poet's Progress*: "But I think we have been able to give each other the kind of honest and unselfish love and companionship that we both needed. And we have told each other many times that we would do it all over again" (p. 360).

Pearson never affiliated with any particular religious denomination, but nevertheless he was a deeply religious man. He wrote in his *Poet's Progress*: "I think the most important thing in life to me is to be a good, honest, true and faithful human being—true to myself

and all other people—and to my best understanding of a loving and merciful God" (p. 356).

Gregory S. Taylor has provided a skillfully crafted account of Pearson's long life in this new biography, immaculately produced by Lexington Books in a well-illustrated edition. Taylor plumbs the literary, economic and emotional challenges which beset Pearson's life. Pearson felt this his life would have served its purpose if only a few of his poems—like the well-loved "Fifty Acres" and "Homer's Garden"—endured. Together with *Poet's Progress*, Taylor's biography helps to illuminate the long life of James Larkin Pearson and the mark he left on the American literary landscape. Independent regional newspapermen like Pearson and his brother-in-law R. Don Laws—who were writers, editors, publishers and printers all rolled into one—left a distinctive mark on American journalism which deserves to be better appreciated today. The world of professional journalism is poorer for the lack of papers like Pearson's *Fool Killer* and Laws's *Yellow Jacket*. ♦

Official Editor's Message

Wrapping up 2016

by Dave Tribby

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN'S *Libraries* magazine for fall 2016 summarizes recent Friends of the Library events, including the Amateur Journalism Conference held in Madison last July. Robin Rider, Curator of Special Collections at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Libraries, noted that the donations announced at the Conference to support the Library of Amateur Journalism, "will help preserve fragile materials in the LAJ Collection and support creation of more detailed finding aids to facilitate use of this large and complicated body of materials from the 19th, 20th, and 21st centuries." The magazine can be accessed online at



www.library.wisc.edu/about/libraries-magazine/

Ben Strand of the University of Wisconsin Foundation reports that, as of mid-December, \$13,142.75 has been raised for the Leland M. Hawes, Jr. Memorial Endowment Fund for the Library of Amateur Journalism Collection. Five individuals or couples have donated \$2,941.30 since the Conference, leaving room for more matching of gifts. Full details on how to make a donation are available on The Fossils' website at www.thefossils.org/supportlaj.html

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Many thanks to Robin Rider for scans from the LAJ of Tom Whitbread's *Berkshire Breeze* used in this issue. I requested a sample of Tom's early work, and she provided four files totaling 17 Mbytes. Anyone interested in looking at these scans should let me know. I

will be happy to forward some or all of the images via e-mail.

Those of us who attended the Conference met Robin, and also her associate Susan Stravinsky. Susan, who earned both a bachelor's degree and a Master of Library Science at UW-Madison, retired on October 15 after working in the libraries for 42 years. She began in the Technical Services Department, then moved to Special Collections in 1986 where her duties included cataloging, reference, exhibits, and teaching.

—□—

I had never seen copies of *Berkshire Breeze*, so it was a pleasure to finally examine Tom Whitbread's earliest work. I also enjoyed discovering the profile written about Tom by his frequent writing collaborator Verle Heljeson for *The National Amateur*, and Tom's own recollections of the circa 1950 "young blood" movement written for THE FOSSIL.

I met Tom at the end of 1972, when I was a college sophomore. Tom had stopped in Tampa on one of his intra-session car tours, and Lee Hawes hosted a meeting of the Suncoast Amateur Press Society in his honor. Tom took an interest in a recently completed six page *Tribby Tribune* I brought along. I've not forgotten his attention to detail: he asked why I had used a slightly damaged "r" two different times. I noted that I only had enough type to set about three pages and needed to distribute from early pages to set the later ones.

A few days after the gathering he sent a picture postcard from Key West:

Dear Dave,

Found another typo (or spx) in TT 7: "ammended" on p.4. Woof! – Enjoyed meeting you at Lee's. Evergladed yesterday – especially liked Mahogany Hammock. Today a moving visit to Hemingway home & studio. Cool!

Best,
Tom

Tom and I were not frequent correspondents, but I did enjoy seeing him while he was either passing through the Tampa Bay Area or attending an ajay convention – the final time at the AAPA/NAPA concurrent conventions in 2010. During the opening NAPA session in 2010, he remarked how uplifting it had been when I, as webmaster, had included e-mail contact information for NAPA on the AAPA website a dozen years earlier. He showed, again his attention to a detail few remembered, and also his recollection of a time when the competition between ajay groups was not as friendly.



Future Fossil Editor Tribby and Past Fossil President Whitbread at 2010 AAPA/NAPA Concurrent Conventions

Fossil Secretary-Treasurer Tom Parson continues his involvement as executive



A LIVING MUSEUM OF LETTERPRESS PRINTING
TYPOGRAPHY, DESIGN, POETRY & ART

director of the Letterpress Depot, a living museum of letterpress printing, typography, design, poetry, and art located in Englewood, Colorado. In 2013 the organization gained title to the long-closed Santa Fe Railroad depot, originally built in 1915. Turning the neglected building into an operating museum requires a tremendous amount of restoration, landscaping, fix-up, etc.

The building is not yet ready for occupancy, but that hasn't kept the museum volunteers from interacting with the community. They offered several letterpress workshops and classes throughout the year, scheduled quarterly Letterpress Meetups to "meet others interested in letterpress, have a pint, and talk type" at local breweries, and involved the community in work-

groups on how to best use the printing equipment and library. They have increased the use of their website (found at www.letterpressdepot.com) and social media (Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram) to communicate their activities.

The next major event is a poster show featuring their collection of depot themed posters on January 26.

—■—

At the end of October, Secretary-Treasurer Parson reported the Fossil checking account balance was \$3,716.45 on September 30 and \$3,744.45 on October 31.

He also reported three new subscribers: Michelle Klosterman, Dwayne Olson, and Ivan Snyder.

—■—

The four issues of THE FOSSIL published in 2016, totaling 56 pages, cost the association \$285.12. Here's the breakout:

Issue (# pages)	Printing	Postage	Envelopes	Total
January 2016 (16 p)	\$30.00	\$48.60		\$ 78.60
April 2016 (12 p)	\$21.72	\$23.77		\$ 45.48
July 2016 (16 p)	\$39.41	\$49.95	\$26.61	\$115.97
October 2016 (12 p)	\$21.37	\$23.69		\$ 45.06

The press run is usually around 30 copies; 25 extra July issues were printed for distribution at the A. J. Conference.

The 16-page issues are not only heavier than the 12, they cannot be double folded and must be mailed in "large" envelopes – resulting in nearly double postage. In 2015, the page count and total cost were both smaller: 44 pages and \$166.52.

A special thanks to Fossil Trustee Gary Bossler for faithfully taking the completed PDF file to his printer (who does the production at a rock-bottom price), adds renewal notices as needed, prepares the mailing labels and envelopes, puts on the required postage, and mails the issues.

—■—

By the way, issues of THE FOSSIL going back to October 2004 can be accessed for free at

www.thefossils.org/fossil/

If you know anyone with an interest in amateur journalism – particularly current or past members of any ajay group – pass along that link and encourage them to stay in touch with the hobby. Anyone who wants to receive a quarterly e-mail announcement when a new issue is posted online should write to me and I will add them to the mailing list.

—■—

Here are the access statistics for the Fossil website, both yearly totals and daily averages for 2016:

Number of visits:	14,489 (39.6/day)
Pages read:	31,234 (85.3/day)
Home page views:	10,875 (29.7/day)

The information page for Amateur Journalism Conference 2016 was among the most popular, with 702 views during the year.

In addition to these accesses, there were 86,332

pages read by automated systems, such as those run by Google to index the system and allow Internet users to search for information.

Our website statistics also show how many times each online issue of THE FOSSIL was viewed during 2016:

January 2016	79
April 2016	92
July 2016	71
October 2016	78

In 2016, the most popular back issue of THE FOSSIL was No. 325 (July 2005), which was viewed 331 times.

—■—

How do readers like the three-column format on pages 2 through 7 in this issue? The text set in two columns is 10.5 point Book Antiqua, but for three-columns it is reduced to 9.5 point (with some of the sidebars set in 9 point). The smaller text size means more words per page, and three columns allows more flexibility in layout. Please let me know whether or not you find it harder to read.

In fact, I would enjoy hearing from readers on any topic related to THE FOSSIL or amateur journalism in general – particularly ideas for articles. ♦

Do You Come Due?

A SIGNIFICANT NUMBER of Fossil memberships come due in January. If you have received a renewal notice with this issue, please send your check to Secretary-Treasurer Parson promptly. Your renewal date appears on the mailing label. (There is no penalty for renewing early!) ♦

NYPL Digitizes Amateur Periodical Index

by Dave Tribby

IN DECEMBER 2013, the New York Public Library announced a three-year grant from the Aeroflex Foundation and Hippocampus Press to process its Amateur Periodical Collection. In the announcement, the Library noted the grant would allow the collection, containing about 8,000 items spanning 1872 through 1941, “to be catalogued for the first time, which will provide greater access as well as help identify items for digitization in the future.” Another goal was to “physically stabilize items that were published on very poor paper. ... Each amateur periodical is being rehoused in a low-acid folder and boxed appropriately.”



Karen Gisonny, Periodicals Curator of the NYPL, recently sent an update. *Index to the Amateur Periodicals Collection*, prepared by the library in 1941 and containing 82 typed pages, has been digitized and made available online. A link to that index is now in the NYPL entry on the “Collections” page of The Fossils’ website.

After completing a thorough analysis of the collection, the Library determined they did not have sufficient funding at this time for further digitization. As of late November, the collection was still being processed and was not available to the general public.

The largest part of the collection was donated to the Library by Charles W. “Tryout” Smith in 1939-40. ♦

The Fossil

THIS IS THE Official Publication of The Fossils, a non-profit organization of those interested in the history of amateur journalism. Individuals or institutions allied with our goals are invited to join. Dues are \$15 annually, or \$20 for joint membership of husband and wife. Annual subscription to THE FOSSIL without privileges of membership is \$10. For further information, visit our website:

www.thefossils.org

Gathering of articles, editing, and layout were completed by the official editor in California; production and mailing were handled by Gary Bossler in Ohio.

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